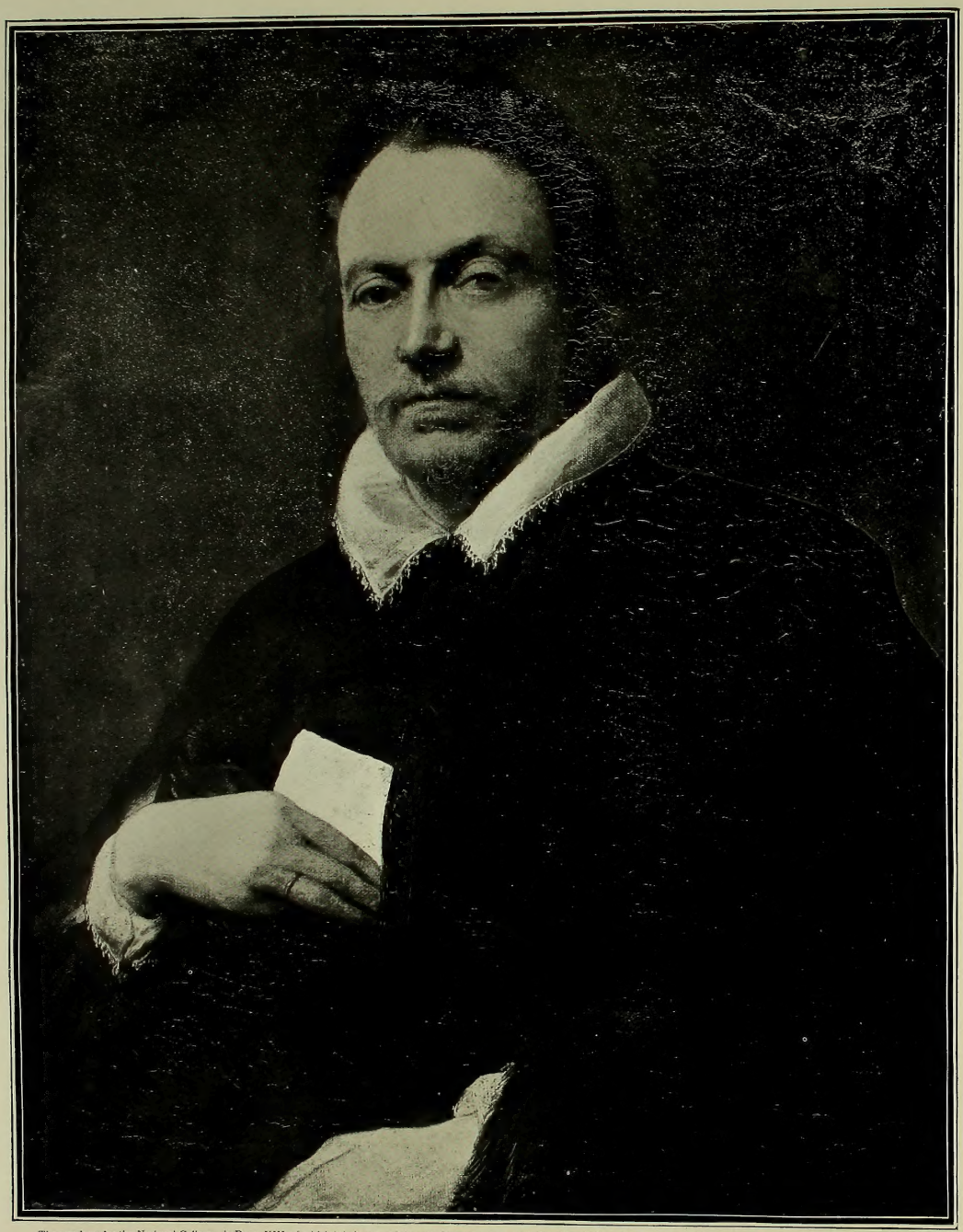


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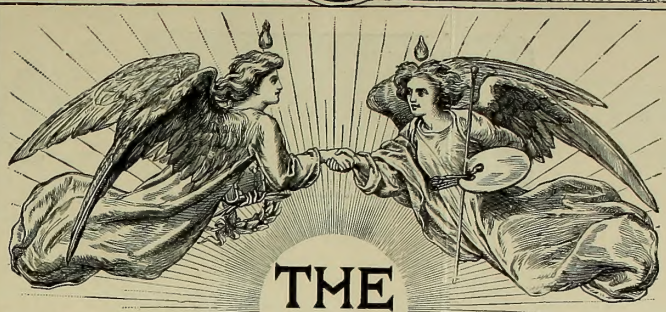
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The purchase by the National Gallery—in Room XIII. of which it is hung—of the now famous "Portrait of Giovanni Battista Cataneo" by Vandyck (for £13,500—less than half the sum paid for Titian's "Ariosto"), is likely to lead to some trouble with the Italian Government. The sensation caused by the recent sale, in spite of the Italian law forbidding the export of art treasures, of seven portraits by Vandyck from the Palace of the Marchese Cataneo in Genoa, will be remembered. The portrait acquired by the National Gallery is one of these, and it is expected that the Italian Government will protest. Meanwhile we learn from the *Times* correspondent in Rome that the Italian Ministry of Fine Arts "denies all knowledge of the sale of the picture. . . . The first intimation received in Italy was the announcement of the purchase by the National Gallery in the *Times*. The Minister of Fine Arts has requested the Ambassador to obtain particulars of the transaction, and it is supposed that in good faith the National Gallery has been imposed upon."

The Much-Discussed Portrait by Vandyck Acquired by the National Gallery



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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,936.—Vol. LXXV. *Registered as a Newspaper* | SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1907 | WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS *"The Great Snowstorm and Railway Accident" and "Christmas Entertainments."* | PRICE SIXPENCE *By Post, 6½d.*



Despite the inclement weather, the great Westminster Cathedral was crowded on Christmas eve for the celebration of the midnight mass amid all the impressive splendour with which the Roman Catholic church invests its worship. On the same day the fine new baldacchino over the high altar was seen for the first time. The erection is a magnificent specimen of Byzantine architecture, with its eight columns of Siena marble and its arch inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

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DRAWN BY P. C. BREWER

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That Christmas in Hospital, especially among the children, can be a very happy time indeed, anyone knows who has visited the wards in one of our great London institutions at this season. Then Father Christmas is about, delighting the children almost as much with his august person as with his presents, which he distributes with lavish hand. Then stockings find themselves bursting with toys; Christmas trees bend with all the fairy fruits and flowers of the season; walls and ceilings blossom as the rose, for decorations spring up in the night. The children's reveille is the carol, which awakens them at four o'clock on Christmas morning. Father Christmas appears at the witching hour of nine. Later there are bedside visitors, friends and relatives—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters; there is the youngest patient's special and ceremonial presentation; and there are entertainments of all sorts, to which well-known singers and entertainers contribute, minstrel troupes, "fairy circles" and bands of the Guards helping in the fun and harmony. This was the sort of time the children of the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, among the others, had this year. Photos by THE GRAPHIC Photographer.

GAIETY IN THE NORTH-EASTERN HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN

THE REIGN OF THE BOMB IN RUSSIA



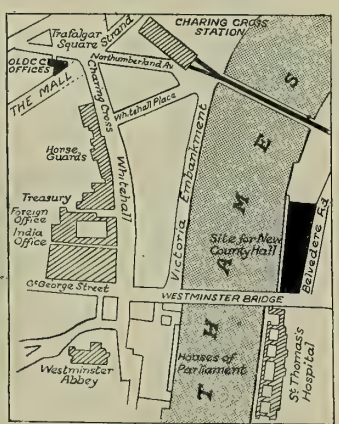
DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM SKETCHES BY AN EYE-WITNESS

The attempt on the life of Admiral Dubasoff adds another to the appalling list of terrorist crimes in Russia, of which the assassination of Count Ignatieff and the Governor of Akmolinsky, Siberia, are the latest. Admiral Dubasoff was walking in the Tauris Gardens, St. Petersburg, when he was fired at with revolvers by two revolutionaries, who immediately afterwards threw two bombs at him. The Admiral, however, was not hit by the shots, and only stunned by the bombs. A number of children and nursemaids were close to the scene. Between February, 1900, and November, 1906, the terrorists have killed or injured, by bomb, revolver, or dagger, 1,937 officials and important persons, including 67 governors-general, governors, and town prefects, 1,719 police officers and policemen, 500 army officers and soldiers, 215 civil functionaries, 117 manufacturers, and 53 clergymen.

THE RAMPANT TERRORIST IN ST. PETERSBURG: THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF ADMIRAL DUBASOFF





The decision of the London County Council to erect its new County Hall on the Surrey side of the Thames marks the first attempt to bring that hitherto neglected bank of the river into unison with the magnificent Victoria Embankment and its background of palatial buildings. The new home of the L.C.C. is close to Westminster Bridge, and covers an area of 56 acres, the river frontage being about 800 feet in length, where a public embankment will be constructed. The estimated total cost of the scheme is £1,700,000, of which £600,000 goes to acquire the site. There will be a competition for designs—to be sent in by May 7—and Mr. Norman Shaw and Mr. W. E. Riley will act as judges.

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THE VICEROY'S TOUR
IN KASHMIR



LADY MINTO

LORD MINTO

THE VICEREGAL PARTY IN THE STATE BARGE AT SRINAGAR, THE CAPITAL OF KASHMIR

WAITING FOR THE BEARS



TROPHIES OF THE CHASE: LADY MINTO AND TWO OF THE BEARS SHE SHOT

Photo by Amy Cassels.
LADY EILEEN ELLIOT
Eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Minto.

During Lord Minto's recent tour he spent a month, with his family, in Kashmir. His Excellency passed much time among the sirdars, chiefs, and ruling princes of the Indian borderland, and was the guest in Kashmir of the Maharaja. The last two days of the journey to Srinagar, the Kashmir capital, were spent in the houseboat shown in upper picture. Good sport was enjoyed in Kashmir, and many trophies fell to the rifles of the tourists. After leaving Kashmir the Viceroy and his family proceeded to Rawalpindi, Bikanir, and Agra to meet the Amir. Our photos are by Bourne and Shepherd.

Photo by Alice Hughes.
LADY RUBY ELLIOT
Second daughter of Lord and Lady Minto.

A GREAT LADY BOUNTIFUL

KING EDWARD once spoke of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts as "the most remarkable woman in the kingdom after my mother." The romance of her ancestry and fortune alone are no uninteresting things connected with her life. But it is neither for this, nor for her long life, which saw the reigns of five British sovereigns, nor for her social position, which enabled her to become the friend of nearly every great man and woman of her time, that she will be remembered. Such things will be forgotten when her good works, her heroic charities, are still green. She will be known as the greatest Lady Bountiful of her time, as one of the greatest philanthropists of any time. Friend of Queen Victoria, of the Duke of Cambridge, of the Duchess of Teck, intimate of the Duke of Wellington (once spoken of as her possible husband), of Sir Robert Peel, of Disraeli, of Archbishop Tait, Livingstone, Moffatt, Sir Richard Owen, Frank Buckland, Rajah Brooke, Gordon; patron of the stage, among whose shining lights she numbered with her friends Sir Henry Irving, Mary Anderson, and many more; a centre of all that was distinguished in art, in literature, and in science, a perfect hostess and a sparkling conversationalist—all this will make her biography a fascinating page in the social history of her time. But her charities will remain her great monument—things to be written of in letters of gold. And it was, of course, for these that her greatest honours came upon her — her peerage from the hands of Queen Victoria, her "freedoms" from the citizens of London and Edinburgh. her Order of the Medjidieh from the Turks, and (it is not too small a matter in its significance) her white donkey from the London costermongers.

Here are a few of her good deeds. She founded and endowed the four Colonial Bishoprics of Adelaide, Cape Town, British Columbia and Newcastle; she erected and endowed St. Stephen's Church, Westminster, with schools and parsonage; she turned the churchyard of Old St. Pancras Church into a garden for the poor; she organised the London Shoeblack Brigade; she bought up and erected on the site of the black district of Nova Scotia Gardens model dwellings for 200 families; she founded (that splendid failure) Columbia Market. Largely through her efforts £30,000 was raised for the Turkish Compassionate Fund, in recognition of which she received the decoration (unique for a woman) already mentioned. From an offer to restore the ancient aqueduct of King Solomon, in order to supply Jerusalem with water, to the establishment of homes at Spitalfields and Shepherd's Bush, ranged a charity that could never satisfy itself. The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the House of Charity, the Ragged School Union, industrial homes, numberless refuges—these are others of the causes to which she contributed large sums of money. And all this represents by no means the full extent of her beneficence, which delighted in anonymity.

The Baroness was in her sixty-seventh year when she was married to Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, brother of the notable M.P., Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, and himself member for Westminster. After the marriage (he was thirty years of age at the time) he assumed his wife's name of Burdett-Coutts. The Baroness was born on April 21, 1814, the youngest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, a notable Liberal, who was imprisoned in the Tower on account of his political opinions. Mr. Thomas Coutts, the banker, was her maternal grandfather, and he, late in life, married as second wife Miss Mellon, the actress, to whom he left his immense fortune, and who afterwards became the Duchess of St. Albans. She left the Baroness her fortune, estimated at more than two millions. Besides this the Baroness had a life interest in all the property left to the Duchess of St. Albans by her first husband, including a half-share in the bank. At the invitation of the Dean of Westminster, Lady Burdett-Coutts will be buried in the Abbey to-day (Saturday) in a tomb near that of the late Earl of Shaftesbury. Our photograph is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



THE LATE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS

BORN APRIL 21, 1814; DIED DECEMBER 30, 1906

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

"The Anti-Credit League" is an association that has not yet been formed, though its services are much more needed than are those of many other combinations of the sort which are endeavouring to reform or reorganise the community. Especially at the moment is it required, for thousands in all classes in this country are ruining themselves by competing in unnecessary display, a struggle which is rendered possible to most of them by the existence of the credit system. The millionaire scatters his money; the duchess endeavours to live on the same scale; the country cousins humbly imitate her grace; the suburban family must follow in their footsteps; and the upper-lower-class household strives to lag behind at no too great distance! From the duchess downwards debt coils itself round each: the credit system is the cause of much that the preachers and philosophers of the day deplore in our condition.

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In the United States it scarcely exists. A millionaire may have goods delivered to him that he does not pay for at the moment, but within a month of purchasing them he is supposed to discharge the debt. There is no law in that country which is in opposition to the credit system, but the custom throughout the United States makes it impossible to establish itself. In England the custom has always been otherwise, and it would, therefore, be necessary to legislate to remove the evil. A law should be passed which would prevent a creditor from recovering an ordinary debt after the lapse of a year. The late Lord Randolph Churchill proposed to submit the suggestion for the approval of Parliament, and it is known that to-day thousands would support the movement where hundreds would have done so twenty years ago.

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It is supposed that the tradesmen would suffer by the change, but few of them express this opinion. The great London tradesmen, who, in the past, deal with mostly one class of customers, and had to give long credit to them, have now an altogether different trade. The great names they had established for themselves have attracted to their establishments customers from every part of the globe, and middle-class men and women from the suburbs and provinces, most of whom pay for their purchases on delivery. Their West End customers who require credit seldom continue to deal with them for more than a few years, for when the inevitable lawyer's letter is sent, the debtor abandons the establishment and transfers his patronage to another until a writ from the latter compels him to remove to a third!

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Limiting the credit to one year would certainly reduce the unnecessary extravagance that causes so much evil and distress. Young men and women now who have to live with others who are richer than themselves, seldom can resist the temptation of using the credit system to reduce the inequality of appearance between them and their wealthy companions. The former dine at the most expensive restaurants, visit the theatres continually, have gold cigarette and card cases, dress regardless of expense, furnish their rooms luxuriously, and spend money freely in every direction. The latter imitate them closely whenever the credit-system enables them to do so, and, getting into debt, either borrow from money-lenders or companions, induce their families—who can ill-afford it—to clear them of their difficulties, bet, gamble, speculate, or engage in doubtful enterprises in the City to extract money out of the rich whose confidence they have obtained.

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Were the system altered almost all would have to cease to compete in these directions with the very rich, and it would soon become discreditable to waste money in vulgar display. Tradesmen and others who deal with the public would find it popular and profitable to reduce their prices, as they would be receiving ready money. The whole community would thus benefit by the change, and the general "tone" would greatly be improved, for extravagant vulgarity, which is so marked a feature of the times, would be considered contemptible. It is earnestly to be hoped either that the Government will legislate in the direction which has been suggested, or that the public-spirited will found "The Anti-Credit League" for the purpose of influencing Parliament in the matter.

The New Year bids fair to become notable for the number of important weddings which are to be celebrated during its course. Already, for example, Lord Hastings is looking forward to the happy day which will see him united to Miss Madge Nevill. The lord of stately Melton Constable was christened Albert Edward after his godfather, the King, and his sister, Miss Alexandra Astley, is a goddaughter of the Queen. They are both, as grandchildren of Lord and Lady Suffield, very much in the Court world. The bride is one of the handsome daughters of Lord Henry Nevill, and is a half-sister of Lady Camden, to whom she has been for some time almost a neighbour, for Eridge, which Lord Abergavenny has now made over to his second son, is not very far from Bayham Abbey. The marriage of Mr. John Coke and Miss Dorothy Lawson is fixed for January 10, at the Guards' Chapel. Mr. Coke is one of the numerous children of the venerable Lord Leicester, while Miss Lawson, who is remarkable for her fair beauty, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lawson, and so granddaughter of Lord Burnham. Her mother is one of Sir Henry de Bathe's handsome daughters. Then Lord Guernsey, the son and heir of Lord Aylesford, is to marry Miss Gladys Fellowes. The bridegroom, who is in the Irish Guards, has been serving as A.D.C. at "Gib," while the bride is a radiant beauty of the brunette type. She is the second of Lord and Lady de Ramsey's daughters, and is extremely musical. It is not uninteresting to recall that she and Lord Guernsey acted together in a short piece at the theatricals at her Norfolk home, Haverland Hall. The forthcoming marriage of Lord Portarlington to Miss Winnifreda Yuill will add another charming Colonial lady to the number of reigning peeresses.



THE LATE MR. SAMUEL SMITH
Champion of Social Purity.
Photo by Elliott and Fry.

The late Mr. Samuel Smith, who was always listened to in the House of Commons with the respect due to his sincerity, will be best remembered as an extremist in social matters that others look at with a more tolerant eye. He became most celebrated, perhaps, for his denunciation in the House of Commons of certain plays and literature, which he characterised as lowering to the proper standards of social purity. He specially inveighed against *Zaza*, *The Gay Lord Quex*, and *The Belle of New York*, which he described as a "glorification of the vulgarest debauchery."



THE LATE COUNTESS OF CLANCARTY
Formerly well known on the Stage.
Photo by Lafayette, Bond Street.

The Countess of Clancarty (Isabel Maude Penrice) was, before her marriage with the Earl (then Viscount Dunlo) in 1889, well known on the variety stage as "Belle Bilton." After the marriage Lord Dunlo, who had incurred the displeasure of his father on account of it, went for a long tour, and there were divorce proceedings, which, however, collapsed.

To the late Dr. Rainy, who was born in 1826, was due very largely the union of the distracted Free and United Presbyterian Churches.



THE LATE PRINCIPAL RAINY
Scotland's Leading Ecclesiastic.
Photo by Elliott and Fry.

Mr. Black, M.P.



Mr. E. Harcourt, of Hospitalfield, Arbroath, who sent this sketch, writes:—"I was walking across the fields from Hospitalfield, and saw the train pass at a fast rate, considering the blizzard. I had just got on to the road when I saw a man running from Elliot Junction, who said there had been a smash there. I immediately ran to the spot with one of my students. We were, I believe, the first to reach the scene. We met slightly injured people and others who had escaped rushing from the scene towards Arbroath. I found a number of passengers from the train beginning the work of rescue, in which we joined. The scene I have depicted is what I saw on my arrival. Mr. Black, M.P., was most courageous, and, though terribly injured, was quite conscious, never asked for help, and when it came to him said there were others who should be attended to first. His position was as shown in my drawing. One leg, though injured, was resting on the seat, and the other smashed between the two carriage seats."

MR. BLACK, M.P., AND HIS FELLOW-VICTIMS IN THE ARBROATH RAILWAY ACCIDENT: A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS



THE LATE MR. W. R. McCONNELL, K.C.
Chairman of County of London Sessions
Photo by Elliott and Fry.

The principal event in the forensic life of the late Mr. W. Robert McConnell, K.C., was his appearance, with Mr. Addison, K.C., for the prosecution at the trial of Mrs. Maybrick. His opponents, it will be remembered, were Sir Charles Russell and Mr. Pickford. During the trial, lasting eight days, Mr. McConnell took a large part of the work of examination and cross-examination. Mr. McConnell was an Ulsterman, and was born in 1837. After filling various appointments, he became Chairman of the County of London Sessions.



THE LATE MRS. JOSEPHINE BUTLER
Social Reformer and Champion of Women
Photo by Elliott and Fry.

The late Mrs. Josephine Butler, who died at seventy-eight, was one of the most strenuous women workers in the cause of social reform of her time. She led the agitation for the abolition of the State regulation of vice, she helped on the Married Women's Property Act, and she strove for the higher education of women.

The late Mr. Jas. Carlyle had been connected with the *Irish Times* for forty years, first as editor and manager, and afterwards as manager only. He was chairman of the Dublin and Irish Association of the Institute of Journalists.



THE LATE MR. JAMES CARLYLE
Forty years Manager of the *Irish Times*.
Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

THE VIOLINS OF LERIDA

A Complete Story

Written by J. H. KNIGHT-ADKIN

Illustrated by SYDNEY SEYMOUR LUCAS

The aide-de-camp's horse had been killed a hundred paces back, his ruffles were torn, and the lace of his cravat soiled with blood and dust, but he swept off his hat and bowed with his best air in a style that would not have been out of place in the *œil-de-bœuf* at Versailles.

"The Marshal's compliments to the gentlemen of the Maison du Roi, and he would be obliged if they would capture Lerida for him."

The Commandant bowed with equal precision.

"Pray inform the Marshal that Lerida is taken," said he, then, turning to the storming party, "Gentlemen, will you do me the favour of advancing? Violins to the front."

A dozen white-faced fiddlers stepped forward amid a hasty twanging of catgut and twisting of screws, while behind them arose a subdued *frou-frou* of cambric, with faint odours of musk and perfume, as the forlorn hope daintily flicked the dust from silk hosen and satin shoon with their lace-edged kerchiefs.

The fiddlers ceased their strumming, and their leader, his bow poised in a hand whose steadiness belied the pallor of his face, turned his eyes interrogatively towards the Commandant.

"The Minuet de la Cour!" said the Commandant. "Now, gentlemen, if you are ready, Corporal the Marquis de Mironton will, perhaps, be good enough to correct the alignment."

Amidst the click of twenty snuff-boxes, the little jewel-hilted rapiers flashed out with a daintily vicious flicker and flirt of steel.

The Marquis, a tall, bored-looking young man of thirty, gorgeous, like all his comrades, in velvet and brocade, glanced down the files in a perfunctory fashion, while patting his steenkirk into place with one kid-gloved hand, the fiddlers, following the little first violin with his beautiful white face, wild eyes and small figure, on which the gorgeous livery sat so clumsily, set forward to the strains of the minuet, and behind them the pick of the younger *noblesse* of France tripped daintily forward towards the breach.

They were in high heart enough for the most part, for they were about to show the army—nay, the whole of France—that the Maison du Roi alone knew the secret of dying *à la mode*, though under the paint and patches of more than one delicate, effeminate countenance the blood began to mantle, the blood of dead and forgotten ancestors, which whispered to these passionless dandy desperadoes that, after all, there was a certain wild pleasure to be found even in such essentially vulgar emotions as the lust of slaughter and the thirst for deathless fame.

Only the Marquis de Mironton (who was popularly supposed to spend his time in attempting to discover whether death was as *ennuyant* as life to a man of taste) was thinking at present neither of death nor life, but only of where before he had set eyes upon the face of the little first violin.

Somehow or another the fiddler's face awoke memories which the Marquis had hoped were laid to sleep altogether. As the bullets began to whine their high-pitched drawling song overhead, he found his mind slipping back insistently to the memory of his wife and the terrible tragedy that had ended his short married life.

It was the old story. The idleness of a court, the perversity of youth, and a woman's heart that had proved too brittle a plaything for the clumsy fingers of a man.

Against his will his mind recalled for him the memory of that awful day when the body which men said had been hers was dragged from the water.

With a shudder he snatched himself back to the present time, to the crash of the shells, and the thud of the striking bullet.

With his old tired sneer he noticed the scowl on Gaston's face as De Hany's blood was splashed upon his stockings and how de Talonrouge was pointing his toes and stepping daintily in time to the music of the minuet. The old frescoes in the little church at home came into his head. They represented the Dance of Death, and he wondered idly if the painted figures were dancing to a Minuet de la Cour, and whether—he felt a crashing blow upon his chest, the whole world seemed to break up into a wreck of dancing flame, and for a while he knew no more.

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Bright as silver and soft as mother-of-pearl the moon bathed with her white radiance the ebony silhouette of Lerida and the glistening tents of the besieging camp.

Against her light the citadel and cathedral perched aloft showed like two shapes snipped out in cardboard, picked out here and there with specks of yellow light. In the breach the tossed and tortured masonry, pitched hither and thither in brutal overthrow, threw great patches and lakes of shadow, black ponds upon whose brim glittered the diamond buckle upon a red-heeled shoe, the blade of a broken rapier, or sometimes a rouged, clean-shaven face, staring stiffly upwards with a tired smile, as passionless now as the passionless stars at which it stared.

On the edge of one such fragment of darkness a man, half buried in rubble and broken stone, raised himself upon his elbow. Blood was on his lips, and the breath wheezed and whistled from a pierced lung.

The Marquis de Mironton sank back again with a sneer, his fingers picking at the sword knot by which a bladeless hilt still dangled at his wrist.

"Positively, my dear friend," said he to himself, "you disgust me. You are breathing like old Maubbs, the Farmer-General, a most offensive person. Really, Antoine, you are almost bourgeois."

For a minute or two he lay still, turning this awful reflection over in his mind; then, rising again on his elbow, stared about him with aimless curiosity in an attempt to recognise some of the corpses around.

Five paces away all that a hand-grenade had left of the Chevalier Eperon d'Or lay scattered over some six square feet of ground. The Marquis recognised a ring upon the severed sword-hand, and raised his eyebrows with a twisted smile.

"The poor François," he muttered, "was always a scatter-wit, and now his body is to match."

He fumbled for a snuff-box with one shaking hand, found it, spilled a good deal, and continued his investigation.

"Ah! Count Gaston, I perceive, and with a bullet through his head. This should settle the question as to whether or no he was possessed of brains, a point, I remember, on which much uncertainty existed. Who is that lying across Gaston's knees? De Talonrouge? I owe him five louis since yesterday. Well, his heirs may collect them from my dear nephew—if they can—it will be about all they have to collect, I fancy. He was ——. Mon Dieu! What's that?"

Through the rustling silence of the night, where only a groan or scuffle here and there in the darkness told of some such agony as his own, there thrilled down faint and clear, like a stream of jewels, the low, sad music of a violin.

The Marquis, who, at the cost of no little agony, had by this time dragged himself into an easier position, rested his head against a stone and listened.

"This is obviously delirium," he said, "but I find it not unpleasant."

Somehow or other the tune, wild and strange though it was, seemed to the dying man as something with which he should be more than familiar. His brain groped wildly through a lumber-room of broken and dusty happenings, "half remembered and half forgot," till suddenly, as a secret door swings open on the touch of a spring, he found his memory, or rather let us say, memory found and possessed him.

The glacis dappled with white light and black shadow, the brute disorder of the breach and the white pathos of dead faces melted away together, and the Marquis was a child again, sitting on the wolf-skin at his mother's feet, while by the light of the wreck-wood fire she told him wild stories of the Headless Cat, the Yeth Hounds, and the King of the Loupsgaroux, and outside the Breton bagpipes droned and wailed "The Pardon of Ker Ys," the same tune that the ghostly violin was playing amongst the shadows and the dead in the breach of the town-wall of Lerida.

The music quavered and stopped as if the invisible player had slipped upon a stone, then began again upon another tune, drawing nearer and nearer to where the Marquis lay.

Monsieur de Mironton had been an amateur of the violin in his day. He had taught this very tune to his wife in the one year of happiness that life had given him, and his teeth clenched with the pain of this new memory till the blood came upon his underlip.

They had made, he and his wife, his wife whom he had loved and killed, a kind of language of the violin. As he thought of it, he found his mind swimming blindly in a great sea of expectation and amaze.

In that language "The Pardon of Ker Ys" had been held to stand for his name, while this movement of an old pavanne had been his wife's own tune. The two together thus had meant that she was at hand and seeking him.

The Marquis was a sceptic, a *philosophe* of the most approved taste, but he was also a Breton, and at the end of life, so say the wise, we swing back full circle to the faith we learnt at its beginning.

The Marquis de Mironton, Corporal of the Maison du Roi, lifted himself on his elbow and called—like any rustic on All Souls' Eve—upon the name of his dead wife.

"Yvonne, Yvonne, for the love of God forgive me before I die."

The linked chain of melody snapped off short, there was a muffled cry, and somewhere away in the darkness the sound of a stumbling run.

In a path of moonlight not more than twenty paces off appeared the unseen musician.

It was the little first violin, who had marched before the storming party, his torn livery hanging upon him in fantastic rags, his head bound round with a white rag stained here and there with brown patches of dried blood.

Suddenly M. de Mironton knew where he had seen that face before. "God!" he cried, "it is Yvonne!" and fainted dead away.

When consciousness returned to the Marquis it entered his brain to the sound of music, and for some moments the slow insistence of the melody was all of which he was aware.

By slow degrees he realised that the moon was gone, and that he felt neither pain nor pleasure, that his body was absolutely emptied of sensation as a flask may be emptied of wine. His brain too seemed to work in a faint mist, all its thoughts were a little blurred in outline.

Yvonne had come back to him—but this was a man, a fiddler—and Yvonne was dead. Nonsense, there was her violin sounding just behind him in the dark, a slow, sleepy improvisation.

He spoke through the music. "Have you come back, dear heart, to forgive me? Yvonne, now that you are a ghost in a world of ghosts, do you still remember the shadow that came between us; that woman (the violin was wailing like a soul in torment), I never cared for her, not as much as I loved the buckle on your shoe, or the lace on the skirt on your gown. I played at unfaithfulness to see what you would do, and then—Oh, my God!—they told me weeks after that they had found your body in the Seine. For five years I have snatched at the skirt of death, and at last he has stopped for me; and you come with him, as I knew you would. Yvonne, my lost Yvonne."

The whistling, husky whisper choked upon his lips, and out of the darkness came the clang of hollow wood and the jarring of strings, as a woman's arms went about his neck, drawing his white writhen face down upon her bosom.

"Antoine, my husband, I am no ghost. Are these the arms of a ghost? Are these," she kissed him gently upon the forehead, "a ghost's lips? I have been as near to you as death himself through all those years, and I come now to bring you not death but life as my gift. Fiddler, horse-boy, lackey, I have played all parts to be near you, because I knew that God meant we should know each other again some day, to piece together once more the happiness that we broke in mere carelessness and wantonness of heart, to heal again the love that we wounded but could never kill."

The wounded man nestled his head to an easier position on her breast with a little inarticulate sound of pleasure, as a child might have done, and the woman held him yet more closely in her arms with that passion of protection and maternity which is the root-instinct of a good woman's love. So they sat huddled together till the wet, grey dawn ushered in the day, and with it the burying parties, and Yssel, the Marquis's lackey with a litter of pikes on which to bring back his master's body, alive or dead.

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The Vigil of St. John was being kept as high festival in the village of Ker Ys, for the Seigneur and his wife were at home once more amongst their loyal Bretons after so many years wandering in that cold and barbarous world that lies beyond the boundaries of Armorica.

Outside the peasants (fulfilling, though they knew it not, those rites of a dead and forgotten Paganism by which their forebears had "passed their children through the fire to Baal") danced and sang as they sprang through the flames of their bonfires.

Inside the Château the Marquis de Mironton, still weak and pale from his wound, sat in a great carved chair beside the fire, his wife sitting upon the wolf-skins at his knee, while opposite them stood the old *curé*, his face bowed above his beloved violin.

"What shall it be, Monseigneur?" said he. "The Minuet de la Cour?"

The Marquis checked him with uplifted hand.

"Not so, Father, let it be rather, of your courtesy, *De profundis clamavi, Domine.*"

THE END



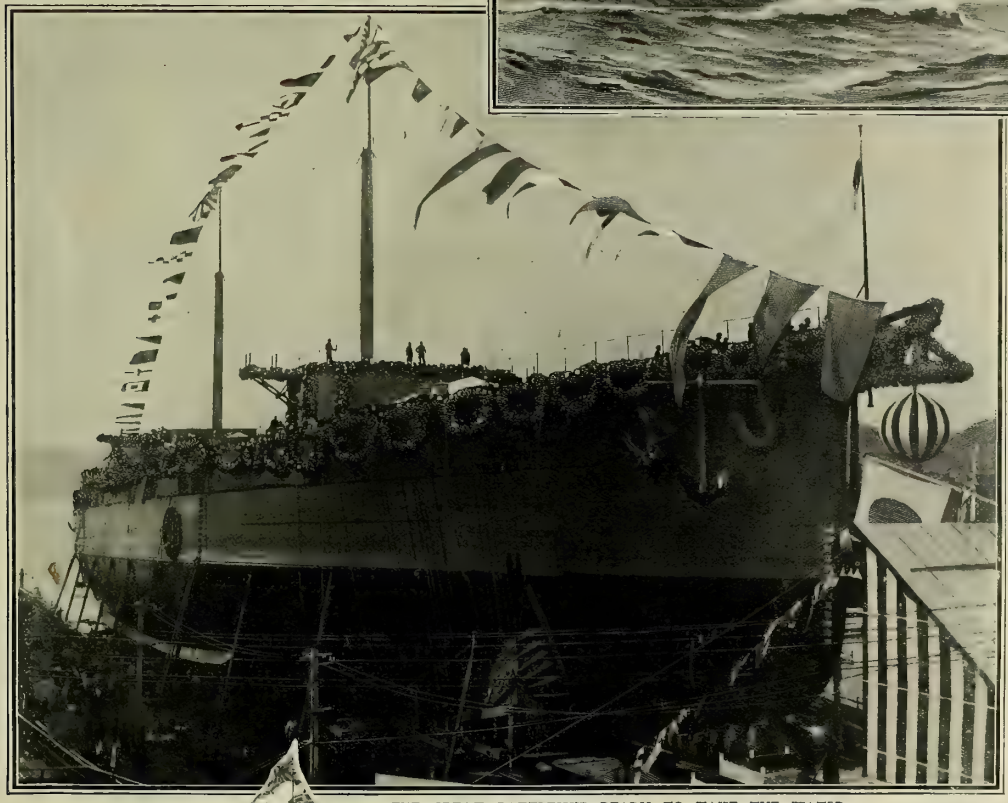
"They sat huddled together till the wet, grey dawn ushered in the day, and with it the burying parties."

Japan's Dreadnought

The Launch OF THE SATSUMA

The Largest Battleship Afloat





THE GREAT BATTLESHIP READY TO TAKE THE WATER



AFTER THE LAUNCH

The Satsuma, recently launched in Japan at the Yokosuka dockyard, is the largest battleship afloat. Her displacement is 19,200 tons, exceeding that of H.M.S. Dreadnought by 1,200 tons, so that for the moment, at least, Japan enjoys the distinction of possessing not only the largest, but one of the two most powerful fighting ships in the world. She is 482 feet long, with a beam of 83ft. 6in. Her indicated horse-power is 18,000, and her speed is calculated at 20·25 knots. The Dreadnought did 21·5 knots at her trials, and for some time steamed at a speed of 22·4 knots, so that in speed, if not in size, she beats the Satsuma. In armament the Dreadnought has ten 12in. and eighteen 176 mm. guns; the Satsuma is equipped with four 12in., twelve 16in. and twelve 120 mm. guns. She has no ram.

It was a proud moment for our ally when the great ship, the first battleship Japan has built, took the water, in the presence of the Mikado and of immense crowds. She was decked from stem to stern in garlands and wreaths of evergreens and flowers, and from her bow hung a large paper globe, concealing streamers, confetti, and a flock of doves which took flight when the globe opened at the moment of launching, a more poetical way of naming a ship than the British custom of breaking a bottle of wine.

Our small picture in the top corner represents the Satsuma as she will appear when completed for service.

"THE PRIDE OF OUR ISLES"



BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY

FROM THE PICTURE BY BERNARD F. GRIBBLE

"THE PRIDE OF OUR ISLES"



BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY

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THE THEATRES

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA"

Mr. Beerbohm Tree is a very clever man: he built, and runs at a profit, one of the largest and handsomest playhouses in London, and many people, therefore, look upon him as a benefactor to the drama. He probably considers himself deeply concerned with and devoted to the art of acting, yet the truth is that he, of all the London managers, not only does least for it, but threatens seriously to retard it by making people accept spectacle in place of plays or acting. From a commercial point of view it is a brilliant idea to use the greatest dramatic poet's works as pegs on which to hang magnificent feasts for the eye, because the eye is the most easily pleased member. Before children can read, they love looking at pictures! So before grown-ups have learnt to appreciate drama, acting, or the fine delivery of fine verse, they will go in crowds to look at gorgeously dressed and handsome men and women moving about amidst beautiful surroundings.

Of all the great dramatist's plays, *Antony and Cleopatra* is the most essentially a play. It contains fewer poetical gems than most of the others, but it presents, in a supremely masterly fashion, two great human beings moving slowly but surely to destruction through selfish, unbridled, personal passion. Unheroic in its essentials, this passion is yet heroic because of its strength and the tremendous issues at stake. These are so great that at times Antony turns and rends Cleopatra for endangering his interests, though with marvellous insight Shakespeare never lets the woman take these into account. For any comprehension of the two chief splendid tragic figures every scene in which either of them has any part is essential, the one possible exception being the scene on Pompey's galley, which does not throw much necessary light on Mark Antony's character. Yet, because this affords an opportunity for a picturesque night set, Mr. Tree has made much of it, though he has cut the scene between Cæsar and Cleopatra at the end, which is enormously important both to the character of Cleopatra and to any actress essaying the part. Similarly he has left the scene between Charmian and the soothsayer, which is only in the play for the sake of introducing a little very Elizabethan comedy. Though he has cut out much that is necessary to the action to gain time, he has gone to enormous cost and trouble to present a semblance of the wonderful barge, and realise Cæsar's description of Cleopatra and Antony keeping state in Egypt, both of which Shakespeare does in a few lines more perfectly. True, Mr. Tree has achieved a striking and marvellous picture, but to belittle a great human drama for the sake of presenting a fine picture is to show yourself concerned with pictorial art, and not with the art of the drama. In very truth, this production shows Mr. Tree, once for all, to be a great conceiver and producer of pictorial pageants, but it also shows that he has mistaken his vocation as a producer of plays. He has so mauled *Antony and Cleopatra*, that it is incoherent and almost incomprehensible to anyone who sees it, without first reading the play, and the worst of it is that it will probably prevent any one else attempting to give it for many years to come. On Mr. Tree's side it must be admitted that the difficulties of presenting the play are great on account of its length, the constant change of scene, and the demand it makes for really great acting. Without a great actress for Cleopatra it must prove disappointing, and who knows where to look for an English Sarah Bernhardt? Miss Constance Collier does not even look the part, for she never appears regal or dominant. Mr. Tree himself is singularly lacking in the strong passions necessary for Mark Antony. His Mark Antony is a sentimental sensualist, sorry for the death of Fulvia, and regretting a possible calm home life with Octavia; in short he is a weakling whose outbursts to Cleopatra come from self-pity, not from the strength of his passion for her, and the realisation of how great are the issues it is playing with. Mr. Basil Gill is too young for Cæsar—he lacks weight and calm force, though he looks handsome and Roman. Mr. Lyn Harding speaks the lines of Enobarbus delightfully clearly—he was one of the few players who were audible throughout the evening on the first night—but his Enobarbus must have risen from the ranks! He does not realise that Enobarbus is a wit and a courtier, but makes him an uncouth plain speaker. On the whole, the most satisfactory performance is Mr. Hugh Buckler's in the part of Eros; but this is what actors call "a good little part," which makes no very great demand upon the player.

DRAMATICUS.



"Our own Lord Mayor:—We like to think of you as our own Lord Mayor, because you have been so good to us all." Thus said the spokesman of the deputation of London's crippled children, for whom Sir William Treloar has done so much, which presented him the other day with the ornament which we illustrate. The deputation consisted of two boys and two girls, and besides Sir William, there was a large gathering of metropolitan mayors to meet them.

TO "OUR OWN LORD MAYOR" FROM CRIPPLED CHILDREN OF LONDON



1. Zarmah's dumb performance with Nubian lions. 2. Snake-eaters and snake-dancers: Moki Indians. 3. Slipping the slip: the Helter-Skelter Lighthouse. 4. A sacred bull.

SOME OF THE SIGHTS AT THE MAMMOTH FUN CITY AT OLYMPIA

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

The Lord Mayor's Feasts His Children

Sir William Treloar's New Year's Eve . . . Banquet at the . . . Guildhall



The Guildhall has seen many a feast, but surely none more interesting than the Lord Mayor's annual banquet to poor children. One thousand and three hundred children, some crippled, some blind, fell to, and in half an hour a thousand pounds of roast beef, six hundredweight of potatoes, three hundred quarterns of bread, seven hundred pounds of plum pudding, six hundred quarts of milk, and 2,600 oranges and apples had disappeared. Then gifts were distributed. The two insets illustrate respectively one of the lids of the 10,000 tea caddies, each containing ¼lb. of tea, distributed by Sir William Treloar, and the invitation card presented to each child by the printers, Messrs Blades, East and Blades Drawn by Frank Dadd, R.I.

THE BYSTANDER

By J. Ashby-Sterry

The New Regent Street.

An Historic Coat.

London Explorations.

Literary Tastes of the Day.

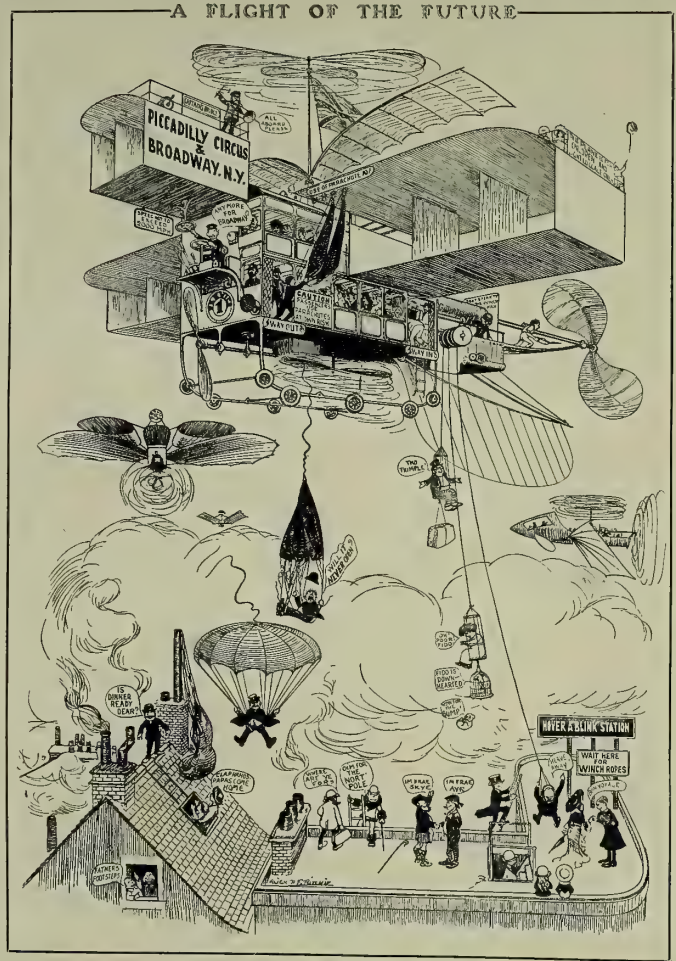
The rapid advance of the Piccadilly Hotel, especially on the Regent Street side, and the opening of some of the shops on the ground floor, gives us a foretaste of what the Quadrant may eventually become if it is all carried out in harmony with the original design. This foretaste, I am told, by no means meets with the approval of the proprietors of the shops in these parts—indeed in a conversation I recently had with one of these gentlemen, he seemed to hint that the consequences would be disastrous to trade hereabouts. This has always been a popular shopping quarter, and it seems a pity that any architectural fad should be allowed to interfere with the commercial prosperity of the thoroughfare. It should be pointed out that, as yet, the hotel has not risen much beyond the first floor and but little idea can yet be formed of the exclusion of daylight that will take place when the building reaches its full height.

When both sides of the street come to be completed—if they ever are completed—according to design, the absorption of daylight will be something enormous. The shopkeepers will find it to be very much like opening shops in a railway cutting. It may be recollected that years ago a distinctive feature of the Quadrant, the colonnade, was cleared away at an enormous expense, because it was said to deprive the shops of daylight; and now they are going to do something, also at an enormous expense, which will be quite as prejudicial to the unfortunate leaseholders. The possession of a good window with plenty of daylight is of the very first importance to the shopkeeper, and as in these quarters he pays the rent he should receive the first consideration. This is a matter generally lost sight of in many of the recent what are called "improvements" of London. Regent Street was at one time an ideal place for shopping, and I understand there is likely to be a considerable protest among those specially interested against the proposed alterations.

There is an old friend in the Quadrant that I should be sorry to see sacrificed—that is the fine old sporting drab great-coat—a "down the road" coat I believe it used to be called—with enormous mother-of-pearl buttons decorated with coaching subjects, which for many years past has been on view in the window of Messrs. Simpson and London. I can recollect this great coat ever since I can recollect anything. I can remember it when I was hardly tall enough to peer into window, and I always give it a glance when I pass by. Only once in, never mind how many years, have I missed this remarkable garment. Then it gave me such a shock that I was compelled to go in and inquire, and was relieved to find the notable vestment had only gone to be cleaned. I should be grieved indeed if an alteration in the shop windows of the Quadrant should cause my old friend to be altogether disestablished.

All my life have I been making explorations of London and its suburbs, and the longer I live, what with the widening of streets and so-called improvements, the more uninteresting my explorations become. Years ago I was wandering about in the neighbourhood of Deptford Creek, in those days a very quaint locality and but little investigated, and finding the door open, I drifted into St. Nicholas Church, and took my way round its quaint interior. Presently a christening party appeared and gathered round the font, and I joined it. I did not, however, see the ceremony through, as the verger asked me in a hoarse whisper, which might have been heard all over the church, if I was one of the sponsors. This so alarmed me that I left hurriedly and walked away sharply. I did not note exactly in what direction I was going till I found myself in a quaint old-fashioned street, in which I appeared to at once hark back for considerably over a century. It was a remarkably quiet street. There was no wheel traffic. All the inhabitants seemed to keep within doors, and most of them kept their blinds down.

But what struck me most of all was the unobtrusive dignity of the place. It seemed to me that all the inhabitants had seen better days, and lived, not too luxuriously, on the recollection. Another thing that impressed me was the substantial character of the houses, the solidity and beauty of their brickwork, the massiveness of their white window-sashes, the stalwart character of their front doors, and the beauty of the carved canopies and lintels that overshadowed them. There were many of these in the street, and no two of them were alike, and here and there did I see a massive knocker which must have exercised its *frappant* calling for close upon two centuries. I was so charmed with the little thoroughfare that I subsequently visited it several times, and it became impressed upon me as a memory of the past—a dream-street that had long been stuccoed into the terrible commonplace of the present day. Therefore it was a great joy to me to find it is still in existence, and was recently admirably pictured in the columns of the *Daily Graphic*. I am glad to find that the handicraft of many of the canopies already alluded to is assigned to Grinling Gibbons. Of course, this thoroughfare is threatened. Is it too much to hope it may be spared as a specimen of fine domestic architecture of the olden time? Of course it is!



THE TRANSATLANTIC AERO-'BUS OF 1950
DRAWN BY A. R. F. RITCHIE

The other day I heard a well-known author congratulating another on his latest volume. "It has all the charm," said he, "of the papers in *All the Year Round* in its best days!" 'Glad you think so," replied his friend. "It is always a wonder with me why there is so little of that class of work seen nowadays. Why is it?" "Why?" rejoined the first-named speaker. "Why? Because there's so very few of 'em can do it. And that's the reason we're so flooded with the dull, dead level of reporterial rot in the present day." I wonder whether that is the case. Or is it the intense appetite for news and "crisp paragraphs"—whatever those may be—that excludes the literary character from so many of our periodicals nowadays?

Two Peerages

We have received "Lodge's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage" for 1907, published by Kelly's Directories, Ltd., at the reduced price of 21s. net. The book has been thoroughly revised and brought up to date, and fully justifies its claim to be one of the most comprehensive records of the peers, baronets, and knights, with their families. The information as to the baronetcies is given in the same full manner as that relating to the peers, including the armorial bearings, lineage, and collateral branches. In the knightage division, wherever it has been possible to obtain it, some account is given of every member of the various Orders. The book, which is issued earlier than usual, contains 2,300 pages, or some 150 more than the previous edition—a measure of the number of honours that have been bestowed during the past twelvemonth.—"Dod's Peerage for 1907" is now in its sixty-seventh year of publication, and commends itself, as ever, for convenience of size and price—the former—small octavo, and the latter—10*s.* 6*d.*—being both unusually small. In addition to furnishing succinct but sufficient information regarding peers, peeresses, bishops, privy councillors, baronets, judges, knights and others, Dod gives a complete essay on precedence, with tables, including a table of precedence in Scotland just issued, and devotes considerable space to such interesting matters as the inferior titles of peers, titles dormant, abeyant and under forfeiture, with possible heirs, and the modes of addressing persons of title, with explanation of terms relating to ranks. The publishers are Messrs. Whittaker and Co., White Hart Street.


This picture would require to be **over three-quarters of a mile wide** to show the seven million people who could each have been supplied with a cup of piping hot
BOVRIL
from the sales of a single day recently.
Bovril repels Influenza.
Regd.
H.B.

NEW YEAR'S EVE OUTSIDE ST. PAUL'S



Although a very large number of Scots, in accordance with their custom, gathered outside St. Paul's Cathedral on New Year's Eve, to watch the passing of the year, pay each other the compliments of the season, and sing "Auld Lang Syne," there were fewer this year than on some former occasions, perhaps because of the rain. But they made up in enthusiasm and heartiness what they lacked in numbers, and they sang "Auld Lang Syne" and the song here quoted with right good will, and were joined by their southron watchers. Soon after the stroke of midnight the crowd melted away, rather wet, but very cheery.

Scots and Southrons Singing

"A guid New Year to ane an' a',
An' mony may ye see,
An' during a' the years to come
Oh, happy may ye be."

at Midnight in the Rain

Van Houten's Cocoa.



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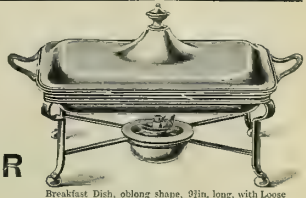
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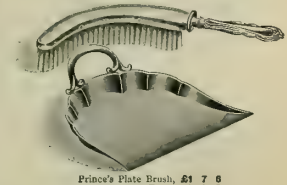
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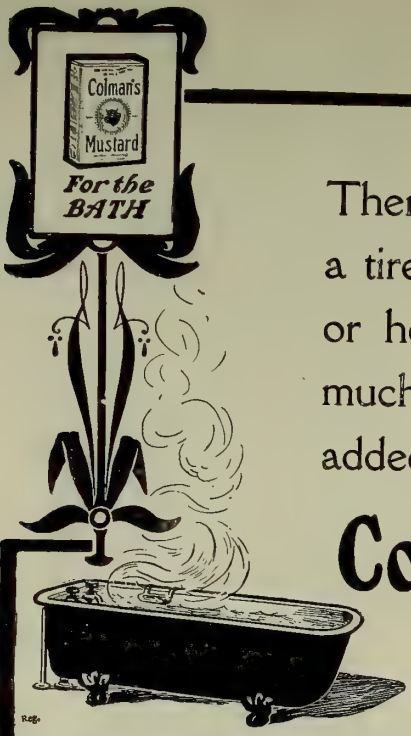
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Some New Books

THE SILVER AGE OF GREECE

Professor Mahaffy, who is *facile princeps* in the domain of Greek archæology and history, has remodelled his well-known work on the "Greek World under Roman Sway," which is now out of print, replacing it with a new volume just issued by the Press of the University of Chicago, in the United States, and by Mr. Fisher Unwin in London, entitled "The Silver Age of the Greek World," meaning by that the Hellenistic Age, when the whole of the then civilised world was passing under the dominion of Rome. We get the keynote of this in the Professor's opening sentences: "When Alexander," he says, "was yet a young man, returning from his conquests in the Far East, men must have anticipated as very near an empire not unlike that of Rome, for the conquest of the West would have been no difficult matter to Alexander with all the resources of Asia under his hand." But while this was not to be, owing to the early death of the great genius who could have brought it about, "who could have imagined," says Professor Mahaffy, "that it should drop almost suddenly, unexpectedly, by the force, not of genius but of circumstance, into the hands of a people who attained it, not by the direction of an Alexander, but by such national qualities as had gained for Sparta precedence and respect?" In a series of brilliant chapters we are given the gradual influence of Hellenism upon the growing Empire of Rome, the acclimatisation of Greek Philosophy in Roman Society, and the general reaction from Inner Asia, Upper and Lower Egypt, Syria and Magna Græcia upon the astonishing people, who, without any education to fit them for an Imperial policy, seized and held the reins of the world. In a few words Professor Mahaffy hits off for us the character of the world conquerors. "There was something hard and relentless," he says, "in Roman ways which must always have filled Greek servants and subjects with horror and dismay. Not only what was done, but the way in which it was done was harsh and cold, and so I imagine the Romans to have held the place in European disfavour which the middle-class Englishman now holds, who knows no foreign tongue, respects no foreign habit, recognises no foreign virtue, but walks through the world assuming the English respectability, just as the Roman assumed his *gravitas*, to be the exclusive property of his superior race."

LITERARY HISTORY

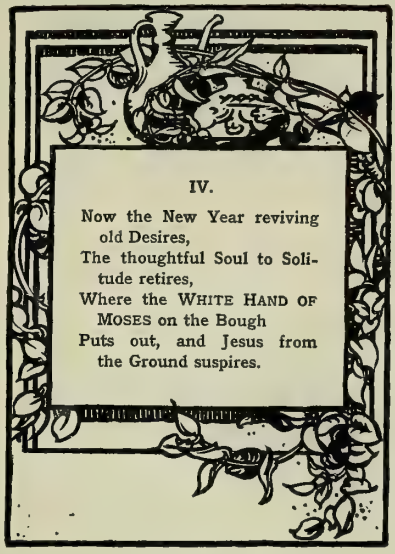
A further volume of M. Jusserand's "Literary History of the English People" (T. Fisher Unwin) continues its subject "from the Renaissance to the Civil War." Its plan is not of the ordinary kind. Biography and criticism are subservient to an investigation of the reasons why the literature in question became what it was, and not otherwise —much more consideration, for example, is devoted to the Renaissance and the Reformation, not only in their English but in their European aspects, than to their literary outcome. M. Jusserand has studied the roots and stem of the matter rather than the fruit and the blossoms, while none the less discriminatingly appreciative of the latter. That he is prone to over-theorise—to account so brilliantly for everything as inevitable as to convince one that he would have found the same inevitability had everything, under the same circumstances, taken an entirely different turn—is a national rather than a personal trait. The translation is as satisfactory on the whole as the impossibility of conveying the effect of style allows, though apt to be disfigured by such expressions as "he is full of disparates," "it lacked undoubtedly the patine of age," or "the quarrel is acerb." A reproduction of Holbein's pen-and-ink sketch of Sir Thomas More and his family forms an interesting frontispiece to the volume.

"THE COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHER"

Mr. R. Child Bayley, the able editor of "Photography," deserves the thanks of all photographers for this well-written and carefully considered work (Methuen). It will be read and appreciated by the inexperienced as well as by the practised photographer, for while not professing to be either a working manual or a scientific treatise, it is a popular combination of both, and Mr. Bayley has justified his title by producing a complete survey of all things photographic. The chapters range from a discourse on the evolution of photography, to clear accounts of the carbon and gum-bichromate methods of printing, such as will enable the enterprising amateur to work them with comparative ease. The principles of the lens are admirably set forth, and valuable hints on the choice of one are given, the problems of exposure and development are dwelt upon at length, and even the advanced photographer should gather points on landscape, architectural, and above all on pictorial photography. Particular attention is devoted to three-colour work, the most fascinating hobby an amateur with leisure can pursue, while "dodging and faking" receive their due meed of recognition. The value of the letterpress is greatly enhanced by the numerous and remarkably well-printed illustrations.

OMAR ILLUSTRATED BY MR. BRANGWYN

Mr. Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., is the latest of the myriad illustrators of Omar Khayyám, and his designs to Messrs. Gibbings's new edition, for which Mr. Joseph Jacobs writes a good "introduction," are, of course, very Brangwynesque; that is to say, broad and bold, and good pieces of decoration. He has done for this volume several characteristic things in colour, and each quatrain is enclosed in a design in line. Only two designs, one of which we reproduce, are used throughout the book, which is a pity, for a larger number, if not a different one with each page, would have considerably increased its charm. A cheaper edition is also published by Messrs. Gibbings, with the brush drawings in black and white.



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ONE OF MR. BRANGWYN'S PAGE DECORATIONS
(From Messrs. Gibbings's edition of Omar Khayyám.)

DANIEL O'CONNELL

"Daniel O'Connell: His Early Life and Journal, 1795 to 1802," by Arthur Houston, LL.D., K.C. (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons), possesses the interest due to a curiosity. Terminating within a few weeks of the writer's twenty-seventh birthday, the Journal shows us the Liberator in the making. The process is singularly unlike what would be expected. References to public affairs are conspicuous by their absence—even the Rebellion of 1798 is but once casually mentioned as having been the subject of an unreported conversation with a friend. O'Connell's call to the Bar and his early professional experiences are passed over in silence. The Journal, now for the first time published in its entirety, mainly consists of a record of every day's reading, principally in history and political science, systematically pursued; of his good resolutions to conquer propensities to late rising, to untruthfulness, or inattention to business matters; and of how far he kept or broke them. He is seen as the ambitious and diligent young student, swaying between extremes of self-confidence and self-diffidence, burning to make his mark upon the world, but none the less determined that the mark shall be for the world's good, or else left unmade. That the mark must have been actually made by splendid physical advantages rather than by any intellectual superiority, the journal, together with Dr. Houston's excellent introduction and editorial notes, wherein no allusion is left without exhaustive explanation, renders superabundantly clear.

A GREAT SAINT

"None ever approached her without going away better" are the concluding words of "Saint Catherine of Siena and her Times," by the anonymous author of "Mademoiselle Mori" (with twenty-eight illustrations: Methuen and Co.). They are quoted from the discourse pronounced by Pope Pius II. at the ceremony of her canonisation; and, as is not always the case with eulogistic generalities, they appear, on ample evidence, to have been literally true. Catherine Benincasa, who died in 1381 at the age of only thirty-three, was one of the most wonderful figures of a wonderful time—or, indeed, of any time. A great saint, in every sense of the term, a mystic who had explored all the heights and depths of spiritual contemplation, this obscurely born girl, a recluse by nature, who could scarcely read or write, became the counsellor—the extraordinarily outspoken counsellor—and even the political director, of Popes, princes, and republics, and influenced history for generations to come. That her letters to clients of every sort and condition have a permanent place in literature may partly be due to those who held her pen; but their breadth of charity, their passion for peace and justice, centuries in advance of their time, their robust good sense and their not infrequent touches of ironic humour are obviously her own. In short, hers was a pre-eminent case of that magnetic personality which defies psychological speculation, and always will. Her short but eventful career, as that of the living woman rather than of the canonised saint, was well worth setting forth from a larger and fuller point of view than that of the Church for whose unity she was so jealous a champion; and the result of the process in the hands of the author of "Mademoiselle Mori" calls for unqualified praise.

STONES OF ENGLAND

The increasingly voluminous literature, historical, descriptive, and pictorial, relating to our English cathedrals, receives a welcome addition from the two exceedingly handsome quarto volumes published under the above title by Messrs. Cassell and Company, with a well-executed series of Rembrandt photogravures, besides a profusion of other illustrations—views, portraits, plans, and details —at the heads of the chapters and among the text. Apart from its price (a guinea net), the work is of an essentially popular character, assuming as small an amount of technical knowledge on the part of the reader as is consistent with any intelligent interest in its subject. The entirely anonymous editor or compiler has certainly made use of the best recent authorities—among whom it is satisfactory to note that he prominently includes the contributions of Mr. Francis Bumpus to cathedral history and description; and, testing the result by the instances with which we are the most intimately acquainted, we have failed to find any fault of commission or omission requiring mention. His accuracy is unimpeachable, and the visitor to any cathedral under his direction will not be likely to miss or forget any historic or architectural feature that he ought to observe or desire to remember. We could wish, however, that at least one full-page plate could have been given to an adequate exterior view of that of Lincoln: that the "Queen of English Cathedrals" should be in this respect—though in no other—so imperfectly represented is so far disappointing. On the other hand, the view of Ely is only too effective, inasmuch as, being taken from the north-west, the specially characteristic fact of its being the longest church in Europe—excessively long, indeed, in proportion to its other dimensions—is altogether foreshortened away. In other instances also there appears to be a preference for artistic effect over what some persons will regard as more, and others as less, important matters; if this be the case, the success of the intention leaves nothing to be desired. On the vexed question of restoration, the compiler—why should so indispensable a personage be hidden away in anonymous obscurity?—seems to hold orthodox views in agreement with those which regret the paramount necessity of the process before its principles and limits had been comprehended and defined.



The Royal Court Theatre at Warrington, destroyed by fire the other day, was built largely of wood, and burnt so fiercely that the fire brigade was powerless to put out the flames. Practically only the outside walls now stand, and the blackened ruins are white with snow.

AFTER FIRE, SNOW: THE SNOW-CLAD RUINS OF THE BURNT-OUT ROYAL COURT THEATRE, WARRINGTON

"A ROYAL TRAGEDY"

The somewhat sordid story of the murder of King Alexander of Servia and of Queen Draga as here related becomes of more historical value, as the author served as Secretary and Minister to King Milan. ("A Royal Tragedy." By Chedomille Mijatovich. Nash.) The chief interest of the volume lies, not so much in the fact of the murder itself, though that is described in truly dramatic style, but in the revelation of the events that led to it. The most important of these was that Queen Draga, who, not being of Royal, nor even noble, birth, had imposed on the country by pretending to be *enceinte*, the people believing that their Sovereigns intended to foist some other person's child upon them as heir to the throne. But as the doctors declared that the Queen could never bear children, the King intended to make one of his brothers-in-law Heir-Apparent. These brothers were ever being given higher rank, and at last Alexander requested the Government to submit a Bill to Parliament enacting their inviolability. This they refused to do. The army refused to treat these men as of Royal blood. The King decided upon another *coup d'état*, and dismissed the Cabinet, and in the place of honest officials placed minions of his own. This was too much for the people, and eventually the plot was hatched to do away with the Queen, or with both. The book teems with dramatic interest from end to end.

"SMOKE IN THE FLAME"

Mrs. Mannington Caffyn's new story (Hutchinson and Co.) is certainly as good as any that she has written since, as "Iota," she made her mark with "The Yellow Aster." It is what is known as a "problem" novel; the tangle being that of a girl, bound since childhood to a man to whom she is all in all, but drawn to love another who more completely fulfils her ideal. As they are all excellent young people, what is the right thing to do? Connoisseurs of hard cases will do well to test Mrs. Caffyn's solution for themselves. The story is enlivened by the efforts of an old but impoverished Irish family to keep up appearances; conventional business, but obtaining a fair amount of freshness from "Iota's" slap-dash method. Indeed, in matters calling for mere common care or knowledge, as when she twice at least gives the name of "Frankenstein" to the monster that Frankenstein made, she is apt to carry her slap-dash beyond the licence that a novelist in a hurry—and what novelist has not to hurry nowadays?—may reasonably require.

"TWIN SOULS"

"Twin Souls: a Romance of Duality," by the author of "Fallen Angels" (Gay and Bird), is an odd mingling of knowledge, cabalistic psychology, poetical quotation, sensational incident, of anything, apparently, that occurred to the writer at the moment, jotted down without perceptible coherence, or reference to what any real people really do or say. Sometimes, for pages together, we are reminded of a manual of popular science; then again of a religious tract; then of a nightmare of usurers and pirates; while such names as Virgil Unite, Nicholas Grasprew, Jezebel Johnson, Rabbits *alias* Ratter, or Blawkings *alias* Snicker, seem to emphasise the unreality of the whole. The motive is the marriage of the soul of a living man to that of a dead woman in more than a merely spiritual union; and may possibly prove attractive to persons with a taste for what is called occultism, especially when it dons the philosopher's cap—and bells.



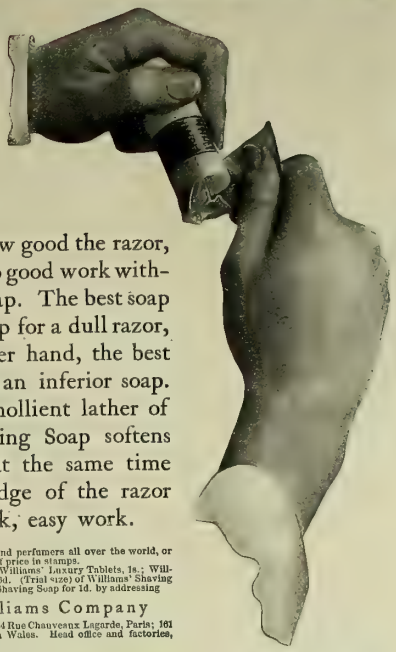
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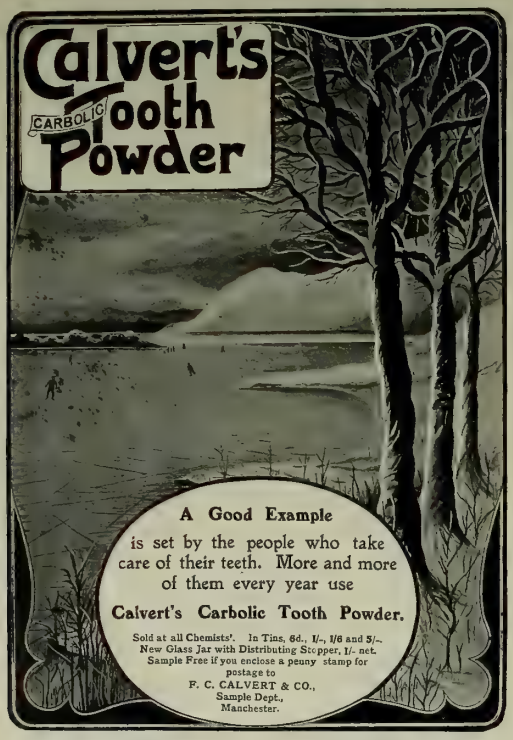
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SIDMOUTH (A Leading Hotel 20 Acres) Knowle Hotel
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BORDIGHERA (Newest. Unique Position Electric. Lifts. Ask for Tariff Grand Hotel du Cap Ampuglio
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VEVEY (1st-cl. Every English Comf. Up to Date in every detail) Hotel Trois Couronnes
WIESBADEN (The English House) Hotel Nassau

A MOTOR REVIEW OF REVIEWS

Motoring and the Eyesight

I have never found that motoring has affected my eyes, save on one or two very hot or very cold days, but I *have* found that many goggles with concave or convex lenses are most injurious. The fact is that it is an expensive matter to make a really good lens and quite impossible to sell it at the prices now in vogue for goggles. I always make a point of purchasing them with flat glass only, but the defects even in these are many. *A propos* of this question, *Motoring Illustrated* says most medical men are just now urging motorists to take particular care of their eyesight. Those whose sight is in any way affected are susceptible to eye nerve strain, and this is likely to cause a greatly exaggerated error of vision. Defect in the sight is not always recognised; in fact, defective vision has in some cases actually been discovered only after a motor mishap. It is suggested that all would-be motor drivers ought to produce satisfactory evidence of good vision before being granted licences. As the law stands, a blind man is equally eligible to receive a licence as a man with unblemished sight. Great care should be given to the choice of goggles. The majority of glasses are built on unscientific lines, and do great damage to the sight. Oculists should take up the manufacture of goggles, and motorists should take as much care in the selection of these necessary disfigurements as they do when choosing their reading glasses. Many an eyesight has been ruined by unsuitable lenses in goggles.



M. Bellamy, a Frenchman, has come to London with the intention of winning THE GRAPHIC and other valuable prizes which have been offered for the encouragement of aviation. His aeroplane, which has a considerable resemblance to the aeroplanes of Santos-Dumont and the Brothers Wright, is actuated by a 50 h.-p. motor.

A COMPETITOR FOR "THE GRAPHIC" FLYING MILE

Continental Makers Losing Grip in England

Last week, in reviewing the past year, I drew attention to the increase in British-built cars, but I never expected that fact to be recognised on the other side of the Channel. However, in one of the recent issues of the *New York Herald*, I notice an interview with the celebrated Monsieur Charley, of Mercédès fame, on this very subject. The article referred to says:—"French motor-car dealers and constructors returning to Paris from London sound a warning to the French industry in general. All of them, with few exceptions, have been deeply impressed by the enormous headway made by English makers, and they see that the English market will become less and less of a security for them. A short time ago *La France Automobile* pronounced a similar warning in connection with the American trade. It would appear that the danger across the Channel is more imminent and more pressing. M. Charley, who went over to London specially to study this aspect of the question, has returned full of alarm. Seen yesterday by a *Herald* correspondent, he declared he was absolutely convinced that, from a commercial point of view, broadly speaking, the English market was practically lost to Continental makers. While at the Show he had taken the opportunity of trying about a dozen makes of machines, and he had been profoundly impresed by the silence, smoothness, and all-round excellence of the productions. He felt that the time had come when Continental makers should turn their attention more seriously to the production of supple and silent machines."

British Cars for Britishers

Leaving, however, the question of mechanism on one side, M. Charley held that whatever class of goods was being offered to the British public by British makers, there could be no doubt about the fact that the British public was buying British machines. After conversing with numerous agents and makers, he saw clearly that the time had come when foreign machines no longer held the lead in the mind of the average British purchaser, and he could not say that he was surprised. British motor-car companies had, in his opinion, during the last twelve months, made such progress that they were now in a position to supply the larger part of the home demand, and he felt he was doing no more than his duty in pointing this fact out to French manufacturers. He had taken the trouble to inquire how this state of affairs had come about, and he had discovered several contributory facts. The chief one, in his mind, was that British makers had totally discarded the idea of speed racing, and had devoted their energies to the producing of high-class touring machines. The importance of this fact could not be overestimated. Further, a huge advertising campaign in favour of home-made vehicles had been commenced, and advertisements had been inserted in every leading newspaper. Again, British makers were able to produce and sell at a profit for much lower sums than on the Continent. M. Charley tried to make it exceedingly clear that he did not wish to pose as an alarmist. His sole object in declaring the facts of the case was to put French makers on their guard, and to try to induce them to adopt, whenever possible, the methods which had made for success across the Channel.

Large Tyres

I am always advocating large tyres—100 mm. in the place of 90 mm. and 105 mm. in the place of 100 mm., etc. In the larger cars the makers have taken it up in a sensible manner. The Daimler 30 h.-p., for instance, has 135 mm. on the driving and 120 mm. on the front wheels. The following extract from a letter in the correspondence column of the *Motor* is interesting, as so few people keep any records:—

"I think it may be of assistance to some of your readers in reducing their tyre bills to give the result of my experience over some years with nearly all sizes and makes of outer covers. The distance every cover has done back and front has been noted, and the average mileage appears in the table below. The figures apply to running in a hilly country with not the best road surface (West Riding of York), and, I think, for this power and weight of car, are fairly accurate:—

Size.	Miles done on driving wheel.	Miles after removal to front.	Equivalent total cost per mile.
750 by 85	2,000	2,000	1.18d.
760 by 90	3,000	3,000	.93d.
760 by 100	4,100	4,100	.80d.
765 by 105	5,100	5,100	.69d.

It will be noticed that the heaviest section comes out easily first in economy, and the only drawback to this size is the fact that it requires a larger rim than is usually fitted. In addition to economy, I have found several advantages in using the heaviest section of tyres, viz., saving of inner tubes—easier running on rough surfaces—greater speed, and, above all, far greater freedom from roadside tyre troubles."

Speed Limit at Guildford

The speed limits granted by the Local Government Board have been few and far between so far. On January 1 the new regulations at Guildford came into force, and though I am against speed limits on principle, the inhabitants of that ancient town have my sympathies. The danger does not lie in the machine, but in the enormous number which pour through the town day and night, week-day and Sunday. The ten-miles speed limit applies in the following places:—So much of London Road as extends from its junction with High Street to a point in the said road situate 140 yards or thereabouts north of its junction with York Road and Waterden Road; High Street; the Town Bridge; Portsmouth Road from the Town Bridge to its junction with the turning known as Mount Pleasant; North Street; so much of Farnham Road as extends from a point in the said road situate twenty yards or thereabouts west of Denzil Road to its junction with Portsmouth Road; Chertsey Street, extending from its junction with Martyr Road to its junction with High Street; Quarry Street to the Borough Boundary; so much of Epsom Road as extends for a distance of twenty yards or thereabouts in an easterly direction from its junction with London Road.

GRAPHICUS.



Copyright Photo *Automotor Journal* (Yellow Cover).

CONSTRUCTING THE BROOKLANDS MOTOR TRACK

MUSICAL NOTES

Realising, evidently, that Christmas ought to be a time of glad tidings, the Winter Opera Syndicate have just issued the announcement that they intend to make the German opera season an annual affair, and that in future years they propose to extend it from one month to two, or even more. Judging from the fact that this announcement is made before the curtain has risen upon the first performance, we may be justified in presuming that the scheme has been received with favour by such lovers of music as are reasonably well endowed with this world's goods, and that the subscription list is bringing joy to the hearts of the syndicate. If such is actually the case, the matter is certainly one for congratulations all round. The institution of such a season will mean that London will at last have, if not a permanent opera, at any rate a very reasonable imitation, and that Covent Garden will be open for at least seven months in every year. The companies, moreover, are certain always to be first rate, and the tongue of the supercilious German, who is accustomed to gibe at the biggest city in the world because there alone is opera seldom to be heard, will at last be silenced.

A contemporary has just published some statistics concerning the concerts given in London during 1906, which would be exceedingly interesting if they were a little more complete. As it is they only concern the Albert, Bechstein, Æolian and Steinway Halls, at which no fewer than 843 musical entertainments were given during the twelve months. The writer adds that, with the recitals given at the small halls, such as the Salle Erard and the Broadwood and Brinsmead Rooms, and the National Sunday League's entertainments, the grand total of the year must fall very little short of 1,400; but he seems, curiously enough, to have completely forgotten the existence of the Queen's Hall. Here the Queen's Hall Orchestra alone gave between eighty and ninety concerts, the London Symphony Orchestra gave twenty-five or more, the Philharmonic Society gave eight, while many artists engaged it for orchestral concerts and recitals. Consequently the grand total must have been something very like 1,600, or an average of over thirty a week. To concerts, at any rate, the laws of supply and demand would seem not to apply.

It is always pleasant to read of the success of British artists abroad, and it seems that, of late, some of our compatriots have been distinguishing themselves greatly. Little Miss Vivien Chartres has been causing such a sensation in Italy that she was accorded the rare honour of playing on Paganini's violin, and was commanded to appear before the Queen, while that other brilliant violinist, Miss Marie Hall, has been bringing the Viennese to her feet. Miss Katherine Goodson, too, one of the most talented of our native pianists, has just sailed for America, in order to fulfil an engagement to appear with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a coveted honour only accorded to the favoured few, after which she will make a protracted tour through the United States. Her many friends here will unite in wishing her every success.



Ferreira's seven-day "raid" into Cape Colony came to an ignominious end in the environs of Karaboomolakte, in the district of Gordonia, where he was captured, and, with his followers, taken to the Courthouse at Upington.

FERREIRA'S CAREER CUT SHORT: GOING TO GAOL

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein have given their patronage to the Children's Annual Fancy Dress Ball, in aid of the Children's Branch of "Our Dumb Friends' League." The ball is to take place at the Empress Rooms, Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington, to-day (Saturday). The tickets are: Children's, 5s.; adults', 7s. 6d., and may be obtained from the secretary, Mr. Arthur J. Coke, 118, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

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WORLDLY WOMAN

ONCE upon a time we revelled in bright colours. The period of screaming reds and glaring blues is still too recent to be forgiven, and too ugly to be ever forgotten. What crimes against good taste we committed in the good old days before form and line became a creed, and colour schemes a fine art. It was a simple, straightforward world to live and dress in before we complicated it with temperaments and invented neurasthenia. Then came the grey days, when we dabbled in obscure philosophies concerning emotions, colour, and what not. Our nerves could scarcely stand the shock of a pronounced tint. The guileless pinks and full-toned violets had faded to "pastel" shades, mere ghosts of their old selves. Nothing pleased that did not suggest greyness and a well-bred melancholy.

All this was yesterday, for to-day we have returned to the crudeness of our first affections. There is no more indecision, no minor key, nor elusive nonsense about the colours of the moment. Is this a sign that we are better, that in spite of all strenuousness and hurry neurasthenia is a phantom of the past? I think so, for who could feel jaded or ill in a gown of the fashionable Empire green, or lack nerve in a thing of such intensity and colour?

The old-world garishness is the very latest triumph of the Empire. How much it has made itself felt all along! In spite of all efforts to the contrary, not a gown but shows a trace of its influence somewhere in its composition. Not even vulgar popularity, the grave of many a charming vogue, has ousted it from the foremost rank of fashion. Frankly though, this last phase is not becoming. We may be well again, but we shall certainly not be more beautiful in the bright peacock blues and frightful reds we are threatened with. This *dernier cri* is too loud a cry altogether; may it be mercifully short as well! After all, we live in an age of exaggeration, and exaggeration is the cause of change. The new must be so very new that only its first freshness will save it from being grotesque, and we all know how fatally easy is the step that leads from the height of smartness to the depths of caricature. I foresee many calamities in colour that will crowd our January sales and spoil the soft harmoniousness of a London spring. There is one virtue in all this. When a fashion becomes the idol of the multitude we see ourselves at last, as others presumably have seen us—so may we mend our ways.

The Paris hat refuses to be guided by such philosophies; it grows in size from day to day, and the end is not yet. The newest of all is larger than ever, and more daring in line and *allure*. As for the feathers thereof, their name is legion, and their size enormous. The ostrich feather has grown so long that it falls low on the shoulder of the wearer, the marabout and paradise so high that no carriage is built big enough to hold them. But what matter? the martyrs of fashion would suffer far more in her cause than a trifling inconvenience like this. And having so unreservedly adopted the cartwheel hat, and got up her hair in size to match it, is it likely that the Parisienne will discard it whatever may be said? And a good deal is said, especially at the play, where the size of the theatre hat has become the burning question of the day, or rather night. But the fair ladies have discovered that they look younger beneath those monster brims, and no motive on earth, certainly no altruistic one, will induce them to forego such an advantage. So men may reason and authorities command, but the last word on large hats will not be said until someone of note looks delightful in a small one.

By the bye, the *plume de coq* has ended its meteor-like career. We find it once more on the modest *chapeau à prix fixe*, from which it was originally raised to the giddy heights of popularity. Instead the pheasant's quill is the novelty of the moment for the morning hat. Our illustration is a becoming example in soft brown felt, suitably simple and without the exaggerated tilt so popular only a short time back. It is no easy thing to find a smart hat that shall be small and unobtrusive enough to go well with the indispensable *trotteuse*.

The *trotteuse* is always a little dull. So little is left to the imagination of the designer. It must be natty and smart, and looks its best in sober grey tweeds and dark blue serges. The idea is that there shall be no idea about it. An unobtrusive bolero or a neat little Empire coat, a short pleated skirt, a little braid, few buttons, and that is all. There is one rather nice novelty—the waistcoat—which has ceased to be the aggressively masculine thing of other days. Nothing remains of its former lining back and uncomfortable sleeveless state. Instead it has



BROWN FELT HAT WITH PHEASANT'S QUILL

acquired a back to match its severe front, and small tailory sleeves. It is still a waistcoat, of course, and its stripes are often more weird than beautiful. There are still the useful pockets, and not even the buckle behind, which was meant to strap down the fulness, has been omitted. But its usefulness has, of course, been enormously increased, and it replaces with advantage the inevitable blouse. Besides, its quaint severity adds a spice of the original to the commonplace of the mere *tailleur*.

For afternoons all things are possible, magnificence of material and extravagance of design. There is no getting away from velvet, which is still first favourite of the hour. Plain cloth skirts are worn with striped velvet *redingotes*. These graceful coats model themselves on Japanese line,



VISITING GOWN IN STRIPED VELVET AND BLACK CLOTH

and are often covered with embroideries and tassels galore. But better than all this is the model which depends for success on its lines. As a nation we do not appreciate line, and prefer to load ourselves with useless gauds and trimmings. In fact, in our productions it is often impossible to see the wood for the trees, and any idea a frock may have possessed originally is too often lost in doubtful ornamentation. It is a fatal mistake. Simplicity is the keynote of perfection, and good lines the best means to that end.

Custom cannot stale the popularity of the invincible stripe. Our illustration is an example which reverses the usual striped velvet *redingote* and cloth skirt. It has instead a black and white velvet skirt, and the plain coat is finished with a waistcoat and pipings to repeat the idea. This sort of frock somehow demands a less perfect figure and striking personality than the long *redingote*, and is not without charm in its smart simplicity. This enthusiasm for simplicity, of a costly kind, is probably responsible for the classical draperies which on Paris teagowns are *le dernier cri du chic*. Do we owe this to the genius of Monsieur Antoine, whose stageing of *Julius Cæsar* draws nightly crowds to the Odéon? Or did he turn to account this last whim of fashion in providing all Paris with models for her teagowns? Be that as it may, all things are possible in Paris, even Shakespeare will command breathless attention and insure crowded houses when Roman tragedies can point so useful a moral.

We hear that Monsieur de Max's Mark Antony is a triumph of the actor's art, and, by the way, also a superb example of what can be done with the folds of a toga. It is no easy task — this disposing becomingly of draperies — and Monsieur de Max has earned the gratitude of all women in teaching them how to walk with grace. Thus a French paper. They do these things so well in Paris; tragedy and the dressmaker's *mannequin*, Shakespeare and fashion — the artistic temperament combines them all. However, we too are now able to glean information at His Majesty's, and Paris, for once, will have nothing to teach us.

L. S. R.

Memoranda for the Coming Week

TO-DAY

Children's fancy dress ball, in aid of Our Dumb Friends' League, Empress Rooms, Kensington.
Royal Academy of Arts: Winter exhibition, private view.
Rugby Football: England v. France, in London.
Adelphi Theatre: *The Bondman.*

MONDAY, JANUARY 7

Royal Geographical Society: Miss Mary Hall on "A Lady's Journey from the Cape to Cairo," 3.30.
International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Engravers: Evening Reception, New Gallery, Regent Street.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 8

Institution of Civil Engineers: Mr. Francis Fox on "The Simplon Tunnel," 8.
Royal Horticultural Society: Exhibition of Flowers and Fruit, Vincent Square, Westminster, 1-5.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9

Royal Economic Society: Congress, Mr. Haldane's presidential address, London School of Economics.
The Lord Mayor receives the Freedom of the Butchers' Company, Butchers' Hall, 2.
Juvenile Fancy Dress Ball at the Mansion House.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 10

The Duke of Connaught leaves for a tour of inspection in Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, Hong Kong, and Egypt.
Lord Carrington's address to the Royal Economic Society.
Headmasters' Association: Congress, Guildhall (two days), 10.45.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 11

The Lord Mayor of London dines with the Colston Society of University College, Bristol.
Royal Astronomical Society: Meeting, Burlington House, 8.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12

Royal Geographical Society: The King and Prince of Wales will attend a meeting at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, when the Duke of the Abruzzi will give an account of his expedition to Mount Ruwenzori, 8.45. Special tickets required.
Rugby Football: Wales v. England, in Wales.

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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,937.—Vol. LXXV. *Registered as a Newspaper*

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1907

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT *"The Funeral of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts."*

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Very charming was the sight at the Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington, during the annual children's fancy dress ball in aid of the Children's Branch of our Dumb Friends' League. The dresses of the three or four hundred little people were of every conceivable nation and period, and made a pageant of fashion delightful to see. The children danced from six till half-past eight, when, in procession, they went round the room, each carrying a toy animal which, as they passed a dais, they handed to Lady Belhaven and Stenton. Among the guests were the Marchioness of Donegall, Lady Evelyn Ewart and Baroness von Eckardstein. At the request of Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, some of the toys were sent to Princess Christian's Infant Nursery at Windsor, St Andrew's Hospital at Clewer, and St. George's Hospital, London. The others were distributed among the children of the poor parts of London. "Fancy Dances" were danced during the evening by Miss Vera Le Fleming, who is five, and was dressed as a fairy.

A PAGEANT OF CHILDHOOD: THE FANCY DRESS BALL IN AID OF CUR DUMB FRIENDS' LEAGUE

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FRONT VIEW OF "LULULAUND"

PROFESSOR HUBERT VON HERKOMER, R.A., AT BUSHEY

An Interview by Wentworth Huyshe

In the very earliest numbers of THE GRAPHIC, going on for forty years ago, there appeared two wood-engravings which gave distinct promise of the future greatness of the young men who had made the drawings and brought them to Mr. W. L. Thomas, the director and founder of this journal. They were "The Casual Ward," drawn by Mr. Luke Fildes, now Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., and "Gipsies on Wimbledon Common," by Mr. Hubert Herkomer, now Professor Hubert Von Herkomer, R.A. And those two drawings were the first subject of conversation when, as representative of THE GRAPHIC, I had the pleasure of spending an afternoon of last week with the Professor in his beautiful house, "Lululaund," at Bushey, in Hertfordshire.

"You know," said he, after we had inspected a charming full-length portrait of a lady in white dress, on a subtle background of white—the white panelling of a room—which is destined for the next exhibition of the Royal Academy, "you know I owe my whole artistic career to Mr. W. L. Thomas of THE GRAPHIC. He took from me the first block, which I did as a speculation, 'Gipsies on Wimbledon Common'—yes—but when he took it he gave me advice which was of the greatest importance to me as a young man making my first serious efforts. He would not give me the subjects which I was to draw for him, but said, 'No, look about for your own subjects, and let me see them when drawn.' To that I owe the early cultivation of the habit of observation, of really seeing things."

The full significance of that event in his early life was not a thing I could discuss with Professor von Herkomer at length, for we had much to talk of and time was short; but it is all told for us in Mr. A. L. Baldry's splendid biography of Professor von Herkomer, from the days of his childhood at Waal, in Bavaria, in the early fifties, to the day when, by the King's permission, he made a water-colour drawing, now in His Majesty's collection, of Queen Victoria after death. Lorenz Herkomer, the lad's father, had said that he should be "his best friend and a painter," and both predictions were amply realised. That was in 1849. In 1851 Lorenz and his wife and child emigrated to America, but in 1857 they re-crossed the Atlantic to Southampton, where they remained for some years, and eventually the boy went to London to study in the South Kensington School of Art, where—against the rules—he wandered off from the "Antique" room to the "Life" room, and made so good a drawing there that the irregularity was forgiven. "It was a triumph for the rebel," says Mr. Baldry, "for it had the effect of bringing him into close contact with men like Mr. Luke Fildes, Mr. Henry Woods, Mr. John Parker, and others now famous, who were then among the more advanced of the South Kensington students." Then young Herkomer launched out to see what he could do with his capacities and entered upon the serious struggle of providing his means of subsistence. He tided over his difficulties without letting his parents know of them until he found himself on the path to success. "The change in his circumstances," says Mr. Baldry, "dates really from his first introduction to Mr. W. L. Thomas, the director of THE GRAPHIC." Well, we talked of that, and of the "Casual Ward" of Luke Fildes, "than which," said Professor von Herkomer, "no more pathetic and truthful drawing was ever made."

"And the 'Chelsea Pensioners,'" I said, "that came close upon the 'Gipsies,' did it not?"

"Yes; that was my second drawing for THE GRAPHIC—'Chelsea Pensioners at Church'—and it formed the basis for the picture which I afterwards painted and called 'The Last Muster;' it was in the Academy Exhibition of 1875. I painted that picture against the advice of all my friends. 'You can't make anything of those red coats,' they said, and David Roberts, whom I took to see the Pensioners in their chapel, said nothing could be done with such walls and windows; but it was the human element that I saw, and it was Mr. Thomas who had educated me to see it by sending me about to look for subjects. In all I have done it is the human note which I have striven to strike. I strove for it in my first portrait—that of Archibald Forbes—I strive for it still in my painting and in my lectures. I am in my element as a lecturer."

I had not sufficiently grasped that fact in the many-sided career of the Professor, although quite aware with all the rest of the world that he is pre-eminently a teacher and that the famous schools of art, within a stone's throw of where we were sitting, had been a witness of the fact for years past.

"I have given lately," said the Professor, "a series of lectures all about the country, and have had audiences which total up to 20,000. In my lectures, which are upon art, always art, I make the human element the thing, and no matter how technical they may be I try always to make them popular. I am beginning next week before the students of the Royal Academy a series of lectures, the titles of which are: 'The Hour;' 'The Painter;' 'England, Lovable and Paintable;' 'Bavaria, Romantic and Paintable;' and 'Portrait Painting.'"

"And may I see some of the marvels of your house, of which we have heard so much?"

"Certainly; come along."

If ever the mind of an artist was impressed upon his dwelling the mind of Herkomer is impressed upon "Lululaund." Without and within, the house is eloquent of the man, of his aims, of his aspirations, and of his career; he is the *genius loci* who has written himself large on every stone, every panel, every beam. From foundation to roof it is his own creation, bearing the stamp of his own temperament, expressed with all the inventive fancy, taste, and skill of a man whose life has been one long devotion to art and to craftsmanship. But while this is true of this unique dwelling as a whole, it is also true—and this adds to the extraordinary fascination of the place—that the house is really the outcome, the product of the Herkomer family.

Go with the Professor into the splendid drawing-room; you are at once struck with the exuberant richness of the wood carvings. "My uncle carved those panels," he says. Or follow him out of that room down some steps into a singular little chamber adjoining it. A vast carved writing-desk, with a throne-like chair, attracts your attention. "My father made that as a birthday present for me thirty years ago," says the Professor; and he goes on to tell of those who have sat in the chair, Cecil Rhodes and Dr. Jameson among them. You admire some splendid curtains. "They were made," he says, "by my uncle, the weaver," and he tells how he went and fetched him over to help decorate the family mansion, "to do the kind of work he was brought up to do and was able to do." And so, under the all-pervading influence of the son and nephew, these grand old Herkomer craftsmen carried out the great aspiration of the Herkomer family—the building of a Herkomer dwelling. The story of the house is part of the life-history of Hubert von Herkomer, and reflects not only his temperament but that of his race. A family mansion, indeed, in the truest and best sense of the word—a dwelling which perpetuates in this twentieth century the very mind of the old mediæval craftsmen.

Having, after some bewilderment, grasped the unique fact, and feebly expressed my appreciation of it, the Professor explained how the house was the outcome of a tradition handed down to him from his ancestors, and how the idea had existed in his family for generations that there should some day be a Herkomer memorial house. "The house was made," he said, "for my family's sake and not for myself only. You may well imagine, therefore, that if with my worship of my parents I had simply lived on the income of the money which I have put into this house, I should have despised myself."

Thus it came about that there arose in Hertfordshire, in the land of his adoption, a house which expresses at once the German view of family responsibility, the German romanticism which has shaped its builder's convictions in art and the ideal German style. Hence also the interest of the design, and of the decorative accessories in stone, wood and metal of this astonishing house. It is a palace of the arts and crafts, and the greatest treasure in it is the remarkable personality which called it into existence.



PROFESSOR HUBERT VON HERKOMER, C.V.O., R.A.
Photograph by W. Waite Sanderson



The Duke of Beaufort, M.F.H., hunts his superb pack on two days of the week, and his hunt-man, Will Dale, carries the horn for the remaining four, for this pack hunts on six days of the week. The kennels at Badminton, Chippenham, are very fine. The Duke's pack consists of 75 couples, and this year there have been plenty of foxes and horses in the Badminton country, and very good sport. There was a little wire in the country, but it was all removed when hunting started. To-day (Friday) the hounds meet at Cross Hands, and to-morrow (Saturday) at Yatton Kennel.

The Duke of Beaufort's Hounds at Badminton, Chippenham

Indeed it would not have been in girl'sh nature to ubmit to the mas erful manner in which Sol took possession of her.

"Be you a-keepin' company wi' somebody?" enquired Sol, with some anxiety. "Because there's no use my comin' so far out o' my road if ye be. I be workin' over t'other side o' the farm now that this 'ere job's finished, an' I've gone into a new lodgin'—there's no use my wastin' my time, my maid, if——"

"Oh, I'm sure I don't want ye to waste any time on my account!" cried Sally.

Her voice was unsteady, and she blinked hard to keep back the tears. No maid, she said to herself, would like to be courted after such a fashion.

Sol sighed impatiently. As a practical man he was anxious to ascertain his position.

"Be there?" he enquired with a self-restraint that was palpal le and exasperating. "Be there another chap a-lookin' arter ye, or bain't there?"

As a matter of fact there was not, but Sally was not the girl to admit it. She remained therefore obstinately mute.

"Now look 'ee here, my maid," resumed Sol after a full minute's pause. "I must have a answer to this 'ere question afore things gets any forrarder. I'll give 'ee till to-morrow to think it over, and then it must be Yes or No. If ye've got a young man of your own then ye may cry hands off an' I'll let 'ee alone. If ye haven't, then there ain't no reason in life why you an' me shouldn't start keepin' company reg'lar. So think it over, maidie."

Having now reached the top of the slope, Sally whipped up Diamond, and the horse proceeded at its usual trot, Sol jogging beside it according to his custom. When Sally's home came in sight he disappeared into the darkness with a cheery good-bye, leaving Sally disconcerted, angry, and sorely perplexed.

She already liked Sol very much; she would probably like him more when she had time and opportunity to study his character; but to be pressed thus to come to a definite decision at so short a notice—it was unfair—it was cruel! Above all, to be forced to own straight out that she had no other lover—how could she bring herself to make such a humiliating confession?

Very little did Sally sleep that night, and when she looked up in the morning from her untasted breakfast and announced that she had a headache, she was sufficiently pale to alarm her grandmother.

"I don't think I can ever go joggin' off in that wold cart to-day," continued Sally dismally. "Couldn't you go, Grammer, for once? 'Tis a lovely day, look, see, an' there bain't so much doin' of a Tuesday."

"Well, to be sure," grumbled the old woman, "'tis a pretty notion! What's to become o' the wash if I'm to go a-traipsin' round the country wi' the cart?"

"Oh, I'll manage the wash!" cried Sally eagerly. "The steam 'ull do me good, I think. 'Tis the neuralgy what be a-troublin' of I. I'll finish the washin' an get on wi' the ironin' if ye'll let me, Grammer?"

Mrs. Roberts assented after much murmuring and a good deal of sarcastic comment on the "neshness" of the rising generation. There was never no talk of newralgy or oldralgy neither when she was a maid, she said, an' she was sure she didn't know what the world was a-comin' to.

Nevertheless she duly started off, encasing her spare figure in Sally's warm jacket, and covering her head with an old sailor hat which had once belonged to the girl. Sally, indeed, had pressed these articles upon her grandmother with an exuberance of affection which had somewhat mollified that old lady, and stood leaning against the doorpost long after Diamond and the van had jogged out of sight. Her face was pink enough to denote that the "newralgy" was not in a very acute stage, and all at once she burst into a fit of laughter and clapped her hands.

It was darker even than usual when Mrs. Roberts, much exhausted after her round, set forth on her return journey. She drew back as far as possible into the shelter of the "shed," and let the reins drop loosely over Diamond's back, as he crawled slowly up the stony lane so often mentioned. Presently, to her great surprise, a figure leaped out from the shelter of the bank and accosted her.

"I thought you was never comin'!" cried a man's voice.

Grammer Roberts checked the exclamation which rose to her lips, and flattened herself yet more against the side of the hood; but she made no audible remark. To herself, however, she observed, "Ho! ho! Miss Sally!"

Diamond continued his progress as though nothing unusual had happened, and the newcomer paced beside him.

"There's no use your holding your tongue, my dear," he continued after a pause, "because I'm going to have a answer one way or another."

"A answer!" commented Mrs. Roberts to herself. "He've a-been makin' the maid a 'er."

"It must be Yes or No," continued Sol firmly. "If ye don't say nothin' I'll take that for a answer. Now listen to I——"

Grammer Roberts was not very quick of hearing, but she strained her ears to the utmost.

"I'll give 'ee till we get to the top of the lane, an' if by that time ye haven't spoke I'll take it ye're willin' to keep company wi' I. If there's another chap about ye must make up your mind to say so."

"There bain't no other chap as I know on," reflected Mrs. Roberts, "but I'd like to know a bit more about this one."

As though in obedience to her unspoken wish Sol, after another pause, proceeded to set forth his circumstances.

"I bain't much of a match for 'ee, I dare say——"

Grammer shifted uneasily on her seat: she was sorry to hear it.

"But you mid go further an' fare worse. I'm earnin' sixteen shillin' a week, wi' the promise of a rise at Lady Day."



ELIZA STEVENS, THE OLDEST OF THE IROQUOIS
Who is 105 years of age, and is still an oracle of her tribe on the Iroquois Reservation in Western New York.

The battered sailor hat nodded approvingly in the shadow.

"I've not got no dibs saved——"

"That's bad," reflected Grammer; "a few dibs 'ud ha' come in handy."

"In fact I tramped here from Bridport wi' just the clothes on my back."

"I don't like that," said Mrs. Roberts to herself; "there were never no tramps in our family."

"'Twas my mother's long sickness what cleared out all my savin's. I couldn't deny the poor wold body anythin'."

Here Mrs. Roberts's countenance assumed a benign expression. It spoke well for the young man that he should be so considerate to the old and weak.

"I'm young, I'm strong," summed up Sol energetically. "I'll look after you so kind as I can if you're willin' to keep company wi' I, an' I'll make ye a lovin' husband when the time comes for us to be married. Here we be at the top of the lane now, and as ye haven't spoke, I d' 'low ye're willin' to take me."

Mrs. Roberts jerked at the reins, but she was not quick enough for Sol, who in a moment leaped into the cart and took up his position beside her.

"Now, then, my maid," he cried jubilantly, "we're sweethearts."

And with that he flung his arm round her waist and endeavoured to plight his troth in the usual way.

But to his surprise, not to say stupefaction, a shrill cackle of laughter fell upon his ears, and his advances were repelled by the vigorous thrust of a hand that was certainly not Sally's.

"Dear, to be sure!" cried a quavering voice. "Did ever anybody hear the like? There now! Well, well! Dear heart alive! I'd 'low you don't know your own mind, young man."

Still crowing with uncanny laughter, she stretched out her wrinkled hand, detached the lantern from its hook and held it up to her face.

"Well, I'm—I'm dalled!" exclaimed Sol, utterly dumbfounded.

"Ho! ho! ho!" cackled Grammer. "Shall I speak now, or is it too late? I d' 'low 'tis too late, an' we be sweethearts."

"Here! wait! whoa!" cried Sol distractedly. "Let me out."

"Nay, now," returned Grammer, clutching him by the arm, "bide a bit, bide a bit. Don't be in such a hurry! P'raps there's a little mistake."

"There's a mistake, an' not such a very little one," replied Sol malignantly.

"You was a-lookin' for another tranter, I reckon," resumed Grammer archly. "Maybe you was a-lookin' for Tranter Sally."

"Maybe I was," admitted Sol, relaxing.

"She's my grand-darter," remarked the old lady.

"Oh," said Sol, stiffening again. "She needn't ha' served me sich a trick, then," he added somewhat inconsequently. "She needn't ha' made a fool o' me. Any man mid be made a fool on that way."

"True," agreed Mrs. Roberts soothingly, "you *was* made a fool on, jist about."

"I d' 'low I'll get out now," announced Sol for the second time, with sulky dignity.

"No, no, bide a bit. 'Tis lonely here, an' ye know ye did promise to take care of I. He, he, he!"

After a moment's struggle, Sol, too, broke forth into irrepressible laughter, and as the cart jolted over the downs the mingled sounds of their mirth astonished the sleepy wild things.

Mrs. Roberts was the first to compose herself.

"So you be a-earning sixteen shillin' a week?" she remarked, sitting up and wiping her eyes.

"Yes, sixteen shillin' a week and the promise of a rise."

"We've a-got a nice little place down yonder," resumed Grammer; "a tidy bit o' ground, too, but it wants a man to see to't."

"Oh, do it?" said Sol in a non-committal way.

"It do. Ye haven't got no money saved, I think ye said?"

"Mrs. Roberts," cried Sol desperately, "will ye tell me straight out, or will ye not? Be there another chap a-hangin' round Sally?"

"Ye'd best ax her," chuckled the old woman. "Ax her same as ye did ax me, an' tell her if she means 'No' she must say it. We be just there now."

The cart indeed now began to rattle down the path which led to the hollow, and presently Mrs. Roberts pulled up.

"Bide there," she whispered in Sol's ear, "bide where ye be an' I'll send her out to ye."

"Must I unhitch Di'mond?" enquired Sally, appearing at the open door.

The firelight from within turned her fair hair to gold, and outlined her slight figure. Sol felt the last trace of resentment melt as he looked at her.

"E—es, you can unhitch, my dear; an' there's a bit o' rubbish in the cart what ye can have if ye fancy."

"A bit o' rubbish!" ejaculated the girl, pausing on the threshold.

"E—es, a bit o' rubbish what was give me, but what I haven't got no use for—so I make a present of en to you, my dear."

And with that Grammer Roberts clambered down and hurried into the house, exploding with laughter as she went.

Though she was discreet enough to leave the young couple to their own devices she could not wholly conquer her curiosity as to the issue between them, and, pausing just behind the door, listened eagerly.

A startled cry, a man's voice talking eagerly, a peal of laughter—and then silence.

"Sixteen shillin' a week," meditated Grammer. . . . "I hope they won't forget to unhitch the harse"

THE END

THE F.O. BAG

By LUCIEN WOLF

ONE excellent effect of the revival of the Channel Tunnel scheme has been to introduce a measure of much-needed sobriety into the meditations of our Francophile ultras. We all hope, as the King telegraphed to a French newspaper the other day, that "the warm feelings of friendship which unite the two countries may never be disturbed;" but it is a long cry from this to the idea of arranging all our foreign policy as if this hope were bound to be realised. This, however, has been the striving of not a few of our publicists, especially those who, like Mr. L. J. Maxse, have Teutophobia in a virulent form. The Channel Tunnel peril has given these gentlemen less deliriously to think. Mr. Maxse has found room in the new number of the *National Review* for an article on the Tunnel, in which one of his chief henchmen actually warns the public against believing in the permanence of the *entente cordiale*. It is a wholesome and promising conversion, for it carries a good deal more with it than disapproval of the Tunnel. One consequence especially should be noted. If the permanence of the *entente* is not to be relied upon, it follows that it is not a safe basket for all our F.O. eggs, and that we should do well not to quarrel gratuitously with other Powers. By "other Powers," I especially mean Germany, with whom there is no reason why we should not be on just as good terms as we are with France.



MONSIEUR JULES CAMBON

The New Ambassador of France to Berlin.

The idea that one of these days France may come to an understanding with Germany, and that such an understanding would take precedence of her *entente* with us, is by no means so remote from the field of practical politics as is generally imagined. Alsace is no bar to it, for it actually existed during the first decade after the great war. Jules Ferry and Freycinet believed in it, and even Gambetta toyed with it, and was at one moment on the point of becoming Prince Bismarck's guest at Varzin in order to talk it over. Even in recent years we have found the policy of the Quai d'Orsay oscillating between Teutophilism and Anglophilism, as represented respectively by M. Hanotaux and M. Delcassé. At the present moment politicians of considerable eminence in France and not a few influential papers are openly on the side of Germany. Read, for example, the remarkable article of M. René Millet in the last number of the *Revue Economique Internationale*, and also the articles which appear almost every day in the *Éclair* over the signature of M. Ernest Judet. These are symptoms which should not be lightly ignored in this country. I am afraid that much too little is said about them by the Paris correspondents of our daily newspapers.

It is characteristic of our national modesty, and especially of that section of it which is centralised in Fleet Street, that the reconciliation of the *Times* with the Russian Government has passed almost unperceived by our newspapers, and by public opinion generally. On the Continent, however, where I lately spent a few weeks, I found it much commented upon, especially in official circles. Almost universally it was regarded as a substantial *avant-coureur* of the much-prophesied Anglo-Russian *entente*. I was reminded of an incident of which I was a witness in St. Petersburg shortly after the expulsion of Mr. Braham. Prince Valerian Obolensky, then Acting-Minister of Foreign affairs, asked a visitor one day what he thought of the expulsion. "It was a *bêtise*" bluntly answered the visitor. "You seem to have imagined that the *Times* was *un journal quelconque*, but it is nothing of the kind—it is *une des grandes puissances*." The Prince took the expostulation quite seriously, and said he was afraid it was a blunder. "But you know," he added, "we have our difficulties with the Ministry of the Interior." At that time Plehve was the all-powerful Minister, and all the other Ministries trembled before him. He even communicated with the foreign Ambassadors over the heads of the Foreign Office—an assumption of authority which no Minister of the Interior had ever before permitted himself.

The secret history of the efforts to bring about an Anglo-Russian *entente* would, I fancy, make entertaining reading. There is, for example, the little-known visit paid to this country last spring by M. Isvolsky, just before he took over the seals of the Foreign Office from Count Lamsdorff. It was feared that some of the Roseberyites in the Cabinet might not be very enthusiastic for the *entente*, especially Mr. Asquith, who was understood to have a grievance against the Russian Government, in connection with certain representations made to Mr. Gladstone in 1892 on the subject of his sympathy with the party of Russian freedom. Accordingly Mr. Asquith was invited to meet M. Isvolsky at dinner, and subsequently the Russian Minister was received by Mrs. Asquith. The result was, I believe, quite satisfactory. An amusing circumstance of the negotiations was that the dinner was given by M. Poklevsky-Koziell, now Counsellor of the Russian Embassy, and formerly one of the chief movers in a project for bringing about a Russo-Japanese Alliance against Great Britain. We live in times of facile conversions.

I am afraid I must confess that I am myself a pervert on the subject of an *entente* with Russia. There was a time when Mr. Stead and I carried on the Russophile propaganda in the magazines and elsewhere almost alone; but eight years ago I was afforded an opportunity of seeing things rather more closely than other people, and I came reluctantly to the conclusion that the theory of the incurable bad faith of the Russian Government was no mere superstition. Since then my doubts have been confirmed, and I question very much whether we should be safe in any understanding we might negotiate with the Tsar's Foreign Office. It is difficult to imagine a worse record of perfidy than the Russian attitude towards us during the last ten years. We now know, for example, that Russia was in the Fashoda conspiracy, that officers of hers were despatched to lead Abyssinian troops to the support of Marchand, and that she actually encouraged France to go to war. We know also that during the Boer War she endeavoured to organise a European intervention on behalf of President Kruger, and that she planned an invasion of Afghanistan. Then there is the story of the Manchurian adventure, an uninterrupted series of deceits, perjuries and intrigues. These things are warnings which we may not ignore. The tradition of such a diplomacy cannot be thrown off in a moment, and at any rate we shall do well to be on our guard.

In any circumstances exceptionally cordial relations between this country and Russia—or rather the Russian Government—at the present moment should be impossible in view of the domestic struggle in progress in that country. It is idle to say that we have no concern in that struggle. We have always been deeply interested in the fight for Constitutional liberty in Europe, and we have never hitherto failed to manifest our sympathy with democracies struggling to be free. From the time of Canning this has been a fixed tradition of British policy, and the only question to which it has given rise has been whether our sympathy should be active or passive. We can imagine what Palmerston or Lord John Russell would have thought of a proposal for an *entente* with Austria in 1848, or with Naples in 1856, or with Russia in 1863. Of the diplomatic changes of the past week I have only space to note the appointment of M. Jules Cambon to the French Embassy in Berlin in succession to M. Bihourd. M. Cambon is a brother of the distinguished and genial tenant of Albert Gate House. Neither Jules nor Paul is of the *carrière*, but they are diplomatic successes all the same.

Josiah Gumede (Interpreter). Lessia. Tsotetsi. Leguila—"The Eagle."



Moloi

Leguila ("The Eagle"), Tsotetsi, and Moloi have come to England from South Africa to see the King on business. They are chiefs of the Basuto tribes of the Batlokwa and the Bukhulukwa. They claim a right to land in the Harrismith district of the Orange River Colony, where, they say, their tribes have lived for generations. They paid the Boers for it in cattle—7,000 head—but in the recent war, when they scouted for the British, the Boers drove them off their land, and they have since been, like the Jews, wanderers with no country of their own. They were received in London by the League of Universal Brotherhood.

BASUTO CHIEFS WHO WANT TO SEE THE KING



THE LATE MR. W. W. READ

Famous Surrey Batsman. Born 51 years ago. First played for Surrey in 1873. His finest innings was for England against Australia in 1884, when he made 117. His highest first-class cricket score was 338 for Surrey against Oxford University in 1888.

Mr. Hall Caine's Way

CLASS AND THE DRAMA

The hearty enjoyment with which the audience received *The Bondman* on its transference to the ADELPHI was evidence of how deep the love of melodrama is rooted in the heart of the people. So I found myself pondering, Why does it appeal to them? Why have I been not entirely bored, if melodrama is such a contemptible form of dramatic art? For Mr. Hall Caine's effort is not a piece of fine dramatic workmanship cast in an old-fashioned mould. On the contrary, it is a specimen of unskilful craftsmanship, tolerable only because it is built on the lines of a fine convention, a convention which was originally studied from life in its broad aspects, and remains to this day a truer reflection of the lives of the masses than poetic tragedy, society comedy, or super-subtle problem drama. The pit and gallery understand Greeba thoroughly. To them it seems quite right and natural that she should be hurt and angry at Michael's apparent neglect of her. Natural that she should be taunted into accepting Jason, to show that she is not wearing the willow for her —seemingly—unworthy lover. And it is natural, and human, in a girl of her class, just as it is natural and human that Jason should take her without inquiring if her love for Michael is dead, because he wants her so much, and to him this personal passion stands for the highest form of manly love. And our greatest philosophers cannot prove that it is not so—cannot determine whether the race instinct is not better served by such a passion than by the ideal of self-sacrifice. So all the way through *The Bondman* the springs of action of the characters are strong, definite, and natural to the average human being whom the pit and gallery can understand. The people in the main, unable to express themselves fully in words, little given to subtleties of thought, comprehend the situations, and do not bother about the lucidity of the dialogue, because in their lives things happen much in that wordless, unexplained fashion. But the classes who deliberate consciously before they act, whose tragedies and comedies arise, more often than not, out of wordy discussions, miss the absence of gradual development and feel that the want of clash of mind against mind is unnatural and incomplete. To them the explanation of how the situations come about is more important than the situations, while to the populace the situations are the all-important essential—their imaginations fill in the gaps. If a great dramatist arose who could deal with melodrama adequately, there is no question but that melodrama would hold the town, for actually it requires more invention of plot, more strength of character conception, greater depth and power of emotion from the dramatist and the players than any other form of play except poetic tragedy. The masses prefer a crude form of broad art to a highly finished, exquisitely worked, but more narrowly conceived one, that is all. Mr. Hall Caine undoubtedly possesses the gift of conceiving melodramatic plots. If he could find a dramatist capable of handling them ably, he would earn the gratitude of immense numbers of playgoers by lifting one of the finest forms of drama out of the slough of despond and derision into which it has fallen since our dramatists took to imitating French comedies and Scandinavian philosophy-mongers, and ceased to grapple with the broad realities of big emotions which belong to what is sneered at as melodrama.

"DRAMATICUS."



CAPTAIN W. C. T. PLANT

Awarded the Kaiser-I-Hind Medal for disarming and overpowering a sepoy who forced his way into the officers' mess on the Indian North-West Frontier and killed the Colonel.



THE LATE GENERAL SIR HENRY DE BATHE

Crimean veteran. A popular Commander of the Scots Guards. Had been Master of Wood End Harriers, a famous whip, mountaineer and amateur actor. His son, Hugo Gerald, who is married to Lillie Langtry, the actress, succeeds to the baronetcy.



PRINCE AND PRINCESS DE BROGLIE

Now appearing at the Tivoli Music Hall. The hero and heroine of a love romance.

A TALE OF THE TIVOLI

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Prince Amédée de Broglie, head of ancient French family.
Prince Robert de B., son of Prince Amédée.
Estelle, a beautiful singer from California.

ACT I.

The Opéra Comique, Paris.—Prince Robert falls in love with Estelle. Estelle falls in love with Prince Robert.

ACT II.

Milan.—After the elopement. The marriage.

ACT III.

No end of a rumpus. Prince Robert cut off with a shilling.

ACT IV.

The Tivoli, London.—Great heart of the British nation stirred at sight of the romantic runaway couple earning their own living on the boards.

A NEW VOLCANIC ISLAND.—The January issue of *Knowledge* gives an interesting account of the three Bogoslof Islands, which lie about 120 miles south of the Pribydoff Seal Islands, in the Behring Sea, and have all risen from the sea, hot and steaming, within historic times. The oldest island rose from the sea in 1796, the second appeared in 1883, and the third was thrown up last year, at the same time as the California earthquake occurred, though this, it seems, is merely a coincidence.

On this page the portrait of Sir Henry de Bathe was taken by Russell and Sons; that of Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson by Elliott and Fry; of W. W. Read by Fradelle and Young; of Captain Plant, by Annie Bell.



THE LATE MR. ALFRED ILLINGWORTH

For fifteen years M.P. for Bradford, where he was born in 1827. An advanced Liberal and Home Ruler. For some years the leader of the Liberal party in Bradford.



THE LATE GENERAL VON DER LAUNITZ

Prefect of St. Petersburg. Assassinated as he was leaving a church. Was a "Trepoffist" and strong supporter of the "League of True Russians."



GENERAL REINBODT

Succeeds General Launitz as Prefect of St. Petersburg. Has had many escapes from assassination. Dodged a bomb thrown at him in Moscow in November, and shot the would-be murderer.



THE HON. SIR WALTER HELY-HUTCHINSON

Whose term of office as Governor of the Cape of Good Hope has been extended until 1910. Has been Governor since 1901.

THE WORLD OF ART

A REPORT of extraordinary interest, it may be remembered, was issued some years ago by the Japanese Commissioners appointed by the Mikado's Government to inquire into the condition of Western Art, and to make known its conclusions as to the relative value and importance, and the connection, if any, in respect to the two schools, or points of view. The Report was in part historical, and traced the primeval passion of man for reproducing facts of nature for purposes of embellishment, until, as the Commissioners expressed it, the river of art divided into two main streams: that which flowed towards the East and saw that the chief beauty and purpose of art was in decoration, and that absolute imitation was as soulless as Dead Sea fruit; and that which turned its course towards the West, inspired by an imagination less romantic and fanciful than the Oriental, sought for truth of record and for fact rendered practically, perhaps, but in its essence documentary. That is to say, the thing that *is*, as opposed to the thing that merely suggests and decorates. The Commissioners therefore concluded that each view of art was correct in its own way, but was fundamentally opposed, and did not recommend that the Japanese School should adopt Western ideas, or sacrifice their tradition by attiring its Muse in high heels and a Parisian *toque*. And so Japanese art maintains its purity and aim within the somewhat restricted field within which it has set itself, and artists continue the dull and painful training which would exhaust an Englishman before its first stage of ten or fifteen years was over.

Nevertheless, the sight of European art and successful realisation of facts of nature charmed and delighted Japanese eyes not one whit less than we were fascinated by the art of Nippon. A European oil-painting which had been imported so amazed a youth named Hara with its realism, that then and there he determined to paint like it. In an Art Institute founded in Kyoto there was a "European Department" under Japanese painters, and Mr. Hara studied there for four years, and in due course he painted portraits of some of the leading men in Japan, for his talent was quickly recognised; but certain questions of colour and gradation still remained mysteries, for the secret had not been fully mastered by the Japanese-European teachers. So he came to London and hastened to rush up the steps of the National Gallery to solve the truth at a glance; but he found it "very difficult, very difficult," and decided that there was nothing for it but to study hard for as long as need be. The portraits by Rembrandt and Velasquez attracted him most, and he set himself at once to copy, and, as he writes to me, "I have for the very first time realised that that picture of dark colours and simple and bold handling is no less than the result of the greatest skilfulness and the hardest and most careful studies." So he copied five of them. "Every time when I started to copy, I always feel I could succeed this time, but every time when I finish I always see there is still a great ditch between the original and mine."



MR. HARA'S COPY OF REMBRANDT'S "JEWISH MERCHANT"



FRED WALKER'S "THE WOMAN IN WHITE"
An Addition to the Tate Gallery.

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The truth is that these copies, especially the late ones, are very remarkable. They prove that the painter is at the root of the matter, that his sensitive and searching eye has pierced into Rembrandt's method, and has perceived how the pictures are built up with colour and touch: indeed, I have rarely seen better or more intelligent copies. But while Mr. Hara has been at this work he has been working from the life, as may be seen in "The Old Seamstress," which, as well as his rendering of Rembrandt's "Jewish Merchant," appears on this page. He appreciates the beauty of mystery and of greys, and has as much sympathy with his subject as he has with the nude, of which he has made striking studies. As the artist is about to return to Japan with most of the pictures he has made for demonstration there of Western art, I have desired to seize the opportunity of recording the work of perhaps the ablest Japanese painter in our method who has visited our shores.

If George Richmond's portrait of Charlotte Brontë goes to the National Gallery, as is expected, full opportunity will be afforded to judge between it and the other likeness which, recently acquired, has been challenged as spurious; at least, not so much spurious, as a genuine portrait of someone else. It is extraordinary how many doubtful portraits rest in the great collections, public and private—"genuine portraits of some other body." Who will give his consent to the so-called portrait of George Morland in the South Kensington Museum? Here we have a smart, spick-and-span dandy of a spark, as little like the portraits Morland did of himself (of which, I may add, I own one) as you can well imagine; and yet people are quite content to accept the name without suspicion and without inquiry. All this points the moral on which I have so often insisted—the advice preached by Mr. John Evelyn to Mr. Pepys—that behind every portrait there should be inscribed (in oil in the case of oil pictures) the name of the sitter, the artist, and the date, and doubt will no longer affect the value, historical and monetary, of the painted record.

An interesting addition to the Tate Gallery is the recent gift by Mr. Claude Phillips of the famous cartoon by Fred Walker, A.R.A., of "The Woman in White." This was done for the poster with which all London was charmed five-and-thirty years ago, when Wilkie Collins's novel was about to be dramatised and put on the stage. At the house of Charles Collins, Wilkie's brother, Walker had made the sketch, tentatively, and thereupon was encouraged, as he said, to "try my hand at the thing myself—a dashing attempt at black and white." He was all the more willing to do so, inasmuch as—(in his words to Mr. Hooper the engraver)—"I am bent on doing all I can with a first attempt at what I consider *might develop into a most important branch of art*." So he determined to design the white-clad figure, about five feet in height, passing into starry night, and he suggested to Mr. Hooper to engrave it on "a sheet of wood the size of a door." But he did not have it engraved on planks screwed together, as Professor von Herkomer afterwards did for his monster posters for the *Magazine of Art* in 1880, and *Black and White* ten years later, but on a series of blocks, which he got a carpenter to fix together. The transfer was made according to one of the usual methods—by pricking with a needle along the lines of the cartoon, which had been drawn in chalk and charcoal, and then "pounced" with a bag of charcoal or similar material. When this was done Walker re-drew the design on the wood itself, and handed the gigantic "block" to the engraver, to whom he soon wrote to thank him "for so *splendidly* cutting it." The drawing itself—somewhat knocked about in the process, perhaps—was exhibited at the Dudley Gallery in 1872 and again in 1876. Since then it has been more than once under the hammer, and so came into the hands of Mr. Phillips, through whose public spirit it is now the property of the nation. Walker began and finished it in the month of September, 1871; and as a landmark in the art of the street, the first such work specially designed on the right lines for purposes of *réclame*, it deserves the place accorded to it in the National Gallery of British Art by reason of its intrinsic merits.

M. H. S.

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Lord Northcliffe has consented to preside at the eightieth Anniversary Festival of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation, to be held at the Hotel Cecil on Wednesday, May 29.

Messrs. Macniven and Cameron, who are so well known as manufacturers of the Waverley Pen, have now placed on the market a fountain pen which in every way meets the requirements of business men and writers. It is most reliable, and can always be depended on. The nib is of gold, and can be obtained in every variety.

"Wellcome's Photographic Exposure Record and Diary for 1907" has undergone its annual revision, and no efforts have been spared to bring the information up to date. A glance at the table of plate speeds alone will be sufficient to convince the reader that the compilers have lost no time in adding the latest particulars.



MR. HARA'S "THE OLD SEAMSTRESS" IN THE MANNER OF REMBRANDT

'No Voice, however feeble, lifted up for Truth ever Dies.'

THE GENIUS OF THIS LIFE, COMMON SENSE!

'We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on,
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.'—WHITTIER.

Nothing happens by Chance. We have Eyes and see not.

THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH THAN ARE DREAMT OF IN OUR PHILOSOPHY.

It is for you to find out why your ears are boxed.

AN IMAGE OF HUMAN LIFE. INCAPACITY MEETS WITH THE SAME PUNISHMENT AS CRIME.

NATURE'S LAWS.

'Nor love thy life nor hate; but whilst thou livest live well.'—MILTON.

'Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon us winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to *learn at least* the names and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allows his sons, or the State which allows its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us—*and, more or less, of those who are connected with us*—do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are *what we call the laws of Nature.* The player on the one side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, *just* and *patient.* But also we know, *to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake,* or makes the smallest *allowance for ignorance.* To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of



overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And who plays ill is checkmated—*without haste, but without remorse.*

'My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather *lose than win.* And *I should accept it as an image of human life.*

'The great mass of mankind are the 'Poll,' who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. *Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again* Nature's pluck means *extermination.*

'Ignorance is visited as sharply as *wilful* disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the *blow without* the word. It *is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.*"—HUXLEY

'*Nature's Laws,* I must repeat, are eternal; her small still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No man can depart from the truth without damage to himself.'—T. CARLYLE.

'Into man's hands is placed the rudder of his frail barque that he may not allow the waves to work their will. —*Goethe.*

SUBSTANCES IN THE BLOOD THAT ARE HURTFUL AND INJURIOUS TO HEALTH AND LONGEVITY

We quote the following from a well-known writer on Pathology:—

'Now, a word on the importance of the regular and proper action of these excretory organs and of the intestinal canal. The former separate substances from the blood that are hurtful if they are kept in the blood. The waste substances that are got rid of by the intestinal canal include the parts of the food that are not digested and certain secretions from the intestinal canal, especially from the large part of the intestine. These substances are injurious if left in the body, as certain portions of them are reabsorbed into the blood, especially the foul organic matter in them, so that if these various excretory organs do not perform their functions in a proper manner, waste substances are either not separated from the blood or are reabsorbed into it and poison it, and as the blood is distributed to the various tissues of the body they are not properly nourished and they become degenerated, weak, and incapable of performing their proper functions, so that the regular action of these excretory organs of the body is of the greatest importance with regard to health, for not a single tissue of the body can be kept in a proper condition if the waste substances are not got rid of in the manner they should.'

Were we to mention the many and various diseases caused or produced by blood poisoning, it would require more space than we have at command. To hinder the poison from gaining admission, you must sustain the vital powers by adding to the blood what is continually being lost from various circumstances, and by that means you prevent the poison being retained in the body. The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is to take away all morbid poisons and supply that which promotes healthy secretions only by natural means. The chemical nature or antidotal power of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is to expel the foreign substance or render it inert (by natural means only). If we could maintain sufficient vital power we could keep the poison from doing any harm. That power is best attained by following the Rules for Life (see page 10 in Pamphlet) and using, according to directions, Eno's 'Fruit Salt,' which by its healthy action keeps the secretions in perfect order only by soothing and natural laws, or in other words it is impossible to overstate its great power in preventing unnecessary suffering and disease.

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THE OLD MASTERS AT THE R.A.

THE service which the Royal Academy renders to the public at this season of the year is incalculable. This great institution, founded with the object of fostering a love of art and showing how great and wide an educational factor it may become, lays itself out, at some pecuniary loss, to set before the people a periodical collection of the masterpieces of art, so that the connoisseur may study and the lay-visitor may be led to appreciate. The result, perhaps, has been somewhat disconcerting; for this same lay-visitor, instead of realising how the Old Masters of the future may, by proper encouragement, be made out of the best artists of to-day, has taken the short-sighted view of carrying his reasoning powers no farther than the works before him, and has stopped short at confining his art patronage to the purchasing of old pictures, less out of genuine love for them than for purposes of investment or speculation. Nevertheless, the Academy has gone on trusting to the common sense of the public, and the result this year is the magnificent collection which has been brought together in Burlington House, a collection which must command the admiration and extort the gratitude of the most virulent opponent of the Academy and all its works.



"ADMIRAL DE RUYTER." BY FRANZ HALS
From "Franz Hals." By G. Bell and Sons.

Admirable as are the examples of the Dutch and Flemish schools, interesting and remarkable those of the Italian, the Spanish, and the German, it is the English school that is the main triumph of the exhibition. It is rare that a selection so splendid in quality is brought together. Sir Joshua Reynolds is seen to perfection in the decorative portrait of "Viscountess Bayham" in her great hat and feathers; in the beautiful portrait of "John Charles, Viscount Althorp" as a boy—one of Sir Joshua's delightful studies of unaffected childhood; the piquant "Countess Spencer and her Daughter Georgiana;" and the small equestrian group of "Captain Winter." The great picture of "General Honywood" on horseback—the General too big for his horse, by the way—though the largest is not the most attractive of Gainsborough's works. Such are "The Countess of Radnor," a full-length of singular beauty and charm, and the little "Miss Linley," the picture which a year ago went begging for five pounds, and was purchased a few weeks after for nine thousand five hundred, and which must be ranked among the most *pimpant* and lovely of Gainsborough's creations—even of his portraits of Miss Linley. The "Hon. Mrs. Graham," the figure-study for the big picture at Edinburgh, will claim many adorers. And then his landscapes! especially "The Hay Cart," which is, in a measure, a familliar piece, which shows Gainsborough in the character he specially and entirely claimed as his: "Why do people come to me for their portraits?" he exclaimed; "I am a landscape painter." Romney's full-length "Mrs. Lee-Acton" is scarcely less beautiful than "The Countess of Radnor" in its sweet simplicity, with its unaffected pose, and its pretty turn of the head. Turner, too, is seen in a couple of pictures, painted twenty-four years apart—in the "Mercury and Herse," a large classical composition, the companion of "Crossing the Brook," and the later semi-impressionistic picture, "The Burning of the Houses of Parliament," as seen from the Surrey side. Besides these, Raeburn, Hoppner, Wilkie, Beechey, and Morland are all shown at their best, and Lawrence is seen in "Pinkie," a small picture of a little girl in a windy landscape, a picture unknown, at least, to the present generation.



"THE HAY CART"
BY GAINSBOROUGH. LENT BY SIR SAMUEL MONTAGU.
Copyright Photo by the Fine Art Publishing Company, publishers of the Burlington Proofs.

A new Holbein is enough to draw the crowd, especially when it is of the most exquisite quality, such as this. Here we have a little "portrait of a lady," in a brown dress, with gold and pearl embroideries, which, for delicacy, is scarcely surpassed. Indeed, it almost seems too delicate for Holbein. And a little Lucidel, too, a portrait, it is supposed, of "Anna von Botzheim," which I remember being exhibited at the Academy in 1880 and called a Holbein. Then there is a masterpiece by Sir Anthony Mor, the portrait of himself from Althorp, and a little Albert Dürer, a "Salvator Mundi," which has suffered considerably by time. Among the Italian pictures are several of which the attributions given by their owners must be summarily rejected, but one or two are particularly interesting, especially the portrait of a lady by De Predis—that rare master who was discovered by Morelli, and of whom we have three examples in the National Gallery—and "The Toilet of Venus," by Giovanni Bellini, of which at least one replica exists in Germany.

The Dutch school is not less remarkable than the rest. Rembrandt's "Cook," his "Father," painted a year after the old man's death, the "Boy," formerly called the Prince of Orange, and "An Old Lady," which, after being Lord Brownlow's property, went to America and has actually come back again, are small pictures, but of high quality and nobly characterised. By Franz Hals is the wonderful "Admiral de Ruyter" (probably a fancy name), which absolutely lives on the canvas, and by Van der Helst a "Portrait of an Officer," which in comparison gains in refinement what it loses in vivacity and vigour. Two of Jan Steen's finest pictures are also here, and a magnificent "Waterfall," one of Jacob van Ruysdael's most brilliant achievements. To these must be added "A Knight of Santiago," a small head, full of character, by Pacheco, the true master of Velasquez, one of the most interesting examples of early Spanish work seen on these walls for a long while.

These are but some of the gems here gathered from the collections of Lord Spencer, Lady Wantage, Sir Samuel Montagu, Lord Huntingfield, Sir George Donaldson, Mr. Fairfax Murray, the Duke of Rutland and many more; and there are besides pictures by Leighton, James Charles, Alfred Stevens, and others, and an admirable roomful of water-colours, in which a large collection of Turner's drawings for Campbell's Poems are the chief but not sole attraction.

It will be seen that we are presented with an exhibition which is as high in quality and rich in extent as it is almost bewildering in variety, at once an education and a delight, offering an opportunity which is rarely to be enjoyed in any other city in the world, and certainly to be surpassed in none of them.

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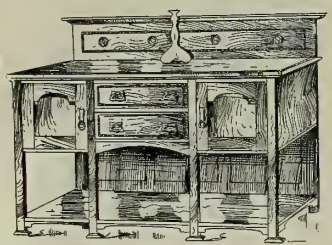
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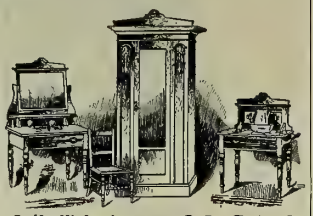
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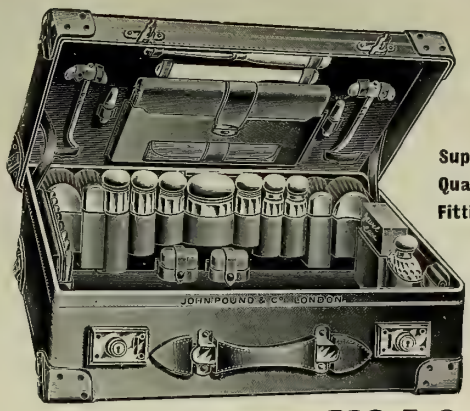
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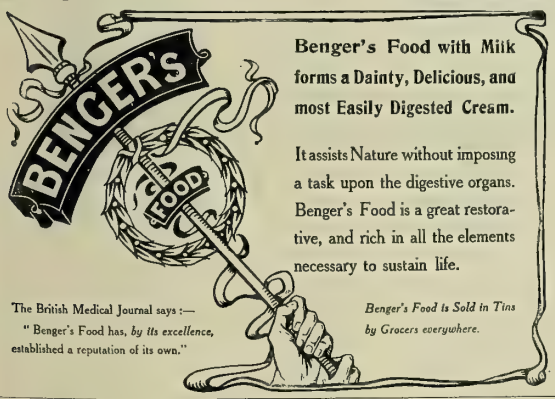
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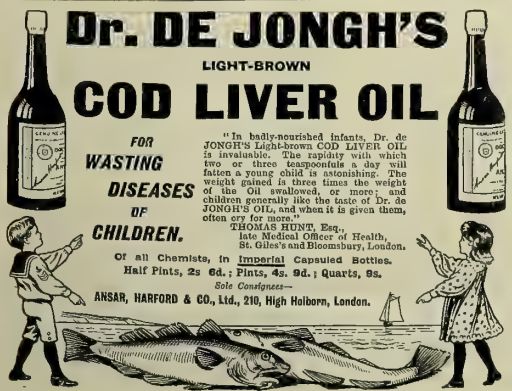
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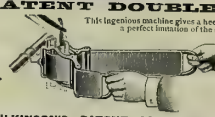


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GERMAN OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN



MME. HERMINE BOSETTI, THE FAMOUS MUNICH SOPRANO

FEW, we fancy, can well doubt that the German Opera season, which is to open at Covent Garden on Monday evening, is predestined to be a success. Seldom, indeed, has such an array of talent been engaged, even for the grandest of Covent Garden's grand seasons, and if we do not hear some of the finest performances of the most notable German operas ever given in London we shall be very much disappointed. We publish herewith photographs of some of the leading artists who will appear during the next month, and that we do not publish more is due solely to considerations of space. Indeed, the famous singers who will take part in the performances and the fine conductors who will direct them, could not be numbered on the fingers of both hands; and it is very satisfactory to know that even if the English climate should prove too much for some of the singers, as has been so frequently the case of late, the excellence of the performances ought to be in no way interfered with.

The season will open merrily with a performance of *Die Meistersinger*, with Mme. Bosetti as Eva, Herr Kraus as Walther, and Herr Feinhals as Hans Sachs. The opera will be directed by Herr Leopold Reichwein, a brilliant young conductor who, though only twenty-eight, has already attained to such distinction in his native land, that he was entrusted with the rehearsals of last year's Bayreuth Festival. In Tuesday's performance of *Tristan* Mme. Litvinne will play the heroine, Mme. Brema, Brangäne, M. van Dyck, Tristan, and Herr Bertram, Kurwenal; while an especial interest will be attached to the occasion in that it will give us our first opportunity of seeing Herr Nikisch at the conductor's desk in London. At the Wednesday matinée *Lohengrin* will be played, with Mme. Ackte and M. Herold as the heroine and hero; while the evening will be devoted to a revival of *Der Freischütz*—once so popular that it actually enjoyed successful runs at three different theatres simultaneously, but now sadly fallen from its high estate. Mme. Bosetti and MM. Kraus, Hinckley, Austin, and Naval will play the chief parts; while Herr Nikisch will act as conductor both on this occasion and at Thursday evening's performance of *The Flying Dutchman*, in which Mme. von Westhoven, Herr Kraus, Herr Hinckley, and Herr Bertram will appear.

By no means the least interesting features of the season will be the revivals of *Fidelio* and Smetana's *Bartered Bride*. The former is one of those operas which is always being promised, but never played. Year after year it figures in the Covent Garden prospectus, and year after year it is incontinently withdrawn. The latter is never even promised, and Londoners should welcome the opportunity of making the acquaintance of an opera of which only the gay and sparkling overture is familiar to them. Our photo of M. Ysaye, is by Elliott and Fry.



MME. AINO ACKTE, THE PARISIAN SOPRANO

AT THE INTERNATIONAL

There is eccentricity and to spare at the new exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers at the New Gallery—things to blink at, and things to deplore; but there are works which by their interest atone in no small degree for the pictorial escapades which go by the name of originality and experiment. For example, there is a superb portrait of M. Debussy by M. Blanche, in execution and character so admirable that we are inclined to forget the *mauvaises farces* of Herr von Stuck, M. Milcendeau, and Señor Zuloaga. There are landscapes of the highest interest: the Venetian moonlight by M. Le Sidaner, the dew-drenched sunlight of M. Emile Claus, and the burning rays of M. Buysse, the grim Brittany coast by M. Cottet, and the grey Dutch sea of M. Mesdag. These are things which justify the Society in face of all the drum-beating and squib-cracking with which a few of the members, mostly foreign, seek to relieve their souls. What could be more subtle than the modelling of the divinity in Puvis de Chavannes' little picture called "The Toilet," or more serious than the landscapes and figure-pictures of a dozen British painters? If Mr. C. H. Shannon has failed in his large decorative picture called "The Golden Age," it is not for want of earnest effort and lofty intention, and he recovers himself in considerable measure in his "Portrait of Mrs. Stephen," conceived, more or less, in the spirit of Watts's "Mrs. Nassau Senior." Mr. Nicholson has not quite succeeded in his large portrait of "Miss Alexander" in riding-habit, but he has done excellently well in the profile head of a boy, which he calls "The Paper Cap." Mr. Lavery's picture of "The Hammock" suffers from the too symmetrical composition of its festooning, but it is otherwise a picture worthy of him, and Mr. Jamieson, in his repellent, yet attractive "Dwarf," realises character with spirit, and combines it with firm drawing. In these pictures, as in "The Arbour," by Mr. Gari Melchers, with its sun-flecked leafage; in Mr. Charles Ricketts's satirical auction scene, "Death at the Sale," a Holbeinesque commentary on posthumous appreciation; in Mr. Pryde's clever townscape, in the manner, let us say, of Pietro Longhi; in Mr. Strang's joyous yet powerful "Playmates," and in a number of other works, we recognise the serious intention of men who can think in paint. So, too, in the landscapes of Mr. Peppercorn (his picture lacks a little mystery), Mr. Oliver Hall, Mr. Oppenheimer, Mr. Grosvenor Thomas, Herr Storm van 's Gravesande, Mr. Bertram Priestman, Mr. A. K. Brown, Mr. Paterson, and the rest, the same striving after the expression of emotion and of mood is agreeably evident. More particularly is this seen among the many drawings and etchings, and repeated in the interesting display of sculpture. The colossal bronze group of M. Jef Lambeaux, entitled "Murder"—a mighty struggle to the death between two Anaks or Hercules—reveals one of the great sculptors of the age, which not even the verisimilitude of his bronze statue of himself, seated sideways on a common chair, can rob of the impression of an almost oppressively forceful personality. M. Rodin's display is not so remarkable—nothing stands beside M. Lambeaux: everything seems crushed by his strength. The statuettes of Prince Troubetskoy reassert his cleverness in this direction, although his clever life-sized sketch of "Prince Galitzin" in an insolent attitude bears witness rather to a vivid power of characterisation than to a purely sculptural sense. Professor Lanteri, Mr. Dressler, and Mr. Wells exhibit small things of considerable accomplishment, and Mr. Mackennal his great bust called "War;" and the foreign sculptors show cleverness certainly not inferior, though sometimes more self-conscious. It is an exhibition to see; but many quiet, old-fashioned souls will turn to the Royal Academy in search of sobriety and sweet reasonableness.



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TWO NEW INVENTIONS

CLUB COMMENTS

By "MARMADUKE"

"The louder the music the more I can talk," recently admitted a well-known woman, "Wagner alone could revive conversation in this country"! We are all complaining that intelligent talking is becoming less and less frequent in England, yet few endeavour to discover the cause of the decay. The many "Reminiscences" we possess, and other evidence, prove that the ordinary Englishwoman in every generation was dull in this direction; she was neither a good conversationalist, nor had she the talent of leading men on to brilliant talking. Our women of to-day are undoubtedly an improvement in both respects on their predecessors, for the majority of the former are better educated, more intelligent, more experienced, and more confident than were the majority of the latter.

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It is the men that are mainly the cause of the decay. The interests of most of them amongst us now are centred in the making of money, and that is obviously a subject that does not lend itself to brilliant handling of the kind which is associated with the conversationalists of the past. Besides, most of them go to the drawing-room or the dinner table to-day more or less exhausted; they have worked hard throughout the morning and afternoon. The "men-about-town" formerly were comparatively idle, and many of them made a profession of conversation. The "wit" prepared his "impromptus," and in doing so unconsciously improved the talent he had in this direction. His mind was always on the alert to coin a phrase or to cause a laugh. The serious talker read up beforehand the subject he intended to deal with, and this information continually was of service to him when other matters were discussed.

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Even then the number of brilliant conversationalists was so small that every good talker of the last hundred and fifty years in England has made a reputation which endures, and many of his—often very moderate—efforts are remembered. Taking all the circumstances into account, it is remarkable that the ordinary conversation in England at the moment is as good as it is, and that as many witty things are said.

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That is an uncommon view, but it could be proved to the hilt. There are probably ten times as many clever things said in England daily now as there were a hundred years ago, but much less importance is attached to them than was to the brilliant utterances of our predecessors. Wit has a very subordinate place amongst us now, for there are other interests which occupy our attention much more. There is no record that the ordinary man in finance, commerce, industry, or trade of the past distinguished himself as a conversationalist; we are all more or less in finance, commerce, industry or trade now, and our mind being preoccupied with these concerns we are in the same condition as they were. Amongst the well-to-do idlers who lived to shine as brilliant talkers, a clever phrase or original thought was a valuable commodity; it was treasured up, repeated, and placed to the account of the one who had uttered it. Nine out of ten of the same kind of witticisms to-day would cause a smile at the moment of their birth, and would cease to live at the next; he who heard them would at once forget them as circumstances of trifling importance.

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That leads in proper sequence to this point, to wit, that there is no encouragement for clever talking amongst us now—neither is there for clever writing; therefore, clever conversationalists and writers do not make the supreme efforts their predecessors did. There is the New Reader. The old read to kill time, he reads to kill thought. His mind is in a disturbed condition—a hundred anxieties torment it. He opens a newspaper or a book to obtain momentary relief; sensational incidents, clear paragraphs, books that do not require brain-effort to understand, and can be dropped without leaving a sense of unsatisfied curiosity. It is the New Listeners and the New Readers who are the enemies. There are probably more amongst us now who have the ability to talk or write brilliantly than there ever were; but the apathy and requirements of the New Listeners and New Readers discourage them—stimulus makes success.



FRONT VIEW BACK VIEW

THE PSEPHOGRAPH: A NEW VOTE-RECORDING MACHINE

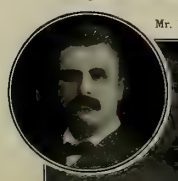
THE POULSEN "WIRELESS"

Mr. Valdemar Poulsen has suddenly sprung into fame as the inventor of a new system of wireless telegraphy possessing, he claims, the following advantages: Extreme accuracy of tuning, thus avoiding interference between different lines of communication, and increased freedom from interference due to atmospheric electricity. The fundamental difference between Mr. Poulsen's system of producing electric waves and those in use by Marconi, De Forest, and Lodge Muirhead is that they produce theirs by spark telegraphy, while he employs the electric arc, and he compares the electric waves hitherto employed in wireless telegraphy with the sound waves produced by a pistol shot, while the continuous electric waves generated by his apparatus are likened by him to the waves of sound produced by a tuning-fork maintained in continuous vibration. It was while conducting experiments in wireless telegraphy that Mr. Poulsen stumbled upon this invention. He immersed his arc in hydrogen, and discovered that in this way he could obtain a million or more vibrations a second. These waves are called "undamped" waves for the reason that they do not lose in amplitude as they recede from the transmitting point, and among the advantages they possess is the power to "tune" the transmitting and receiving instruments to a common pitch; in other words, so to isolate the messages that two messages cannot confuse the operator who receives them by arriving on his instrument together.

Mr. Poulsen first submitted his system to a practical test about eighteen months ago, when he installed a sending station at Lyngby, near Copenhagen, beginning with transmitting messages some nine miles. He soon increased the distance to twenty-seven miles, and later on he established another station at Esbjerg, and experimented across the whole of Denmark, a distance of 180 miles. Recently, with a power of one kilowatt, perfect communication has been established between Copenhagen and Newcastle, a distance of 530 miles, with a mast only 100 feet in height, and Mr. Poulsen is convinced that with ten kilowatts he could transmit messages across the Atlantic. Mr. Poulsen's patents have been acquired by the Amalgamated Radio-Telegraph Company, Limited, who also own the De Forest system of wireless telegraphy.

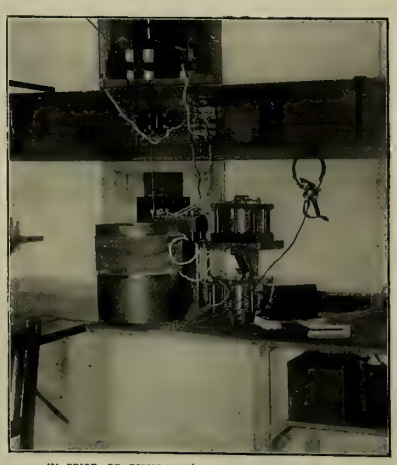
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Mr. Valdemar Poulsen

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IN SYRIA

Although we have seen other books about Syria, we do not remember to have met with one in which both artist and author have been as successful in conveying to the reader a realistic picture of the country as both have in "Under the Syrian Sun," by A. C. Inchbold (Hutchinson). Both Mrs. Inchbold and her husband, Mr. Stanley Inchbold, seem to have become imbued with the local colour of the land. The first in her writing and the latter in his water-colours have produced true pictures of this land of brilliant colours, of bright sunshine, of burning sand. This admirable work is no mere result of a hurried tour, but of a lengthy visit to Syria, during which they learned the language, studied the natives in their own homes, and made themselves cognisant of their habits and customs. The volumes open with a description of a visit to the Mountains of Lebanon, in which is drawn what we should imagine to be a typical landscape of Syria. The writer says:—

> The glare occasioned by the sirocco heat was excessive, for the rough, rocky environment was singularly bare and destitute of shade, with very few trees scattered on the mountain sides. About two hours before we reached our highland village it came into view, perched on a hill at apparently no great distance, with a background of other hills rising high above, and the flat quadrangular roofs mounting like terraces near and over one another, presenting the effect of a castellated height.

Every part of Syria is vividly described—Baalbek, where they saw one of the enormous keystones raised to its position on the ancient column, Ramleh, Jericho, Jerusalem, and many other places. Religious festivals were attended, as well as Druse weddings and funerals. There is a most interesting chapter on the Druse religion—a religion which, until recently, was a secret one—and of the enmity of that sect for the Maronites, which is the cause of fierce vendettas. The volumes will be appreciated by those who have seen Syria, whilst reading it and looking at the sketches they will be able, without much effort of imagination, to think themselves once more "under the Syrian Sun."

"SAUNTERINGS IN SPAIN"

So much has already been written about Spain that it is difficult for an author to produce anything startlingly fresh. Thus the book before us ("Saunterings in Spain." By Frederick H. A. Seymour. Unwin.), admirable as it is in every respect, well written and well illustrated, deals, for the most part, with cities, monuments and paintings with which most readers of books of travel are already familiar. The author was desirous chiefly of visiting those cities where the Moors had founded their greatest seats, and Andalucia is dealt with in the greater portion of the volume. Of all the Spanish towns, perhaps Seville is the most beloved of the tourist, and the author gives a truly realistic account of the town, with its wonderful museum, its mosque with its handsome tower, and that marvel of architectural beauty, the cathedral, of which the townspeople make a short cut to the different parts of the town. He says:—"It does not strike you as incongruous or irreverential, as there is no unseemly noise. At Westminster or York the vergers would have hysterics." The masterpiece of Moorish architecture in Spain is, of course, the Alhambra, and on this the writer waxes eloquent:—

> It is difficult when writing about the Alhambra to abstain from a style hyperbolic or ecstatic. You seem to be dipping your pen in the rainbow-like tints of the Moorish artists. You are always in danger of overstepping the boundaries that divide prose from poetry. It would be a relief to your soul if you could only, as Time has done, pick holes here and there. The Moors are too faultless, too flawlessly perfect, and you cannot do so.

AMONG THE ROUMANIANS

"From Carpathian to Pindus" (Fisher Unwin), by Tereza Stratilesco, is a book as full of merit as it is of information. From it we learn much of a subject that is not only of great interest in itself, but also one of which comparatively little is known. Since the War of Independence, in 1877-1878, the Principality has made immense progress; the redistribution of land has been begun, schools have been established, and agriculture improved. The Roumanians are a scattered race, numbering among them a huge number of nomads. At different times they have come under the domination of Russia, Turkey, of Greece and of Hungary, and all of these have left a mark on the national character. It is with the Roumanian peasant that the author deals in chief; with his rights in the soil, his duty to the State, his position in the social scale, with his religion, his amusements and his home life. By the Constitution of United Roumania, written in 1886, "there exists no difference of classes whatever in Roumania." In reality there are as great, or rather greater, differences in Roumania than in other countries. There are the rich and the poor, the educated and the uneducated, and there is the boaïr, or gentleman, and the peasant. The latter, never forgetting the olden times when he was treated no better than a serf, hates the boaïrs, and will not take domestic service unless he can help it. Both Greeks and Armenians are thickly settled in Roumania, and apparently not much to the benefit of the natives. Their respective talents for slyness, or slimness, is summed up thus:—"A Jew can cheat seven Roumanians, a Greek can cheat seven Jews, but an Armenian can cheat seven Greeks." The Roumanians are chiefly an agricultural people, living by the plough and their flocks. The author draws a most captivating picture of them in their village homes, of their simple lives and pleasures, their songs and dances. Many of these latter are given in prose with music. The author is a true patriot, and his enthusiasm imbues his readers with an affection for his picturesque country and countrymen.



A WANDERING MINSTREL OF MOROCCO

From a Photograph by Guy Rawlence.

A BOOK OF LOMBARDY

Into the mass of interesting historical documents contained in the monumental work of Muratori, the "Annali d'Italia" and the "Rerum Italicarum Scriptores," every historian of mediæval Italy has dug deeply. To Sismondi, Leo, Von Raumer, J. A. Symonds, Lanzani, and many another, Muratori has been the mine from which their ore came, and many an ordinary student who has had occasion to turn for a moment to those fascinating pages has hoped that some great literary body would undertake the translation of the entire work. Meantime, however, we must be thankful for such excellent instalments as the works of Lanzani's "Storia dei Communi Italiani," Sismondi's "Républiques Italiennes," and now, in a portly volume, in excellent English, Mr. W. F. Butler's book, "The Lombard Communes" (Unwin). It has been for him *lungo studio e grande amore*—a long study and a great love—a labour of love which deserves, and will no doubt obtain, the appreciation of all attracted by the weird and romantic annals of that great district to which the last Germanic invaders, the Lombards, who settled within the limits of the Roman Empire, gave their name. And in Lombardy there exists to this day, as Mr. Butler says, a remarkable wealth of monuments extending from the days of the Roman Empire to those of the Renaissance. "In a city like Verona, for instance," he says, "there is an almost unbroken succession of remains covering the whole of that period, and in Modena, in Cremona and Pavia we find churches in the style of Romanesque architecture to which the special name of Lombard is given, within whose walls were held the first assemblies of the burghers of the growing city republics, before whose altars knelt the men who went forth to conquer at Legnano, to whose shrines came some German Cæsar to return thanks for a fleeting victory over the liberties of the Communes—these solemn piles, with their porches supported by lions carved in marble, their façades covered with grotesque carvings of men and animals, their massive walls relieved by round-arched colonnades, their high raised sanctuaries under which are dim crypts supported by contorted pillars." The Palazzo Pubblico, or seat of government, is still one of the chief features of these and other cities. "From under the great arch way the great Carroccio, bearing the battle-flag of the Republic, was drawn into the piazza by the hands of children or noble ladies, while the bell in the great tower above rang out defiance to some rival Commune. In the great halls in the upper story met the Councils of the State. From the richly decorated balcony, projecting from the centre of the pile, the rulers harangued the people, or, if they lost the favour of the fickle

populace, were hurled down to the vengeance of the mob seething in the piazza below." In these words Mr. Butler gives us a summary of the whole story of the Northern Republics. It is worked out in his book with the greatest care, accuracy and interest, and the book is illustrated with some fifty interesting views and portraits, which add to the fascination of a welcome volume.

THE COURT OF VERSAILLES

"For that large class of people who have neither time nor opportunity to study the period in detail, and who are forced to be content with the summaries of others," Mr. G. F. Bradby's "The Great Days of Versailles: Studies from Court Life in the later years of Louis XIV." (Smith, Elder and Co.), provide—as the author hopes—all that can reasonably be required. Mainly, and indeed necessarily, basing his work upon Saint-Simon, Mr. Bradby shows himself fully aware of the personal and political prejudices of that most picturesquely dramatic of memoir-writers, and has freely availed himself not only of the wealth of other contemporary testimony, but of his own acuteness in reading between the lines, by way of requisite corrective. That sort of self-reliance is apt to be perilous: in his case, however, the resulting portraiture appears to us to be as subtle as it is sound. It is much easier and more tempting to be brilliant and epigrammatic at the expense of the despot who revoked the Edict of Nantes, and authorised the *dragonnades*, than to write of him, coldly and justly—

Louis XIV. had many of the secondary qualities of greatness—courage, industry, and a stern, though narrow, sense of duty. But the inner light was wanting. The *rôle* for which he had cast himself required genius for its successful performance, and the moderate intelligence which Nature had given him, and his teachers had neglected, sometimes failed to rise to the level of common-sense. He was genuinely anxious, for the greater part of his life, that his actions should conform to the Divine will; but he had not the acumen to distinguish between the will of God and the wishes of his confessor. Taught in the hard school of adversity, he learned to recognise and lament some of his most glaring faults; but, by a strange irony of fate, his worst crimes were the direct outcome of what, to the very end, he believed to be his most conspicuous virtues.

For the rest, the extravaganza of Versailles under the *Roi Soleil*—tragedy, comedy, and farce all at once and all in one—loses none of its ever-fresh fascination in Mr. Bradby's hands.

THE SCIENCE OF SUCCESS

Is there such a thing? If so, it has been treated by its adepts after the manner of the alchemists of old, who—like sensible men—kept any discoveries they might, or might not, have made strictly to themselves. Dr. Emil Reich's ingenious attempt to resolve "Success in Life" (Eveleigh Nash) into its "Constants" and "Variables," with special applications of the results to the Journalist, the Novelist, the Dramatist, the Scholar, the Artist, the Lawyer, the Doctor, the Statesman, the Man of Business, and the Woman, can hardly be said to amount to a full revelation of the grand secret that everybody either wants to know or else will not or cannot tell. The general impression left by his pages upon most minds will be that the would-be successful man must first provide himself with bodily, moral, and financial health, a good general education, religion, energy, versatility, and a mother who knows her business; must then dissociate himself from his native place, cultivate eccentricity, and talk to everybody upon every subject as often, as volubly, as confidently, and in as many languages as he can. This last point is at any rate some approach towards a juster recognition of impudence as a considerable factor in the art of success than has hitherto been confessed by self-helps or students' manuals. It may be, after all, that success is not in mortals to command. But so far as it can be commanded by not over-subtle irony, genial banter, wide experience, the exposure of venerable but fallacious platitudes, and possibly fruitful suggestion, success for so lively a volume on so universally interesting a subject is assured.

YOUR NAME AND THE LAW

What *is* a Name? is a much less simple question than What is *in* one? As Mr. Arthur Charles Fox-Davies and Mr. P. W. P. Carlyon-Britton, F.S.A., correctly point out in their "Treatise on the Law concerning Names and Changes of Name" (Elliot Stock), "it is almost impossible properly to define a name There is no leading case, nor in fact a case of any kind, which necessitated a legal interpretation of the conundrum." Their treatise—which thus necessarily bristles with many more questions than it answers—is mainly for the guidance of persons who desire for any reason to change a surname, their doctrine being that the process is a matter of Royal prerogative, and thus cannot be safely effected without a licence from the Crown, at a cost of fifty-four pounds and thirteen shillings. The opposite and, to say the least, equally arguable view is that a so-called surname is not, technically, a "name" at all, in the sense proper to the Baptismal name, but a mere description, which may be changed, or altered, or added to at the bearer's pleasure, though of course there may be cases in which the adoption of a new surname, or for that matter of a false Christian name, may be evidence of fraud. We fear that the increasingly numerous persons concerned with the question must regard Mr. Fox-Davies's and Mr. Carlyon-Britton's manual solely as a help towards deciding it for themselves. They will find the task interesting, especially if they have any taste for the curious kind of learning, lightened by anecdote, with which the volume of a little over a hundred pages abounds.



These trophies have been won in open competition and in its first season by the Ham and Petersham Rifle Club, which, though not many months old, has done exceedingly well in prize-winning. One of the members (Mr. G. S. Powell) won the New Zealand Challenge Shield at Bisley, and another (Mr. S. T. Williams, who fired his first shot only in April last) was one of the team which won the *Daily Telegraph* Cup. Lord Wolseley has praised the Club's miniature rifle range highly, and Lord Sudely, the first president, is very proud of its achievements.

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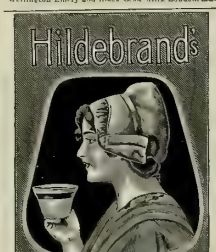
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The fire at the Gun Wharf, Portsmouth, did a quarter of a million pounds' worth of damage. The whole of the camp equipmen for the Southern District, for Regulars and Volunteers, was destroyed, and the building was gutted, the roof falling in with a great crash and amid a shower of sparks. Close to the burning building was the Ordnance Store, with its shells and other ammunition, and also the famous Armoury, neither of which was damaged. Snapshot by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

THE GREAT FIRE AT THE GUN WHARF STOREHOUSE, PORTSMOUTH: THE SCENE AT ONE O'CLOCK A.M.



This memorial to officers and men of the Highland Light Infantry who fell in the South African War occupies a commanding site in Kelvingrove Park, Glasgow. Photo by W. R. Duthie, Glasgow.

TO THE BRAVE DEAD

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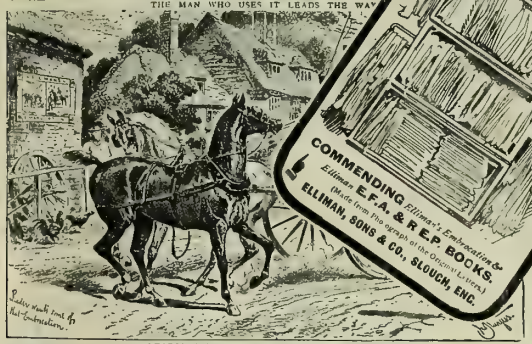
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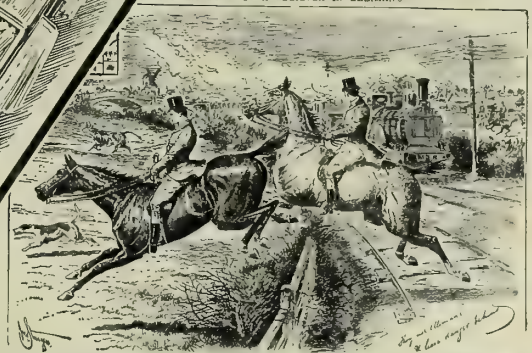
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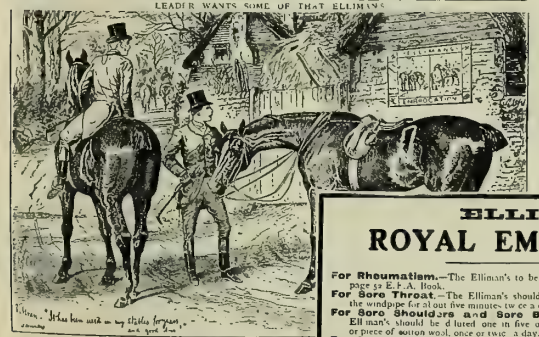
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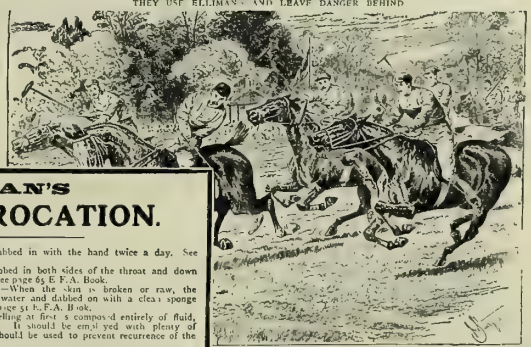
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For Sore Throat.—The Elliman's should be rubbed in both sides of the throat and down the windpipe for about five minutes twice a day. See page 65 E.F.A. Book.

For Sore Shoulders and Sore Backs.—When the skin is broken or raw, the Elliman's should be diluted one in five of pure water and dabbed on with a clean sponge or piece of cotton wool, once or twice a day. See page 51 E.F.A. Book.

For Capped Hocks and Elbows.—The swelling at first is composed entirely of fluid, the Elliman's will greatly excite its absorption. It should be employed with plenty of friction and kneading with the fingers. A pad should be used to prevent recurrence of the injury. See page 39 E.F.A. Book.

For Wind Galls.—When they are not consolidated by time a cure may be looked for by the well rubbing in of Elliman's and by proper bandaging. See page 45 E.F.A. Book.

For Curbs, Splints, Spavins, Side-bones, and Ring-bones.—Elliman's should be well rubbed on and around the part for ten minutes twice a day until a scurf is raised, when it should be discontinued. When the soreness has subsided, the operation may be repeated if necessary. See pages 37, 40, 48, 50, 60, 61 E.F.A. Book.

For Sprains.—When the sprain is slight, rub with Elliman's twice a day for five to ten minutes, and where possible, apply a layer of cotton wool to the part, with a tight bandage over all. See pages 12-36, also 44-45 E.F.A. Book.

For Broken Knees, Lacerated and Punctured Wounds, Bruises and Over-reaches.—Foment the wound until clean with tepid water, containing about one ounce of Elliman's to one pint of water. After fomenting, a ply of lint or cotton wool, soaked in Elliman's, diluted one part Elliman's to ten of pure cold water, to the wound; keep the lint in its place with a soft bandage where possible. See pages 37, 44, 54, 55, 56 E.F.A. Book.

For Cracked or Sore Heels.—Cleanse thoroughly with warm water and yellow (not soft) soap, wipe dry. Dust the wound with equal parts of dried alum and oxide of zinc, or oxide of zinc ointment. Rub in the Elliman's round the coronet and in front of the pastern. See page 66 E.F.A. Book.

For Simple Wounds—Cuts.—Simple wounds, in which there is no reason to suspect the presence of grit, or foreign matter of any other kind, are best treated by dabbing the part with Elliman's diluted with an equal quantity of water. See page 54 (Cut-) E.F.A. Book.

HORSES.—See directions paper wrapped around the bottle, and the Elliman First Aid Book, pages 13 to 07.

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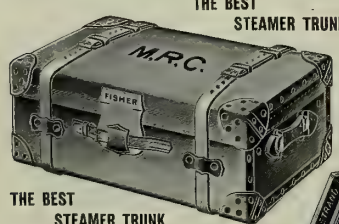
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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,938.—Vol. LXXV. *Registered as a Newspaper*] SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1907 WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT *"The Mansion House Ball."* PRICE SIXPENCE *By Post, 6½d.*



The Duke of the Abruzzi's lecture at the Queen's Hall on his achievements in the Mountains of the Moon—"The Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers of Ruwenzori," to give it its proper title—was the most brilliant affair in the history of the Royal Geographical Society. The King and the Prince of Wales sat in the right-hand corner of the platform to listen to the Royal explorer's fascinating tale of travel and discovery, and at the end of the lecture His Majesty made a speech congratulating the lecturer, and shook him heartily by the hand. The proceedings were opened with a speech by Sir George Taubman Goldie, and the hall was crowded.

THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI'S LECTURE. KING EDWARD'S CONGRATULATIONS AND THANKS

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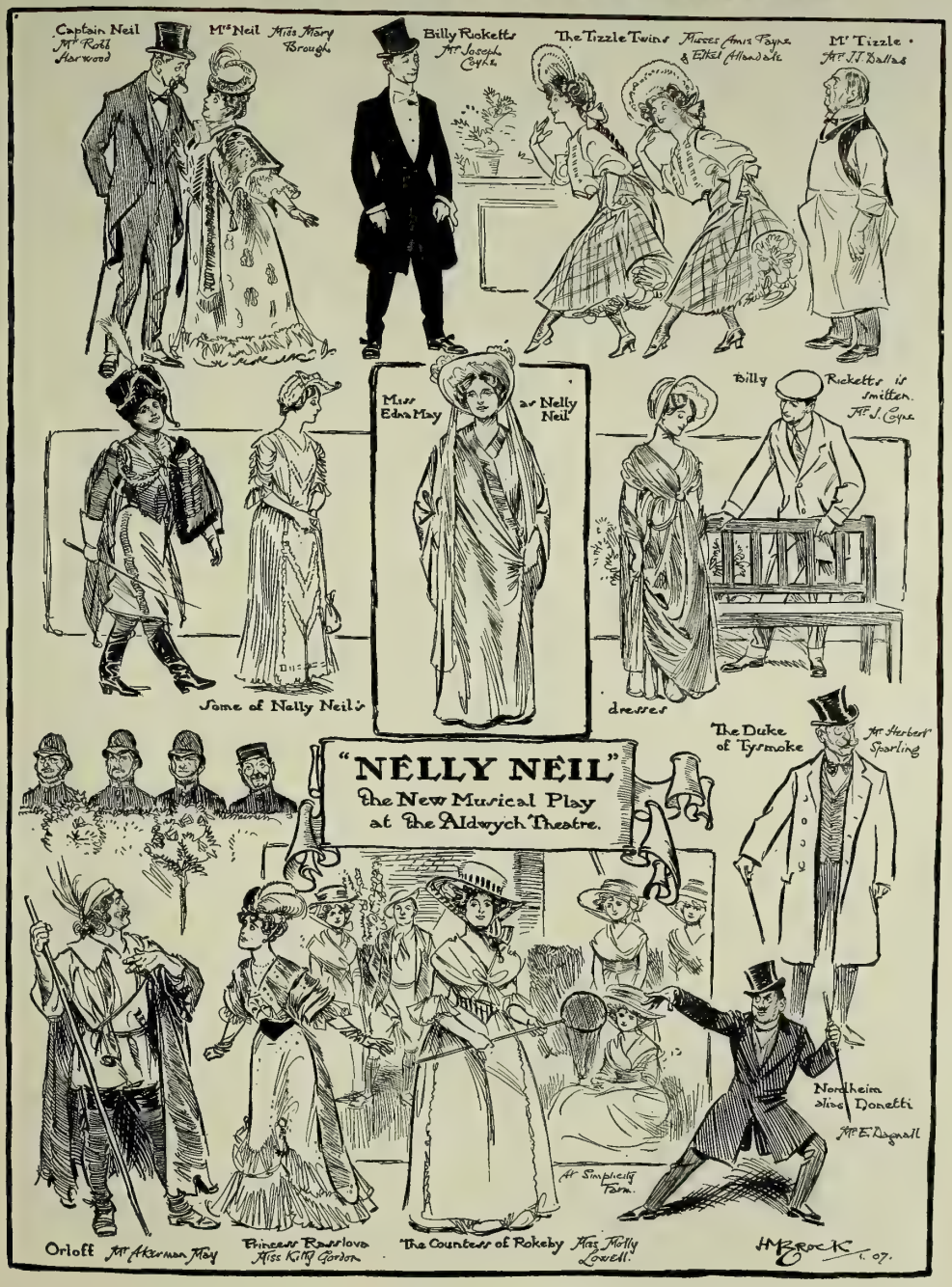
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COURT AND SOCIETY

THE rejoicings over the anniversary of His Majesty's accession on the 22nd will be general and sincere. No one who mixes at all with people of different classes can doubt that the King's personal popularity is extraordinary; the confidence of the nation as a whole in His Majesty's shrewdness, judgment, and wide experience of affairs is complete. Queen Victoria may be said to have created the modern idea of a constitutional monarchy, which has been more or less successfully imitated by other countries, and her son, while remaining scrupulously within the limits of his constitutional position, has already added fresh strength and lustre to the Throne during the few years which have passed since he ascended it. It is chiefly in the province of foreign affairs that we congratulate ourselves on our monarch's sagacity, the fruits of which are visible in our improved relations with other countries, and in our strengthened position as a world-Power. But it must not be forgotten that King Edward is also deeply interested in social questions at home. We are evidently entering on an era of experimental socialistic legislation, the outcome of which no one can foresee. It is, perhaps, some consolation to reflect that each measure will have to be explained and justified to the King by the Minister in charge of it. His Majesty's interest in and knowledge of the condition of the working classes is not of yesterday, and his sympathy, being that which is according to knowledge and not according to ignorance, will be invaluable.

Accession Day

But if Accession Day brings joy for the living ruler, it also brings sorrow for the loss of Queen Victoria. The hearts of the whole Empire will assuredly be with the Royal Family as they kneel within the splendid mausoleum at Frogmore, where the great Queen sleeps beside her much-loved Consort. Comparatively few people have actually seen the mausoleum, which is situated in the midst of beautiful gardens in a retired spot some distance from Windsor Castle. Fully half a million of money has been expended on this exquisite shrine; but the first thought of the visitor is not of its costliness, but of the simple loving care and the "sure and certain hope" of a joyful resurrection which it expresses both as a whole and in detail.

At Frogmore

The mausoleum is not large, but so perfectly proportioned that the eye is completely satisfied. It is in the form of a Greek cross surmounted by an octagonal tower terminating in a cross eighty-three feet from the ground. The enduring walls are of Portland stone and granite, each block weighing four tons. Entrance is gained through a triple arcade supported on Cornish marble columns; at the top of a broad flight of polished granite steps are twin gates of solid brass.

A Nation's Shrine

Within the mausoleum, the magnificence of the decoration contrasts with the studied simplicity of the exterior. Everything unites to express the joyous, nay the triumphant, assurance of the faithful Christian. Over the entrance the note is first struck in the touching inscription, in Latin, "Farewell, most beloved! Here at last I will rest with thee; with thee, in Christ, I will rise again." Within we see the effigy of the good Queen in white marble, the face turned towards the effigy of her beloved by her side, while in the sarcophagus beneath their bodies rest. Above spreads a wonderful blue dome, studded with golden stars, which suggests to the spectator the vault of heaven. The bas-reliefs and frescoes on the walls all illustrate the Christian hope, while canopied niches contain statues of David, Isaiah, Solomon, and Daniel. There is a large mural painting of the Adoration of the Magi. The altar-piece represents the Resurrection, while, so placed as to be read by all leaving the building, is the text:—"Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming in which all that are in the grave shall hear His voice." It is an interesting fact that the King, not very long after his accession, removed the guardianship of the mausoleum from the Household police, and committed it to the military authorities. It is particularly appropriate that the tomb of Queen Victoria and her Consort should be watched night and day by British soldiers, for whose welfare she ever showed herself so solicitous.

Within the Mausoleum



THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI

A Royal Explorer

The Duke of the Abruzzi's lecture before the Royal Geographical Society on his ascent of Ruwenzori was a great success. Both the King, who made quite a long speech, and the Prince of Wales were present. Prince Luigi, who is a cousin of the King of Italy, was, oddly enough, born an Infante of Spain, for he made his appearance on January 29, 1873, during those troubled three years when his father, the late Prince Amadeo, Duke of Aosta, essayed to rule that then unsettled country. It is an open secret that the Duke of the Abruzzi is not sorry that his father failed. He is a man of medium height, well set-up as becomes an explorer who has been nearer the North Pole than anyone save Peary, and devoted also to his profession—he is in command of the fine Italian cruiser Liguria. He is very much interested in motoring and ballooning—in fact, he has a real scientific ardour. The Prince is still a bachelor, but it is rumoured that his engagement to Princess Elena of Savoy, niece and namesake of the Queen of Italy, will shortly be announced. Our photograph is by Guigoni and Bossi, Milan.



IN MEMORY OF THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HENRY NORMAN, G.C.B.

Lord Hastings and His Bride

The marriage of Lord Hastings and Miss Madge Nevill, which is fixed to take place on February 12, is arousing exceptional interest, and will probably be the first of the "Royal" weddings of this year. For the bridegroom is intimately known to the King and Queen and the other members of the Royal Family, and some of them will certainly be present at the ceremony. It is, indeed, rumoured that Prince Arthur of Connaught is to be his best man. There is an interesting precedent, dating, it is true, a good many years back, when the late Duke of Albany officiated as best man at the wedding of the present Lord and Lady Warwick. Miss Nevill is one of the many pretty granddaughters of the venerable Lord Abergavenny and a niece of Lord Grimthorpe. The portrait of Miss Nevill is by Keturah Collings, and that of Lord Hastings by Elliott and Fry.

Part of the memorial being established by his friends in commemoration of the late Field-Marshal Sir Henry W. Norman takes the form of a gold medal, to be called the Norman Medal, which will be awarded under the direction of the Army Council at the end of each term at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, to the cadet who passes out first on the Indian Army List. The medal, which has been designed by Mrs. Vereker Hamilton, is a work of very considerable artistic merit, as will be seen from our reproduction, bearing on the obverse a striking portrait in profile of the late Field-Marshal, whilst on the reverse is inscribed within a laurel wreath the words, "In memory of a hero of the Indian Army, this medal was founded by his friends and comrades for presentation to the senior Indian cadet of the term."

In addition to the medal, the scheme for the Norman Memorial includes the erection of bronze mural tablets in the crypt of St. Paul's, in the cloister at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, of which Sir Henry was Governor, and in the Cantonment Church at Delhi, with which place his name will always be connected in history. These tablets are now approaching completion and will very shortly be ready for erection.



TO BE MARRIED ON FEBRUARY 12

"THE LAST MUSTER"



1. A Quiet Game of Spanish Polo. 2. Samuel Spurling, aged 92, who was in the Indian Mutiny, and has served more years in the Army than any other Pensioner in the Hospital. 3. At Bagatelle. 4. William Griffiths Simmons, aged 93, who joined the Army in 1832. 5. At the reading-table in the spacious Recreation Hall. 6. Frederick James, aged 86, a Veteran of the Crimea, who was wounded at Alma. 7. A Cosy Corner in the Dormitory. 8. Edward Wilson, with his inseparable friend, his cat. Wilson was in the Indian Mutiny. 9. In the Dormitory Cubicles. The Cubicles resemble Ships' Cabins. From photographs by THE GRAPHIC Photographer.

LIFE'S EVENTIDE AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

INASMUCH as the Russian New Year's Day fell a fortnight later than ours, it is not, perhaps, too late to offer our hearty good wishes to the sorely tried Russian people. To say that 1907 has dawned auspiciously would, obviously, be less true than complimentary. "Red sky at morning" is the statesman's, as well as the shepherd's, "warning;" and the Russian sky is red—blood-red—enough just now. Assassination follows assassination, and no servant of the Tsar, from the Prime Minister down to the humblest *tchinovnik*, Habibullah, his suite, and his subjects attach to the title of "Majesty," with which the unerring tact of the King-Emperor has saluted him, may seem exaggerated. But "East is East," and King Edward has not visited India in his time for nothing. Altogether, the social side of the Amir's visit is a great success, and there is no reason that we know of why the political results should not be equally advantageous.

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Apropos of things Oriental, here is that pestilent politician, Mustapha Kamel Pasha, trying to make trouble between France and England in Egypt. The "Nationalist" leader is a few years too late; he might possibly have played that game with less ill-success before Lord Lansdowne and M. Delcassé came to terms. Mustapha is not, as the French say, "*dans le mouvement.*"

* * * *

Consideration of such definitely British spheres of influence as are Afghanistan and Egypt lead one naturally to the War Secretary's new scheme for the better military protection of British interests in general. This is not the place in which to criticize Mr. Haldane; it is enough to point out, in brief, what his Special Army Order does, and what it does not. It does give us a new scheme of Army organization, on the model of the Indian and the Japanese, instead of on that of the Continental, armies. That, we take it, is all to the good—so far as it goes.

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But while Mr. Haldane's scheme gives a new Army organization, it does not give us a new Army. A shortage of both officers and men exists, and we are not told from what sources the deficiency is to be made good. More than that; Mr. Haldane is no more illuminating on the all-important subject of the expansion of the Regular forces. We know (for has he not been very copious in words on the subject?) that we are to evolve a great "Citizen Army" out of the Volunteers; but how we are going to effect that momentous and patriotic evolution nobody knows. On that subject the nation waits (as they say in Mr. Haldane's profession) for "further and better particulars."

* * * *

If, however, we may believe another public personage, Mr. Keir Hardie, to wit, the future of the British Army is of no great importance to the British nation. The Army is, admittedly, intended for the purposes of Imperial defence; but Mr. Keir Hardie assures us that the triumph of Socialism (of which he is cheerfully convinced) will speedily be followed by the downfall of the Empire. When, therefore, there is no British Empire to defend, we shall (*ex hypothesi*) need no British Army to defend it. So, why bother?

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In the meantime, however—that is to say, pending the happy arrival of the Collectivist millennium—the British nation may possibly be inclined to incredulity as to the immediate advent of the dove of universal peace, with the olive leaf in her beak. Which being so, it may be as well to cultivate a little of the wisdom of the serpent as well as the harmlessness of the dove, because then, as Mark Twain has sagaciously remarked, "If any man comes fooling around your dove, you can set your serpent at him."

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The dastardly outrage upon an English lady in the Rome-Paris express draws renewed attention to the disgraceful management of the Italian railways, and the case should strike the imagination of the Italian authorities all the more forcibly because the victim belongs to the nation which has done so much to teach the world the way to Italy. But the affair does more than that. It reminds us that the corridor train is not, after all, an unmixed benefit, or an absolute guarantee against the thief or the murderer. If the passenger has more opportunity to avoid suspicious company, or to obtain help in emergency, the beast of prey has a wider sphere of operations—and he knows it. The great trans-continental expresses are the happy hunting-ground of organized bands of rogues, and the continental companies are far from being as alive as they should be to their duty in the prevention of robbery—and worse.



DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

Commander Peary reached the "furthest north" on April 21 of last year—getting to within 153 miles from the North Pole, and beating the Duke of the Abruzzi's record by a few miles. His stout ship, the Roosevelt, sailed from the Greenland coast for home on July 31, but it was only the other day that she reached her journey's end, for she was delayed first by ice and then by violent storms, in which she nearly foundered. Two blades of the propeller were lost, the sternpost and rudderpost were smashed, and she had to put into harbour on the Labrador coast for repairs. Strangely enough, the crew complained bitterly of the intense cold which they encountered on arriving at New York.

THE RETURN FROM THE FURTHEST NORTH: PEARY'S SHIP, THE ROOSEVELT, ENTERING NEW YORK HARBOUR

can feel sure that he is not doomed to death by the revolutionary tribunal. And the worst of it all is that the people look on with a cynical indifference not far removed from positive approbation.

* * * *

And yet there is hope for Russia. Public order is no longer disturbed by wholesale riots and revolts, we hear less of *pogroms* or of the "Black Hundreds;" either sheer exhaustion or drumhead courts-martial, or both, have certainly produced a welcome change. Financially, too, the situation is wonderfully good when considered in relation to the country's past and present troubles; indeed, there is a solid credit balance of five and a half millions. Besides, the elections to the new Duma will be held shortly, and the broken thread of Constitutional evolution taken up again. If, then, the Tsar and his Ministers mean half of what they say, the year may end better than it has begun.

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A near neighbour of Russia's in Asia, the Amir of Afghanistan, is the guest of the Government of India, and, by all accounts, is hugely pleased with his reception. To the Western mind the importance which

IN MEMORY OF A FAMOUS LAWYER

The Winter Opera Season

Why the great British public should have been so long regarded as completely indifferent to the charms of opera is one of those little mysteries to which it is impossible to find the solution. Give it but a chance to clear its name and it seizes upon it eagerly; but yet the tradition still lingers on, and will probably do so for years. On Monday evening, for example, the performance of *Die Meistersinger*, with which the German season at Covent Garden opened, was timed to begin at 6.45, which, to paraphrase Mr. Gilbert, is an awkward hour, because it cuts into our dinner. Yet before the curtain rose the house was filled with an enormous audience, the vast majority of which remained in the house until the last act closed very little before half-past eleven, and applauded vociferously whenever it was given the opportunity. If this is not enthusiasm, it is certainly an uncommonly colourable imitation.

The performance certainly deserved its reception, for we have seen few better and a great many very much worse during some of the recent grand seasons. In the first place, every member of the cast seemed to know how to sing, and this is by no means always the case where Germans are concerned. No one coughed, barked, howled or screamed, and the drums of our ears were never threatened with destruction by those raucous tones in which only too many Teutonic vocalists seem to take a fiendish delight. Frau Bosetti, who played Eva, is a charming singer and a fine actress, Herr Ernst Kraus, the Walther, still remains what he has so long been, the finest of the German tenors; Herr Feinhals, if scarcely so tender and sympathetic a Hans Sachs as either Herr van Rooy or Herr Whitehill, delivered the music well, and acted capably; Mr. Allen Hinckley, the Pogner, was in superb voice, while Herr Adam, as Beckmesser, Herr Bussard, as David, and Frau von Kraus-Osborne, as Magdalene, all made most successful London *débuts*. Add to this that the *ensemble* was little short of perfect, that the chorus sang with great spirit, that the London Symphony Orchestra played as well as it always does, and that Herr Leopold Reichwein, the conductor, fully lived up to his big German reputation, and it will be readily understood that the season opened brilliantly.

Perhaps the most notable feature of Tuesday evening's performance of *Tristan und Isolde* was Herr Nikisch's first London appearance as a conductor of opera. He has, of course, long been recognised here as one of the greatest emotional conductors of the day, and those who expected great things of his reading of the score were by no means doomed to disappointment. Never have the passions to which flesh is heir been more vividly portrayed in music than in this wonderful score, and seldom have we heard Wagner's meaning more perfectly realised than Herr Nikisch realised it on Tuesday. The evening was a veritable triumph for the brilliant conductor and the fine orchestra, and it was not surprising to find the audience going wild with enthusiasm after every act. The chief parts were played by two old friends, Mme. Litvinne, unquestionably one of the best Isoldes of the day, and Herr van Dyck, who portrayed the character of Tristan with singular fidelity, sang better than he has sung here for years. It was a pleasure, too, to welcome back that fine artist, Mme. Marie Brema, perhaps the finest Brangäne of the day, while Herr Kiers, the Kurwenal, and Herr von Kraus, the King Mark, both proved exceedingly valuable additions to the Covent Garden *personnel*.

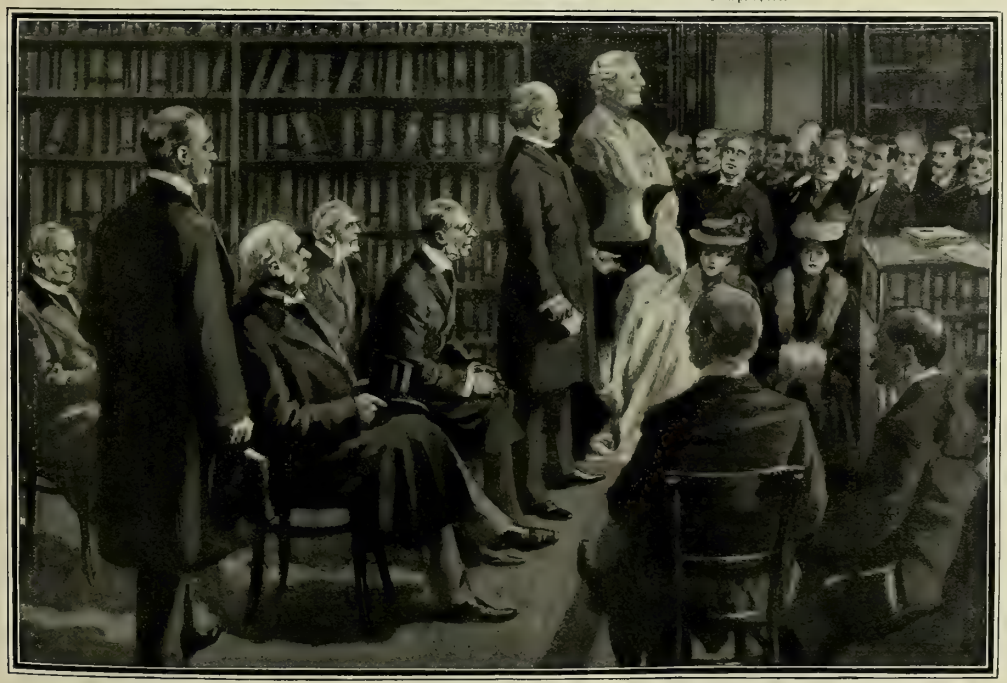


THE BUST

A sumptuous book is issued by Messrs. Waring and Gillow, giving an account, fully illustrated, of decorative contracts carried out by them. Yachts, theatres, royal residences, banks, hotels—all these, with many others, are dealt with in this book, which gives accounts of Messrs. Waring's fine work in each.

We have received a particularly interesting calendar (issued by the White Star Line) containing twelve water colour sketches, well reproduced, illustrating the development of Britain's naval and commercial marine.

Mr. Justice Channell. Sir Edward Clarke Lord Alverstone. Mr. Frampton, R.A



Mr. Justice Bray. Master of the Rolls. Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane.

On Monday afternoon an impressive little ceremony took place in the Law Courts Library, when, amidst a distinguished gathering of legal and other notabilities, the Lord Chief Justice unveiled the bust of the late Mr. F. A. Inderwick, the work of Mr. G. J. Frampton, R.A. The bust bears the inscription:—"A distinguished advocate, a learned author, and a faithful friend."

LORD ALVERSTONE UNVEILING THE BUST OF THE LATE MR. INDERWICK, K.C., IN THE LIBRARY AT THE LAW COURTS

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

THAT MINX AILSIE

A Complete Story

Written by KATHARINE TYNAN

Illustrated by WALTER WEST

When Hugo Despard De Tracy Molyneux De Moleyns succeeded his cousin, Lord Inishcarra, in the title and estates, he had not the remotest idea that his inheritance of Castle Tracy could be regarded as an injury by anyone in the world.

He had never had any knowledge of his Irish cousin, and had not been informed of his death in time to attend his funeral. The late Lord's man of business, who signed himself L. Oscar O'Flanagan, had apparently not thought it the right thing to inform the new Lord that the title and estates were his while their late owner was above ground. When he wrote it was in a grandiose fashion corresponding with his name. The letter hoped that when Lord Inishcarra came over to take possession he would accept the hospitality of Mrs. O'Flanagan and the writer till the Castle was ready for his reception, and that he would extend to the firm of O'Flanagan, Sons, of Portnaree, the confidence they had enjoyed from the late Lord.

The new Lord was in no great hurry to inspect his new possessions. Indeed he had so many of them already that a probably roofless and windowless Castle in the West of Ireland could hardly add to his happiness. His branch of the family had become rich through trade, and that fact had never been forgotten or forgiven by the elder branch. He had more than enough of the world's goods and he had looked forward to a winter with the Pytchleys, having just bought a delightful little shooting-box in the neighbourhood of that famous pack.

He was a big, fair, good-natured young man, really rather ascetic in his personal tastes, but devoted to sport, in the pursuit of which he had undergone hardships and privations which would have been heroic in another cause.

He had once enjoyed some salmon-fishing on a South of Ireland river, and had always remembered it as a very pleasant experience. He wondered if there was salmon or trout fishing at Castle Tracy. He wished now that he had made approaches to the old man while he lived. It must have been lonely dying like that without wife or child. Perhaps his animosity towards the younger branch of the family had not been so great as was represented. Of course is was preposterous that there should have been animosity at all. But it was no use thinking of it now—now that the two branches were one.

Perhaps some duties awaited him over there. There would be tenants, very poor, no doubt, quite unlike his English tenants, who, under a beneficent rule, had nothing left to be desired in the way of prosperity. He wished old Terence had not died or had left children. He did not want his responsibilities added to: and there was a certain very proud, very handsome lady who rode with the Pytchley with whom he was a little bit in love, nor had she seemed to look on him with disfavour.

Well, perhaps he might find that Castle Tracy could run very well by itself, or at least aided by Mr. L. Oscar O'Flanagan; so that he might spend a portion at least of the winter hunting as he had hoped to do, with Irene by his side taking her fences like a bird.

He arrived at Portnaree one very moist evening of July, and was met by Mr. L. Oscar O'Flanagan with a jaunting car which carried himself and his portmanteau to a big, square, hospitable house a mile beyond the little town.

"I hope your Lordship intends to settle," the lawyer said, with what Lord Inishcarra felt to be a disappointed glance at the scantiness of his luggage.

"I thought I'd just look about me first, and see exactly what was to be done. The Castle is rather in disrepair, I gather from your letters."

"The late Lord lived in one wing. That has some snug rooms, but the rest is ruinous. And Mrs. McCarthy, the housekeeper, and Tim Rooney, the butler, went with Mrs. O'Donovan More and Miss Ailsie, else they could have made you comfortable enough."

Lord Inishcarra turned and stared at Mr. O'Flanagan, who was driving, across the "well" and the heap of luggage.

"Who are Mrs. O'Donovan More and Miss Ailsie?" he asked.

"Mrs. O'Donovan More was a distant cousin of his Lordship. She was a Miss Fanny Townsend, of Castle MacTownsend, the creature, and she'd better have stayed so by all accounts than have married O'Donovan More. He wasn't very good to her, and he spent all she brought him. If his Lordship hadn't taken her and the little girl in they might have starved, so they might, for they'd never have begged!"

"Oh!" Inishcarra was interested. "They are my cousins too, I suppose?"

He had a distinctly pleasant feeling in the supposition. He was a sociable, affectionate fellow, and he did not relish his loneliness where relations were concerned. It was a melancholy thing to be the only one of your blood living.

"Your Lordship could hardly claim them as cousins. They were connected with the late Lord through his mother. Connections perhaps—perhaps hardly that."

"Well I wish they'd waited for me then, quite apart from the question of their leaving me servantless. They'd have found me very unexacting and I should have liked to have found a couple of ladies at Castle Tracy whom I could claim as kinsfolk. I'm peculiarly lonely in that way, Mr. O'Flanagan: I haven't even a cousin."

"See that now!" said Mr. O'Flanagan sympathetically: and then added with unconscious cynicism, "Sure anyone in your Lordship's position needn't lack for cousins."

Lord Inishcarra was welcomed heartily by Mrs. O'Flanagan, a big, soft, gracious-looking woman whom her husband addressed as Maeve. She had a soft drawling brogue which delighted Inishcarra, and she seemed to have her arms always full of children. He hardly ever saw her without two or three, about whom she kept her arms as she talked; and somehow the sight of the little dark and golden heads pressed against her maternal bosom made the new Lord feel lonelier than ever. His own mother had not lived long enough for him to remember her.

He was greatly interested in Mrs. O'Donovan More and Miss Ailsie. Why had he not known of them before? Why should they not come and keep house for him as they had done for his cousin?

They were at dinner now, and Mrs. O'Flanagan was dispensing excellent chickens and bacon to a couple of hungry men. The children were all in bed, and the elders were free to talk.

Mr. O'Flanagan coughed in a portentous way in answer to these questions, and Mrs. O'Flanagan, putting down the carvers, turned her large benignant eyes on Inishcarra.

"Indeed, then," she said. "It's the great pity it is; but they aren't friendly at all. They won't look at your Lordship, so they won't. Great foolishness I call it. And Mrs. O'Donovan More is black out with Larry because he would keep on the business of the estate. And Ailsie—many's the time I've comforted her when she was sick and sorry—just as bad. Indeed, I don't think you need be looking for any friendliness there at all at all."

"But, good Heavens! what have I done?" Inishcarra asked in stupefaction. "I never even knew they existed."

"Nothing you could help," said Mrs. O'Flanagan. "It's just that you're living when he's dead; that you've—I've heard Ailsie call you the Englishman—that you've got money: the dear knows we could do with a little more of it in this country. They think you'll be putting a new roof on the Castle, and getting the old ruinous place put into order, as he'd have done if he could; but sure he never had pence to jingle on a tombstone."

"Maeve!" said Mr. O'Flanagan warningly.

However, the guest seemed not to have noticed Mrs. O'Flanagan's indiscretions in the surprise of what she told him.

"But," he protested, "it's mediæval. It isn't my fault that I have money; and I'm sure if anything I could have done would have kept poor Terence alive I shouldn't be Lord Inishcarra this moment. To be sure, he kept me at arm's length. But I should have thought women would be more forgiving—if there was anything to forgive—more reasonable, kinder . . ."

"Indeed then you are greatly mistaken," said Mrs. O'Flanagan compassionately. "The Madam's easy enough—it isn't Mrs. O'Donovan's fault—but she's a child in Ailsie's hands. You wouldn't believe it of Ailsie, for she has eyes like pansies, and she looks nothing but a child, and she's fond of children and animals and birds and anything that's helpless and dependent. But she's a spitfire when your Lordship is spoken of."

Inishcarra shook his head in an incredulous way.

"I'll go and talk to them," he said. "They can't go on hating me like that. It's unnatural, it's un-Christian."

"Don't now, dear," said Mrs. O'Flanagan, quite forgetting that she was addressing anyone so mighty as Lord Inishcarra. "The least they'd do is shut the door in your face. Maybe Ailsie would be setting her dogs after you. She has them all breeds and sizes. Indeed I don't know but what it would be worst of all if the Madam was to take it into her head to receive you. You'd maybe get a cold into your heart you wouldn't easy get out of it again. She can be terribly freezing in her ways, can the Madam, although a kinder-hearted woman never breathed."

Lord Inishcarra turned to his host in a stupefied way.

"Is it possible, O'Flanagan?" he asked.

Mr. O'Flanagan inclined his head towards his wife with an old-fashioned courtesy which had the least little touch of irony in it.

"Mrs. O'Flanagan is a charming woman," he said, "and she always tells the truth."

Mrs. O'Flanagan blushed all over her milky skin.

"I am afraid I've been letting my tongue run away with me," she said. "It's Larry's way of telling me. I'm very sorry, Lord Inishcarra."

He looked at her in a way he had which was pleasant to women.

"I am grateful," he said. "You must tell me all sorts of things, Mrs. O'Flanagan. I daresay I should go frightfully wrong without you."

He learned other things during the days that followed. He had a very poor class of tenants indeed, who lived in what he thought great misery, and were to a man and woman devoted to the late Lord. It chilled him to be met with such cold and unresponsive faces when he went into the cabins, being full of goodwill towards the people for whom he was going to be in a sense responsible. He expressed his disappointment to Mr. O'Flanagan.

"I thought the Irish were warm-hearted and kindly to the stranger," he said.

"So they are, so they are. They're thinking that you'll make them pay up. The late Lord let them alone. Indeed only for the glory of managing the estate there's very little to be made out of it at all. It's 'Turncoat Larry' they're calling me. They've got it into their heads that you'll squeeze the rents out of them and go off and spend the money in London. It isn't much spending you need be doing on that same."

"But, good Heavens, what put such things into their heads?"



"He saw the coppery hair . . . of Miss Ailsie herself. She was making gestures as though to keep him off. . . . 'Stand out of the way!' he shouted."

"Unless it was Miss Ailsie. She's through them a lot."

"Then it's a malevolent misrepresentation. I wouldn't take rent for such pigsties and such you can't call it land. There is some real land about, isn't there?"

"There's the Kilmacsaggart property in the market—six thousand acres, all good land: it has been under bullocks these many years back. It belonged to us once."

"It shall belong to us again. I'll buy it. We'll go and see it to-morrow. I'll put them in a way of paying the rent, and then I'll make them pay it for the sake of their own characters."

Mr. O'Flanagan trembled, partly with delight at the magnitude of the scheme in which O'Flanagan and Sons were to have a part. How long was it since the business of the Inishcarra estate had been anything but a name? Still his honesty obliged him to utter a warning.

"The gentry will never forgive you," he said.

"And why not?"

"Their tenants will expect them to do the same thing. And your tenants will be up in arms against you for meddling. They're very well content as they are."

"They'd better be discontented," Lord Inishcarra said, his face taking on an obstinate look which entirely altered the usually good-humoured, friendly, easy expression of it.

"To be sure, to be sure!" assented Mr. O'Flanagan hastily; and afterwards remarked to his Maeve that a deal of her sympathy was wasted on the new man who would fight his corner with the best of them.

That night Lord Inishcarra wrote a letter to his English business man and another to his valet. The valet was to join him with a supply of garments equal to the requirements of a long stay. The man of business was to see that the hunting-box in the Pytchley Country was put on the agents' lists for sub-letting: Lord Inishcarra proposed to hunt in Ireland during the coming winter. Other arrangements were to be made about the re-letting of the town-house. One or two servants were to be sent over. The others were go to down to Mullions, his Norfolk home.

The next day he drove over to call on Lord Kilmacsaggart's agent, Mr. Ward. On the way he passed a long, low white house in an orchard. The golden thatch and white walls peeped out through a tangle of boughs and fruit. A long white wall separated the orchard from the road.

Mr. O'Flanagan was nothing if not sporting, and his jaunting car had the newest things in pneumatic-tyred wheels. The road was grass-grown. The equipage came along soundlessly.

Suddenly Lord Inishcarra was aware of a charming apparition. A young girl in a dark blue cotton frock was sitting in the fork of a plum-tree. Her hat swung by a ribbon over her arm. Her feet in little brogues dangled in view revealing a few inches of stocking. The plums were rosy and purple about her head. The haze of autumn hung in the branches. Silvery blue was the bloom on the plum. He had an illusion that the whole tree was rosy like a Burning Bush.

The girl's head was a vivid copper red. She had small pale features which wore an air of courage and pride. She was reading as the car came noiselessly close to her, so close that Lord Inishcarra, who was on the side nearest to her, could see the faint powdering of golden freckles on her milky neck.

Then she looked up and her eyes were dark as pansies. He saw them dilate. She whisked herself about in the plum-tree and dropped out of sight, but not before she had sent him a withering glance of scorn.

Lord Inishcarra turned and looked at Mr. O'Flanagan. The little man had taken out a big handkerchief and was wiping his brow.

"Didn't I say she was a spitfire?" he asked dejectedly.

"Ah, so that was Miss Ailsie," Lord Inishcarra answered thoughtfully. "She did look rather vixenish."

Their interview with Mr. Ward was entirely satisfactory; and when it was concluded the agent invited Lord Inishcarra to dine with him and Lady Nora on a certain evening.

"You must meet some of your neighbours," he said. "And you'd better make a good impression before they know what you're going to do on them. If I hadn't taken a fancy to you, Lord Inishcarra, I wouldn't suggest it. Of course, as a man of business I shall be pleased to pull off this purchase of Kilmacsaggart, but in my private capacity I think you couldn't make a greater mistake. It's going back on your own class; it really is, and no one will thank you for it. We're very happy as we are. It's a great mistake to try to change things. But you're young: you'll learn in time: you'll learn."

"Do you think I'll ever understand Irish things, O'Flanagan?" asked Lord Inishcarra, as they drove homeward.

"You're not going the right way about it," Lawrence Oscar answered, shaking his head pessimistically. "I only hope that someone will give you credit for good intentions. I'm very glad you're going to dine with Mr. Ward, Lord Inishcarra. He'll have the county to meet you, and if anyone can pull you through with the county he will."

"He has a very fine house. And how does his wife come to be Lady Nora? Even in this country I suppose earls' daughters don't, as a rule, marry land-agents."

Mr. O'Flanagan lifted his hands.

"Is it Mr. Ward? Why any lady in this county would have married him. He looks down on Kilmacsaggart himself. In fact there's hardly anyone in the country exactly on the level of the MacWard as he might call himself if he liked."

"Yet he's the other man's agent!"

"The agents are the greatest of Quality with us. They're always men of family. You'll be having an agent yourself, one of these days—wait till the county puts its younger sons on to you—and O'Flanagan and Sons will only have your legal business."

There was a wistful note in the little man's voice.

Lord Inishcarra leant across the car and placed his hand on the hand of Mr. O'Flanagan that was not holding the reins.

"I'll have no one but yourself, O'Flanagan," he said. "I've no use for younger sons."

Lord Inishcarra's first introduction to county society was a great success. Lady Nora Ward, who was a very good-natured person, had taken him under her wing from the first; and a good many people who remembered the late Lord, and were disposed to be critical of his successor, were disarmed by the evident good intentions and kindliness of the new Lord; and, besides, the approval of the Wards was sure to mean sooner or later the approval of the rest of the county.

"My dear fellow," said Lord Kilmacsaggart's agent later, "in the words of the classics, you've come, are seen, and have conquered. It's triumphal; and my wife is as pleased as possible. She has taken a tremendous fancy to you, and, mind, she's a very thorough-going woman. She won't rest till she has reconciled the Madam and Ailsie to you."

"I should like that very much indeed," said Inishcarra, with the simple sincerity which went so far in gaining him friends.

The negotiations for the transfer of Kilmacsaggart went on quietly while Lord Inishcarra was making headway with the county.

"I'll be called a traitor when they know," said Mr. Ward. "But I said from the first I'd stand by you. By the way, they are going to offer you the hounds. One of your name has been Master for a long time now, and none of the rest of us can keep them up. Not that your poor cousin kept them up. Everything is in a shocking state, from the roofs of the kennels to the whipper-in's coat. You'll have to spend a bit of your superfluous money, Inishcarra."

"I shall be delighted; and I call it very handsome of the county."

"We feel we are doing the handsome thing, and are immensely proud of ourselves."

And so the thing was done. Lord Inishcarra entertained the deputation of gentlemen who came to ask him to take up the Tearers to a very fine luncheon, and immediately proceeded to set the Hunt's house in order as he was doing his own.

Everything seemed to smile on the new Lord; but as often happens in such a day of prosperity, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand was creeping up the sky which presently was to expand and cover it.

A little while before the opening Meet which was to take place at Castle Tracy, the old glories of which were being renewed as fast as an army of workmen could do it, the news got out of Lord Inishcarra's having bought Kilmacsaggart and his intentions with regard to it.

The peasantry about had never shown any sign of relaxing their first enmity.

"It's that vixen, Ailsie," Mr. Ward said, with annoyance. "They swear by her; and she's in and out of their cabins day after day."

Now it was very hard that, because of these immovably unfriendly people the others who had become friendly were going to frown upon him. Inishcarra liked to be at peace with all his world, and was so annoyed by the general unreasonableness that it was only sheer obstinacy kept him from packing up and returning to a country where all the world was not topsy-turvy. Sheer obstinacy—and perhaps a remembrance of a copper-coloured head in a rosy bush, purple-blue eyes under black lashes, a white neck with a freckle or two, and a little haughty, upturned, insolent nose.

About this time he learned with indifference that Irene was going to marry the Duke of Tewkesbury, who might have been her grandfather, and had an unpleasant record of a long, misspent life.

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Ward, who stuck to him with unabated friendship, "these people will forgive you in time if only trouble doesn't come. They can't all be buying fat land to draft their cottiers on to. But there's more trouble than their attitude, if I don't make a mistake. The people are quieter than I like to see them. There's some mischief brewing, and Ailsie's at the bottom of it."

The cat was soon out of the bag. The day of the opening meet came with a bad attendance. People were repenting their own trustingness which had made them offer the hounds to Inishcarra, who had come over from England with a fine set of revolutionary ideas, and was going to make all the tenants discontented. So many stayed away from the great event, fretting and fuming over missing it the while.

It was as well for those who were absent. Everywhere the hounds went they and the riders were met by angry peasants armed with forks and spades and flails and scythes and all sorts of agricultural implements, and brought to a halt. It was no use arguing, threatening, or coaxing. Pretty well all the countryside seemed to be in the conspiracy.

"Why, Mathew Darcy!" Mr. Ward said to one who was armed with a reaping-hook, and looked as though he would use it if necessary. "What is the meaning of this madness? A sportsman like you! And your father and grandfather before you fine sportsmen!"

"It isn't the Hunt we're agin," said Mathew Darcy. "It's the new Lord that's going to evict the poor devils at Castle Tracy and has bought Kilmacsaggart from yourself to stock it with Englishmen."

Mr. Ward tried to remove this amazing miscomprehension, but such a hubbub broke out a little higher up where Inishcarra had attempted to pass, with the result that his horse had received a blow of a flail on his side, and his master was now down holding a peasant by the throat, that it was impossible to make anybody listen to anything. For a few seconds things looked rather nasty for Inishcarra; and when finally the hubbub was quelled, and Inishcarra stood at one side of the hedge pale and panting while his assailant was being helped home the other side, his forehead showed a nasty cut where someone had flung a stone at him from a distance with excellent accuracy of aim.

"You'll have to give up the Hounds," said Mr. Ward.

"I'll hunt this country," said Inishcarra. "I suppose some fellows will be decent enough to stand by me. If anyone touches the dogs or the horses I'll shoot him."

"You'll be hanged," said his friend aghast.

"I don't seem to mind if I am. This mad country of yours is making me as mad as the rest of you."

"Give it up, Inishcarra, for the present. They'll all be ashamed of themselves presently. It's that minx Ailsie. Give it up and don't be spoiling sport, and making bad blood for those who were friendly enough to give you the Hounds."

Lord Inishcarra turned a pale fierce face on him.

"The County made me Master for its convenience," he said. "I'll remain so for the present to please myself."

"I never liked him as well," said Mr. Ward afterwards to his wife. "And I'm going to hunt on Saturday. They won't do me any harm. I daresay there are a few others who won't desert him."

As a matter of fact a respectable number turned up on the Saturday, anticipating some fun.

The hounds found in a neutral No-Man's-Land, and the fox went away in the direction of the Grange, the small house and farm which sheltered Mrs. O'Donovan More, her daughter, and their broken fortunes.

When it was apparent that he was going to cross the Grange lands a good many riders fell back. They were not going to embroil themselves with old friends, and would wait to see what was going to happen.

There were plenty of signs. Just beyond her boundary hedge stood Miss Ailsie O'Donovan surrounded by a motley rabble of peasants armed with all kinds of weapons. Inishcarra set his teeth hard.

"I'm going to cross her land if I die for it," he said to himself, and felt the wound of the stone throb in his forehead.

The crowd of people turned the fox aside. He ran along the boundary hedge some considerable distance, then got through. The hounds were leaping at the hedge, giving tongue in a deafening manner. It was on top of a high bank and was thick-set. He saw them running hither and thither as though baffled. He heard the huntsman shout something he could not understand. Then at last they were over.

Inishcarra was close behind them. He noticed that the huntsman had ridden along the hedge as though looking for an easier place. Everyone seemed to be shouting at once. As he put his horse at the steep bank he saw above it the coppery hair and violet eyes of Miss Ailsie herself. She was making gestures as though to keep him off; but there was no weapon in her hands.

"Stand out of the way," he shouted, almost brutally, thinking only that she would prevent his passage.

The horse scrambled up the bank. Why, she was whiter than a sheet. He couldn't have believed her colour would fade like that. She had moved off a little way, and was staring at him with absolute horror.

Then—something caught the horse across the breast. Almost at the same moment he saw what it was. A long, jagged line of barbed wire ran along the top of the fence. As the horse tumbled back with him, vainly striving to regain his footing, he was conscious of a bewildered amazement at the treachery of which she had been guilty. Wire! It was a thing no man would have done. And she was so soft, so childish-looking.

Then the horse was on his breast-bone suffocating him. He was being crushed in a mill. Then . . silence.

He struggled back to consciousness in a great four-poster bed hung with curtains of blue and silver. He had no memory at all of what had happened. He looked round the room with a vague wonder. He had never seen that flowery wall-paper before, nor the big wardrobe, nor the girandole on the wall. He smelt roses and violets. Turning his head painfully he saw that there were monthly roses in a vase and a pot of violets on a table by his bed. There was warm firelight reflected on the polished furniture, and a robin was singing outside the window.

He coughed, and the cough hurt him. He was sore from head to foot, and especially in the region of his chest.

When he coughed and groaned someone came round the foot of the bed and stood looking down at him. It was Ailsie herself, but a new Ailsie. As her eyes met his childish tears filled them, her lips quivered.

"Never mind . . . dear!" he said.

"If you knew what I have been suffering on your account! I can never forgive myself. But the doctor at last says that there are no internal injuries; you have half a dozen broken ribs, but they will only need quiet and time to mend them."

It was astonishing how Ailsie's agitation seemed to bring her nearer to him. Why, she was only a child after all.

"The wire . . . was low . . . dearie," he said languidly. "It wasn't . . . playing the game . . . The horse . . . Was the poor beast badly hurt?"

"The horse was only scratched."

Forked lightning seemed to play in the amethyst eyes.

"Good Heavens, you don't think I knew about the wire!"

"Didn't you, dear?" Despite the broken ribs he felt as though a weight had been rolled off his chest.

"You shouldn't think such a thing about me," she said, her young breast heaving. "I am a lady, and have always lived with honourable people. I only meant a demonstration. And I wouldn't have hurt a horse or a dog for all the world. It was that brute, Andy Maher. Of course, it was my fault, for I excited them. I only knew of the wire as you rode up to it, and I couldn't make you hear me."

"I hope Andy Maher . . . realises . . . the turpitude of his act."

"I flogged it into him," she said stormily. "He was one of the stable boys at Castle Tracy. He was always a bad lot, always. It isn't the first time he's had a flogging."

"You should be explicit with those people . . dearie." Despite the ribs he felt an immeasurable ease. "It is easier to rouse them . . . than to control them."

"No one would have done it but Andy," she said, eagerly. "Every one is furious about it. And the people know now that you are their friend. Can you forgive me?"

"I think I can, Ailsie . . . if . . . it . . . we're almost relations, aren't we? . . . if you'll kiss me."

He saw with languid delight the rush of colour to her cheek.

"If you won't," he said, "I'm going to move about and get those ribs all shaken up again. The least . . you can do . . . after nearly killing me . . . is to cure me and marry me."

He felt a touch, light as rose-leaves on his lips. Then she was gone, and presently Madam O'Donovan was standing by his bed, looking what she was, a kind elderly woman whom her daughter had forced into hostility.

"Ailsie tells me we are to be friends," she said, laying a white hand over his. "We are almost kin."

"I have always wanted kin," he said, with half-closed eyes. "I am the loneliest fellow . . . in the world."

"She has been inconsolable about the wire."

"I believe . . . " murmured Inishcarra, so sleepily that the good lady thought he dozed, "that the wire . . . was the most blessed . . . happening of my whole life."

Then he was really asleep.

THE END

THE F.O. BAG By LUCIEN WOLF

THE modest scope assigned by the Tsar to the Second Peace Conference, which will be held shortly at The Hague, seems likely to be very considerably extended. It will be remembered that in the Russian Circular Note of 16/29 March, 1906, proposing the convocation of a Second Conference, the programme laid down was limited to certain emendations in technical detail of the Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes and to such practical corrections and extensions of the laws and customs of war as the progress of invention and recent belligerent experience have shown to be necessary. Taught by the lessons of the last Conference, the Tsar wisely discouraged any further attempt to deal with the fundamental questions of a limitation of armaments or the prevention of war. Apparently, this programme is not to be allowed to stand. Both the fundamental questions referred to will be raised by Great Britain. Mr. Stead, who seems to have received the confidences of the Prime Minister and Sir Edward Grey on the subject, declares that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will probably himself attend the Conference as Senior British Plenipotentiary in order to promote the success of the enlarged programme. There can be no question that in these circumstances the Conference will grow enormously in interest and piquancy, but I doubt whether it will prove any more fruitful than its predecessor.

The intention of this country to revive the question of a limitation of armaments at the next Conference was virtually announced in Parliament by Sir Edward Grey and Lord Fitzmaurice last May. Its reception by European public opinion was not encouraging, and I have seen no symptom of an increase of cordiality since then. France was conspicuously cool. In the United States President Roosevelt has not ceased to emphasise the doctrines of armed peace. Germany has bluntly declared that she could not accept the "Britannic veto." Italy alone has consented, as Signor Tittoni announced in the Chamber on June 16, to instruct her delegates to "support the British initiative." If this foreshadows the respective attitudes of the great Powers when the Conference meets, we need not look for anything more than a reiteration of the pious aspiration which was so unctuously inserted in the Final Act of 1899.

It would be unfair to say that the Powers are wholly insensible to the desirability of a limitation of armaments, or that they are averse from it because they desire to keep their hands free for some long-cherished aggressions. As a matter of fact, they regard the British proposal as an expedient for assuring the permanent maritime supremacy of this country, and they have a good deal of justification for the belief. As the friendly *Temps* pointed out quite recently, Great Britain has in ten years increased her military and naval expenditure by £30,700,000, or twice as much as France and Germany together. Moreover, in a *gauche* moment, some months ago, Sir Edward Grey declared that the "relative supremacy" of Great Britain was never so great as it is at the present moment, and the boast did not fall on deaf ears. In these circumstances, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will require some command of his facial muscles when he submits his armaments proposals to the Conference.

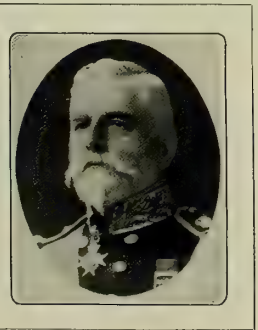
The second important scheme to be brought before the Conference by Great Britain is, according to Mr. Stead, an amendment of Article VIII. of the Arbitration Convention of 1899, rendering mediation obligatory in cases of imminent rupture between two Powers. The idea is that when the quarrel has reached its height there shall be no fighting for fifteen days, so as to give an opportunity to friendly Powers to intervene with their good offices. In urging this proposal on the Conference, Great Britain's sincerity will scarcely be suspected, seeing that it is practically a revival of a clause which was inserted at her instance in the projected Arbitration Treaty with the United States in 1897. It was, however, precisely on account of this clause that the Treaty was rejected by the Senatorial Committee on Foreign Relations. Is it likely that the European Powers will prove more reasonable on this subject than the United States, or that the United States herself will change her mind? I doubt it. I question also whether it would be in our naval interest to persevere with the proposal. Once war is inevitable, it must be to our advantage to strike without delay. The only effect of fifteen days' further negotiation would be to enable the enemy to take precautions by which our command of the seas and of submarine cable communications would be largely neutralised.



GENERAL VLADIMIR PAVLOFF
Assassinated by a Terrorist in the courtyard of the Chief Military Tribunal, St. Petersburg. The seventh high official on the revolutionists' "condemned list" to suffer the death "penalty." Two of the proscribed officials are still living, the Premier and General Dubassoff, who recently had an escape. See the "F.O. Bag."



THE MARQUIS OF BREADALBANE, K.G.
Who has been appointed Keeper of the Privy Seal of Scotland in the place of the late Earl of Leven and Melville. Photo by Dickinson.



ADMIRAL SIR D. H. BOSANQUET
Who has been appointed Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth in succession to Admiral Sir Archibald L. Douglas. Admiral Bosanquet commanded the Fourth Cruiser Squadron. Photo by Russell and Sons.

The so-called "mystery" of Sir Mortimer Durand's retirement from the Washington Embassy has set a host of spiteful tongues wagging. While these waggings were confined to scandalous tea-tables and the Transatlantic Press, no one was or could be seriously hurt by them. The other day, however, the *Morning Post* thought fit to quote from an American paper a version of the alleged "intrigue," in the course of which it was roundly asserted that "Lady Susan Townley must share with the President the doubtful honour of having caused the retirement of Sir Mortimer Durand." It is not easy to characterise such a statement as this, reflecting on a lady who cannot easily answer it, and published, apparently, without any effort being previously made to ascertain whether it is true or false. As a matter of fact, it is not true. Whether or not Lady Susan Townley "gossiped," as the author of the story says, I cannot say, but it is unquestionable that nothing she said or did, or could have said or done, was in the remotest way connected with Sir Mortimer's resignation.

Lady Susan Townley is by birth a Keppel—which explains many things in the calumny of which she has been made the victim—and the wife of our new Minister to the Argentine Republic, Mr. Walter Beaupré Townley. During nineteen months, in 1905-1906, Mr. Townley acted as Councillor of the Washington Embassy, having previously graduated with distinction in the Legations at Teheran, Bucharest, Lisbon and Peking, and the Embassies at Paris, Rome, Berlin and Constantinople. Last October he was promoted to the Legation at Buenos Ayres, in succession to Mr. W. H. D. Haggard, the eldest brother of Mr. Rider Haggard. The promotion was quite in the ordinary course. Mr. Haggard had been sent to Rio in succession to Sir H. N. Dering, who had died in the previous August, and the best qualified candidate for the vacant South American Legation was obviously the Councillor to the Washington Embassy. I accentuate this because I have privately heard the transfer of Mr. Townley to Buenos Ayres quoted in corroboration of the *Morning Post* legend.

M. Pichon, the new French Minister of Foreign Affairs, has not found the Quai d'Orsay a bed of roses. As a matter of fact, there has been something closely resembling a mutiny among the *personnel*. From an inquiry instituted by M. Paul Deschanel early last session, it appears that dissatisfaction has been growing for a long time owing to the favouritism displayed by certain Ministers and the political tests insisted upon in cases of promotion by the ultra-Radicals of the Cabinet. This discontent was aggravated when M. Pichon cancelled M. Delcassé's appointment of M. Descos to the Legation at Teheran, and appointed in his stead M. Poisson de la Martinière, a *protégé* of M. Bourgeois. A veritable crisis was precipitated when the new Minister nominated as his *chef de cabinet* a second secretary, one M. Dutasta, placing under his orders a Minister Plenipotentiary, a Secretary of Legation, a consul of the first class, and other officials of like ranks. Three important officials at once resigned, one of them, M. Trubert, roundly declaring that "as a Catholic he could no longer serve a Government which officially proclaimed its irreligion." Nor was this all. Last week M. Pichon wanted a Minister for Buenos Ayres, and offered the post successively to all the Second and Third Secretaries at the Quai d'Orsay. In every case, except that of the youngest Third Secretary, he met with a refusal. The Minister has now notified his staff that in future a refusal of any mission will be punished by dismissal. Whether this will put an end to the disorganisation remains to be seen.

Some of the biographers of the late General Pavloff, who was assassinated by a Terrorist in St. Petersburg last week, have hastily identified him with the M. Pavloff who, as Russian Chargé d'Affaires in Peking, and afterwards as Russian Minister in Seoul, played so bold a hand in the events preceding the late war. This is an error. The unfortunate General was Vladimir Petrovitch, while the diplomat was and is Alexander. Vladimir never was in the Far East in his life. He was a military jurist, and his official life was spent in what we should call the Judge-Advocate's Department of the St. Petersburg Military District. At the time when Alexander was acting as Minister at Seoul, Vladimir was Military Procureur in St. Petersburg.



FROM THE PAINTING BY LUCY KEMP-WELCH EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

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COLCHESTER'S CLAIM TO BE A CATHEDRAL CITY



COUNCILLOR WALTER B. SPARLING, J.P.
Mayor of Colchester, and President of the Cathedral Site Committee.



RUINS OF ST. BOTOLPH'S PRIORY CHURCH



COLCHESTER'S GREATEST NATIVE DR WILLIAM GILBERD
From the Painting in the Town Hall, by Mr. Frank Daniell.



ST. JOHN'S ABBEY GATE



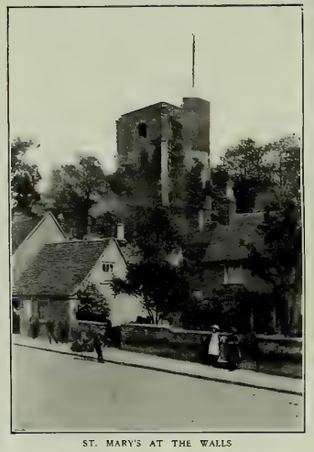
ALDERMAN EDWIN J. SANDERS, J.P.
Ex-Mayor, and Chairman of the Cathedral Site Committee.



ARMS OF COLCHESTER AS RECORDED AUGUST 26, 1558



ANCIENT VARIANT OF THE ARMS OF COLCHESTER



ST. MARY'S AT THE WALLS



COLCHESTER CASTLE



ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH AND THE OLD RED LION HOTEL



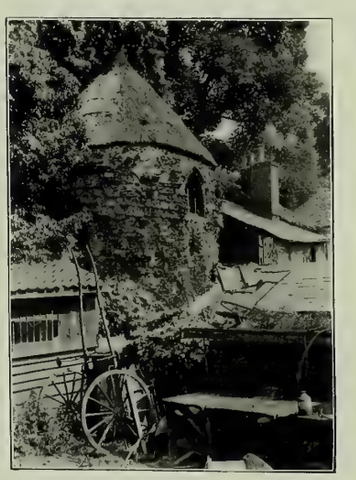
ST. JAMES'S CHURCH: THE SUGGESTED PRO-CATHEDRAL



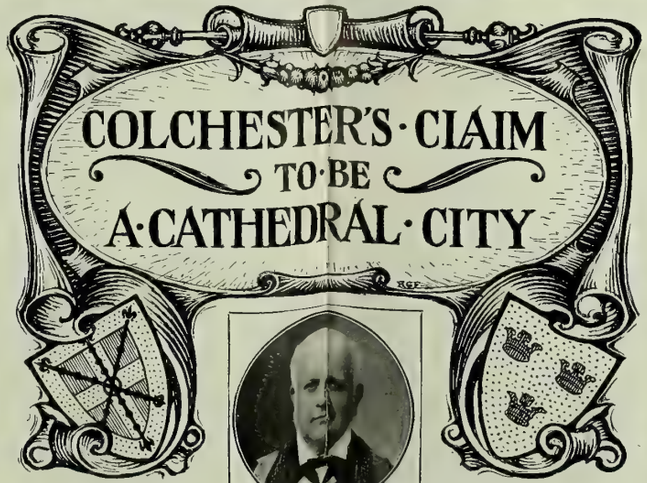
THE TOWN HALL



ENTRANCE TO ROMAN GUARD-ROOM



BASTION ON THE ROMAN WALL



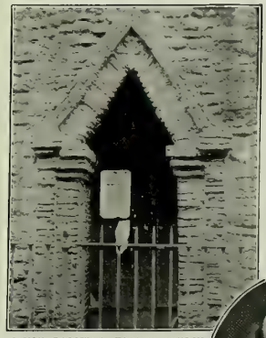
ARMS OF ST. JOHN'S ABBEY

ALDERMAN HENRY GOODY, J.P.
Ex-Mayor, and member of the Cathedral Site Committee

ARMS OF ST. OSYTH'S PRIORY



SCHERE GATE, THROUGH THE ROMAN WALL



SAXON DOORWAY, TRINITY CHURCH



ALDERMAN WILSON MARRIAGE, J.P.
Portreeve of Colchester, and member of the Cathedral Site Committee.



MR. CHARLES E. BENHAM
Honorary Secretary of the Cathedral Site Committee

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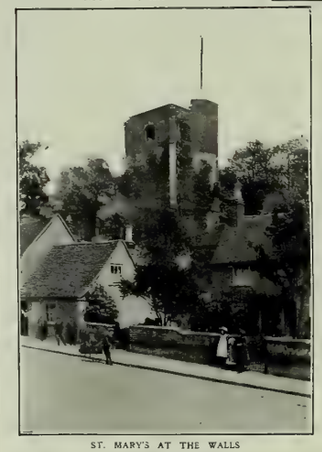
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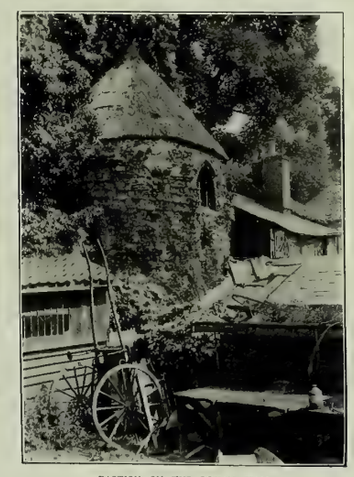
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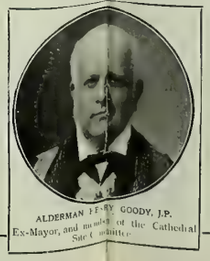


BASTION ON THE ROMAN WALL



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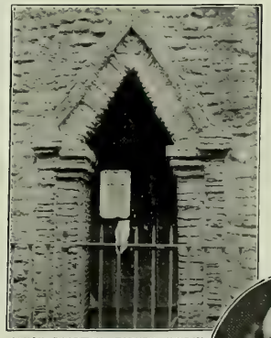


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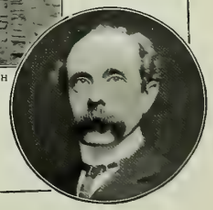
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A BABY KING OF BEASTS



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An Asiatic Lion Cub

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THE DISASTER IN JAMAICA

Theatre Matinées and Revivals

Though the Vedrenne-Barker matinée was a new production, Mr. Cyril Harcourt's *The Reformer* and Mr. Masefield's *The Campden Wonder* are, oddly enough, both instances of harking back to a past taste in drama, they may be said to be an attempt at the revival of certain subjects which were popular in the eighteenth and middle nineteenth century. In the case of *The Reformer* the subject—a duel of wits between a man and a woman whom the man wishes to win for his wife—is such an excellent one that it is a wonder it has so long been neglected. Playgoers will owe Mr. Harcourt a debt of gratitude if his not entirely successful play inspires some more gifted dramatist to handle the same theme, either on the old lines of sparkling repartee or in some modern form. Unfortunately, Mr. Harcourt makes no serious attempt to deal with it, except on somewhat conventional, old-fashioned, and strictly theatrical lines. His Mrs. Rockingham is nonplussed completely, and only splutters out undistinguished exclamations of protest and anger when Sir Rupert Yeld has the audacity to kiss her in a quite uncompromising way in General Carew's drawing-room, though she is affianced to the Earl of Crowborough. Mr. Harcourt's mistake is that he has not troubled to draw a woman of spirit or character to cope with his audacious and ardent hero, so Sir Rupert has a walk over, certain circumstances and the sub-plot assisting him. The *Campden Wonder* is a play in three scenes of little account, save as an object-lesson in what not to do.

* * *

The other revival of the past week is Mr. Harrison's revival of Mr. R. C. Carton's very amusing comedy, *Lady Huntworth's Experiment*. The piece is very dexterous and bright in its quite light fashion. It suffers somewhat in its present production by the miscasting of Mr. Weedon Grossmith for the part of the drunken Lord Huntworth. Mr. Grossmith is not a light comedian, nor is he an old trained professional actor who understands that a certain, not wholly lifelike, style is necessary for light comedy. His faithful presentment of an unpleasant dipsomaniac, with all the distasteful details of a shaking hand and other signs of physical decay, is extremely clever, but it harms Mr. Carton's play. The other parts—the Vicar, and his sister Miss Hannah, the young Miss Lucy, her lover the Curate, Captain Dorreston, and in another fashion Lady Huntworth, who bears much without feeling tragic—are all excellent and quite well-differentiated specimens. How these well-educated, well-mannered people would have behaved with a coarsely mannered, strongly unpleasant dipsomaniac like the Lord Huntworth of Mr. Weedon Grossmith is not Mr. Carton's play, but a very different one which has not yet been written. This is the reason why many critics have found fault with Mr. Carton's characters as being unlike human beings in this revival, and it shows the paramount importance of casting and of the old professional tradition that certain types of plays require certain different styles of playing.

"DRAMATICUS."

CLUB COMMENTS

By "MARMADUKE"

It has been said that "there is no good after forty;" the general opinion now is that there is no good under forty thousand a year. This is the Million Age; we are hurrying towards the Billion Age! The figures we manipulate now would have terrified our immediate predecessors, who regarded ten thousand a year as a phenomenal fortune. In a decade the limit was raised to twenty; in another to fifty; in the third we were plunged in the millions, and there is no reason whatever why the billions should not be reached.

* * *

What will the billionaire do for the public? The territorial magnate of the past concentrated most of his attention on the estate. His younger children were generally scantily provided for, the neighbourhood was ignored, the public was of no account, the elder son absorbed his whole attention, not so much because he was his child and the first-born, but because to him was to be entrusted the all-important estate! The change in the centre of wealth has developed a new ambition; the financial and commercial millionaires are not so attached to the land which they comparatively recently acquired. Smith is not the tenth Smith who has owned the estate and improved it; Jones is not the twentieth Jones whose alterations may be untouched by the twenty-fifth and thirtieth, who reverently preserve his memory. The Smiths and Joneses, however, continually wish to leave a trace of their passage through life, and they bequeath thousands for the public good for the purpose. Were the amounts which the community has received during the past quarter of a century from the territorial magnates and the financial and commercial magnates set side by side, it would be like placing a tortoise beside the dome of St. Paul's!

* * *

The millionaires have the faults of their circumstances, and as we are unaccustomed to the latter, they seem to many of us excessive. The territorial magnates had, and have, the faults of their circumstances; those are altogether as offensive as are the others, but we are so accustomed to the former that we almost imagine them to be virtues! There is this which is greatly in the favour of the millionaires—that many of them have been magnificently generous to the community. Throughout London and the provinces there are a multitude of great and thriving charitable institutions which have been raised by the rich, who have amassed their wealth in finance, commerce, or trade. In quite recent times the millionaires have outstripped their predecessors even in that direction, and hundreds of thousands of pounds have been bestowed in blocks to benefit the poor, the infirm, and the struggling; occasionally also millions!

* * *

Half a century has seen this enormous change. There are no signs of the proceeding abating; it is, indeed, increasing with leaps and bounds: what may we expect of the billionaire? Will one of them build the fleet of the future to make Great Britain invincible at sea? Will another purchase the railways and bestow them on the community? Will a third repay the National Debt? Will a fourth provide the capital necessary to establish an Old Age Pension Fund? "Our friends the millionaires" will certainly be the description applied to them by those who are to come immediately after us, those who will be better able than we are to compare the defects of the territorial and financial magnates—and their merits.

* * *

"Purse-proud" is the common expression; why has land-proud never been used? The land-pride of most of the territorial magnates of the past has far exceeded any purse-pride of the millionaires of finance, commerce, or trade of modern times, and the one is just as offensive as is the other. "There are ten tenants on the estate who occupy the same cottage as members of their family have had for a century or more," says a territorial magnate. "There are a hundred men who have been employed at our factory who are to-day their own masters, or have attained independence," says incidentally a manufacturer. Which is obviously the greater benefactor?



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San Francisco, Valparaiso, and now Kingston—all three destroyed by earthquake in less than a twelvemonth—such a quick succession of appalling catastrophes constitutes a record in the world's history since men began to build cities. The Kingston earthquake seems to have been only less disastrous than its predecessors in proportion to the relative smallness of the town. Jamaica's capital is now in ruins, all the buildings having been destroyed by earthquake and the fire that followed, and the tale of victims numbers forty soldiers and many civilians, including, it is reported, Sir James Fergusson, a prominent Parliamentarian and a well-known figure in commercial life. Our smaller photos are by H. C. White and Co.

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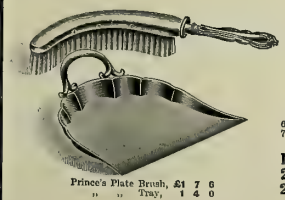
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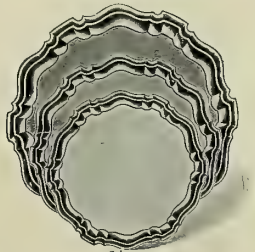
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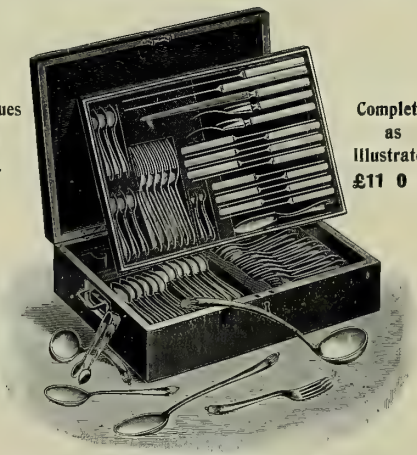
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THE BYSTANDER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

The slump in pictures of the Victorian school which, with a few notable exceptions, may be witnessed nowadays at Christie's, is somewhat remarkable. I am told by those who ought to know that it is only temporary, and that their vogue will come again—that anyone who has the courage to buy these pictures nowadays and hold them, will make a rare good thing in twenty years' time. As I have not the money to invest and to remain locked up for so long, I don't see my way to embarking in the speculation. But I think it is more than probable, eventually, that the Victorian pictures will recover their original value. There are persons still living who can recall the time when Old Masters were regarded somewhat shyly, and when Romneys, Hoppners, Raeburns and Morlands fetched shillings where they now command guineas. There is no accounting for the vagaries of fashion. It is said the winter exhibitions of the Royal Academy have done much to increase the rage for Old Masters and the works of the Early British school. Whether this be the case I know not, but I think it would be an excellent thing if we had next winter an exhibition at Burlington House of the choicest pictures of the Victorian period. Such a show would be enormously popular, and would scarcely fail to restore the value of the pictures of those times and give a much desired fillip to the works of the painters of to-day.

The other morning I was seized by some young people and borne away to the Prince of Wales's theatre and seated in a stall, and ordered to remain there during the performance of *Alice in Wonderland*. What struck me particularly was the number of children that were present, their delight in the delightful drama; their accurate knowledge of the two books on which the play was founded, and the keenness of their criticism. It was very amusing to listen to their remarks during the progress of the play and between the acts. For after all there is no honester critic than a child, or one more quick to resent silliness or weakness in literature devised for their special delectation. It is, probably, the knowledge of child-life and sympathy with childhood that gives Lewis Carroll such a lasting charm with young people. From what I could gather from the remarks around me the other morning he is quite as popular now as he was years ago, and the little ones of to-day take just as much delight in his work as their parents did in their juvenile days. Certainly we have had no writer for children who has been so entirely in sympathy with them, and whose works and characters have become such a part and parcel of the English language.

The new Act which came into operation at the beginning of the year, has been converted by many into an Anti-Tipping Act. And I am sorry to say it has been taken advantage of by many to cut down their annual largesse and dispense with their accustomed Christmas boxes. This, I take it, was never the intention of the Bill, and the sooner an authoritative statement is made on the subject the better. Or else we shall be afraid to send the usual barrel of oysters to our rich aunt, hesitate about forwarding the box of cigars to our cantankerous uncle, shall scarcely dare to organise a Christmas tree for our young friends, and shall have our doubts about sending even a Christmas card to anybody. There is but little doubt that the new Act has been hailed joyfully by the penurious, and has given them a fine excuse for buttoning up their pockets. But I think it is pretty clear that it does not in any way apply to Christmas boxes and gifts of a similar nature. The art of tipping is by no means easy to acquire. The person who deserves a tip often keeps out of the way, while he who has done nothing to merit it is generally at hand with his fingers suitably curved for its reception.

This leads to all sorts of difficulties. The sorrows of tipping are not in the expenditure of money, but in finding the opportunity to bestow the right coin on the right person. I have known men on being helped on with their coats after a dinner-party and intending to give the footman half a crown, have, in the confusion of the moment, rewarded him with a penny. I recollect, when I was last in Venice, being shown over a beautiful *palazzo*, full of choice pictures and valuable antiquities. My *cicerone* was an exceedingly courteous gentleman, whom I took to be the family butler or some old retainer, for he was well acquainted with all the legends of the place, and had a wondrous knowledge of the pictures. On leaving the mansion I endeavoured to slip a coin in his hand. But he shook his head and raised his hands in courteous refusal, and I saw that I had made a mistake. I at once said, "For your servant. If you will allow me!" And he at once called his man, who was waiting to open the door, and handed him the coin. I found afterwards I had attempted to tip the representative of one of the oldest Venetian families—a man who numbered several distinguished Doges and notable warriors among his ancestors.



They do a lot with their roofs in the States. Entertainments of all kinds, dances, *fêtes champêtres*, concerts, dinner parties, are held on the roofs of New York or Philadelphia in summer. Music-halls and other places of entertainment are built on roofs, and there are tennis courts and croquet courts, bowling-greens and skittle-alleys in the American roof world, which in winter occupies itself with flooding its roofs and enjoying skating and ice-games. Our photograph shows skating in progress on the roof of the Hotel Bellevue, Philadelphia.

ROOF-SKATING IN PHILADELPHIA: THE PLEASURES OF WINTER AT A LARGE HOTEL

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Our Portraits

The greatest achievement of the late Dr. Haig-Brown, Master of the Charterhouse, as head-master of the famous school, was the removal of it from London to Godalming. Dr. Haig-Brown was a fine scholar and a great schoolmaster, and a man whose amiability endeared him to all. Examples of his humour have been given in the papers. A lady wrote to him asking him to "inter" her son at Charterhouse. He replied: "I shall be most happy to undertake your son." Photo by Elliott and Fry.

The late General Lord Alexander George Russell, G.C.B., Colonel-Commandant of the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade, was through the Crimea. He joined the Allied Army in July, 1855, after being promoted to a substantive majority in the Rifle Brigade, and was present at all subsequent operations. He was the youngest of the ten sons of the sixth Duke of Bedford. Photo by Elliott and Fry.

The late very Rev. Robert Herbert Story, D.D., Principal of Glasgow University, who was seventy-one, was a very prominent figure in the ecclesiastical world, and in Scotch church affairs he was a power. During his editorship of the *Scots Magazine* R. L. Stevenson contributed to its pages his poem of modern Scotch church life, "A Lowden Sabbath Morn." He was one of King Edward's chaplains, and had been one of Queen Victoria's warm friends. Photo by Langfier.

The late Colonel Renzo Scalfi was a distinguished soldier of the Italian Army, who came of a line of soldiers; for his grandfather served under Napoleon, and his father devoted his life to the cause of Garibaldi. To Garibaldi, too, the son was devoted, and at sixteen he ran away from home to volunteer, and had an adventurous career. He was buried at Enfield. Our portrait is by Giacinto Garaffi, Cuneo.

The late Colonel L. D. H. Currie was born in 1832. He entered the Army at seventeen, becoming an ensign in the 19th Foot. He was severely wounded at the Alma in 1854. In 1861 he sold out and joined the North in the Civil War in America, where he saw a good deal of service. As colonel of the 133rd New York Infantry he was badly wounded in the assault upon Fort Hudson. Photo by Histed.



This memorial, to those of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders who fell in the South African war, stands on the Esplanade, Stirling Castle. It was unveiled the other day by the Duchess of Montrose. Photo by Crowe and Rodgers, Stirling.

TO THE BRAVE DEAD: THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR MEMORIAL TO THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS, UNVEILED BY THE DUCHESS OF MONTROSE

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Croydon is growing like a monster outbreathing ugliness; the old oaks of Purley have gone, cut up by the railway; the electric tram is already near the leafy portals of the beeches; the speculative builder waits to enter. Let him be kept out! Your money will do it, if you are not too late. The last £350 must be raised by Tuesday, or the builder wins. You are invited to send subscriptions to any of the following:—Capt. Alfred Carpenter, R.N., Hon. Secretary, Purley Beeches Executive Committee, Red House, Sanderstead; Mr. E. A. Martin, Hon. Sec., Croydon branch of Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society, 23, Campbell Road, Croydon; Mr. Lawrence W. Chubb, Secretary Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society, 25, Victoria Street, S.W. Cheques and postal orders to be made payable to the Purley Beeches Purchase Fund, and crossed "London City and Midland Bank, Croydon."



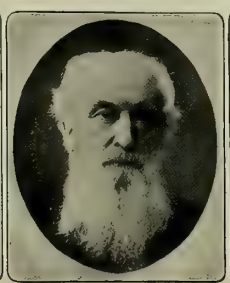
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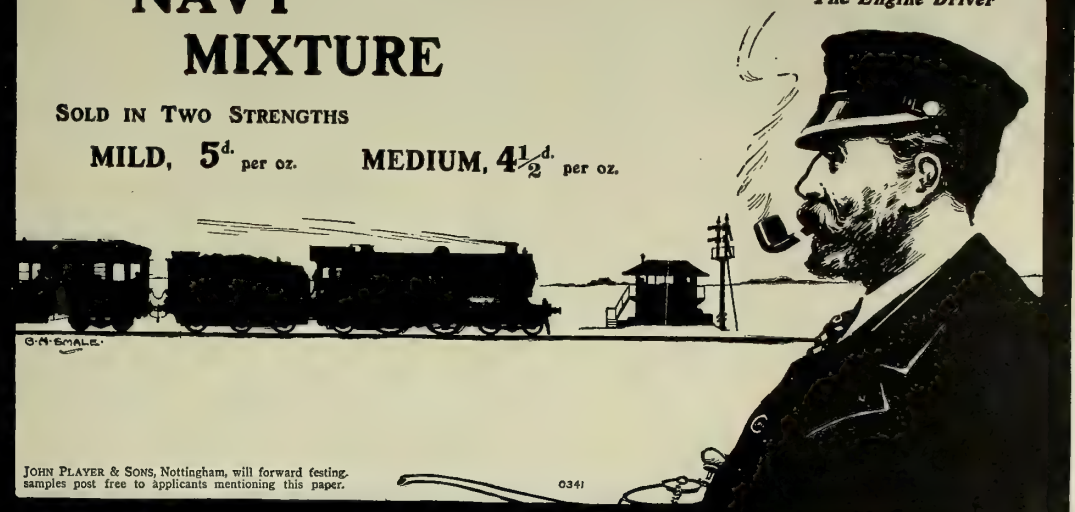
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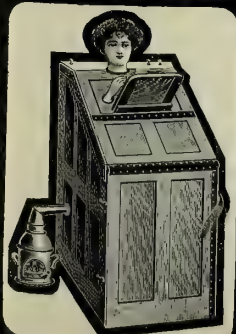
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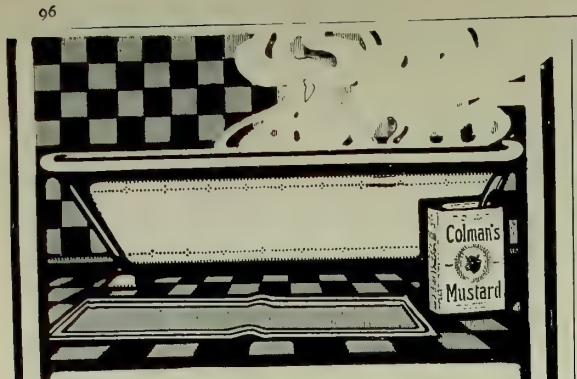
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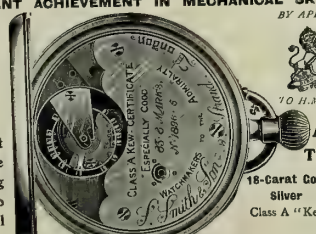
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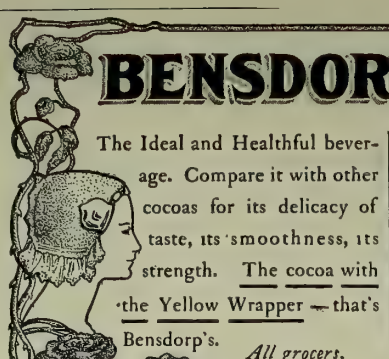
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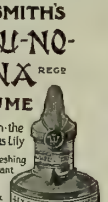
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SIR W. MAGNAY.
"The Love of Philip Hampden."
JOHN STRANGE WINTER.
"The Penniless Millionaire."
DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.
NEW VERSE.
"Durante and Selvaggia."
KAUFMAN SPIERS.
"Guinevere." GRAHAM HILL.
"Poems by Arthur Pfungst."
"The Death of Leander."
JOHN DRINKWATER.
"Glimmerings." CLARA S. DICKINS.
"Houses and Gardens."
M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT.
&c., &c., &c.

Some New Novels and Some New Verse : And Other Books

TRAGEDY

The story of "Izelle of the Dunes," by C. Guise Mitford (John Long), has many merits. Its unconventional plot excites a curiosity which rises into interest, if not altogether in the characters, yet in the solution of their psychological tangle; and a remote and primitive little Dutch island in the North Sea is a well-chosen and, by force of contrast, a picturesquely effective background for the rather violent action of the tale. The plot, based upon tragic vengeance as its motive, is too dependent upon lunacy; and the *dénoûment*—by means of a mutually fatal death-grapple between the avenger and his fated victim—is, to say the least, commonplace and crude. We think that when the former, an enthusiastic surgeon, has his enemy under the operating knife, the paramount claims of professional pride, honour, and duty could have led to a really fine dramatic close. Apart from such matters of opinion, the novel stands out well.

A COMEDY OF COMPLICATIONS

Sir William Magnay's comedy of complications, "The Duke's Dilemma" (John Long), is decidedly the best story that has as yet come from his pen. Besides being amusing and brightly written—qualities in which he has never been wanting—it is altogether free from a certain amateurishness of style and method that at one time he seemed unlikely to overcome. The nature of the story is such that it would be unfair to spoil its interest by previous revelations. It must suffice to say beforehand that while the author's skill in knitting up an apparently inextricable situation is not uncommon, his deftness in unravelling it is exceedingly rare. Most novelists can make a good knot; but neat and effective untying is, as most novelists soon find out, one of the most difficult things in the world. "The Duke's Dilemma" should require very little alteration to fit it for the stage.

JOHN STRANGE WINTER'S NINETY-SIXTH

John Strange Winter's ninety-sixth novel, "The Love of Philip Hampden" (F. V. White and Co.)—which means an average of about a new novel every four months in the course of thirty-two years—is likely to give posterity a singular notion of the state of London in 1907. Novelists and dramatists are traditionally assumed to give the truest pictures of their own times; and it may therefore be truer than a great many people imagine that any and everybody one meets, stranger, acquaintance, or familiar friend, is quite probably engaged in organised crime of which anarchical or socialistic societies—John Strange Winter seems vague about the difference—are merely the cover. So excellent a young man as Philip Hampden cannot emancipate himself from the too affectionate despotism of a maiden aunt without getting perilously entangled; and the innocence of the lady whose love gives the novel its singularly unsuggestive title is far from being made convincing to any reader who fails to fall a victim to her charms. The story is at any rate as lively as its subject requires, and that alone is much to say in the case of a ninety-sixth novel from a single pen.

SENSATION FROM DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY

Mr. David Christie Murray's new novel, "The Penniless Millionaire" (John Long), is evidently intended for a larger public than that which has so often been delighted in his realisations of actual character—especially when of the Black Country type—under circumstances which, if strange, were not too strange to be true. His present story of the theft of "the greatest jewel in the world" from a Buddhist temple in Shanghai, with all the complicated consequences, is the ultra-sensational extravagance of an author deliberately writing on uncongenial lines. In such cases the resulting concoction is almost certain to be overdone.

YOUR HOUSE AND YOUR GARDEN

"My house, my garden!" What a world of comfort and content may lie in those words if the man whose house and garden they are has sought to know their full meaning, their full possibility. To such a man, in such a search, Mr. M. H. Baillie Scott's book, "Houses and Gardens" (George Newnes), comes as guide, philosopher, and friend—guide because it shows him where and how far to go; philosopher, because it contains much wise lore upon houses and gardens; friend because it helps him to attain his ideals and to avoid things which will prevent their attainment.

Mr. Scott says in his introductory chapter that he professes no expert knowledge in the art of literature, but as a matter of fact his pages abound in beautiful passages; and if it is his business to design houses and their appointments, it is none the less true that he knows how to write about them with a charm as great as the charm of his own creations in stone and brick and timber, some of which are illustrated in delightful drawings throughout the book. He who intends to build himself a house would do well to obtain this book and read it carefully before he sets one stone upon another. We reproduce one of the many photographs.



A CHARMING LITTLE LIBRARY

From "Houses and Gardens." By M. H. Baillie Scott. (George Newnes.)

THE MINOR MUSE

All the poetry that is written is beneficial to somebody, if only to the writer. At the worst it represents an effort that it was worth the while to make, a mood of exaltation, a fumbling after higher things, though an ineffective fumbling in the dark. The reviewer should, therefore, speak gently of bad poetry, even as the good churchgoer speaks gently of bad sermons; and, perhaps for that reason, it would be a good idea if poems were treated like sermons and attended to by reporters instead of reviewers. A *verbatim* report would seldom be necessary; an elegant (or inelegant) extract would suffice. We are disposed to treat the volumes before us in that spirit.

There is one of them, indeed, which we would be willing enough to report *verbatim* if space and the law of copyright allowed: "Durante and Selvaggia, and Other Poems," by Kaufman Spiers (David Nutt). Mr. Kaufman drinks from his own glass, though it is but a little one. His sorrowful vein of sentiment seems genuine, and is gracefully expressed:—

Lost is the dawn in the dusk
Hear the purple twilight calling!
With rain, warm rain, like musk
Thro' the long darkness falling.

Lost is the dawn in the dusk—
Hear the song thy loved one's singing!
While languorous stars thro' the husk
Of a tired sky are swinging.

Lost is the dawn in the dusk—
See the lips of thy lost one wreathing!
With words, hot words, like musk,
Pressed musk, about thee breathing.

"Guinevere," by Graham Hill (Elkin Mathews), is a tragedy in three acts, and in blank verse. We should say that it is in the school of Matthew Arnold that the author has learnt to write blank verse; but let the reader judge:—

O my dear lord, we love not as we would,
But as love comes to us, and as love wills.
Never for us the pleasant ways of love,
Ours but to love. So soon the end has come,
But sithen there could be no other end,
What matter if it come or then or now?
Together we go forth into the night;
Let me hold fast thy hand, be close to thee,
Lest in the fearsome passage of the dark
I lose thee, and should be afraid. In life,
In death, we are together still;
My heart upon thy true heart beats its last.

"Poems by Arthur Pfungst" are translated from the German by E. F. L. Gauss (Kegan Paul), and translated poems are always difficult to judge. On the whole the translation shows more evidence of thought than of grace; but these lines are graceful:—

Silvery twilight lies
Over the field like a dream,
Lonely a wild bird flies
Over the woods and the stream.

Vail-like white vapours advancing
Rise from the meadows below,
Elves in their airy dancing
Sing of the human woe.

Zephyrs intoxicating
Through the green hedges play.
Larks in the corn awaiting
Whisper: "Soon cometh the day."

Flowers bedewed on their slender
Stems stretch their heads to the light—
Blessed who may see thy splendour
O Swedish summer night!

Messrs. Cornish Brothers, of Birmingham, publish "The Death of Leander, and Other Poems," by John Drinkwater, and it is hard for the critic to refrain from quoting Horace's *carmina quae scribuntur aquae potoribus*. We resist that temptation, but we are of opinion that if Mr. Swinburne had never written a certain well-known chorus of "Atalanta in Calydon," Mr. Drinkwater would never have written:—

God in his might arose,
And wrought with unscrutable plan,
Through boundless æons of time,
Till he fashioned a creature, Man.
And he gave him life on earth,
Of commingled darkness and light,
With fulfilment of love to bless,
And the waning of love to blight;
Wisdom to guide his steps,
And folly to lure him astray,
And passing glamour of sin,
And remorse that should last alway.

This is not quite so good as "Atalanta in Calydon," but it is uncommonly like it.

"Glimmerings," by Clara Swain Dickins (Fifield) consists mainly of brief bursts of song, suggesting doubts as to the writer's staying power. For instance:—

Too busy with contrition to prepare
Wherewith to satisfy to-morrow's bourne,
Occasion we prepare again to mourn,
Remorse again a day's unfoodful fare.

We have not the faintest idea what this means, but

we report it faithfully, in the hope that it may meet the eye of some one of greater intelligence.

FOUR CENTURIES OF LETTERS

It was a happy idea of the author of these interesting volumes ("Letters of Literary Men: Sir Thomas More to Burns, and of Literary Men of the Nineteenth Century." Two vols. By F. A. Mumby. Routledge and Sons) to illustrate the history of English literature by means of letters. We now have, and for the first time, in two compact volumes, a series of selected correspondence from Thomas More to Burns, and from Fanny Burney to Robert Buchanan, covering the years from 1535 to 1888—three hundred and fifty years. Mr. Mumby has sought to bring his readers "as far as possible into personal touch with the great authors of the last four hundred years," as he says; and he quotes James Howell's acute observation, made as long ago as 1645, that letters "may, more than history, enclose and tell their story by a more gentle and familiar way." In undertaking this task Mr. Mumby has given to all who love literature and wish to increase their knowledge of it an indispensable work. The letters are not only carefully selected and chronologically arranged, but they are annotated throughout and connected by a running commentary. A condensed but sufficient biography of each author is given in its proper place, a feature of the volumes which adds to their value.

Most of the letters, he says, have been chosen, not merely with a view of throwing light on the personality of the writers, but also on the literary world of their day, and his work will assuredly receive a hearty welcome from all lovers of literature.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

That eminently useful book of reference "Who's Who" (A. and C. Black), like all self-respecting publications of its kind, continues to grow in size yearly, and the issue for 1907 contains well-nigh 2,000 pages, or 180 more than its immediate predecessor. On a rough computation the total amount of compact little biographies—practically all British—must approach 20,000, which is surely a terrible number of notabilities for our little country to possess; but as "Who's Who" reminds us on its cover, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, so we refrain from further comment. As of late years, the tables which formed an important part of this publication are now issued, with many fresh and interesting additions as a separate book called "Who's Who Year Book."—"Whitaker's Almanac"—most indispensable of works of reference—enters its thirty-ninth year of issue with several notable improvements in the way of simplifying the information afforded. Thus the peerage now contains, in one series of lists, the holders of British, English, Scottish and Irish titles, while the statistics of finance and indebtedness have been transferred to the general section dealing with the constituent portions of our Empire. Amongst the special subjects included in this issue are short treatises on Army reform and the growth of travelling facilities in London, together with an epitomised account of the British Military System. The book has been subjected to rigid supervision, and all the information it contains has been brought thoroughly up to date. Another publication of the same press is "Whitaker's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage," which offers in handy form much of the information contained in the more ambitious "peerages."



The opening of the Simplon Tunnel has brought about an enormous increase in the passenger traffic through Montreux, and this winter it is fuller than ever. The largest hotel is the Montreux Palace, which is now having its first winter season. It ranks among the best hotels on the Continent, and is already attracting to what was once an inexpensive district the wealthiest class of traveller.

MODERN MONTREUX: THE SALLE DES FÊTES AT THE GREAT NEW HOTEL



This ram is the "regimental pet" of the 2nd V.B. Sherwood Foresters (Notts and Derby Regiment). The "Foresters" are the only Volunteer battalion with a pet, so that the ram's position is unique. He was presented to the battalion by the Duke of Devonshire, and is named "The Duke." He leads the regiment on all its marches.

A DISTINGUISHED RAM: THE ONLY PET IN ALL THE VOLUNTEERS

Flowers of the Sea

"We have already learned," wrote the Prince of Monaco not long since, "that a whole world of fishes, molluscs, annelids, medusæ, cephalopoda and crustaceans, come to the surface at night and return before day to a depth of some hundreds of fathoms, forming a living tide which ebbs and flows in every sea." Let us leave for a moment the other members of this tidal life and concentrate our attention on the medusæ, a huge group whose family name was first bestowed on the anemones from a fancied likeness between the snaky tresses of Medusa and the tentacles of these soft-bodied animals. The family and its near relatives include hydroids, jelly-fishes proper, coral polyps and sea anemones, and though they are of a higher form of life than the foraminifera, or the sponges, they are lower than sea-urchins and star-fishes, and far lower than worms and oysters. Some of them are poetically and justly named ocean flowers, for they live and grow rooted like a plant to one spot; and though in nature they are animal, not vegetable, they put forth veritable buds and blossoms. Sea anemones have been compared with garden asters; and, indeed, the living tentacles of the one might be taken for a rough copy of the thick petals of the other. They vary in size between half an inch and six inches in diameter, but the splendid specimen which comes from the Pacific is more than a foot across its disc. When the pretty, flower-like creature wishes to open itself out, it takes in a quantity of salt water, and when it wishes to shut itself up it spurts the water out, drawing its tentacles close. Both mouth and stomach are elastic, and soft and mild and helpless as a sea anemone may appear, it is yet far from defenceless. Within that plump body, around the mouth, and along the slender hanging white cords, lie concealed thousands, even millions, of weapons. Each weapon is a very fine and delicate thread of hollow make, curled tightly up in a minute cell, ready for use. When a sea anemone desires to injure or to kill it darts out a number of these little "lassoes." Each lasso is not merely unwound, but is actually turned inside out, like a stocking when one is pulling it off; and as the instantaneous process takes place poison flows with the tiny dart into the wound that is made. Not less numerous, but more dangerous, are the countless hordes of so-called jelly-fish, or sea-nettles, though they are in truth neither fish nor nettle. They are of all shapes and sizes, from tiny translucent bags of liquid to huge discs of jelly-like substance rivalling an umbrella in diameter, with bundles of fleshy tentacles hanging from below in place of a handle, and thin streamers reaching to a length of a hundred feet. Some are more like saucers or bowls. Many again are like little inverted delicate shrubs; and some, like the "Portuguese Man-of-war," carry sail upon the surface of the waters. Allied to them are the coral-zoophytes. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the elegant opaline polyps of this zoophyte when fully expanded, and clustered like flowers on an orange-coloured stalk; a beauty changed at night, when on the slightest irritation the whole colony glows from one extremity to the other with undulating waves of pale green phosphorescent light. (Our photographs, on another page, are by Arthur Ullyett.)



THE CREW



THE TARGET

The champion gun crew of the China Station, a group of whom, with their trophy and target, is here shown, did some remarkable firing last year. They hit the target, firing with 6in. guns, eleven times with eleven rounds, and most of the hits, as our photograph of the target shows, were very near the centre. The names of the champion crew were as follows:—Back Row—W. Starling, R. Shard, A. J. Milton, R. Beck, J. Renton, W. Perry. Middle Row—C. Blake, "G." Lieut. Dewar, Gunlayer Walter Bell, Lieut. Hampton, R.M.L.I., G. Ashdown. Front Row—C. Bunting, R. Hughes, A. Strong, D. Franklin. Photos by Ah Fong, Wei-hai-Wei.

ELEVEN ROUNDS, ELEVEN HITS: THE CHAMPION 6-IN. GUN CREW OF THE CHINA STATION

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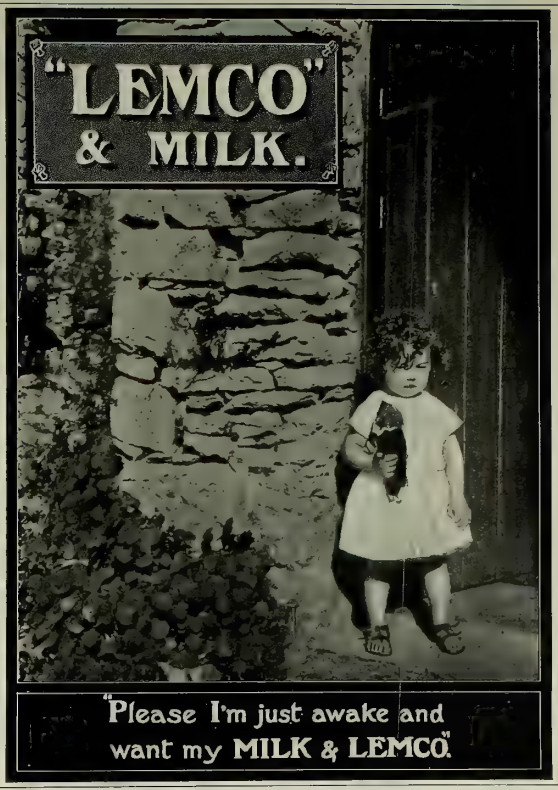
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Flowers of the Sea



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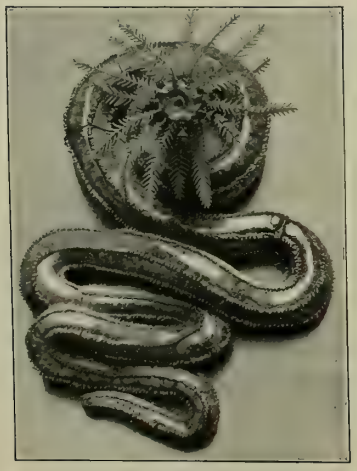
AN ANEMONE



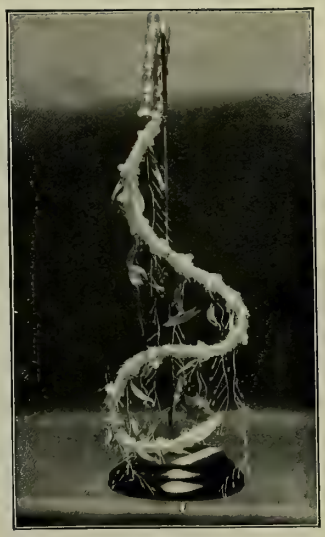
A GROUP OF ANEMONES



A COLONY IN A SCALLOP SHELL



A SEA SLUG



A "SEA FAIRY" FROM NICE



THE MOUTH AND TENTACLES OF A SEA ANEMONE

SOME BEAUTIFUL BLOSSOM-LIKE DENIZENS OF THE OCEAN

Printed and Published by GEORGE ROBERT PARKER, at Tallis Street, in the City of London. Entered as Second-class Matter at New York (N.Y.) Post Office.—JANUARY 19, 1907.

AFTER THE CHRISTMAS FURLOUGH



JACK'S GOOD-BYES TO SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES: A SCENE AT WATERLOO STATION
DRAWN BY VICTOR PROUT

THE F.O. BAG

By LUCIEN WOLF

The German Elections are taking place as I write. Of the result there can be very little doubt. Only a miracle can give victory to the irresolute, ill-assorted, and mutually suspicious factions which Prince von Buelow has endeavoured to rally round the Imperial standard. The discipline of the Centre and the Socialists, their cohesion and the large volume of popular discontent to which they appeal, are almost certain to carry the day. Were Germany really as prosperous and as wisely governed as some of our political heretics assure us, the result might have been different, for the bulk of the nation really hate both Reds and Blacks. I was in Germany when the dissolution of the Reichstag took place, and I can testify to the genuine enthusiasm with which Prince von Buelow's appeal to the country against the domination of the Roman Catholic Centre was received. The prospect of being at last relieved of the unholy compact by which a minority of Roman Catholics virtually governed the Protestant nation caused almost a delirium of delight. It was not long, however, before the people began to realise that there were worse dangers than the Centre or even the Socialists, and that, however detestable their religious or economic opinions might be, they were not responsible for the practical evils under which the country laboured. How, for example, could the growing power of the Crown be restrained, or the meat famine abated, if once the Liberals and Radicals became the helpless creatures of the Imperial Chancellor?

The Liberals could not but remember how once before, and under very similar circumstances, their patriotism was imposed upon. When the National Liberals, in the 'seventies, joined Prince Bismarck's Cartel it was with the idea that the great national edifice they were helping to construct would be crowned with Responsible Government *à l'Anglaise*. Not only was this hope not realised, but the coalition virtually crushed out the classic Liberalism of Germany, and founded on its ruins a new Autocracy. That Autocracy has endured to this day. Indeed, politically and economically, Germany is now far more retrograde than she was thirty years ago. Would the Liberals fare better in the new coalition? The question has been asked of the Imperial Chancellor, but he has not answered it. Precedence, he says oracularly, must be given to other things, such as the Colonies, the fleet, and the necessity of preserving national ideals—none of which butter the Liberal parsnips. This, of course, puts the Liberals in a dilemma, for they cannot go over to the other side without courting a similar *harri-karri*.

Nor is the position of the Conservatives one whit less embarrassing. They distrust their Liberal allies, and would much rather act with the Centre, which they know to be essentially Conservative. They dare not, however, make overtures to their old friends because they could not act with the Socialists, who, by a singular piece of topsy-turvydom, are now the friends of their friends. Hence there is confusion in the Government camp. Nevertheless the Government is pretty safe, for in the new Reichstag it will always be able to defy a Clerico-Socialist majority with impunity. I am very much afraid, however, that the final upshot may be a virtual suspension of all Parliamentarism.

The topsy-turvydom of the Clerical question in Europe is enough to produce vertigo in the political student. While Protestant Germany is marshalling its legions against the Roman Catholic Centre, Roman Catholic France is also levying war on the Vatican and all its works. But here the resemblance ceases, for while in the one case the Ultramontanes are hand and glove with the Socialists as the protagonists of democracy, in the other they are the props of political Reaction, with the whole of Social Democracy arrayed against them. Though the fight seems to be going badly for the Church in France, I fancy the last word has not yet been spoken. The suppleness of Rome is inexhaustible, and it is suggestively illustrated by the contrast I have just quoted. Moreover, the social effects of the struggle have yet to make themselves felt.

The final battle will be fought not in Parliament, but on the domestic hearth. The last word will rest, as it usually does, with the women. I felt this very strongly the other day while reading the sad romance of Gambetta's *liaison* with Madame Léonie Léon. What was it frustrated the loves of these two people? The Clerical question. And the Clericals won. Gambetta wanted a civil marriage; Madame Léon a church wedding. "*Le mariage sans Dieu*" she writes in an exquisitely poignant letter "*me laisserait mon passé; le mariage sanctifié par Lui peut seul l'effacer.*" The civil arm cannot struggle against convictions like this. They broke Gambetta; they have made M. Jaurès tremble; they will yet bring M. Clemenceau to one of those compromises which Prince Bismarck once said are "*überall die Basis des konstitutionellen Lebensprozesses.*"



M. REVOIL

France's skilful representative at the Algeciras Conference, who succeeds M. Jules Cambon as Ambassador to Spain. See "F.O. Bag."



THE LATE SENATOR GIUSEPPE SARACCO

A former President of the Italian Senate. Was born in 1818. Of a wealthy Piedmontese family. Was created a Senator in 1865, became Minister of Finance, was twice Minister of Public Works, and from 1898 until two years ago was President of the Senate.



LIEUT.-COL. SIR EDOUARD GIROUARD

Lieut.-Colonel Sir Edouard Girouard, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., who has been appointed temporarily High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of the Protectorate of Northern Nigeria, has served in Egypt and South Africa. He laid the railway during Lord Kitchener's advance on Khartoum, and organised the railway transport for the moving of troops and supplies in South Africa.

Some stir has been created in political circles by an article published by the Paris *Temps*, in which French co-operation with Germany for the completion of the Bagdad Railway is advocated. Taken in conjunction with M. René Millet's campaign for a Franco-German *entente*, which has received very considerable support—see, for example, M. Combes de Lestrade's article in the new number of the *Revue Politique et Parlementaire*—this should give pause to our Teutophobes who have planked all their money on the permanent isolation of Germany. France can no more afford to leave Germany—and possibly Germany and Russia—a free hand in Asia Minor than she can consent to pursue much longer the barren and embarrassing mission confided to her in Morocco by the Wise Men of Algeciras. If she is to realise her Colonial ambitions in peace, and at the same time deal effectively with her great social and economic problems at home, she must come to terms with Germany. Indeed, she is already hankering for the quiet times when, thanks to the complaisance of Prince Bismarck, she created the larger part of her present Colonial Empire, shrugging her shoulders, meanwhile, at the frowns of Downing Street. This trend of French opinion should be closely and vigilantly watched in this country. It is not the first time that the problem has presented itself to our Foreign Office, and Sir Edward Grey will have no difficulty in finding the remedy in his pigeon-holes.

What surprises me is that the *Temps* article should have caused any astonishment in this country. It is well known that M. Delcassé was always in favour of French participation in the Bagdad Railway, and that his scheme was only frustrated by the agitation against it—or rather against British participation, regarded as essential both in Berlin and Paris—which was cleverly engineered in this country four years ago. I happened to see something of the *coulisses* of that agitation. The prevailing idea at the time was that the Government were prevented from making a disastrous bargain with Germany by a spontaneous outburst of popular shrewdness. As a matter of fact the agitation was most carefully engineered from St. Petersburg, and carried out in this country by influential Panslavists, assisted by M. Cheradame. All the erudition of our London papers was supplied by M. Cheradame, then a violent Anglophobe, who came over here with a caseful of copies of his book on "Le Chemin de Fer de Bagdad," which were widely and gratuitously distributed. I could give the names of the persons who managed the distribution, but it is unnecessary. The enterprise was scandalously successful.

While we are transforming a man of letters, in the person of Mr. Bryce, into an Ambassador, I note that a distinguished French diplomatist, M. Francis Charmes, is giving himself up entirely to literature. M. Charmes was in his early life well known in journalism, but his best work was performed in the eighties at the Quai d'Orsay, where for several years he filled the post of "Directeur des Affaires politiques," and reached the rank of a Minister Plenipotentiary. He now succeeds M. Brunetière as editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Another interesting appointment is that of M. Revoil to the French Embassy at Madrid in succession to M. Jules Cambon, who goes to Berlin. M. Revoil is at present French Minister at Berne. He represented the Republic at Algeciras with conspicuous skill, and made so favourable an impression on the Spaniards that when the projected nomination of M. Leygues to the French Embassy broke down, the Madrid Foreign Office specially asked for his appointment.

THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN REVIVALS



DON ALHAMBRA DEL BOLERO, THE GRAND INQUISITOR
(Mr. John Clulow).

THE THEATRES

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

Exaggeration, when unintentional, is the first outward and visible sign that an art is developing upon wrong lines, is growing lopsided and deformed because the persons concerned with it are paying undue attention to one limb and forgetting the others. So *Le Marquis de Priola*, which M. Le Bargy and the French company at the Royalty gave this week, though not in any sense a good play, is a play of great importance. It is a glaring example of the tendency of modern dramatists to deal too exclusively with the thought-life of their characters, leaving out of count altogether such old-fashioned factors as riches, poverty, ambition, the desire to stand well with the world, etc.—in fact, all the circumstances and potentialities of the outward facts of life. In Shakespeare and the great dramatists' work the thought-life and the outward circumstances of existence are interdependent, as they are actually in the life of all healthy and normal-minded people. When the thought-life becomes predominant and the necessities of existence cease to have weight the result is egotism and mania. This brings me to my point, that the modern advanced dramas of the day, such as *Le Marquis de Priola*, *The Doctor's Dilemma*, etc.—which are the direct outcome of Ibsen's influence upon dramatic art—are the dramas of mania. The Marquis de Priola is a demented person who pursues women, not for love or the gratification of animal passion, but because to watch their mental sufferings is the only pleasure life holds for him. Mr. Shaw's Louis Dubedat, with his inability to grasp the first principles of honesty, is another example of the lunatic hero. That Paris and London should accept such plays as great is a somewhat significant symptom of the tendency to over-estimate the value of intellect and overlook the value of emotion or heart of a certain section of town society just now.

"THE STRONGER SEX" AT THE APOLLO

The outlook would be depressing but for the fact that "the people" do not accept such works. Their healthy instincts—which they do not trouble to fathom—make them prefer even such comparatively artless plays as Mr. John Valentine's *The Stronger Sex*, at the APOLLO, which is a simple *réchauffé* of convention, but of a convention which had its beginning in a truer and better proportioned art than the art of the Scandinavian dramatist. The heroine of the stronger sex, who finds on the day of her wedding that her bridegroom has married her for her money, is in a very "tight place," but instead of moping or doing strange things, such as taking a lover or striving to get out of the contract, she sets to work to use her wit and her will to put things straight by showing her husband the immorality of his conduct. That her method of doing this, which includes showing him his utter dependence upon her fortune, and pointing a revolver at him when he threatens to strike her, is not complex or quite convincing to subtle minded people, is only to say that *The Stronger Sex* is not a great work. It is impossible that every play or many plays should be great; the important point is that when not great they should be conceived upon the right lines of well-proportioned and not lopsided art. While the highly intellectual sneer at pocket melodrama, the far-seeing are glad that such a play as *The Stronger Sex* should be favourably received and be independent of State support, because it has the power of drawing an audience.

"DRAMATICUS."

"THE GONDOLIERS" AT THE SAVOY

The revival of *The Gondoliers* at the SAVOY was a great success. It is truly Gilbertian and Sullivanesque, and has lost little of its charm since it was originally produced eighteen years ago. Mr. C. H. Workman as the Duke of Plaza-Toro was admirable. As the Grand Inquisitor Mr. John Clulow was as excellent as Mr. Pacie Ripple and Mr. Richard Green as Marco and Giuseppe Miss Louie René did pretty well as the Duchess, and the Casilda of Miss Marie Wilson, the Gianetta of Miss Lilian Coomber, and the Tessa of Miss Jessie Rose were very good. In fact, the performance as a whole was almost worthy of the SAVOY at its palmiest.



GIANETTA
(Miss Lilian Coomber).

TESSA
(Miss Jessie Rose).

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL COMPANY, LIMITED, has issued an interesting map showing the proposed Channel Tunnel Railway, the connections at Dover and at Wissant, and a longitudinal section of the whole tunnel. On the French side the line before entering the tunnel crosses a viaduct, which could easily be destroyed by gun-fire from mid-Channel, while the exit on the English side is well inland and commanded by the Dover batteries.



DUCHESS OF PLAZA-TORO
(Miss Louie René)

DUKE OF PLAZA-TORO
(Mr. C. H. Workman).

CASILDA
(Miss Marie Wilson).

GIUSEPPE PALMIERI
(Mr. Richard Green).

MARCO PALMIERI
(Mr. Pacie Ripple).

"THE GONDOLIERS" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE
DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER

POTTER AND CLAY

Written by JOHN A. STEUART

A Complete Story

Illustrated by FRANK CRAIG



"And or ever the bugles could blow we were roaring among the Punjabis, the Shropshires roaring at our backs. Then it was a race, a glorious race, between Briton and Asiatic for first place in the breach."

We lay in the shade of a pine, absorbing the perfume of twenty miles of empurpled heather, and discussing high themes of policy, feats of arms, glory and sudden death. One or two crafty approaches on my part to a forbidden subject were quietly thwarted. Yet something in Dunbar's tone encouraged me; his very denial, indeed, seemed to have in it a suggestion of relenting, a note of confidence, of invitation, as if the long, obstinate, and even angry avoidance of the matter were past, and the time at last had come to unbosom himself to the right ears. Emboldened by this thought I took the plunge.

"It was hot work," I said, thrilling like one who is at once guilty, eager and afraid, "and the sequel must have been extraordinarily interesting."

He looked at me quickly from under his thick white brows, his grey eye keen and questioning. "You're lying there, and you little guess how hot," was the response. He fell silent a moment, and then added, musingly, "And to think that, so far as he and I were concerned, it was all because of a woman."

"Most things are," I observed sapiently, affecting a light indifference over dancing pulses.

"Now, who can have told you that?" he demanded, with a touch of his old sarcasm. "Solomon never spoke a truer word. For it's Gospel truth—a man is just what a woman makes him, neither more nor less. Potter and clay, potter and clay, look at it as you like." He leaned his face on his hands, and gazed abstractedly across the valley to the blue hills beyond.

I knew he was back among the guns and bayonets; I knew also he was thinking less of the grim red thing itself than of what had sent him there. All at once he sat up as at a word of command, again turning his eyes sharply upon me.

"You've never heard the full truth of that matter," he said, "for all the tales and fables that are so rife concerning it."

"No," I replied, "because the only man who knows the full truth is obdurately dumb."

"I should think that's his business," was the dry rejoinder. "Some folk, you see, object to the long, impertinent neb of the gossip and the scandalmonger. To be plain with you, I held my tongue, because it was my pleasure, because it was my right, ay, and because it was my duty. But now—time removes many inhibitions—makes many things permissible. Besides, you're one of my own boys, and—and I've been thinking that, maybe, I shouldn't be dumb to the bitter end."

I settled myself to listen in a flutter of excitement and expectation. The mystery of a generation was to be unravelled at last, and the ear selected for honour was mine.

"And, first," he began, "let me say that, trite as it may appear in these days of infinite wisdom, the strangest of all strange things are the twists and turns of fortune. When Peter Braid and I came home together for the holidays over fifty years ago, it's little either of us imagined it was to be the red coat and two campaigns with Sir Colin."

'And the V.C.," I put in.

"We'll not speak of that," he returned. "It was but a side issue. You are to understand that *she* was struggling with all her might to keep a head above water. Her father, you see, had died suddenly, leaving her alone with her mother and the little school, if she could make anything of it, which was doubtful. We helped, or pretended to help her—a little Latin, some mathematics, a bit of French and English, and what not, for she had to work hard to keep ahead of her older pupils. She was but a girl herself.

"To Braid it was all the rarest pastime. 'I like your little schoolmistress,' he told me. 'An innocent, confiding little thing, suffering, alas! from a defective education and a grievous lack of shekels. There I sympathise—a common experience. If I were rich I'd endow her. As it is, I am your debtor for a very merry entertainment.' At that my face must have flushed, for he laughed. 'Hey day,' says he, 'and has rustic simplicity found its mark, then?' 'Braid,' said I, every fibre in me tingling, 'you're my friend, and I have no manner of desire you should ever be anything else.'

"'Your rival, for example,' he said, laughing again.

"'You choose to make a jest of it,' I rejoined, starchily enough, no doubt. 'Heavens! this is serious,' he cried, with yet another laugh. I was never good at enduring ridicule. I could endure it least of all from one who called himself my friend. 'I'm not going to contradict you,' I replied, 'and for that reason it's best we should dismiss the subject. We wrong the absent. I desire, if you please, to hear no more of rural simplicity, confiding innocence, and all that.' I saw him stiffening and colouring. 'Ho, ho, so that's how the wind blows, is it?' he answered with a queer smile. 'Pardon me, if I say that in accepting your invitation, I had no notion my conduct was to be made the subject of lectures. It's good of you to play the moral, but, my dear fellow, have you forgotten that I pay for that kind of thing at the University?'

"What passed between us then is neither here nor there, except in the consequence. We were a pair of hot young fools. He left my father's house with his nose in the air, though with the most courteous thanks to his host and hostess. I'll say that for him. Naturally I thought he was going straight home; but instead my gentleman must needs go and take quarters in the village down by. You can see he meant it to be a challenge, and I took it as such. Well, the next of it was that he and she were studying together. Right excellently he could teach if teaching was to be the business, and apt and quick she was at the learning, having both need and cleverness to spur her on. As you may guess, this turn of events cost me some sleepless and feverish nights. You see I couldn't ram a bullet home and take my revenge, as I might have done afterwards, and nobody been the wiser. For a while she had no notion we had quarrelled, nor was it our cue to tell her. So she praised him to me for his exceeding great kindness in teaching her mathematics, and me to him for doing the like in Latin. It's little enough of Cæsar or Virgil was in my head when I was with her. But never mind that."

"Didn't she wonder you were never together now?" I inquired.

"The time came when she couldn't help wondering. She asked as a child asks, and like a child was put off. I never knew what excuses he made, and I've entirely forgotten mine. We studiously avoided each other; but one evening, by mishap or miscalculation, we met under her roof. A glance told her we were no longer friends; indeed, a glance must have told her we were mortal enemies. All the time we were in her presence we never spoke directly *to* each other; but we spoke *at* each other; and, as you may have found out, of all kinds of speech that's the most irritating. I could see first the surprise, then the alarm, and then the quick pain in her face. We left together—he bitterly tantalising; I resolved to settle matters forthwith. If his tongue was the more cutting, my arm was the stronger. I could have taken him across my knee and wrung his neck like a hen's, and I meant to do it, or something like it."

"A pretty case for the Yellow Press," I commented.

"I had not thought of that," Dunbar returned. "I had no thought of anything but the hot, blind, passion raging and surging within me. Her fears must have been roused, for she followed in the dark, and in the moment of settlement leaped between us. In the same instant the moonlight came with a gush through yon gap in the hills. I could see her white terrified face and the horror and pleading of her eyes."

"'You were going to fight,' she said, panting like one who has run a mile in dreadful haste. 'That was our intention,' I replied. At any other time I would have spared her. But the devil was rampant within, and must show himself. 'And if you don't mind,' I said, 'we will ask you to be good enough to retire.' 'I will not retire,' she announced, with an energy which even then filled me with wonder. 'I will not retire until you promise to be friends again.' 'Then,' said I, and many and many a time since I have felt like taking the belt to myself for that same, 'I greatly fear you are likely to be kept waiting a very long time.'

"'May I explain, Miss Grant?' said Braid in his finest manner, 'that it seems Mr. Dunbar has conjured up some monstrous wrong of which I am the innocent if offending cause.'

"She put her hand to her breast as if to ease a great pain. 'What is it?' she asked, catching her breath. The question was addressed to me, but Braid took it on himself to reply. 'Well!' says he, 'to be quite frank, I believe the grievance is that you have been so good as to honour me with some degree of friendship.' Now the worst of it was that this was true to the last letter, and that I could neither disown nor acknowledge it in that place and situation. The forcible suppression of speech made me all the readier to act, however. My intention must have gleamed in my face, for quick as thought she had me by the arm. Eh! my God! how I was favoured that night, though too great a sinner to see it. If ever the woman you care for, the one out of ten millions, lays hand on you in appeal, take it softly, lest you should be in sackcloth for the rest of your life. For a man's neck, when all is said and done, there's only one pair of arms, barring his mother's—one pair and no more; and for his heart of hearts just one other heart.

"I made to pass her, but she would not give way, being wiser and much stronger than I was. 'You will not do that,' she said, and clung to me. Now the idea that she was taking his part against me was like oil to fire. I shook her off, blind to my own rudeness—how often the thought of it has brought the cold sweat of remorse to me since! Before I knew what was happening, he was down. He made no attempt to defend himself or hit back, and his martyr look angered me the more. I called him many names, and made to finish the business; but in a twinkling she was between us again. 'You will not,' she said, drawing herself up two inches beyond her natural height. 'You will not, unless you first pass over me.' By heaven's grace I was saved from the shame of lifting my hand against a woman—against her; but the savage in me was not laid. 'It's fit and proper you should protect him,' I retorted. 'It's a nurse he needs. Take him home with you,' and with that I swung on my heel. She stood quite silent and motionless, watching me, but, as I disappeared round the fir clump—you can see it yonder—there came the piercing, desolate cry, 'Kenny, Kenny, don't leave me like that. Come back, come back!' You see, we had played as children together, and she had always called me by my Christian name. The hot blood sang and drummed in my ears; I had a wicked satisfaction in her wail. 'I'll humble you, my lady,' I said to myself as I strode on unheeding. 'See if I don't.' It's the way of a fool to lay up rods for his own back. I was putting mine in very bitter brine indeed.

He paused, his lip twitching, and I pretended to watch a motor raising a line of dust on the highway far below. Presently he resumed,

"The next time he and I met was in the College Quad—you know the place. I meant to pass head in the air, but that would by no means suit Mr. Peter Braid. 'And how does Mr. Dunbar find himself after the vacation?' he asked with a grin. 'Never a hair the better for your asking,' was my reply, which is just what silly callowness would say. At that someone called out, 'Oh! ho! can it be that Jonathan and David have fallen out?' 'Indeed, then,' says Braid with a mocking air of regret, 'if I may presume to arrogate to myself the part of Jonathan, I find David turned kittle and cantankerous on my hands. What I would advise him, as a friend, is this, Beware of green-eyed jealousy.' 'Is that the complaint?' cries the other, whereupon there was a roar of laughter.

"There was no laughter, at any rate on Braid's part, when we met after the class was over. I needn't trouble you with details. Some called for the police, but, as you know, the police have no jurisdicton inside the University walls and the gates were banged in their faces. So it was a matter for the Senatus; and as one of the professors witnessed the whole thing from start to finish there was neither difficulty nor delay over the evidence. Two students marked for honours and looking to the Church, if you please, were cast foth branded. You know what that means. Once outside, once cut adrift from the familiar anchorage, I had no notion under the sun what to do. One thing only burned with perfect clearness in my mind, that it was impossible to go home. Therefore, when a smart recruiting sergeant spoke to me affably I took his shilling. Before I had well mastered my drill I was on the way to the Crimea; before six months were over I stood in Sir Colin's 'thin red line' at Balaclava, when the Cossacks came thundering down on us, meaning to eat us alive, but changed their minds, and wheeled at the frosty glimmer of our steel.

"I came out of that Crimean mess a sergeant, though heaven knows I was thinking little enough of promotion. Scarcely had we drawn breath when we—that is to say the 93rd—embarked 1,100 bayonets strong for China, where the pigtails were giving trouble. At Simon's Bay, Cape Town, we heard of the Mutiny and got fresh orders—this time for Calcutta. Some five weeks later we were off the Sandheads, which is to say the mouth of the Hooghly. There we got news of the sieges of Delhi and Lucknow and the devilries at Cawnpore, things, as you may well imagine, to inflame the blood. My part in the Mutiny campaign would be neither here nor there, except for the one thing, the point and pivot of my story.

"Before leaving Portsmouth we received volunteers from various other regiments to make us up to the active strength. One day, among a group of these arrivals, I caught a man looking at me with an expression that was not exactly one of affection, and had in it something familiar and startling.

"'Braid,' I cried excitedly.

"'Even so,' returned Dunbar. 'Braid, though he now called himself by another name. As our eyes met he was smiling. Oh! well I knew that smile. His expression was one of triumph. 'The chase has been long, but I have caught you at last,' it said exultingly. In appearance he was a good deal changed; but in spirit he was still the man I had left in the moonlight—with her.

"'So we're both wearing the Queen's uniform,' I said to him, conscious that it lay on me as his superior officer to say something, and having no wit for anything else. 'So it appears, Sergeant,' he answered, never moving a muscle of his face. 'And I hope we'll agree in our new relations,' I added, feeling the futility of the words as I spoke. 'I will always endeavour to do my duty, Sergeant,' says he, standing up as rigidly as a poker. Not a reference to the past, you see, nor to old friendships. The rest paid no attention. To them we were simply sergeant and private. Little guessed they what was behind, or what his coming meant. Often and often on the voyage out I caught him watching me with a sinister, cat-like furtiveness; but he was well-behaved and patient.

"'All in good time,' he seemed to think. 'We're going into action presently, and then——'

"'You don't mean to say,'" I observed in astonishment and horror, but he stopped me.

"'I mean to say that many things are done in action which are never mentioned in official despatches.'"

"As, for example, that private accounts are, at times, settled by a bullet which isn't an enemy's."

"'You could not very well call it a friend's.'" Dunbar replied. "In this case, the opportunity being favourable, I had no doubt at all what would happen. Oh, yes! doubtless I could have taken precautions. But what reason could I have given? He was one of the best soldiers in the regiment, and had again and again refused promotion, for reasons known to himself and guessed at by me. Where was my case for precaution? In time of war you cannot look a man up on the vague suspicion that one day a bullet from his rifle is not unlikely to take a wrong direction. Besides, I was his sergeant—he had planned it so—and that complicated matters further."

"Dramatic," I remarked, thrilling through and through. "Well!"

"Well! it was grin and bear, as you will understand, or, rather, it was bear without the grin, for that dirust not be shown. But I tell you the sensation of ice trickling down my back came oftener than was at all agreeable. You should have seen him fondle his gun, lay his cheek against it as if whispering deadly secrets against the day of reckoning. I hadn't the reputation of being a coward, but I own frankly the sight of him caressing that rifle as though it were linked to him in the bonds of conspiracy, made me shiver. A kind of awe took hold of me, so that I began, like the Psalmist of old, to have disquieting thoughts at midnight. Don't imagine that the natural wickedness didn't come out. I thought of the advantage of having first shot many and many a time. But I thought also of the court-martial, and—well I wasn't just stark mad.

"The arrival and the transport up country came as a welcome diversion. In Cawnpore, I remember, we were allowed to examine the scene of the massacre, to whet our appetites for what was coming. We visited the slaughter-house you have read of in your history books, where 120 of our women and nearly 100 of our children were butchered with cruelties I cannot describe and you cannot imagine. I mind that the floor was strewn with torn dresses, children's toys, shoes and what not, and that there were bloody finger marks all round the bare whitewashed walls, telling their own tale of horror. I was musing there with what thoughts you may fancy, when all at once some instinct or impulse made me turn, and there, staring at me, was Peter Braid. For half a minute he neither moved nor spoke; then, sweeping the ghastly relics with his eyes, he called out, "'Vengeance is Mine; I will repay," saith the Lord.' It was the first voluntary remark I had heard him make since he joined us, and immediately on uttering it he turned and left, leaving me staring after him in a stony coldness, which you may account for as you like.

"Next morning a salute from the mud fort told us that Sir Colin had come, and that business would begin at once. We were to march on Lucknow, where the besieged Residency was full of men, women and children, whom it was our duty to relieve. As we drew near, and heard the enemy's guns, a tremendous excitement and eagerness seized us. We wanted to advance at the double, and Sir Colin himself had to restrain us, even as he had done that October day in face of the Cossacks. Suddenly in the midst of it all I caught Peter Braid looking at me with such a gleam as I had never seen in human eyes before. It was that kind of look which tells of a purpose near fulfilment, a purpose to be executed at all hazards, and at any cost.

"We were brigaded with the Shropshires and a regiment of Punjab infantry, the Fourth I think it was. Well do I mind the Punjabis, their friendly curiosity over the Highlanders and their zeal in lending us cooking utensils, our own having gone astray or been stolen by deserters. Just before delivering the attack Sir Colin reviewed us. His own lads he called us of the 93rd, and well he might, since three-fourths of us wore the Crimean medals. He told the whole force what was to be done and the difficulty of doing it. 'There are British women and children yonder,' he said, pointing with his right hand, 'and the folks at home rely on you to rescue them.' The army yelled with pride and enthusiasm, Peter Braid yelling loudest and longest of all. But I who stood beside him knew it was not of the rescue of women and children he was thinking. Well, as you know, the tussle was hard and sharp and pretty red—no field-day manœuvres with a cavalry nicely trained to turn and gallop off at the regulation distance, and an umpire politely declaring winners at the right moment—to prevent confusion. The beggars, how they fought! It cost us much vexation and some valuable lives to wipe out their mud fort at Jellalabad and clear them out of the Dilkusha Palace and the Martinière—that's the College, you understand, where the children of Belial learned how to put their natural villainy to use. But at last we got possession of the Palace and the Martinière and advanced within range of the Secundrabagh. So far Braid and I both got through whole. He had not taken his chance, and I mind wondering at that, because he must have had clear opportunity in the mad confusion about the Martinière. Perhaps he was content to bide a better time. At any rate, there we were together in front of the Secundrabagh, exposed to the full fire of a hidden enemy. The rebels swarmed like bees in some huts near by, and without thinking much what we were about, up we sprang, tore off the roofs, and leaped in among them. It was a mad kind of enterprise, each man doing just what he thought best for the occasion, but it was magnificent for all that—one of the lucky things a General never reckons on, but takes credit for in the result all the same. Well, through it all Braid was at my back, and I remember that in the very midst of the inferno it flashed on me that a bayonet of my own company might at any moment come out between my ribs. However, life was cheap that day, and I don't believe a man of us gave two thoughts to his personal danger. To my surprise Braid and I again came out of the carnage whole, chiefly, I suppose, because there were so many opportunities to die.

"As we got out of the huts our big guns came into play, and we lay down behind some mud walls, beside the Punjabis—good fellows and brave fighters, though not of our colour. Braid lay so close to me that I could hear his hard, short, excited breathing, which I understood as plainly as if put into words. I speak God's truth when I tell you I could have battered his brains out. Only some power not my own prevented me. Lord, leave us not to ourselves! I thought of the verdict—'Sergeant Dunbar suddenly gone off his head in face of the enemy;' and some would pity and some would smile. Then, as in a flash of lightning, I was thousands of miles away. Is there anything in all the world so inconceivably odd as the human mind? While the guns pounded a breach in the wall of the Secundrabagh what do you think rose before me? The moonlit scene in which I had left him and her together—as vivid and seemingly as real as if it were actually before my eyes.

"We lay there maybe for the matter of half an hour, some of us reflecting on our sins, some thinking of the folks at home, others of things not so creditable. Sir Colin was very impatient, and as soon as some kind of a hole was made in the wall word was passed to the Punjabis to get ready. They were to have the honour of leading the assault. Speak of tension. They don't know what it means who have never lain under cover waiting to attack, and the order at last comes. To say that every nerve becomes an electric wire fully charged is to put it inadequately. All at once the

THE FIRST WHITE WOMAN

TO CROSS AFRICA







The proud distinction of being the first white woman to cross Equatorial Africa belongs to a Belgian lady, Madame Cabra, who, with her husband, Commandant Cabra, has lately returned from a journey across the Dark Continent. Madame Cabra had already had some experience of African travel, for she had previously travelled with M. Cabra in the Congo Free State. Last year the pair landed on the coast of German East Africa and worked their way up to Uganda, where they were immensely impressed by the changes wrought by British rule. After visiting the Albert Nyanza and Albert Edward Nyanza Lakes the caravan, with three hundred porters, traversed the Congo Free State to the Atlantic Ocean. The journey occupied nineteen months, and Madame Cabra during all that time kept her health, though she lost considerably in weight. She speaks modestly of her remarkable achievement, and says she had no adventures and met with no dangers in the course of her journey. The natives were everywhere well-disposed and friendly, and, never having seen a white woman before, they regarded her with awe and admiration.

VARIOUS METHODS OF TRAVELLING: HOW MADAME CABRA CROSSED THE DARK CONTINENT

breaching guns ceased, and with their war-cry of 'Jai Khalsa Jee!'—it rings in my ears yet—the Sikhs were up and over the mud wall. I, who have seen some desperate things, tell you I never saw anything more gallant than that. But a living sheet of flame swept them. They shook and wavered, went on, shook and wavered again, and then finding their European officers down halted dead.

"Now, when a storming party halts in face of the enemy's fire the moment is perilous beyond anything you can imagine. We, craning over the rim of the wall, held our breath in terror, and we were all seasoned men. The grisled old chief, standing beside the guns (wounded as we knew), saw them reel and stop. I daresay that for half an instant even his heart was in his mouth. But it was with all the blitheness of parade he called out, 'Tut, this will never do. On with the Tartan!' and or ever the bugles could blow we were roaring among the Punjabis, the Shropshires roaring at our backs. Then it was a race, a glorious race, between Briton and Asiatic for first place in the breach.

"Inside, for obvious military reasons, we fought in groups of three. In my group Braid was right-hand man. Just as I got in a bullet took me on the clasp of my waist-belt, sending me spinning. He must have thought I was done for, because when I got my feet again his look of livid glee changed to one of livid disappointment. Seeing me evidently unhurt, he seemed to take leave of his senses, and, disobeying all orders, leaped forward alone among the *tulwars* that would have shaved you like any razor. A man possessed of a demon is not easily killed. He lived through it—how, I cannot to this moment imagine. So, by the grace of God, did I. Once outside again we took breath a minute, waiting for the attack on a new position. As we huddled by the guns for what cover there was, all at once Braid turned to me. 'Sergeant,' says he, in a queer little voice, 'Lest I shouldn't have another chance of telling you I have had a letter from *her*, asking about you.' I heard him as one hears a cry in a tempest, not very sure of it. As he spoke the last word an officer went down in front of us, and I ran out to him. But it was useless. I was hit myself, falling over his dead body.

"Then came the most wonderful thing of all. As I wriggled trying to rise, I felt a pair of arms about me; I looked up and there was Braid. He ran back with me; but just at the wall he, too, was hit—I tell you the beggars could shoot—and we tumbled over together. For a moment we both lay quiet, not knowing very well what had happened to us. Then Braid, in the same queer voice, as it appeared to me, spoke again. 'Yes,' he said, for all the world as if his former remark were not interrupted, 'a letter from *her* asking about you.' 'Braid,' replied I, forgetting all else in the dizziness of the moment, 'you love her!'

"He made a noise, half cackle half gurgle, not pleasant to hear. 'I'm not very sure,' he answered in the manner of long ago. 'But somehow it seems to me I have given my soul for her. Heh, heh!' He was silent an instant, and then with a mighty jerk, as if putting his whole strength into the effort, he got on his elbow and looked me straight in the face. 'Kenny, old man,' he said, 'it's domino this time.'

"Now at that look and the sound of my name pronounced in the old way, a choking sense of remorse and affection come over me. 'Peter,' I gasped, for indeed I was in mortal pain and trouble, 'if I have ever done you wrong, as a dying man, I ask your forgiveness.' I sort of remember him gripping my hand, and in my lightness and giddiness I said something about his going home again. 'Never,' he replied solemnly, 'never, never. India's got me, and India's going to keep me.' 'And what brought you to India, Peter?' I asked. 'Not to fight rebel Sepoys any way, and that's the truth,' he replied. 'Is that the pipes I hear? It's growing dark. Put your hand into the breast of my tunic and take what you find. There,' when I had complied, and drawn forth the letter, 'that'll explain all. Don't, don't read it now. Kenny, bend low. It was for her sake I carried you in out of the fire. I meant something quite different, but her letter—tell her I did it for her sake. Bend closer, there, one kiss for auld lang syne, and them I'll never see again.' An hour later he died in my arms. 'It's a pity,' remarked the surgeon to me next morning, 'because the chief saw him save your life and marked him for the V.C. A queer fish. Do you know anything of his private history?' Well, as he said, the letter explained all. You know the rest. For a little while, a very little while, she was mine, and now, when I sit in the gloaming thinking of all that's past and gone, I wonder if she and Peter Braid have met again, and, if so, whether they're waiting for me. They'll not have long to wait now."

He turned away his head, but not before I caught the gleam of wet eyes. As I looked across the valley at the far hills my own were not too dry or clear.

THE END

COURT AND SOCIETY

The King has decided to take a well-earned holiday at Biarritz at the beginning of March, and the "Comité de la Société d'Acclimatation du Golfe de Gascogne" is naturally overjoyed. It is understood to be His Majesty's intention to stay at the hotel where he was able to enjoy complete privacy and quietness on the occasion of his previous visit. Biarritz is one of those lucky places which are hardly ever without a "season" of some sort. The *grande saison* lasts from the middle of July to the end of November, and then the beautiful little Basque town is the resort of thousands of French, Spaniards, Russians—in fact, all Continental nationalities—for the bathing and baccarat. Then, from the middle of November onwards, the hotels and villas begin to fill up with English and Americans, and the *saison anglaise* brings a fresh stream of prosperity to the handsome, warm-hearted Biarrots.

The King at Biarritz

Biarritz's fairy godmother was, of course, the Empress Eugénie. In the early 'forties, when the Countess de Montijo and her two daughters were constant summer visitors, it was hardly more than a fishing village. In 1852 Napoleon III. built for his lovely Empress the Villa Eugénie, the bricks being imported from England at great cost, and then the place began its career of prosperity. The Emperor, so the story goes, finding that trees did not prosper on the Imperial estate, laughingly declared that if he couldn't have real trees he would put up tin ones. Fortunately, however, pine were tried and flourished. At Biarritz the Imperial pair spent some of their happiest days, but now the Villa Eugénie is gone, and the splendid Hôtel du Palais stands on the site. Only the Empress's private chapel, dedicated to Notre Dame de Guadaloupe, remains.

Royal Associations

The Empress Eugénie's godchild, the Queen of Spain, is also very fond of Biarritz. Last summer, it will be remembered, the then Princess Ena of Battenberg paid a visit, with her mother and brother, to the Villa Mouriscot, where dwell Princess Frederica of Hanover and her husband, Baron von Pawel-Rammingen. This is a delightful house, of pure Basque design, built by that extraordinary man, Fighting Bellairs. It contains some historic family portraits, inherited by the Princess from her father, the blind King of Hanover. The recent death of the aged Queen of Hanover has, of course, placed the Villa Mouriscot in the deepest mourning.

The Queen of Spain

There is always plenty to do at Biarritz. The bathing in the sea is amusing enough, with what seem to most English people the wildly absurd precautions against accidents, and there are also the Thermes Salines, where you undergo douches administered by expert hands. The golf course is considered the most "sporting" on the Continent, and there is the County Club, which is the general afternoon *rendezvous*, where the energetic play tennis, shoot pigeons, or get up jumping competitions, while the lazy ones make up little tea parties. Then there are the Biarritz and Bayonne Foxhounds, which have shown splendid sport under the mastership of Count de Gontaut-Biron. Oddly enough, the hunt seems more popular with Spaniards and Frenchmen than with English. For those who like more urban excitements there is the Casino, with its theatre and its baccarat and other forms of gambling.

Amusements at Biarritz

The terrible disaster at Kingston has tried to the uttermost the Governor, Sir Alexander Swettenham, and his charming bride. The strain and anxiety must have been made much worse by the very suddenness of the catastrophe. Lady Swettenham at once set the example to the wives of the high officials of the Colony, and the noble band of ladies worked unwearily at relief measures and the nursing of the wounded. Lady Swettenham comes of the well-known Derbyshire family of Copeland. She is a very young bride, for she was only married to her distinguished husband in 1905.

Lady Swettenham



LADY SWETTENHAM

Who, with her husband, Sir Alexander Swettenham, Governor of Jamaica, has done noble rescue work at Kingston. Photo by Thomson, Grosvenor Studios.

The season in Dublin begins on the 29th with the first levée at the Castle, and Lady Grenfell's ball at Kilmainham and everything points to a particularly festive time. If, as seems to have been practically settled, Mr. Birrell should be Mr. Bryce's successor as Chief Secretary, there can be no doubt that Mrs. Birrell will be a great accession to Dublin Society. The daughter of Mr. Frederick and Lady Charlotte Locker, she is a particularly clever and charming person, and she shared the intellectual and literary tastes of her first husband, the Hon. Lionel Tennyson, as fully as she now does those of the genial and entertaining author of "Obiter Dicta."

The Irish Season

Irish society is much interested in the wedding of Lord Portarlington and Miss Winifreda Yuill, which is fixed for next Saturday (Feb. 2) at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. It seems only the other day that everyone was admiring the bridegroom's youthful beauty when he was one of the King's pages at the Coronation. He is a good sportsman and an adventurous rider, and has a magnificent place, Ems Park, in Queen's County. The grandson of "Hippy" Damer, the best-looking man of his time, and the son of "George the Dasher," as the late peer was called, Lord Portarlington was born with a golden spoon in his mouth. Miss Yuill, who is herself a considerable heiress, is tall and dark, and very cultivated and accomplished. She has been chaperoned by Dowager Lady Hay of Haystoun, and her father is established in one of the beautiful houses in Chesham Place. Sir John Keane's marriage to Miss Eleanor Hicks-Beach is fixed for February 12, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bridegroom has a pleasant place in County Waterford, Cappoquin, while the bride has an hereditary connection with Ireland, for her father, Lord St. Aldwyn, served two terms of office as Chief Secretary.

Irish Weddings

Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Carter Drury's engagement to Miss Middleton naturally excites the greatest interest in naval circles. The bridegroom will take his wife out to be *châtelaine* of the splendid old palace at Malta, which is the official residence of the Admiral commanding the Mediterranean Fleet, for Sir Charles has been appointed to succeed Lord Charles Beresford in that most distinguished and responsible post. Sir Charles Drury, whose first wife was a daughter of the inventor of the Whitehead torpedo, has had a notable career in the Navy, where he was early marked out as among the most promising of the younger officers. He has often exhibited capacity for high command in difficult situations, notably in Crete some ten years ago, when he received the special thanks of the Foreign Office. His position in the sea service was significantly shown at the time of the great Delhi Durbar, at which he had the honour of representing the whole of the naval forces of the Crown. Latterly he has been one of the Sea Lords of the Admiralty, and his expert knowledge of naval ordnance has been of the greatest assistance to Sir John Fisher in the work of carrying out the recent drastic reform of the Navy.

A Naval Engagement



MISS AMY MIDDLETON — ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES DRURY, K.C.B.

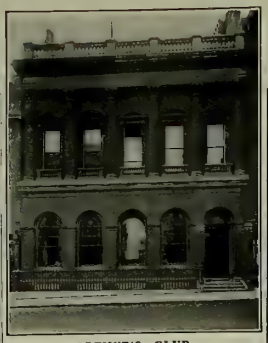
TO BE MARRIED ON FEBRUARY 12

Photos by R. B. Cosway.

IN MODERN CLUBLAND.—I.



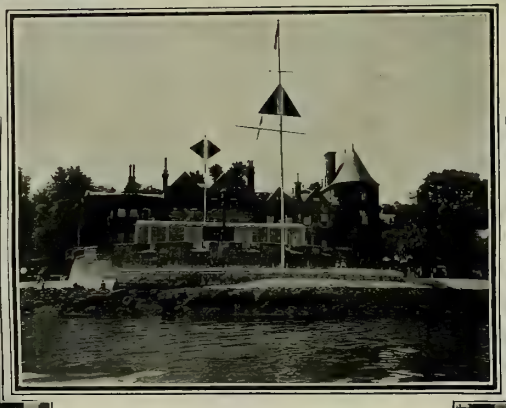
THE ATHENÆUM
107, Pall Mall.



ARTHUR'S CLUB
69, St. James's Street.



THE REFORM
104, Pall Mall.



THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON
The Club House, Cowes.
Photo by Cribb, Southsea.



THE NAVAL AND MILITARY
94, Piccadilly.



THE CAVALRY CLUB
127, Piccadilly.



THE TRAVELLERS'
106, Pall Mall.



BROOKS'S
St. James's Street.



THE CARLTON
94, Pall Mall.

Photos by S. B. Bolas and Co., 68, Oxford Street, W.



"The Afternoon Tea-Room is now an established institution and a going concern."—See page 129

THE WINTER SEASON IN ITALY: IN AND AROUND AN AFTERNOON TEA-ROOM IN FLORENCE

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER

LESSONS FOR CAVALRY HORSES: TESTS OF STEADINESS

"GOT IT!"



RECOVERING HIS SEAT



"THEY WILL LIE DOWN AND LET OTHER HORSES PUT THEIR FORELEGS ON THEIR BODIES"



"STEADY AS SHOOTING PONIES"



"THEY WILL LIE DOWN AND LET OTHER HORSES JUMP OVER THEIR BODIES"

Photographs by Charleton and Sons

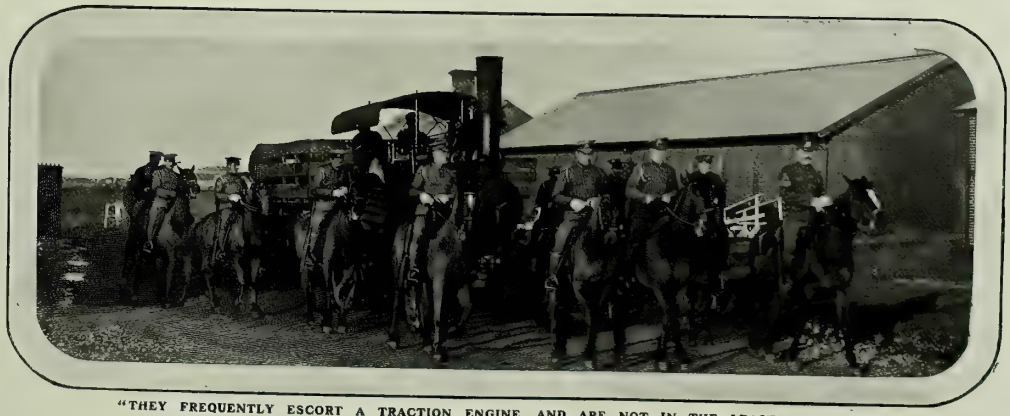
HORSES AT SCHOOL: TRAINING IN THE 3rd DRAGOON GUARDS



"THEY ARE TAUGHT TO STAND STEADY ROUND A FIRE-HOSE IN FULL PLAY"



"THEY DO NOT MIND FLAGS WAVED IN THEIR FACES"



"THEY FREQUENTLY ESCORT A TRACTION ENGINE, AND ARE NOT IN THE LEAST STARTLED"

Photographs by Charleton and Sons.

IN THE EVENING OF THEIR DAYS



A familiar and touching sight to passers-by in the King's Road, Chelsea, is that of the old inmates of the workhouse who every day take an airing in the old-world garden adjoining the union buildings. The garden was once a graveyard, and many of the tombstones remain, some still standing, some used as flagstones. The old men wear picturesque red caps, and many of them look almost as ancient as the tombstones among which they sit smoking, feeding the sparrows, or reading and chatting. The irony of so close an association of these relics of humanity with the broken relics of the grave is not lost on those who pass by without the railings; but time rarely mingles with misfortune so picturesquely.

OLD INMATES OF THE CHELSEA WORKHOUSE TAKING AN AIRING IN THE GARDEN

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

IN THE EVENING OF THEIR DAYS



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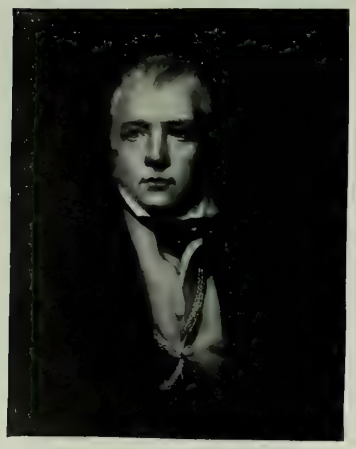
OLD INMATES OF THE CHELSEA WORKHOUSE TAKING AN AIRING IN THE GARDEN

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

A "Long-Lost" Raeburn

An Alleged New Portrait of Scott, by Raeburn

The portraits of Sir Walter Scott are legion. Raeburn, Landseer, Grant, Saxon, Leslie, Newton, Geddes, Watson Gordon, Gilbert, Allan are of those who painted him; but of them all Raeburn's likenesses are, artistically considered, the most interesting and the most important. Not that the great Scottish painter was very successful in any of the six pictures



MR. T. D. GALPIN'S VERSION OF A PORTRAIT PAINTED IN 1823

he is said to have painted of him. Nor was Scott much pleased with them, apparently; at least, we know that he was never very anxious to sit to Raeburn, and affirmed his preference for Sir William Allan, whom, in contradistinction, perhaps, he called "a real man of genius." Raeburn painted him first as a youth, the picture now at Abbotsford; this was exhibited as the portrait of the author of "Marmion." In the same year, 1808, he produced the large full-length seated portrait with his dog "Camp," now in possession of the Duke of Buccleuch. This picture had been painted for Constable, the bookseller. A modified replica of this, now, or lately, in the possession of the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, was executed in the following year. In 1823 came the fine portrait painted for Lord Montagu, now belonging to the Earl of Home. Another greatly resembling it, and painted at the same time, was held by the Raeburn family, and was shown at the Raeburn exhibition held in 1824, and was sold at Christie's in 1877. This now belongs to Mr. Arthur Sanderson. A replica of it, shown at the Royal Academy "Old Masters" in 1893, is in the collection of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts; it measures 29 inches by 24½. To this must be added the picture in the possession of Mr. T. D. Galpin, which may possibly be a copy.

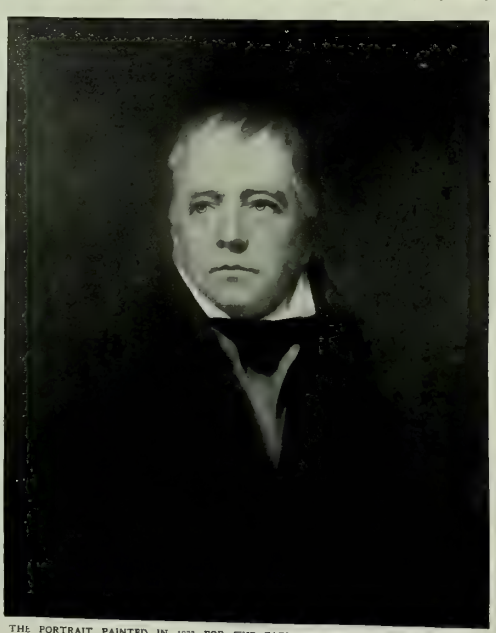
There has now, we are informed, come to light another, greatly valued by its owner, Mrs. Bishop of Richmond, which she claims as the original of the Burdett-Coutts, Sanderson, and Home portraits, and which, we are told, experts have pronounced to have been painted in the same year, the year of the artist's death, 1823. If so, it probably came after, not before, Lord Home's portrait. The picture, it is asserted, was left to Mrs. Bishop by a relation, together with some other pictures, and was considered to be of little or no value, and was accordingly laid aside for some years. This is the picture, photographed by Messrs. Campbell-Gray and here reproduced, which



AN EARLY PORTRAIT, NOW AT ABBOTSFORD

has lately been deposited with the lady's bankers, and valued at no less than twelve thousand pounds.

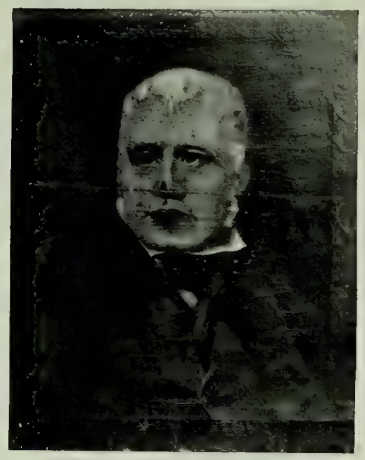
The first thing that strikes the eye, judging from the photograph, is the poor condition of the picture; the second, the considerable divergence in likeness between this and Raeburn's other portraits of the poet. The relation of the size of the head to the canvas is larger than is common with Raeburn's portrait of Sir Walter Scott at this period. Even allowing for the upward tilt of the head, observable in the other Raeburn-Scott portraits, the proportions of head and face are notably different. Although Raeburn never adopted the excessive height of skull observable in the Lawrence, Newton, and other paintings, to say nothing of the busts, he showed a high forehead and head—devoid of any marked abnormality, it is true, yet sufficiently marked. In Mrs. Bishop's picture, however, the cranium is of quite an ordinary height. The eyes are ill-drawn, and do not match; the mouth is not well-drawn, nor does the indication of the ear agree with its place on the poet's head revealed in other portraits—it is far too high, or, at least, does not hang low enough. Another extraordinary difference is this; whereas in this portrait the head (seemingly that of an older man, by



THE PORTRAIT PAINTED IN 1823 FOR THE EARL OF MONTAGU, NOW OWNED BY THE EARL OF HOME

Portrait of Sir Walter Scott

the way) is placed well down between the shoulders, in others the head towers above them. Indeed, when first I saw the photograph I doubted whether it was meant for Scott at all, with its sturdy breadth and squareness, and its absence of commonly recognised resemblance, while as for the touches revealed in the photograph—notably those in the hair, they appear to me to lack the skilful ease of Raeburn, or of any hand practised such as his. I am only expressing my own opinion, of course; but that opinion comes to this, that



THE "LONG-LOST" PORTRAIT, NOW CLAIMED AS THE ORIGINAL OF THE BURDETT-COUTTS, HOME, AND GALPIN PORTRAITS

whether or not the picture is a portrait, as alleged, of Scott, it is not by the hand of Raeburn, but probably by a contemporary copyist who tried and failed. It is called "the long-lost portrait of Sir Walter Scott;" I was not aware that any portrait of him had been lost. If such exists, in my opinion—judging from the photograph—it has not yet been found.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

Our Supplement

When in 1629 Van Dyck, after his travels in Italy, and his first visit to England, was again in his native City of Antwerp, he joined a pious association of the Jesuits, the Confraternity of the Unmarried. In Italy, at the shrine of the Venetians, he had learnt a nobler design and a richer colouring than even his master Rubens could teach him. And in the two altarpieces for the Chapel of the Confraternity, one dedicated to St. Rosalie, and the other, that reproduced in our Supplement, to the Blessed Hermann Joseph, which he painted in 1629 and 1630, the influence of Titian and Veronese is marked. The young priest kneels before the Virgin, an angel, who has escorted him, leading him to her presence. The Queen of Heaven—with what grace and dignity!—bends towards him and lays her hand in his own, while he gazes into her face. The sober livery of black and white cannot clothe this masterpiece in its rare hues. But the superb draughtsmanship, the dignity of the attitudes, the beauty and sweetness of the faces, the noble simplicity of the design are apparent. The large manner of a Veronese is not absent here. In all these things, Van Dyck, whichever of his paintings for churches one can recall, never surpassed this, which he produced at thirty. It now hangs in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna with the "St. Rosalie."



By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.

THE SAINT HERMANN JOSEPH

FROM THE PAINTING BY VAN DYCK IN THE IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA

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OF THE
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Why lose Health ?

Why lose Strength ?

Why lose Appetite ?

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"Rue Marbeuf, Paris.

"Dear Sir, — I must frankly say that Antipon is the only product that I have ever met with for very quick, very efficacious, and absolutely harmless reduction of obesity. All other things are perfectly useless, and some absolutely dangerous. You are at perfect liberty to make whatever use you like of this letter, as I like to do justice to such perfect products.

"Yours most sincerely,

"DR. RICCIARDI."

"—Barracks, Devonport.

"I am grateful to you for the great benefit I have derived from Antipon. It is a marvellous remedy. I was 13st. 5lb. before taking the course, and have lost 2st. 2lb., and I am very fit in consequence. I do not hesitate for a moment to state that this valuable discovery is the only permanent cure for obesity and an excellent tonic as well.

"F.G., Sergt. R.G.A."

Read what others say.

People of every rank of society, in every part of the civilised world, have voluntarily favoured the Antipon Company with their experiences of the pleasant and harmless Antipon treatment for the permanent cure of obesity. Hundreds of grateful letters may be seen by anybody who desires proof positive of the marvellous efficacy of Antipon, both as weight-reducer and tonic, at the offices of the Antipon Company. The evidence is absolutely conclusive and beyond cavil. Attention is directed to the few extracts given in the margins hereof. It is always interesting to read what others say of a standard remedy: it establishes confidence in the claims made for it. The public cannot be sceptical when the original letters are carefully preserved and their authenticity well proven. The demand for Antipon is unprecedented: it has simply wiped all the old-time remedies for corpulence out of existence. The reason of this extraordinary success is that Antipon, whilst rapidly absorbing the superfluous fatty deposits under the skin and the unwholesome accumulations of internal fat that even imperil life itself, succeeds in *overcoming the tendency to abnormal fat development*, thereby enabling the person undergoing the treatment to increase strength and repair health by taking plenty of good nourishing food without fear of the latter turning to superabundant fat. Moreover, there are no irritating dietary restrictions to call anyone's attention to the fact that a special effort is being made to reduce weight. As to the necessary appetite, Antipon has a remarkably beneficial effect in toning up and strengthening the digestive apparatus. It sharpens the appetite, and promotes and aids digestion and assimilation. The normal amount of food is therefore properly digested and nutrition is perfect. The blood is enriched, new muscular tissue formed, nerve force increased and brain power activated. The change is simply wonderful. Meanwhile the whole body is remodelled on correct lines of beauty. Wrinkles are not produced by the elimination of the subcutaneous fatty excess, for two reasons:—(1) The muscles are rendered firm by the renewal of sound muscular fibre, and (2) the skin is tonically acted upon, losing its unsightly flaccidity and performing its important functions healthfully and naturally. The skin becomes purer and the complexion radiant with health. Briefly, the whole body is reinvigorated and rebeautified. The process is not slow. Within a day and a night of commencing the treatment there is a reduction of 8oz. to 3lb., according to the individual case; then follows a steady decrease day by day until symmetrical proportions and standard weight are lastingly recovered. The doses may then be discontinued. There is nothing discomforting or disagreeable about Antipon, which is a pleasantly tart liquid containing only pure and harmless vegetable substances of great potency, but producing no intestinal or other trouble whatsoever. Its action is quite bland and natural, Antipon being neither laxative nor the opposite. A single bottle will suffice to prove what this splendid remedy and tonic is able to perform.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc., or, should any difficulty arise, may be had (on sending amount) post free, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

"Virginia Water.

"I feel much better since I have taken Antipon. I have lost quite 2st.

"Mrs. E. P."

"Eccles

"I continued taking Antipon for about eight weeks, and it has done me good; I am 14lb. lighter

"Miss W. D."

A gentleman, writing from Belfast, says:—

"It is with pleasurable satisfaction that I am able to state that Antipon has proved eminently satisfactory in my case. I was 14st. when I started your wonderfully palatable medicine. I am now only 12st. 10lb."

A gentleman well known in the sporting world writes as follows —

"My doctor says I have got a new lease of life."

A course of Antipon under medical direction reduced him no less than 2st. 8lb.

Colonial Readers of "The Graphic" will be glad to know that Antipon is stocked by Wholesale Druggists in Australasia, South Africa, Canada, India, &c., and may always be obtained from dispensing and patent medicine stores.

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For Rheumatism, Colds, Coughs, Chill-on-the-Liver, Influenza, Weak Chests, Weak Backs, Aching Kidneys, Asthma, Lumbago, Sciatica, &c.

A Remedy of over 50 years' standing. Prescribed by Physicians and sold by Chemists in every part of the civilized world. Guaranteed not to contain Belladonna, Opium, or any poison whatever.

ALLCOCK'S—The Original and only Genuine Porous Plaster.

The 'Allenburys' Foods.



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Baby, 6½ months of age. Fed from birth on the Allenburys' Foods.

A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management (48 pages) free on request.

The 'Allenburys' Foods.

The "Allenburys" Milk Food No. 1 consists of fresh cow's milk scientifically modified so as to closely resemble human milk in composition. The excess of ca-ein (indigestible curd) in the cow's milk has been removed, and the deficiency of fat and milk-sugar made good. The method of manufacture pasteurises the milk and absolutely precludes all risk of contamination with noxious germs. Thus a perfect substitute for the natural food of the child is obtained and vigorous growth and health is promoted.

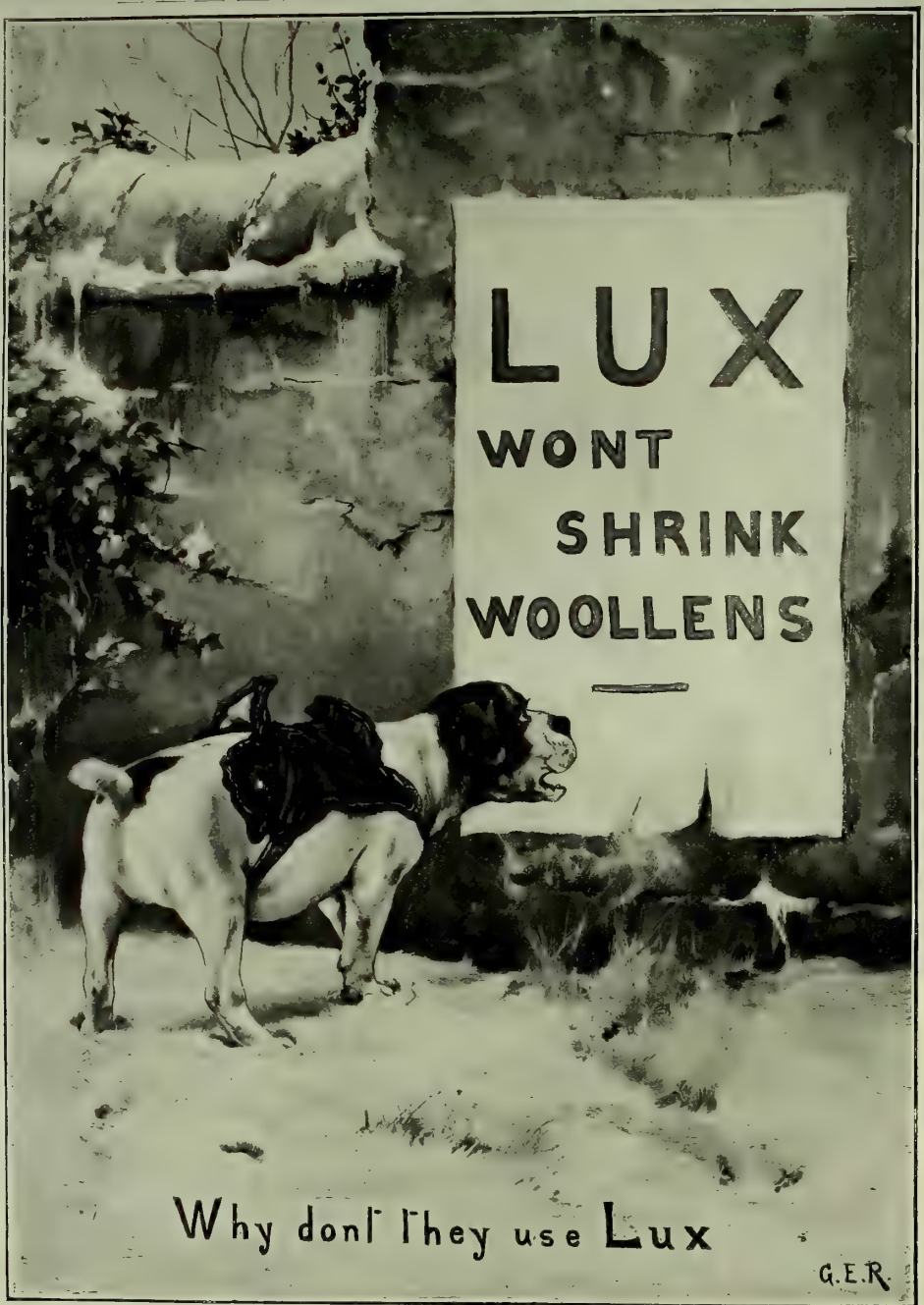
The "Allenburys" Foods are also suitable for the robust and delicate, and children thrive upon them as on no other diet.

No starchy or farinaceous food should be given to an infant under six months of age, it is not only useless, for the young infant cannot digest starch, but is a frequent cause of illness and rickets.

MILK FOOD No. 1. *From birth to 3 months.* **MILK FOOD No. 2.** *From 3 to 6 months.* **MALTED FOOD No. 3.** *From 6 months upwards*

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The name LEVER on soap is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

A LADY NOVELIST, PLAYWRIGHT and PAINTER

The Baroness Orczy

The Baroness Orczy is one of the most cleverly versatile women of the day. Painter, novelist, playwright, she is probably best known as the author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," a play which enjoyed and is again enjoying great success and popularity at the New Theatre, London, and in novel form was also very popular. As a painter Baroness Orczy is not quite so widely known among the public, for the reason that playgoers and novel-readers are more numerous than picture-lovers, numerous as these are nowadays. But she has exhibited frequently at the Royal Academy, and the Madame Ronneresque painting which we reproduce is a fair example of her talent. The pleasing subject of kittens is a favourite one with more than one lady painter, and while in Madame Ronner pussy may be said to have found its Rosa Bonheur, none of its charms are lost in the art of the Baroness Orczy, as the humour of "Devouring the News" shows. The Baroness Orczy began her art studies at Heatherley's, the school in Newman Street which has trained many another gifted painter. The Baroness, who was born at Tarnaörs, Hungary, is the only child of the late Baron Felix Orczy and Emma, *née* Comtesse Wass.

"The Scarlet Pimpernel" was written in collaboration with her husband, Mr. Montagu Barstow. Another New Theatre play of hers, produced in the same year (1905) as "The Scarlet Pimpernel," was "The Sin of William Jackson." In that year, too, another novel from her pen, "The Emperor's Candlesticks" appeared, and in the next year she published three more novels. "By the Gods Beloved," "A Son of the People" and "I Will Repay," a romance of the "Scarlet Pimpernel" kind. In "A Son of the People," the Baroness describes the land and estates inherited by her on the death of an uncle, Baron Cherubin Orczy. As a writer she began, at any rate in anything of an important way, with detective stories, which magazine-readers will remember; but it was only in 1900 that she began writing, so that few women have plied a busier pen than she. There are many lady novelists and many lady makers of plays, but it is not often we can say of a woman that she paints as well as she writes.



THE BARONESS ORCZY

TEA-TIME IN FLORENCE

A correspondent writes from Florence:—"The afternoon tea-room is now an established institution and a going concern in all those social cities on the Continent where the nations forgather at given periods of the year. And, moreover, the thing is much better done than in England, and is commercially a big success. Here in Florence there are many, and I send a drawing of the most popular. Every day there is not only tea and talk, but a capital string band, and the whole thing 'goes.' On Sundays, in particular, it is a 'crush,' and money is turned away. The *élite* youth decorates the doorsteps to discuss the arrivals and departures, and the roadway is be-motored and be-carriaged as at a theatre-exit."

The "Science Year Book" (King, Sell and Olding) contains a diary in which a separate page is given to every day in the year and, in addition, astronomical notes and tables, biographies of scientific men and a capital summary of the progress made in the various sciences throughout last year. It is edited by Major B. F. S. Baden-Powell. —The "Daily Mail Year Book," for the modest sum of sixpence, gives a wealth of useful information relating to the chief questions of the day.—We have also received the January editions of "The Royal Blue Book," and "Webster's Royal Red Book"—both of them indispensable to dwellers in the West End.



BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

"DEVOURING THE NEWS": ONE OF THE BARONESS ORCZY'S PAINTINGS

In Modern Clubland

The clubhouse is one of the most English of inventions and institutions. From the middle of the eighteenth century, or thereabouts, it has developed on lines truly English, though a hundred years earlier we find Aubrey saying "We now use the word clubbe for a sodality in a taverne." Eating and drinking were the original bases upon which, according to the essayist, "all celebrated clubs were founded. They are points where most men agree, and in which the learned and the illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon can all of them bear a part." With advancing refinement this ideal has been raised.

It is proposed, in a series of illustrated articles, of which this is the first, to describe very briefly the great clubs of London, and some outside it.

The JOCKEY CLUB is the oldest, the most powerful, the most exclusive of all the clubs of the United Kingdom. James I. made his palace at Newmarket a racing rendezvous; Charles II. rebuilt the stables. In 1752 the meetings of the "Gentlemen of the Turf" were held at the Red Lion Inn; in 1767 the Jockey Club held a meeting at the "New Rooms," but dined together, as before, at the Red Lion. In 1771 the Jockey Club Rooms were built by Mr. R. Vernon, a member of the club. The club received Royal recognition, even to the extent of being allowed a private stand at Royal Ascot, and special passes to all enclosures there. In 1879 the club passed the rule requiring jockeys to hold its licence before riding, and in 1880 the rule was extended, making the club licence obligatory for racing officials. The qualifications for membership are the ownership of racehorses, a clean record in the racing world, and a certain social position.

The TRAVELLERS' CLUB, 106, Pall Mall, has, for its members, as its name indicates, travellers and explorers, and it is one of the very first clubs of London. It is said that it takes fourteen years after nomination for a candidate to be elected a member of the Travellers'. There are 800 members, who are not particularly anxious to add to their number. The entrance fee is thirty guineas, and the annual subscription ten and eleven guineas. The Travellers', like most of the Pall Mall clubs, is in the Italian style, and by Barry. It was founded by the Marquis of Londonderry, "as a resort for gentlemen who had resided or travelled abroad, as well as with a view to the accommodation of foreigners; and no person is eligible who has not travelled out of the British Islands to a distance of at least 500 miles from London in a direct line." Gambling is not allowed at the Travellers'; the highest stake at whist is a guinea.

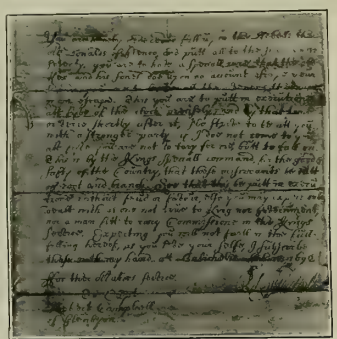
ARTHUR'S, 69, St. James's Street, dates from 1765, and numbers about 600 members, who pay an entrance fee of thirty guineas and ten or eleven guineas as an annual subscription. It is a social club, and derives its name from Mr. Arthur, who was the master of White's Chocolate-house. He died in 1761. The present clubhouse stands upon the site of the original chocolate-house and was designed by the architect Thomas Hopper. Arthur's is the favourite headquarters of country gentlemen, whom it provides with solid old-fashioned comfort and the best of old-fashioned English fare.



The latest place to suffer from the extraordinary seismic activity our earth has shown recently is the Island of Simalu, near Atjeh, in Sumatra. A great sea wave swept the southern coast of the island, overwhelming 1,500 persons. The island has nearly disappeared.

OUR UNEASY EARTH: THE ISLAND ENGULFED BY AN EARTHQUAKE WAVE

The CARLTON CLUB, 94, Pall Mall, established in 1832, is the great Conservative headquarters, with a membership of 1,800; an entrance fee of ten or eleven guineas.



This interesting relic, the original manuscript order for the Massacre of Glencoe, the property of a gentleman in New Zealand, to whom it was left by a Norfolk collector, is to be put under the hammer by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson in a forthcoming sale of MSS.

A RELIC OF GLENCOE TO COME UNDER THE HAMMER

The Carlton was founded by the Duke of Wellington with a few of his closest friends. Sydney Smirke built the present splendid house in 1859; it is modelled upon the famous Library of Sansovino in Venice. The Carlton's members comprise Conservatives of all shades, the old-fashioned ultra-Tory and the modern progressive Tory alike find a home there, though such an institution must look askance at a Liberal-Unionist.

BROOKS'S is one of the oldest of the clubs, dating back to 1764. It is in St. James's Street. Brooks's is a political (Liberal) and social club, with a membership of 650; entrance fee thirty guineas, annual subscription eleven guineas. It was originally a gambling club (Almack's), and was founded by twenty-seven noblemen and gentlemen, the Dukes of Roxburghe and Portland and Charles James Fox among them. Brooks was a wine merchant and money-lender. There is still an aroma of the past about the house—old-fashioned comfort, dinners, quiet rubbers, and the finest old brandy in the world.

The REFORM CLUB, 104, Pall Mall, was established in 1837, the year of Queen Victoria's accession and of the appearance of the first part of "Pickwick." It has a membership of 1,400, and is strictly Liberal. The entrance fee is £40, and the annual subscription ten guineas. The club was founded soon after the passing of the Reform Bill, and the great leaders of that measure are duly commemorated in the splendid building which Barry designed, after the style of the Palazzo Farnese in Rome. The interior, the great hall, staircase, galleries and rooms are of palatial breadth and splendour, and in the basement Alexis Soyer himself, once *chef de cuisine* of the Reform, reigned supreme.

The NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB was founded in 1862, at 94, Piccadilly, the former mansion of Lord Palmerston. It is used by officers of the Army, Navy and Marines, and has a members' list of 2,000. The entrance fee is forty guineas and the annual subscription ten guineas. The site of the club is an interesting one. An inn once stood on it; then the mansion of the Earl of Egremont, afterwards occupied by Adolphus Duke of Cambridge, who died died there in 1850; and then by Lord Palmerston, whose body rested there in 1865, the day before interment in Westminster Abbey.

The CAVALRY CLUB, for the officers of the Mounted Forces, has its house at 127, Piccadilly. It was started in 1890, and has a membership of 1,300. Entrance fee thirty guineas and annual subscription ten guineas.

Dating from 1824, the ATHENÆUM, 107, Pall Mall, now has 1,200 members, with an entrance fee of thirty guineas, and an annual subscription of eight guineas. It is a literary, scientific, and artistic club. Decimus Burton was the architect. He lavished Greek decorations upon the building; a copy of the Panathenaic frieze of the Parthenon is one of its principal adornments. The figure of Athena (Minerva) over the portico is by Baily, R.A. Theodore Hook was one of the most famous members of the Athenæum, and it is said that after his disappearance from his favourite corner in the dining-room the number of diners fell off to the extent of three hundred in the year. The figure of Athena inspired a wit with the following epigram:—

Ye travellers, who pass by, just stop and behold,
And see; don't you think it a sin
That Minerva herself is left out in the cold
While her owls are all gorging within.



SIR ALEXANDER SWETTENHAM

The Governor of Jamaica, whose conduct towards the American Navy at Kingston has excited so much criticism, is a man of wide Colonial experience, and has filled many important posts. He holds the decoration for Colonial Service, and is brother to Sir Frank Swettenham, K.C.M.G.



THE LATE SIR FRANCIS EVANS

Sir Francis Evans will be remembered for his petition against the return of Viscount Castlereagh for Maidstone at the General Election. Beginning in a machine shop, Sir Francis had a varied and interesting career, rose to represent Southampton in Parliament, and became a partner in a big steamship Company. Photo by Walery.



THE LATE REV. B. GIBSON

Was one of the oldest and most respected clergymen in the Church of Ireland. He was founder of the Church of Ireland Y.M.C.A., and succeeded the late Archbishop Plunket as senior chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons of Ireland. Our photo is by Chancellor, Dublin.



THE LATE RT. REV. THOMAS BUNBURY

The late Bishop of Limerick, Ardfert and Aghadoe, was seventy-six years of age, and had spent the greater part of his career in the diocese. He was ordained in 1854, and, after filling various curacies, he was appointed Dean of Limerick. On the death of Dr. Groves he was elected to the vacant see. Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

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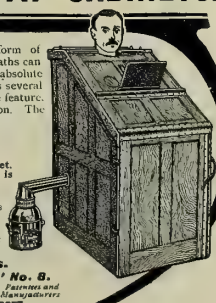
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THE COMING ANGLO-FRENCH EXHIBITION



THE INDIAN COURT AND LAKE

THE Franco-British Exhibition is in the first stages of construction, and in a year's time London will have the largest exhibition that has ever been held in Great Britain. It is to take up 140 acres of ground at Shepherd's Bush. Though essentially an industrial exhibition, it will, of course, have other interests, and we are promised in particular that the many phases of Art will be prominent. For instance there is the Indian Court and Lake—the picture at the top of this page gives an idea of it—which will confront visitors who enter by the principal entrance. This is to be an example of Indian architecture, brilliant in colour and fantastic in shape. There will be two terraces running completely round the lake, a bridge across it, and piers jutting out from the sides into the water. Mr. Imre Kiralfy, the secretary of the Exhibition Committee, has had a model made of this court, and a representative of THE GRAPHIC has seen in miniature the actual thing. Looking along the tops of many towers, one sees the Court as if crowded with gilded spires, and the effect of bright sunshine on these may be imagined. At the far end of the Lake, which will be trafficked by many boats, there is "Congress Hall." Here meetings of all kinds will be held, and scientific and other societies invited to use it for conferences. The second picture is a view of the back of it, where a transparent cascade, lighted underneath and in front with coloured lamps, will play with picturesque effect at night.



A REAR VIEW OF CONGRESS HALL

The designing of the buildings of which the Exhibition Committee has control is in the hands of Mr. Belcher, a former President of the Royal Society of British Architects, and M. Toudoire, who, it will be remembered, designed the Architectural Court or Esplanade des Invalides of the Paris Exhibition. There are to be a "Fine Arts Palace," in which a unique collection of British and French paintings, under the superintendence of Sir Isidore Spielmann, will be exhibited; an "Applied Arts Palace," an "Ancient Art Palace," and a building for decorative art. Finally, we may expect a good deal in original architecture from the various French and English towns or colonies which will house their wares in buildings of their own construction.

The last picture depicts the stadium for sports of every description. The arrangements here are in the hands of the British Olympic Association, and as there are to be a cinder path, a motor-race track, a cycle track, a trotting-track—each separate—a swimming-bath and a large area of turf in the centre, a tremendous programme will be possible.

Though the Exhibition will probably run for only six months, every building will be of steel construction and fireproof. Running round the outskirts an elevated railway will carry passengers from point to point, and enable them to have an excellent view of the Exhibition. Music and amusements will be almost as prominent as commercial competition, refreshments will possibly be more so, and an *entente cordiale* spirit will go a long way towards making the Exhibition a success.



THE STADIUM, WHERE THE OLYMPIC SPORTS WILL BE HELD

THE PLEASURE CITY TO BE OPENED AT SHEPHERD'S BUSH IN 1908

It is forty-four years since the Royal Agricultural Hall, which was built for the Smithfield Show, was opened at Islington. To-day it is the aim of almost every show society and trade association to secure, if possible, the Royal Agricultural Hall for its annual show. The rumours that the Hall is to be sold are, of course, all moonshine. As a matter of fact, with the exception of the Royal Military Tournament, all the shows and exhibitions which have made their home at the Royal Agricultural Hall for years past will be held there again this year

The original inventors of the Ever-pointed Pencils, Messrs. S. Mordan and Co., are now supplying a new pattern which is a great improvement on those previously made. These pencils are offered in many dainty forms in gold and silver, and can be obtained from most stationers and jewellers, or from the makers, 41, City Road, London, E.C.

When the son of Mr. Samuel Smith, the inventor of Smith's Speed Indicator, was the other day charged with driving to the danger of the public, he was able to refute, by the evidence of the indicator, the constable's statements, and the case was dismissed.

THE FATAL ACCIDENT TO A V.C.

CLUB COMMENTS

By "MARMADUKE"

Do men love women less than they did, and do women love men less than they did? are two curious questions which are being asked with increasing frequency in the United States and in England. To describe the situation clearly as regards our own country it is necessary to divide this community into two classes, one of which—and it is the most numerous—retains much of the simplicity of former times, and the other of which is greatly influenced by recent developments. Those readers who belong to the first-mentioned class will be inclined to wonder that such a question should receive the least attention; to many of those who compose the second it will give expression to a thought which has presented itself indistinctly to their own mind.

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The community of interests which bound man and woman together formerly is loosening in many directions, for woman is becoming considerably more independent than she was. She can support herself now as she never could before; she can defend herself very effectually; the conventionalities do not restrain her on every occasion as was the case in other times; she has much experience and education; the number of her opportunities has enormously increased, as has that of her interests—and a single life does not cause to her the inconvenience which it inflicted on her predecessors. On the other hand the time and attention of the ordinary man are much more occupied than they were; ambitions of various kinds possess him; he is eager to attain independence, to become rich, to obtain the respect, the influence and the opportunities which wealth now confers on most of those who have it, and the field of his possibilities is considerably increased.

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In those circumstances love is frequently a detrimental element to both the woman and the man. "I must marry a rich man," says the former with increasing frequency, "I must have comfort and luxuries;" "I must marry a rich woman," says the latter more and more commonly, "I must have money, or social influence, to assist me in attaining the ends I have in view."

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Meanwhile, both men and women are detaching themselves from the hold home had on their predecessors. What is the modern home to the modern man? what is it to the modern woman? He hurries from it at nine in the morning, returns to it at seven at night, is exhausted when he reaches it; contrasts its somewhat dismal atmosphere unfavourably with the brilliancy of much of the life outside, the restaurants, hotels, theatres, music-halls, and the bustle of the City and the streets, and he has neither time nor inclination to settle down to read an absorbing book in a comfortable chair before a glowing fire. Besides, his wife may have been much alone during the day, and she, naturally, wishes to talk, and, probably, about the household annoyances! Is home a pleasurable place to the woman who parts with a drowsy husband at nine in the morning, and receives him in an exhausted or depressed condition at seven in the evening? The experienced men and women of to-day are not unaware of those disadvantages, and consequently the desire to possess a home is not such a powerful incentive as it was in former times—for the circumstances of home have enormously changed.

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Thus it has come about that the men pursue the making of money, and their various ambitions, more than they ever did before, and that women are not compelled to marry as they were formerly. Love is not so irresistible a factor as it was, and there is a tendency for the members of either sex to retire to opposite camps, and snarl at each other. "We will marry," say many of the women, "when you can make it worth our while;" "We will marry," say many of the men, "when we find a wife who shall improve our prospects!" Meanwhile, the men complain that the women have become mercenary and hard-hearted and unmanageable when married, and the women that the men are more selfish! Circumstances are removing the centre of happiness from the heart to the pocket, and both men and women are obtaining now just so much happiness as the pocket can provide!

Manners for Horses

By A CAVALRY OFFICER

That the training of our hunters' manners is much neglected is brought home to anyone who drives to a fashionable meet in a fast motor-car, and is even more emphasised in the mind of a man who has just had a couple of his toes broken by a kick in a gateway. These, and many similar instances—such as when one's horse whips round at a fence, will not stand and allow himself to be mounted, or fidgets and causes one to fumble at a gate, or starts dancing about on a piece of slippery ground—are all caused by his deficiency of "manners." No doubt, too much corn and too little work have also a lot to say in the matter; but the real cause is the neglect of proper training when the horse was young. In the training of young horses, as regards their manners as well as in other respects, the civilian can learn a lot from the soldier, whose mount, if he is to be fitted for war, should be quiet and manageable in the presence of sights and sounds which might well terrify him. This remount training is one of the many points in which our cavalry all round have improved since the South African War; and probably no regiment in the Service pays more attention to it at present than the 3rd Dragoon Guards, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Mercer, whose Riding-Master, Captain Sykes, makes a speciality of training all the young horses that pass through his hands to be frightened at nothing, and at the same time to have good mouths, so that they can be ridden anywhere with one hand and be as handy as a polo pony.



THE LATE CAPTAIN H. S. PENNELL, V.C.

Our photographs illustrate some of the means he adopts for the purpose of making them steady; they depict, in various situations, the first-class remounts—*i.e.*, the young horses who have nearly completed their training and are about to be handed over to squadrons for ordinary duty.

These young horses are all four-year-olds (rising five) who have joined the regiment since March 10 last. During this period they have each had some 130 lessons, only a portion of their instruction being devoted, however, to "manners." Captain Sykes is just as thorough in teaching them to jump all classes of fences, clamber over rough or boggy ground, and up and down steep places. One in every three is also broken to both single and double harness. They will lie down and let other horses put their forelegs on their bodies. They are taught to stand steady round a fire-hose in full play; they do not mind flags waved in their faces; and they frequently escort a traction engine, and are not in the least startled. Our photographs do not illustrate the circus tricks of a few specially trained horses; they are examples of a system of training which every horse has to undergo. One may well ask: What is the good of horses that will lie down and let other horses jump over their bodies? There is no special value attached to this as a "trick," but when regarded as a "test" it is a very different matter. Horses whose dispositions have been so moulded as to be quiet and not frightened under such trying conditions are likely to stand almost anything.

General Rimington, the Brigadier of the 3rd Cavalry Brigade at the Curragh, in whose command the 3rd Dragoon Guards now are, has instituted a competition this winter between the three regiments under his command for the best-trained remount, *i.e.*, the one who answers best to the following requirements laid down in the official text-book of Cavalry Training: "As active and clever as a hunter," "As handy as a polo pony," "As steady as a shooting pony," and he has added: "Amenability to handling both in the stable and outside."

In the teaching of recruits to ride, our cavalry have also been able to make an advance, a fact which may be hotly disputed by many of the older school, who were taught themselves in tight-fitting stable-jackets, with the aid of much "butt-end and blasphemy." The principle now is to encourage a man to be fond of horsemanship and his horse.

The result of this system, as carried out in the 3rd Dragoon Guards by Captain Sykes, is that, after some eighty lessons, the young soldier becomes so at home on a horse that he can pick up handkerchiefs from the ground at full gallop in the open.



The Cresta Course at St. Moritz Dorf, on which Captain Pennell, V.C., met with his fatal accident, is one of the best known in the Engadine. Captain Pennell fell at the same spot as a man who had preceded him, and here the snow, which would have protected him from the rocks and stones, was trampled down by those who had assisted his predecessor, who was unhurt. The Course is of polished ice, three quarters of a mile long, and over the fastest parts a speed of between sixty and seventy miles an hour is often reached. "Church Leap," or "Church Corner," is one of the most famous points of the Run.

THE FATAL TOBOGGANING ACCIDENT: "CHURCH CORNER," ONE OF THE TURNING POINTS OF THE CRESTA COURSE AT ST. MORITZ DORF

Photo by G. R. Ballance.

The Michelin Detachable Rim

The Michelin Detachable Rim, which made its first public appearance in the "Grand Prix" race, and materially contributed to the success of the Renault Car driven by the winner, is now ready for sale to the public in its amended and improved form. Full particulars, price, &c., can be obtained from the Michelin Tyre Co., at their Showrooms. A detachable rim embodying all the latest improvements can be inspected at the Birmingham Motor Show, Stand No. 167, and after the close of this Exhibition the wheel will be on view at Sussex Place.

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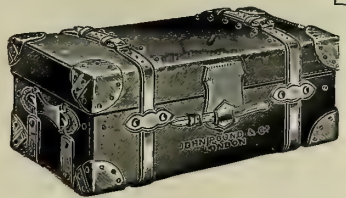
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TROUBLED MOROCCO



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM A SKETCH BY A. CANOVAS

Although the Moroccan Government took all possible measures to lay Raisuli by the heels, surrounding his fortress at Zinat with several thousand troops, and subjecting it to a fierce bombardment, he managed to slip away, and when the stronghold was stormed only the capture of his household goods rewarded the efforts of his pursuers.

ON THE TRACK OF MOROCCO'S DE WET: THE BOMBARDMENT OF RAISULI'S FORTRESS AT ZINAT

CELEBRATING THE KAISER'S BIRTHDAY

"PLACE AUX DAMES"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

People travel farther afield for their winter holiday every year, and the unfortunate death of Sir James Fergusson in the Jamaica earthquake, an ex-Cabinet Minister, and one of the most genial and kindhearted of men, proves that even tropical regions and distant islands form no impediment to their enterprise. Yet foreign travel has its dangers. Terrible earthquakes, shipwrecks, and railway accidents are common occurrences, yet tourists embark as lightheartedly on voyages to India, China, and Ceylon now as they formerly started on a trip to Bath or Brighton. It shows the prevalence of modern enterprise, when young men like the Duke of the Abruzzi, good-looking and charming, with all the world before them, prefer arduous and dangerous expeditions to the easy travelling of the main countries of Europe. There are dangers even there, however, as may be noted in the case of Miss Lowe, who was half murdered by a miscreant in a tunnel near Genoa, for the sake of her watch and a few trinkets. Travelling first class was formerly supposed to ensure perfect safety, and a lonely lady would be locked into her compartment by a complaisant guard; but now, especially abroad, there is more safety in the crowded third class carriage. Women, even quite young girls, travel so much alone that these constant assaults form a palpable danger; and it is, perhaps, safer for a woman to traverse what are called uncivilised countries than to journey from Paris to Nice. Foreign railways have a knack, too, of letting the electric light go out in the middle of the night, which is extremely unpleasant and alarming.

That birth, marriage, and death are all united by an indissoluble chain received convincing proof at the wedding of pretty Miss Dorothy Lawson, which had to be solemnised very quietly owing to the death of her grandfather, while the bridegroom hurried off the day before to the funeral of a near relation. Such are the strange ironies of life. But life is now too full and varied to allow of protracted mourning, and Miss Lawson's wedding was as pretty, if not as crowded, as if nothing had occurred. The bridesmaids wore charming costumes of grey and pale blue, with fascinating muffs to match, presented by the bridegroom, and the happy pair received, among other valuable gifts, a fully furnished and equipped house in Bruton Street. Utilitarianism reigns even in our modern sentiment, and the prevalence of useful gifts, carriages, motors, cheques, and furniture continues to increase. The bridegroom, however, is not called upon to make the sacrifices of his French prototype, who, on the day of his engagement, is obliged by custom to present a handsome bouquet, framed in valuable lace, and to continue the practice of sending flowers until the wedding day. In addition he provides a *corbeille de mariage*, which contains jewels, lace, cashmere shawls, furs, and other expensive equivalents.

Men in France are more generous with presents to ladies than we are. A Frenchman who dines or attends many receptions at a hostess's house invariably sends her bonbons, flowers, or other little *gentillesses*. Just now *porte-bonheur* bracelets, set with one emerald, are all the rage, and the multiplicity of gifts offered by the *habitués* of a hospitable mansion to its owner, at the New Year, constitute a positive tax on the poor bachelor. This is, perhaps, carrying the practice a little too far; but a few offerings, some sort of small recognition of kindnesses received, of dinners eaten and dances enjoyed, would not come amiss to the Englishman, who is fast losing his courteousness and chivalry, and thinks that when he has gorged and guzzled, and leant against a wall and declared he doesn't dance, he has done his duty, even without troubling to leave his card, on what the French call appropriately a "*visite de digestion*." The girl of the last generation expected and received flowers from her partners on important occasions such as at her own ball, or when she invited a young man to her box at the opera, or on her birthday. Of course, these little offerings were only presented by the favoured partners and the friends of the family, and formed part of a courtship which was then more ceremoniously conducted. The custom of giving flowers to a girl is a pretty one, and the innocent blossoms can be received when it would be impossible to accept more valuable gifts

In addition to the horrors of the Jamaica catastrophe, fire has claimed some victims lately. Lady Shakerley fell into the fire when sitting by it and was burned to death, and Lady Marshall's lamp set fire to her curtains, and she narrowly escaped having her house burnt down. These two things, sitting by the fire and putting a lamp near curtains, are the principal causes of domestic fires. Electric light being now so common, one does not hear so much of curtains being set alight; but there are still many folk who prefer to read by candle or lamp light. Women especially are very careless in sitting by their firesides, letting their draperies hang into the grate, putting their feet on the fender, and going to sleep thus. Old people or children should never be allowed to sit near the fire without the protection of a high fender or fire-guard. The tendency to fall forward from sleep or illness being very marked in the case of the elderly, and death by fire being such an awful fate, every precaution should be taken by those responsible for their dear ones' safety. I fancy smoking cigarettes in bed is a fashion responsible for many accidents, and the practice is now not confined to men; innumerable women smoke in bed before breakfast and after they have retired to their rooms for the night.

Memoranda for the Coming Week

TO-DAY

Royal Institution: Sir Alexander Mackenzie's second lecture on "Latest Phases of Music," 3.
Burns concert, Albert Hall, 7.30.

MONDAY, JANUARY 28

Royal Geographical Society: Major C. D. Bruce on "A Journey through Central Asia to Northern China," 8.30.
British Science Guild: Annual meeting; speech by Mr. Haldane, Mansion House, 4
Society of Arts: Professor J. W. Gregory's first Cantor Lecture on "Gold Mining and Gold Production," 8.
Association Football: North v. South, Stamford Bridge.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 29

Royal Institution: Professor A. C. Seward's first lecture on "Survivals from the Past in the Plant World," 3.
Society of Arts: Mr. W. Dale on "The Artistic Treatment of the Exterior of the Pianoforte," 8.
Royal Colonial Institute: Mr. E. H. Miller on "Rhodesia and its Resources," Whitehall Rooms, 4.30.
Scala Theatre: Performance of *The Prisoner of Zenda* in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital, Marylebone Road (two nights).

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30

Royal Agricultural Society: Council meeting.
Society of Arts: Mr. James Parsons on "Apprenticeship," 8.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 31

Mr. Haldane distributes prizes to Volunteers in Sheffield.
Royal Society: Meeting, 4.30.
Royal Academy: Professor von Herkomer on "Bavaria: Romantic and Paintable," 4.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1

Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P., and Mr. Chaplin at Lincoln.
Mr. Haldane presents the prizes of the London Scottish Rifles, 59, Buckingham Gate, 8.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2

L.C.C. Dedication of Ruskin Park, Denmark Hill, by Mr. Evan Spicer, 2.30.
Royal Institution: The Rev. W. Barry's first lecture on "Papal Deposing Power," 3.



IN THE THEATRICAL DRESSING-ROOM



A GRENADIER AS KITCHENMAID

The most important annual festival in the German Army is the birthday of its War Lord, the Kaiser Wilhelm, and in every regiment the occasion is celebrated with great rejoicing. Amateur theatricals are got up by the men, soldiers taking all the parts, even those of the women. The acting is, as a rule, surprisingly good, though when a burly and moustachioed guardsman trips lightly upon the boards in libellous imitation of a sweet and blushing maiden, the effect is distinctly bizarre, and is naturally productive of uproarious merriment.

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THE TRUE AFGHANISTAN

Mr. Frank A. Martin, in his well-written and interesting volume, "Under the Absolute Amir" (Harper), draws a truly realistic picture of Afghanistan and its ruler in the present day. What he writes about, he knows, as for eight years—and dreary years they must have been—he served as engineer-in-chief to two Amirs. He returned to Kabul, for his second visit, when the present Amir returned from his visit to Europe. After an excellent account of his journey, he describes Kabul, which is a most filthy city, where all refuse is thrown into the streets, and in the same water that washes these thoroughfares the living wash themselves and drink, and the dead are washed. The late Amir, Abdur Rahman, did something towards sanitation; but he could not do half that was necessary, and the present ruler does nothing. With regard to the manners and customs of the people, of which the author gives a graphic description, that may be summed up in the words of the midshipman who thus described those of a European nation, "Customs, beastly; manners, none." Of the two Amirs, under whom the writer served, Abdur Rahman was the abler man. He loved his country, and did his best for it, although his methods might not have been quite suitable to a more civilised country; and he had a thorough belief in Great Britain. Mr. Martin says of him:—

> Amir Abdur Rahman was an exceptionally able man, and one who willingly gave the whole of his time and attention to the work required of him, working from the time he rose from his bed until he lay down again."

He left as little as possible to his officials. With regard to the present ruler, Mr. Martin writes:—

> Amir Habibullah, who follows his father's policy in all things, has done nothing towards developing the resources of his country beyond ascertaining the position and value of its various mineral deposits.

He is waiting to work the mines until he obtains a seaboard. The arsenal and workshops started by the late Amir are not in as flourishing a state as they might be, for although the natives would make good workmen in time, and if well paid, at present they are not able to make highly finished guns throughout. When the Boer War was begun the old Amir feared that Russia might take that opportunity to invade his country, but, on consideration, he came to the conclusion that the whole of Islam would rise, and that Russia would have as much as she could do to combat that in her own dominions. Speaking of to-day, the author says that the bulk of the people are in such a dissatisfied condition, owing to high taxation, dear food and other ills, "that it is likely enough they would welcome any change as a change for the better, and until the Amir has a grasp on the people equal to that of his father, an invading power would not have an altogether combined Afghanistan to contend against, in spite of the Amir's widely distributed pamphlets on Jihad." Mr. Martin has given us a book that will induce thought. Lord Curzon tried to induce the Amir to come to India to discuss matters concerning his country, but did not succeed. Now he has come.



A MAN OF THE MOMENT: A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE AMIR
(From "Under the Absolute Amir." By F. A. Martin. Harper and Brothers.)

GOVERNMENT BY MURDER

"The Russian Government and the Massacres," by E. Séménoff (Murray), is no revolutionary pamphlet, breathing fire and fury, but a calm and temperate statement of the case against the Russian Government as the party responsible for the "pogroms," or organised massacres of both Jews and Christians, which have scandalised Europe of late years. Far from striving after sensational effects, the author of set purpose passes over the horrors perpetrated by the pogromists, and confines himself to proving by documentary evidence the Government's complicity in the massacres. Incredible as it may appear to the inhabitants of happier lands, massacre to order has now become a recognised means of government in Russia, and the machinery exists for organising pogroms at the briefest notice, the very proclamations inciting the people to commit murder being printed in Government offices. All this, and much more, is proved by M. Séménoff, who quotes chapter and verse for every statement he makes. Mr. Lucien Wolf contributes an interesting introduction, in which he shows, from his own experience, that the Government connives at pogroms. "When, nine months ago, preparations were being made to launch the great five per cent. loan in Western Europe," he says, "I was only prevented from repeating in print the criticisms of Russian finance I had contributed to the *Times* in the previous year by undisguised threats of reprisals, in the shape of 'pogroms,' communicated to certain influential friends of mine by authorised agents of the St. Petersburg Cabinet." The saddest feature in the tragic story is, as Mr. Wolf remarks, the attitude of the Governments of Western Europe, but for whose complaisance the pogroms could never have continued; whilst as regards public opinion generally, what he well calls "a sort of Cossack cynicism" is gradually taking the place of the generous impulses of our fathers, a state of things which surely marks alike the decadence of Press and people. It would be interesting to know how much of this apathy is due to the fact that, by virtue of the colossal loans raised by Russia, the countries of Western Europe are in the position of creditors anxious to do nothing to precipitate the insolvency of their neighbour, but meanwhile it is well to note, on the authority of a well-known publicist quoted by M. Séménoff, that the Russian people are unanimous on one point—when the doom of Autocracy is sounded and the people come into their own, they will accept all loans contracted before 1906, but they will repudiate all loans raised since Tsardom entered into conflict with the Russian people. To a generation which seems lost to the dictates of humanity this timely warning may possibly not be made in vain.

Eden Phillpotts's Latest

"THE WHIRLWIND"

The latest and, in many respects, the most powerful of Mr. Eden Phillpotts's novels (with twelve illustrations of the scenery: Chapman and Hall) cannot possibly be recommended to readers for pleasure—unless, indeed, they be such as may find it in witnessing the writhings of tormented souls. The scene of the tragedy is about Lydford, on Dartmoor, whose genius Mr. Phillpotts has so completely made his own: the period, about fifty years ago—which is equivalent to a century ago, or more than that, in England at large. We have called the story a tragedy with the fullest intention. Granting the circumstances—not an altogether easy process—and the conduct of the principal personages under them, the tragic climax is as inevitable as the strictest canons of the Greek drama could demand.

To deal first with the main difficulty. We are called upon to believe that a pure and entirely noble woman, with her full share of intellect and will-power, could be persuaded that it was her duty to be faithless, without passion, to the husband whom she loved and who deserved her love—a situation which surely all womanly instinct will regard as revoltingly impossible. Neither weakening of religious faith, and not much of this is suggested, nor corrupt counsel, can be held to account for the fall of such a woman as Sarah Brendon; or, indeed, as most people will think, of any other. It has to be granted, none the less; and the escape from the husband (who has been maddened into murder by the discovery) first of the seducer by natural death, and then of the wife by suicide, only brings out into a yet more lurid relief the initial difficulty of which it fails to dispose.

No such consideration, however, important as it is, can affect the dramatic grip of the main story, or its picturesque setting, or its local humour; this last sometimes opening out into comedy, as in the proceedings of the "water leat" committee—sometimes hardening into almost savage grimness, as in the scene of the Mock Burial. The opening chapters are no doubt lightly coloured with intention, in order to give all the fuller effect of contrast to all that follows. But the breeze that is to sweep over the moor is very soon apparent; and the reader, with or against his will—the latter the more likely—will presently find himself in the clutch of it, and carried away.—R. E. F.

"SELMA"

Lucas Cleeve's "Selma" (John Long) is the account of an atrocious but successful conspiracy engaged in by a noble Austrian family for swindling a financier out of "five millions"—in what currency does not appear. The trick is to marry the noble heir to the financier's daughter while already married to an opera singer. The oddest part of the affair is that both the ladies concerned consent to the arrangement, of which they are perfectly aware. This sordid story is softened by a certain sentimental setting, more German in tone than in accuracy of expression. By her characters' favourite exclamation "*Ach Unsen*," can the authoress intend *Ach Unsinn?* And if so, is she not aware that "Oh, nonsense," or "Oh, rubbish," is a perfectly adequate English expression for her intention?

FOUR MONTHS OUT OF A LIFE

Is the sub-title of a book that is more justly describable as four months very substantially within a life, however long and full it may hereafter be. The nine-year-old Earl of Shannagh, the hero of "The Book of Gilly," by Emily Lawless (with four illustrations by L. Leslie Brooke: Smith, Elder and Co.), is not likely to forget his sojourn in the little island of Inishbeg, off the coast of Kerry. The authoress has signally succeeded in catching the outlook of a healthily impressionable mind suddenly set, just between childhood and boyhood, amid wholly fresh and at the same time wholly congenial surroundings; and her sketches of the simple folk of the place, while somewhat too slight and certainly too few, are taken from life—which is as much as to say that they are as remote from the usual portraiture of the Irish peasant as Inishbeg from London. Gilly certainly had a capital time, which will be shared by any grown-up reader who still knows how to be nine years old.

A PLEASANT TALE

The growth of love, despite a tangle of misunderstandings, jealousies, and mischief-makings, between a middle-aged husband and a young wife, both of whom believed themselves and one another to have married without it, is a somewhat hackneyed theme. Curtis Yorke, however, in her quiet story of "The World and Delia" (John Long), has contrived to treat it with considerable freshness, and not only leaves her married lovers to as much happiness at the end as they might have had at the beginning, but her readers to the recollection of a pleasant and wholesome flavour.

"RECORDS OF AN OLD VICARAGE"

Clerical chat is mostly entertaining, even when it is small. The Rev. Robert Yates Whytehead, Rector of Lawford, gossips pleasantly through his "Records" (John Long) on many subjects within their purview—on old accounts and letters; on clergy of many sorts, from Bishops to "Guinea Pigs;" on churchwardens, clerks, and schoolmasters; on baptisms, marriages, and funerals; and on such less obvious topics as sportsmen, auctions, lucifer-matches and bees. He lets his own personality display itself freely; but in the manner of a genial humorist, whose talk we relish not so much for the things he says as for how he says them. The records are not confined to the present generation; but it is pleasant to be made to realise how much of old-world flavour still lingers about many a country-side—and sometimes about the parson too.

FROM CHAUCER TO SWINBURNE

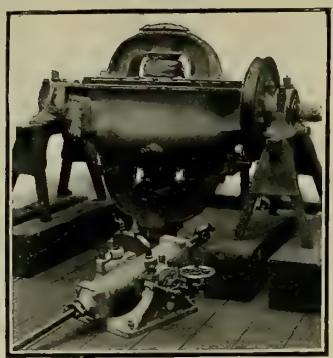
The two bulky volumes, awkwardly entitled "The Bookman Illustrated History of English Literature," by Thomas Seccombe and W. Robertson Nicoll (Hodder and Stoughton), should prove an eminently useful addition to any public library. Starting with Chaucer as the "day-star" both of English poetry and of English prose, and closing with Mr. Swinburne as "beyond comparison the greatest poet now living," it surveys the whole of the intervening literature as fully as any student requiring a preliminary map of so vast a subject can require. There are no really material omissions, whatever may be the contrary opinion on the part of many living writers of repute for whose names the index will be searched in vain; the biographical matter is accurate and concise; and the criticisms are such as would be accepted in an examination conducted on the most strictly orthodox lines. The work, moreover, is good to read as well as useful for study, by reason of a certain liveliness of style far from common in such compilations, of a laudable avoidance of fine writing — a virtue that is rarer still — and a clear and consistent plan. It will be found a pleasantly and easily explored mine of facts and opinions not only by intending examinees, but by members of societies generally which include essays and lectures in their programmes. The full-page portraits in Rembrandt photogravure are numerous, and might well have been made more numerous still by substitution for the similar reproductions of well-known pictorial imaginations, quite in place in an art album, but quite out of it in a literary history.

ROMANTIC HISTORY

Professor C. Hume Brown, in an introduction to "True Romances of Scotland," by E. Maxtone Graham and E. S. Paterson (William Blackwood and Sons) expresses the "regret among Scotsmen of every shade of opinion that the national history does not receive the amount of attention it deserves." Such regret is by no means monopolised by Scotland. He, moreover, quotes "a distinguished Scotsman" as having recently said that he abstains from reading the history of his native country for two sufficient reasons—first, "because it is too painful; and, secondly, because it is not interesting." There is certainly no gainsaying its well-nigh unrelieved gloom, but it will not be the fault of Messrs. Graham and Paterson if the more or less distinguished Scotsmen of the next generation, for whom their little volume is written, fail to find it interesting.



THE SEEBAR MAKING HER TRIAL



THE APPARATUS THAT KEEPS THE SHIP STEADY

The latest of the many contrivances for keeping vessels from rolling, and so doing something to prevent sea-sickness, is the work of a German engineer, Otto Schlick, and his apparatus consists of a specially constructed turbine, which is fixed on the ship's bottom. When set in motion it is said to counteract the ship's tendency to roll. The German Government placed an old torpedo-boat, the Seebär, at the inventor's disposal, and experiments were made in the presence of the German Secretary of the Navy. When the sea would have caused the Seebär to roll nine degrees, the invention was set to work, whereupon the vessel rolled only one degree. Whether this reduces by nine to one the chances of being sea-sick the world has not been told. Herr Schlick claims that his invention would steady warships, and soenable gunners to fire more surely. Photo by Schaul, Hamburg.

SEA-SICKNESS AND AN INVENTION: A MACHINE TO PREVENT SHIPS ROLLING

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THE way to the sales is paved with good intentions. We are determined on economy until the swing doors of a land of "amazing opportunities and sweeping reductions" have closed upon us. Then may the fates be kind, for reason and the experience of years forsake us every January. Models we have looked at coldly all the season grow strangely attractive when labelled "under cost price." Lengths of silks and satins, undesired in saner moments, become indispensable to happiness. The sport of bargain-hunting is a fascinating occupation, no doubt; but is it quite worth the price we pay? Is it quite good enough to make up for being numbered amongst the worst-dressed women in Europe? For it comes to that. We are judged by our errors in taste, not by our successes, and the after-season sale is responsible for not a few mistakes.

Who said we were a stolid people lacking in imagination? In sale time, at any rate, we have our ambitious dreams. What visions of loveliness are conjured up from the thousand and one dirty remnants of the bargain-counter! Every yard seems a golden opportunity, every draggled trimming an inspiration. There is no method in our January madness, but to buy in haste and repent at leisure, and repeat the process exactly six months hence. For bargain-hunting is dear to the heart of womanhood. It is the golden "might be" of the chase, the romantic halo of possible discoveries, and would be harmless enough were there no to-morrow to repent in.

In theory, don't we all think this? But in practice we succumb invariably. Resisting would be a little more than human, or a little less than feminine. But at least let us hope we have succumbed more or less wisely, for in the frenzy of buying it is often difficult to know exactly what we have bought. Plain cloths and chiffons are always safe. Fashion has become so broadminded. We may mix cloth and chiffon or velvet and net in one frock; we may combine a perfect *macédoine* of coarse and fine laces, and achieve a triumph of a lace gown. All this is not only allowed, it is a distinct command, and here the sale bargain has its opportunities. But the buyer must be very sure of her taste, her *savoir faire*, and above all her *savoir porter*. On herself, and herself only, will the success of her sale trophies depend. If she can design successfully, why then the whole field of sale remnants is open to her, and there are worlds of artistic success for her to conquer. But if she be no heaven-born genius, then discretion is by far the better part of valour.

There were striped silks, striped satins and velvets galore this sale time, and very pretty little frocks can be made of them. But it would be as well to make hay while the sun shines, for the sun of the stripe is very nearly set, and we might profit by its becomingness while we can. Our illustration is a charming theatre gown of blue and white silk of the blue that is called *bleu ancien*. It is absolutely simple, with a soft white chemisette of filmy lace and a Marie Antoinette fichu in *malines* net; extremely long, its ends fall to the hem of the gown and are edged with a deep band of *point de Venise*. China pink roses are worn with this and a blue bow in the hair. The cloak is in *bleu ancien* lined with a lighter tone and edged with sable.

In the world of dress nothing has changed more than the evening wrap. Time was when we contented ourselves with plain cloth or velvet coats lined with the inevitable white satin. Where are the halcyon days of such economies? Of course, the *éditions de luxe* of fur and lace are beyond the reach of the ordinary mortal who does not happen to belong either to the noble "four hundred" or to the stars of the French stage. But originality on less expensive lines is allowed to all. Fashion your evening wrap out of what you will, in what shape you may, if your lines be artistic you can do no wrong. Almost as much licence is allowed as in the tea-gown, and here is the opportunity of the woman of taste. The kimono, of course, is still first in the field, and will be till the spring and even after. But the prettiest wraps are Japanese only in their wide sleeves, and most of their magnificence is limited to the lining. Also it is a command that the gown and wrap shall harmonise in colour. With a pink net frock, for instance, should be worn a shell pink Liberty satin wrap, its lining one mass of the softest chiffon frills, like a summer cloud at sunset. It is not an economical idea, but when has Fashion ever had the slightest regard for our purses?

Toga draperies and peplums have also been glorified into cloaks, but to be worn successfully they demand a commanding presence and a pair of square shoulders; otherwise the whole scheme dwindles into ridiculous insignificance. Little people had better adopt the wrap *à la kimono*, finished off with a big hood. They always look delightful and will not crush the most airy frock.

In Paris, evening gowns have so idealised and individualised themselves that to find a *Leitmotiv* in the tangle of ideas is impossible. The laws of *snobisme* (meaning ultra-elegance) demand that whether we will, or will not, we shall express personality and character through the medium of our gowns. In republican Paris *le snobisme* is king, and its unwritten laws are more binding than any royal command. It is impossible to explain why it is *très snob* to wear this, or do that, nor is it a matter of *chic*, or *esprit*, but some elusive *je ne sais quoi*, invented by no one knows whom, and copied heaven knows why. And straight away to ignore it becomes an unpardonable crime.



THEATRE GOWN IN STRIPED BLUE AND WHITE SILK

Now that it is *très snob* to be very thin, where are the erstwhile generous proportions of the *Parisienne*? Where indeed? Is it entirely a matter of diet, massage and the famous *ceinture*? I believe not. *Snobisme* is more than a fad, it is almost a religion, and if determined faith can move mountains it can also alter figures—and it has. At least, so it is rumoured.

To show off the result of this juggling *le monde où l'on s'habille* dresses no more. It merely hangs its last creation on its bones, quite literally, with nothing but bones beneath it. No frills, no petticoats, only a silk *maillot*, and over this the gown of *crêpe de Chine* or softest cloth, unlined to add to the effect. It has even been whispered that the truly *snob* will have to suggest their ribs through the bodices of their gowns!

What next? The *grande mondaine* is not as far removed as she might wish from a certain dancer who wears her clothes over a *maillot* steeped in glycerine. But then the dancer is a good deal more than a skeleton, and that may make all the difference. Anyhow, *vive le snobisme*, which, like the King, can do no wrong.

L. S. R.

Musical Notes

Just when we were beginning to think that Germany had given up all attempts to produce good tenors as a hopelessly bad job, and that we were doomed for the rest of our days to hear the heroic parts in Wagner's operas violently assaulted whenever the opportunity arose, Covent Garden has suddenly sprung upon us a new singer of commanding ability. On the whole, however, the wonder is not that the new tenor has at last arrived, but that he has not arrived a little earlier, for Herr Franz Naval, the singer in question, has not been occupying himself during the last few years in the thankless task of hiding his light under a bushel. For a long while Germany has been ringing with his fame, and his services have been in great demand at at least two of the chief opera houses. Seeing that Covent Garden has always given us to understand that its emissaries, with the energy bred of despair, have been for years ransacking the Fatherland for a new tenor, it is really a little surprising that they should never have discovered him before, more especially as he is no stranger to London, for he has appeared at a Philharmonic concert, and has given recitals at the Bechstein Hall.

However, Herr Naval may now be said to have arrived, for his *debut* as Eric in the recent performance of *The Flying Dutchman* was unquestionably a big success. His voice is of beautiful quality; he uses it like an artist, and he is an intelligent actor. He is, indeed, a tenor whose closer acquaintance we should very much like to make, and now that Covent Garden has at last got him, it is to be hoped that they will make the most of him. Frau von Westhoven, who made her London *début* as Senta on the same occasion, like many another newcomer, seemed to labour under the delusion that it was necessary to force her voice in order to fill the big house, and her singing was, in consequence, not always entirely satisfactory. She will probably do better, however, when she is more at her ease here, and she certainly showed herself to be a very gifted actress. Herr Bertram made a fairly impressive Dutchman, while Herr Nikisch's reading of the score was of the highest order of interest.

It is sometimes rather amusing to see how deep a hold the reforms instituted by Wagner have gained upon us, and how seriously we take our opera nowadays. At the recent revival of Weber's *Der Freischütz*, for example, the lights in the auditorium were turned down and the house was plunged in Cimmerian darkness, while if anyone ventured to applaud a singer, an angry "'Sh!" ran round the house. To turn the lights out is absurd and rather annoying, for, seeing that the opera has not been played here for twelve years, many members of the audience would probably have been glad to follow the performance with the score of the libretto. To check applause is almost as ridiculous as it would be to check it in *The Gondoliers*, for the airs are for the most part followed by spoken dialogue, to which no one can really wish to listen in reverential silence. To modern ears, Weber's opera seems a little old-fashioned; but it contains much charming music, and the chief parts were so well sung by Fräulein Marcella Craft, Frau Bosetti, Herr Ernst Kraus and Herr Hinckley, that the revival was a joy and a delight.

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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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Sir Oliver Lodge at Birmingham University

An Interview by
WENTWORTH HUYSHE

"ALL we have to do is to ascertain by careful and patient investigation what really happens; and my experience has led me to feel sure of this: that whatever hypotheses and speculations we may frame, we cannot exceed the reality in genuine wonder. I believe that the simplicity and beauty of the tru h concerning even the material Universe, when we know it, will be such as to elicit feelings of reverent awe and admiration."

Those were the words, his own words, spoken in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford four years ago, which were in my mind as I journeyed to Birmingham to make a call upon the first Principal of the youngest of our great Universities—Sir Oliver Lodge—under whose direction the young Institution has already passed into a healthy and virile adolescence, and in whom it has found a leader well worthy of being followed with respect and esteem. For in those words lies the keynote of the man's character, a man who, while standing in the forefront of scientific progress, is more than a mere man of science; one who blends with the calm precision of a *savant* the sympathy of a man of the world who knows his fellow-men, wishes to help in their social improvement, and loves to be among them.

That, in fact, was the first note struck in the interview with which he favoured me in his private room at Mason's College, overlooking the very centre of the busy life of Birmingham. Sir Oliver's windows look right on to Victoria Square, the Town Hall, the Council House, the Art Gallery, and the Midland Institute; beneath them run electric cars; within a stone's throw is the great station of the London and North-Western Railway; and, sweeping all round, are the tributary branches and wharves of the Birmingham and Wolverhampton Canal.

"Your University building is in the thick of it, Sir Oliver," said I, as I looked out.

"Yes," he said, "we are conveniently situated here, right in the centre of Birmingham. I like to be in the middle of it all."

And then we talked of the expansion of the University, which is by no means represented by the Mason College, founded by Sir Josiah Mason with the fortune he made in the steel pen manufacture with Mr. Joseph Gillott.

"The new and much larger buildings for the University," said Sir Oliver, "which are now erected in Edgbaston, are for engineering, mining, and metallurgy on a scale not yet attempted in any other part of the country. They have cost half a million sterling. Then there are blocks going up for physics and for chemistry; and a library and a great hall."

"And this development has been going on ever since the University got its charter in 1900?"

"It was started, as you know, by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain; through his efforts a sum of £400,000 was collected, and this has now been increased to half a million—all of it devoted to the new buildings."

Eventually, no doubt, the whole of the various departments of this great modern University will be concentrated in those new buildings at Bournbrook, where, on land presented by Lord Calthorpe, they are situated.

"It was in about the same year that you became a Fellow of the Royal Society—1887—that you were working on the electro-magnetic waves, was it not, Sir Oliver?" I asked.

"Yes; Hertz and I were working on them independently in the years 1887-8. I was looking for them on long wire circuits, and Hertz was seeking them in the air, in space. We both found them at about the same time, measured their length, and experimented on their reflection and other properties; and both sets of experiments were described at the British Association Meeting at Bath in 1888. The electrical papers of the time were full of the subject. It was these researches and experiments that afterwards blossomed into wireless telegraphy. You know I showed in 1894 experiments in signalling at a distance by means of the Hertzian waves."

"And the passage of electricity through liquids, Sir Oliver; you made some interesting researches upon that?"

"Yes; I undertook a series of researches which resulted in the discovery of experimental means for the measuring of the speed with which electrified atoms travel through liquids, and thereby convey the electric current. The speed of several of these travellers was measured, and was found to agree with the mathematical predictions of Professor Kohlrausch of Berlin."

"And yet another series of experiments led you to an investigation of the passage of light through a moving medium?"

"My researches in that direction had reference to the question as to whether the ether of space was affected by the motion of bodies through it; that is to say whether, in fact, the earth in its orbital motion dragged the ether with it, or whether it behaved like a perfectly porous body and allowed the ether to stream through it, as wind streams through a grove of trees."

"And with the result?"

"With the result that the latter was the conclusion to which my experiments led me."

It was for this, and for the researches on the electro-magnetic waves, that Sir Oliver Lodge received, in 1898, the Rumford Medal of the Royal Society, one of the highest honours which that Society can bestow.

It is well known that Sir Oliver Lodge is not only a scientific man, whose brilliant career has won him many distinctions and wide recognition, but that he unites with scientific attainments the power to impart knowledge to others. Birmingham realised this some years ago when he gave a well-remembered lecture in the Town Hall on radium; and long before that he delivered a presidential address before Section A of the British Association, with the very practical outcome that the National Physical Observatory was subsequently founded at Bushey. It was in that same address, also, that he advocated investigation into abnormal psychology, claiming that the scientific method was applicable to telepathy.

Another of the phases of this many-sided mind is that which is suggested by the quotation which I have made at the beginning of this article from the Romanes lecture of 1903—the attitude of "reverent awe and admiration." For, just as he boldly entered the field of psychology, so Sir Oliver Lodge has not hesitated to enter upon that of Religion and religious education. His views are embodied in a pamphlet printed for a meeting of ministers in Farringdon Hall, entitled "The Substance of Faith in Harmony with Literature and Science," and in it, from the point of view of a teacher or a trainer of teachers, he has drafted twenty clauses in the form of a Catechism, as affording a fairly substantial basis for religious education. The pamphlet is to be published, Sir Oliver informed me, with expansion and explanations. In speaking of it he said that he was quite aware that the very first Question and Answer were likely to find many dissentients. The first question is: "What are you?" And the answer: "I am a being, alive and conscious upon this earth, my ancestors having ascended by gradual processes from lower forms of animal life and with struggle and suffering become man."

"The Darwinian doctrine of Evolution, in fact, Sir Oliver."

"Yes; but this answer is not the whole truth. It is true as far as it goes, but it is not complete, and cannot be completed without the introduction of some further considerations. The intervening clauses lead up to something more like a completion of this answer, namely to Question 12, which should be taken in conjunction with Answer No. 1."

Question 12 is: "What is to be said of man's higher faculties?" And the Answer is: "The faculties and achievements of the highest among mankind, in Art, in Science, in Philosophy, and in Religion, are not explicable as an outcome of a struggle for existence. Something more than mere life is possessed by us—something represented by the words 'mind' and 'soul' and 'spirit.' On one side we are members of the animal kingdom, on another we are associates in a loftier type of existence and are linked with the Divine."

Sir Oliver then went on to say: "And it has also been objected to the idea of evolution that the ascent of man is inconsistent with the doctrine of the Fall. With some forms of that doctrine doubtless it is inconsistent, but there is a mode of regarding it which avoids this inconsistency, and it is indicated in the answer to the question No. 2, 'What is meant by the Fall of Man?' namely, that 'at a certain stage of development man became conscious of a difference between right and wrong,' so that he lost his paradise of animal Innocency and entered upon a long struggle, with many failures, which would ultimately culminate in a paradise of human Achievement, with the aid of the Highest among mankind."

That was all that Sir Oliver had to say, though not, indeed, all I had to ask; but time was pressing for both of us and we parted.

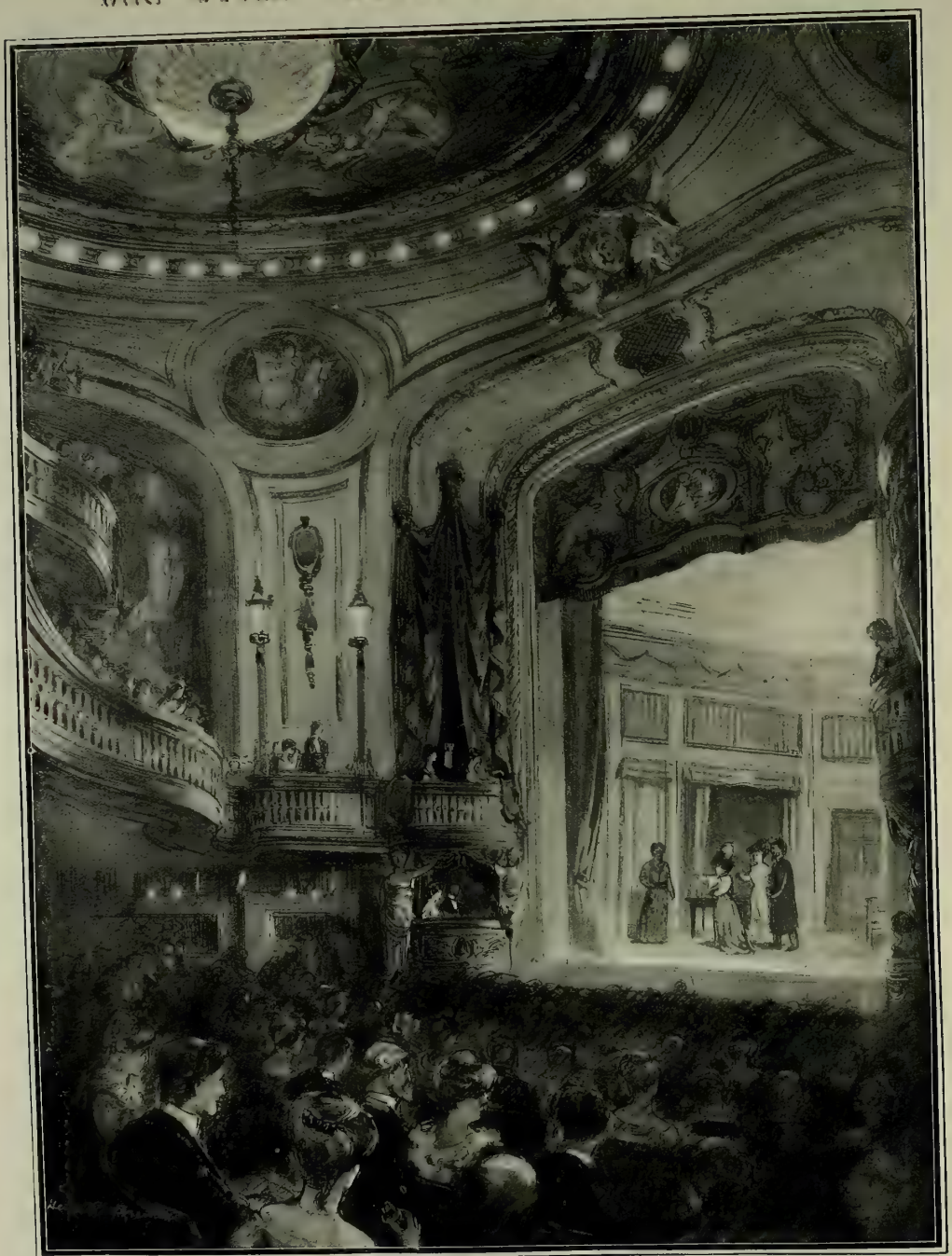
Turning over the Catechism of Sir Oliver after I had left I found among the eighteen other clauses one to the general terms of which no one could object, a definition of Duty, the basis upon which, no doubt, its writer has formed his own life, namely, "To assist his fellows, to develop his own higher self, to strive towards good in every way open to his powers, and generally to seek to know the laws of Nature, and to obey the will of God, in whose service alone can be found that harmonious exercise of the faculties which is synonymous with perfect freedom."



SIR OLIVER LODGE, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S.

PHOTO BY WHITLOCK, BIRMINGHAM

MR. CYRIL MAUDE'S NEW THEATRE



Mr. Cyril Maude's charming new theatre, built on the site of the Avenue Theatre, destroyed last year by the collapse of Charing Cross Station roof, opened this week with *Toddles*, transferred from the Duke of York's. The aim of the architects, Messrs. Detmar Blow and Billerey, and of the furnishers, Messrs. Maple and Co., was to obtain the acme of comfort, as befitted the new home of *Toddles*, and in this endeavour they have certainly succeeded, for no more comfortable theatre is to be found in London. One of the novelties introduced is that each seat throughout the house may be booked in advance.

"Toddles" at "The Playhouse," Northumberland Avenue

DRAWN BY H. C. BREWER

JOY AMONG THE WAXWORKS



The Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs were at Madame Tussaud's in state the other day helping at a festive gathering of poor and crippled children. Sir William Treloar joked with the children, and poked fun at the Chamber of Horrors, where, he said, he wanted to leave the Sheriffs, though he did not explain why. But the children laughed all the same, regardless of the cold stare of Kings and Queens, and even the august presence of wax bishops. And they turned the Chamber of Horrors into a room of joy. The poor little guests of Mr. Tussaud, in fact, enjoyed themselves nearly as much as their Lord Mayor.

The Lord Mayor and Crippled Children at Madame Tussaud's

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I



THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

AT the time of writing Jack Frost has been graciously pleased to take himself off, though it is perfectly possible that he may swoop down upon us again in plenty of time to chuckle as he reads these words in print. However, for the time being, he is off, and everybody, except the keen skating folk, is glad, for extreme cold interferes alike with most businesses and most pleasures. Wherefore, for this relief, much thanks.

* * * *

If, however, that be the feeling of the average well-to-do person, what must be the view of those who lack sufficiency of the three "F's"—which we take to be food, flannel, and fuel? Poor folk cannot afford to get in their winter stock of coal in bulk during the halcyon days of the "lowest summer prices;" they have to buy small quantities when prices are highest—or suffer tortures of cold worse, almost, than the tortures of hunger, and sometimes both. The sufferings of the poor during "seasonable" winter weather are enough to make the boldest Briton long to barter his birthright for the status of a Neapolitan *lazzarone*.

* * * *

Not that your *lazzarone* has much to boast of, these days. If we turn to Italy, or as the Book of Daniel says, "towards the south and towards the east, and towards the pleasant land," we shall find that Vesuvius has been snow-capped, that the art students of Rome have been modelling snow statues in the Pincian, or other, gardens, and that every water-pipe in Venice has been frozen. And oh! the utter misery of existence in the sunny South when the cold does come! The Southern folk—the Mediterranean nations—no more understand how to meet extreme cold than we Northerners do extreme heat. Many a British *hiverneur* must have been longing, lately, to be back with his feet on the fender before an English coal fire. There are compensations, then, for those whom duty has kept at home this winter.

* * * *

"Never prophesy unless you know." The result of the first ballots in the German General Election has made the publicists all look fairly foolish, thanks to the arrival of the unexpected. The Socialist defeat will be discussed in another column, and all that we will do here is to hope that it will serve to cool the hot blood of our swaggering Socialists at home, who, in the past twelve months, have been assuring us that Socialism is bound to come, and that we might just as well surrender to it without more ado. Possibly even the squeezability of the Prime Minister will prove a little less squeezable after this. For, after all, Mr. Keir Hardie is not precisely Herr Bebel; and, if the German giant is not invincible, Mr. Keir Hardie's political five-foot-nothing is not much to be afraid of.

* * * *

Mr. Keir Hardie, by the way, is in a pretty pucker just now. The Labour Conference will have nothing to say to the Suffragettes; the working man doesn't see what good woman's suffrage is going to do him. Whereupon Mr. Keir Hardie hints at the painful necessity of resigning his position as leader of the Labour party. Well, we shall believe in that resignation when it is an accomplished fact, and not before; for we doubt very strongly whether Mr. Keir Hardie's chivalry will run to that. After all, even a Labour leader is only a mere man, and we all know what cowardly *canaille* men are.

* * * *

Talking of Labour leaders, here we have Mr. Keir Hardie's brother Socialist and quondam friend, the Right Hon. John Burns, falling foul of the High Court of Justice—or going nigh to so doing. 'Tis a somewhat undignified thing for a Cabinet Minister to escape the consequences of contempt of court only because the Judge thinks his language so violent and grotesque that nobody would be likely to take it seriously.



GEORGE STRICKSON, WINNER OF THE LITTLEPORT CHALLENGE CUP



WALTER PRIDGEON, WINNER OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP

Last week saw some interesting professional and amateur skating. The professional race for the Littleport Challenge Cup, which is worth fifty guineas, and £25 in money prizes, took place at Littleport Moors. The ice was splendid, but there was a very strong wind. The course was a mile and a half long. Interesting and close racing resulted in the victory of George Strickson, of Yaxley, whose time was 5 min. 10 1-5 sec. On the same day (Saturday), the mile amateur championship race of the Lincolnshire Skating Association took place on the Wash at Spalding. Of the ten competitors, Walter Pridgeon, the son of a farmer, of Whaplode, near Spalding, made the fastest time of the day. He skated the mile, in which there were four turns, in just over four minutes, and so won the challenge cup outright, for he had won the race four times before, in 1900-1-2-3. The race was a magnificent one, and the winner was pressed very hard by F. C. Meggitt, of Boston, who was second by only four seconds.

BEFORE THE THAW: SKATING IN THE FENS AND ON THE WASH

According to the latest intelligence from the Transvaal, Het Volk are by no means indisposed to do a deal with the Progressives over the question of Chinese labour. We gather, that if the Progressives will kindly support a modest demand for, say, ten millions more by way of "compensation" to the Boers for losses in the war, the Boers, in return, will raise no objection to the continued presence of the Pigtail, or even to its future importation as occasion may require. Knowing, as we all do, what "the fault of the Dutch" is, we should not be surprised to hear that the ten millions might be reduced considerably without the bargain being off. But, anyhow, it is sad to see how little regard these Dutchmen have for the feelings of their friends over here, and for the sanctity of the great Chinese Slavery legend.

* * * *

To judge from Mr. Bryce's recent utterance, the Government really intend to have a shot at the solution of the Irish Roman Catholic University problem. This is really very hard on the new Chief Secretary, who, one would have thought, must have had enough of Education questions on this side of St. George's Channel. The Irish problem baffled Gladstone, and it looks (*pace* Mr. Bryce) no easier of solution now than it was in the early "'seventies." "A good man struggling with adversity," said the ancients, "is a sight dear to the gods." There should, therefore, be considerable joy upon Olympus when the gentle and genial Augustine arrives in the land of Ire. Poor Mr. Birrell!

* * * *

Never, since William Terriss was assassinated at the stage-door of the Adelphi, has so melodramatic a murder thrilled the hearts of the people of London as that of Mr. Whiteley. If the murderer recovers, as seems not unlikely, from his attempt at suicide, we may learn more of the real cause of his terrible crime. But, for the time being, that is impossible, and we can only congratulate the coroner upon the consideration he showed for the family and friends of the victim by not adjourning the inquest for further evidence. There was really no need to do so, inasmuch as the facts as to the actual cause of death were never in the slightest doubt.

* * * *

The "Stars"—those larger luminaries in the firmament of the music-halls—are fighting a plucky battle for their less fortunate brothers and sisters in the profession. It is more than probable, however, that in these days of fierce competition, owing to the multiplication of "halls," there is something to be said on the other side. Now that the "artists" have taken the Scala Theatre, and mean to run it on their own lines, they may possibly discover that all is not honey even in the life of a wicked capitalist who invests his money in a music-hall. But, however that may be, they ought to be able to put up a first-rate show; and they will, no doubt, obtain extensive patronage from a sympathetic public. We hope they may prove themselves as good men and women of business as they are at "business" in their own sense of the term.

The 94th Annual Court and the 188th half-yearly Election of the London Orphan Asylum, Watford, was held this week under the presidency of Mr. E. H. Bousfield, the Treasurer and Chairman of the Board of Managers, who stated that, while the work of the school had prospered in every way, the revenue for the year had fallen short of the expenditure by nearly two thousand pounds, in spite of the most watchful care and economy of a practical board of business men with a well-selected, able staff; although the cost per head for maintenance, clothing and education, was only £36, yet with a family of 500 it was obvious that £15,000 a year must be expended. Lord Alverstone having been chosen President, the election was proceeded with, resulting in ten girls and twenty-five boys being admitted.

The Great Central Company have instituted an arrangement whereby first and third class tickets are issued by any train every Saturday at a single fare and a quarter for the double journey from London (Marylebone) to a large number of cities and towns in the Midlands and the North. Passengers are allowed to return by any train on the following Sunday or Monday. Full particulars can be obtained at Marylebone Station and at any of the Company's Town Offices or Agencies.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES

Changes in the Cabinet

BY A LIBERAL M.P.

The changes that the Prime Minister has been compelled to make in his Cabinet, in consequence of the retirement of Mr. Bryce, seem to have met with general approval. Mr. Birrell earns universal commendation for his courage in going to Ireland, and Mr. McKenna's promotion is welcomed by all who know how well he has worked at the Treasury. For neither Minister, however, is the prospect altogether attractive. Mr. Birrell is a man of strong character, who won the applause of all parties in the House last Session by the courtesy and good temper he displayed while the Education Bill was before the House of Commons. It was noticeable, however, that towards the end of the session, when the fate of the Bill grew more and more doubtful, Mr. Birrell's good spirits gradually gave way under the strain. The question that naturally arises is whether he will be able to stand the far greater strain that will be imposed upon him in the Irish Office. His temperament, unfortunately, is not of the type that naturally attracts Irishmen. He comes of a Nonconformist stock, and there is some reason to fear that his dogged Saxon virtues may repel the sympathies of a race that has always preferred blarney to plain speech. Moreover, the task that he has undertaken is one of supreme difficulty. The Liberal Party is pledged not to introduce a Home Rule Bill into the present Parliament. On that point Mr. Birrell himself was perfectly definite in his pre-election speeches, and there is not the slightest reason to imagine that he will go back upon his word. At the same time the Nationalists are clearly determined to press with all the power at their command either for a full scheme of Home Rule, or for such a scheme of Devolution as will prepare the way for Home Rule, and make the larger measure inevitable at a future date. If the Nationalist vote in the House of Commons had alone to be considered Mr. Birrell could afford to ignore this pressure; but the Nationalists command in Ireland forces of disorder which no Irish Chief Secretary cares to see set in motion. It is greatly to be feared that if the full demands of the Nationalists are not satisfied there will be a recrudescence of the old forms of criminal agitation, and once more a Liberal Ministry will be compelled to lay aside projects of reform in order to protect life and property.

The outlook before Mr. McKenna is happily less gloomy than this, but it is not altogether comfortable. The extreme Nonconformists are still clamouring for another



MRS. BIRRELL
Photo by Olive and Katharine Edis

Education Bill, and the Cabinet will shortly have to decide what course it intends to adopt. If a new Bill is introduced, Mr. McKenna may be relied upon to steer it with tact and good temper, but to most Liberal members the prospect of another session or half-session devoted to education debates is appalling. In any case, Mr. McKenna's main work will have to be done in his office, and here, if we may judge from his past record, he will prove a most valuable servant to the country. He has always been a hard worker, and at the Treasury he threw himself into his official duties with the utmost enthusiasm, and has already succeeded in accomplishing many quiet reforms of which the public has heard little, but whose value the taxpayer will in due time appreciate. Much of the work of the Board of Education is happily unconnected with the religious controversy, and here Mr. McKenna will doubless have a free hand, and be able to give effect to his enthusiasm for solid work. For his sake, as well as for the sake of the House and of the country, it is to be hoped that the Government will have sufficient strength to insist that the religious controversy over the education problem must be postponed.

Whatever destiny may have in store for the new Chief Secretary for Ireland in a political sense, it is easy to foresee that he will be greatly helped on the social side of his duties by his clever and charming wife. It is not generally realised that Mrs. Birrell has a close link with the inner Court circle, for her mother, Lady Charlotte Locker, was the sister of Lady Augusta Stanley and Lady Frances Baillie, two of the most intimate friends of Queen Victoria's middle life. She is thus the first cousin of Mr. Birrell's Ministerial colleague, Lord Elgin. By her first marriage to Mr. Lionel Tennyson, Mrs. Birrell became the beloved daughter-in-law of the great Victorian poet, and this, added to her position as the daughter of the brilliant *raconteur* and versifier of Rowfant, made her familiar all her life with the most cultivated and fastidious literary society of the time. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Birrell has always kept diaries, for her reminiscences, when the time comes for her to write them, would assuredly be of absorbing interest. Now a new chapter of her life opens in the Emerald Isle, where Society is prepared to give her the warmest welcome. It is curious, by the way, what a fascination the Chief Secretaryship has always exercised over the most lettered of our politicians. Mr. Birrell, the brilliant essayist and literary critic, succeeds such bookmen as Mr. Arthur and Mr. Gerald Balfour, Mr. George Wyndham, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Bryce, and Sir George Trevelyan.



THE RT. HON. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, M.P., K.C.
The New Chief Secretary for Ireland in succession to Mr. Bryce.
Photo by Reginald Haines.



MR. R. McKENNA, M.P.
The New President of the Board of Education in succession to Mr. Birrell.
Photo by Elliott and Fry.

CLUB COMMENTS

By "MARMADUKE"

The English were a motionless people; they have become, almost in a generation, a people in motion, and the complete and rapid reversal of the system of life here in this direction must have materially altered the character of our fellow countrymen and women. The philosophers and critics amongst us, however, employ the old standards of valuation in comparing the present with the past, and, of course, judged by those, we have not the virtues which our ancestors possessed. It is ignored that they had not the virtues which we possess; they had those of a motionless people, we have those of a people in motion.

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Were it possible to revive a dead ancestor—an ordinary early Victorian "gentleman"—and replace him in the circumstances he occupied when alive, the critics would soon perceive that he was deficient in many qualities we possess. There are few of these social anatomists who would not find it intolerable to sit through a dinner with an ordinary early Nineteenth Century girl on each side. Even to-day in the country there are occasionally to be found men and women who more nearly resemble in various characteristics the men and women of a hundred years ago than most do, and generally they are described by the intelligent as dull, narrow-minded, and tiresome. All our ancestors and ancestresses were not gentlemen and ladies and patterns of the moral and mental virtues, and it is obviously unfair to single out the few amongst them who possessed those qualities, make them representatives of the age they lived in, compare them with the ordinary men and women of our time, and pronounce judgment against our generation.

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Voltaire described England of his day as being composed of "Froth at the top, dregs at the bottom, the middle excellent." The process of modernising in this country has diminished the amount of the "dregs" very considerably and has added the converted portion to the "excellent" middle. Unfortunately, it has also caused, at the other end, some of this middle to become "froth." The substantial result of the change, however, is that there is a much larger volume of the "excellent" than there ever was; far more English men and women who are intelligent, educated, behave becomingly, and do valuable work. The obvious tendency of the development of to-day is materially to decrease the amount of the "dregs," and it cannot be seriously complained of that the process does add in a small degree to the volume of the "froth."

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The "froth" is "society" and those thousands of pretentious human particles that endeavour to attach



RAISULI
A Sketch from Life by Comte de Buisseret, Belgian Minister in Tangier.

themselves to it. Here the modern philosopher and critic have ample material to deal with, and the more they discredit the "froth," the greater the service they are rendering to the rest of the community. It is not to be denied that English "society" of our time has a seriously demoralising influence. "Our parents had principles," recently said a witty woman of the world; "circumstances have rendered it necessary for us to reduce ours to pounds, shillings and pence. It is probably reserved for our children to have to reduce them to farthings." "And when that stage is reached?" asked a man across the table. "Then," she replied, "principles will become necessary to us again—to keep us from prison." In other words, so long as "society" has privileges it is exchanging its principles for profit, to make up for the losses in other directions; when the privileges have been withdrawn, it will be no longer safe to continue that course.

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The subject for discussion at a recent meeting of a Colonial Debating Society was "Should the Government of a Colony decline to ratify the appointment of a West End man as Governor, or in any official capacity under the Governor?" The speaker who opened the debate argued, amidst the cheers of most of those who heard him, that one West End man, with his West End principles and affectations, did so much to demoralise the weaker-minded amongst the Colonists by his example, that it was undesirable to ratify such appointments!

THE STRONG MAN OF MOROCCO

When the state of affairs in Tangier became intolerable to Europeans it was not a question of what to do with the Sultan, but a question of what the Sultan would do with Raisuli, the romantic and somewhat mysterious robber chief, who had terrorised the town, blackmailed the Maghzen, and made the lives of Europeans in Tangier intolerable. Raisuli, who has now fallen, for the second time, from his high estate, is certainly the most remarkable man in Morocco. Here is a sketch of him done by the correspondent of the *Times*, who was his prisoner for three weeks: "His personality was almost fascinating. Tall, remarkably handsome, with the whitest of skins, a short dark beard and moustache, and black eyes, with profile Greek rather than Semitic, and eyebrows that formed a straight line across his forehead, Mulai Ahmed Er-Raisuli was a typical and ideal bandit. His manner was quiet, his voice soft and low, and his expression particularly sad. He smiled sometimes, but seldom. . . . I never heard him laugh. . . . Very few people have seen him. He has never been photographed or written his name in the autograph collectors' album. He has been throughout a sort of mysterious personage, half saint, half blackguard, whom every courageous male tourist has volunteered to capture, and many a still more courageous female tourist to marry. Raisuli is unique—and perhaps after all one of them is enough."



The fortress of Raisuli—temporarily an outlaw, and until lately Governor of all the districts round Tangier—was well situated for defence, lying as it did at some height above the plain. It was here that, last month, Raisuli, with his band of sixty-six men, resisted the attack of the Shereefian troops for a whole day, and then fled to the mountains at night.

RAISULI'S LAIR: THE STRONGHOLD OF THE BRIGAND CHIEF DESTROYED BY THE SHEREEFIAN TROOPS

A RIVAL TO RANJITSINHJI

THE BYSTANDER

"*Stand by.*"—CAPTAIN CUTTLE.

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

It is difficult to understand the recent correspondence and agitation with regard to the very clever performance of the Zancigs at the Alhambra and the anxiety to find out how it is done. I myself like to be mystified, and directly a conjurer's trick is explained I have no further interest in it. And that this is a conjurer's trick there is but little doubt, but it is carried out with a deftness and a completeness that compels our unbounded admiration and wonder. For my own part I am quite content to admire and wonder, and have not the least desire for the glamour of the performance to be spoiled by a matter-of-fact demonstration concerning the mystery. But the general desire to be behind the scenes in everything and to pry into the private affairs of everybody seems to be a special characteristic of the present age. In the course of the discussion on this matter, no one seems to have recalled that this kind of thing was done about twenty years ago at one of the music-halls by a child of about twelve, known as Little Louie, and her father. This girl was wonderfully quick, and rarely made a mistake. She afterwards made a tour in the provinces, and I saw her again at Liverpool, and was witness to some remarkable revelations she made with regard to a friend of mine.

"Melodious Memories" is the attractive title of Mr. Herman Finck's orchestral selection, now being played at the Palace Theatre, and comprises a number of popular songs of the Victorian period. The last time I recollect a *résumé* of this character was in the overture to Mr. Pinero's amusing *Trelawney of the Wells*, at the Court Theatre, under Mr. Chudleigh's management. Mr. Finck has been interviewed, and gives a list of some of the Victorian successes. I am inclined to think the list might be considerably extended. The following occur to me at the moment. Among the early ones can be named "Jim Crow," "Jim along Josey," and "Nix my Dolly." These were succeeded by the nigger ditties sung by the Ethiopian serenaders—Pell, Harrington, White, Stanwood and Germon—and comprised "Old Dan Tucker," "Lucy Neal," "Old Joe" and "Mary Blane." Later came "Oh! Susannah," which had an enormous vogue, and long afterwards the Christy Minstrels appeared and made "Beautiful Star," "Come where my Love lies Dreaming," "Hoop-de-dooden-do" and other songs vastly popular. Then there was the inimitable Mackney with "Peter Gray," "Sally, come up," "The Whole Hog or None," "Polly Bluck" and "In the Strand." Other ditties occur to me, though I don't attempt to place them in exact chronological order. "The Bells go a Ringing for Sarah," "He's a Pal o' Mine," "The Dark Girl Dressed in Blue," "Tootletum-tay," "Bobbing Around," "Keemo Kimo," "Off to Charlestown," "The Sugar Shop," "Tommy Dodd," "Camp-town Races," "Praps She's on the Railway," and—well, if I had time to think about the matter and I had space to write about it, I have no doubt I could find fifty others.

"How is it," writes Bundifuster—at least, that is how I decipher the signature, but my correspondent writes one of those illegible hands which are always supposed to be the accompaniment of great minds—"that some people of very moderate ability are continually being praised and paragraphed in the papers, while those who have thrice their talent are never mentioned at all? How is it that the sayings of people who have no wit whatever are being continually quoted, whereas the good things said by those who are really humorous and witty are left unchronicled?" I am sure I am unable to solve this problem, though I am bound to say there is a good deal of truth in my correspondent's remarks. I suppose it must be in some way due to that mysterious operation known as "booming," which in these later days has caused many a man of fairly respectable talent to be hailed as a genius. If some one could write a book entitled "The History and Mystery of Booming" it might probably throw a light on these matters, and if it were honestly done we should in all probability be very much astonished.

ANOTHER NAVANAGAR CLAIMANT

A grandson of the late Jam Shri Sir Vibhaji, who ruled Navanagar for many years, and a nephew of the late Jam Shri Jasvatsinghji, who died in August last, Kumar Shri Lakhuba is one of the claimants to the *gadi* of the Navanagar State, another being Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji, the famous cricketer. Navanagar is one of the first class States of the Kathiawar peninsula, some 4,000 square miles in extent, and containing a population of 336,000. Its importance is not to be reckoned, however, on a mere statistical basis, but arises chiefly from the fact that its rulers, as hereditary heads of the Jadeja Rajputs, are regarded with special veneration as chief of the foremost Hindu dynasty in Kathiawar. Hence, when the Jam Shri receives a brother chief of whatever rank on a formal visit, he does not rise to greet his guest. Photo by Elliott and Fry.



KUMAR SHRI LAKHUBA, WHO CLAIMS THE RULERSHIP OF NAVANAGAR, IN RIVALRY WITH RANJITSINHJI

The Kodak Paper Developing Machine, which is now being placed upon the English market, is a useful novelty that will appeal to every photographer. It is quite a simple machine, which will greatly facilitate the developing of the Dekko, Velox, and all gaslight and bromide papers. The printing is done in the ordinary way, and the machine is used in the darkroom or gaslight. Streaks, stains, and blisters are entirely avoided.

The Modern Society of Portrait Painters

This new society supplements by thirty members the fifty portraitists who compose what is now presumably implied to be the Antique Society of Portrait Painters. Yet it does not necessarily suggest actual opposition to the established body; it is the natural and usual outcome of limitation of membership—when new painters arise more quickly than vacancies occur to receive them. A more amusing, and in many respects interesting and gratifying, first exhibition has rarely been organised by any young body; still, there is little doubt that it is the few and not the many who will receive the entire approval of the connoisseur public. There is too much evidence of experimentalising, whereby there is developed a prevailing feeling that the painters are groping about for some better style to settle down to. But there are striking exceptions. Mr. George Lambert springs to the front with five noteworthy canvases, not always sympathetic, but able and independent, with dignity, style, character, drawing, and colour. His group of pictures is the most important and the most admirable. On the other hand, Mr. Fergusson, who certainly has the gift of colour, persists in his exaggerations of Manet, and in a series of caricatures subordinates the portrait to the brushwork, and the effort seems to be not the production of a work of art, but of a certain agility of hand; and the result—the *reductio ad absurdum* of the method. We look forward to the time when Mr. Fergusson will emerge from this unfortunate phase and show the true capacity which doubtless is his. There is clearly a more serious problem in Mr. Glackens' pictures; there is a brilliant but unpleasant *brasserie* scene; and there is a full-length lady's portrait, into which he has seen well to infuse such elements of ugliness and absurdity that he arouses chivalrous indignation in the beholder. It is strange how often "modern" portraitists seek to set down the least pleasing side of the sitter. In the third picture, "Mlle. Renée Clarence," a ballet-dancer in pink silk tights seated against the background of a window ineffectually darkened by a lace curtain and venetian blind, the artist has tried to emulate Mr. E. J. Gregory's well-known achievement called "Dawn": he does not reach his model, however, but his work is interesting, with passages of considerable charm.

Mr. Alexander Jamieson, who is rapidly asserting a vigorous personality in London exhibitions, suffers from the practice, here adopted, of each artist's works being hung in "panels"—for he "gives away" his trick of treating hands. Seen apart, the interesting gesture and the incisive drawing of them would be regarded as character; together they prove that what we might take for individuality is rank conventionality, as stereotyped as Vandyck's or even Boldini's.

For excellent likeness we may turn to Mr. J. Oppenheim's "Portrait of Mr. H. P."—a striking representation of Mr. Pfungst, the art connoisseur and collector; and for cruel, exaggerated truth, recommend us to Mr. Chowne's "Portrait of a Lord Mayor," which is said to have been rejected by Liverpool, for which it was painted. We are not surprised. It is a very clever painting and good in colour, but whatever vulgarity might have been found in the original has been intensified tenfold, until it must have appeared as little less than a brutal insult. In "Viola Singing," a huge canvas representing Miss Viola Tree with her mouth open in the open air, with a strong sea blowing, all blue and movement, we have a curious reminiscence of arrangements by Romney, Opie, Besnard, and Furse; but doubtless the picture will look effective enough in the *foyer* of His Majesty's Theatre, its presumable destination. Mr. Kelly, Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws (with a glittering portrait of a lady, on the lines of Whistler's "Miss Alexander"), Mr. Colyn Thomson, and Mr. Maxwell Balfour (with a fair but very uninspired likeness of Lord Milner), and Mr. Birley, add to the interest of a very fresh and entertaining exhibition.

M. H. S.

CIVILISATION BY GRAMOPHONE



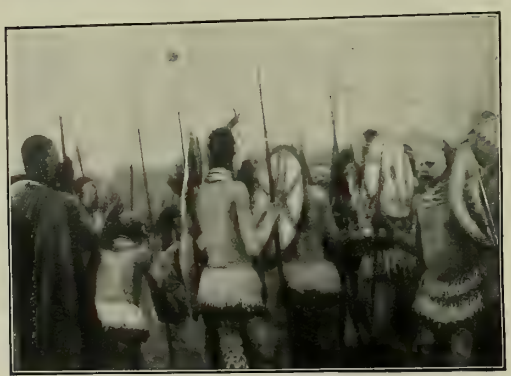
THE GOVERNOR ADDRESSING THE TRIBES AT KAGIO



DRIVING CATTLE ACROSS THE TANA RIVER



THE GOVERNOR GIVING A GRAMOPHONE CONCERT TO THE NATIVES



A WAKIKUGA DANCE: THE FIRST FIGURE



A WAKIKUGA DANCE: THE LAST FIGURE



WAKIKUGA WARRIORS ASSEMBLED TO GREET THE GOVERNOR AND HIS PARTY



THE GOVERNOR SURROUNDED BY 7,000 WARRIORS IN THE KENIA PROVINCE

THE WHITE MAN'S MAGIC: SOOTHING THE SAVAGE BREAST IN THE EAST AFRICAN PROTECTORATE

WE are enabled to give these interesting photographs illustrating the series of tours recently undertaken by the Governor of the East African Protectorate, particulars of which appeared in the daily papers this week. The purpose of the Governor, Colonel Hayes Sadler, was to visit the remote provinces of that country, and get into personal touch with the various tribes, some of which have until quite recently been openly hostile to the Government. He was accompanied in all these expeditions by his wife, and he also had with him an escort of the King's African Rifles. He was greatly impressed by the loyalty and cordiality of the natives. The first tour was from Nairobi to the Kisumu Province, bordering on the Victoria Nyanza. Colonel Hayes Sadler next made a tour lasting six weeks through the little-known Kenia province. On one occasion, in the trans-Tana district, close upon 20,000 natives came to the Governor's camp, the march past lasting four hours. The natives formed up in a hollow square, the warriors in lines four or five deep, brandishing their shields, while behind them were the women. When the formal part of the ceremony was concluded, a gramophone concert was given. This caused the wildest excitement among the natives, who described the machine as the "great big medicine." The Governor found that gramophone concerts had a very great effect in promoting a good understanding with these wild and primitive people. In some places, indeed, the gramophone was the only means of inducing the natives to leave their retreat. Great care had to be observed in crossing the rivers. On the Tana the current was so strong that it was only by stretching a rope across that the porters and others were prevented from being swept away.

THE F.O. BAG By Lucien Wolf

Rebellious Marianne, although the eldest daughter of the Church, has apparently not yet succeeded in winning over any of her sisters to her unfilial cause. The events of the last ten days have been, we are told, a great consolation to the Sovereign Pontiff. We can well believe it. Out of the German Elections the much-threatened Roman Catholic Centre emerges unscathed. In Italy the anti-Clerical campaign has proved a fiasco. In Spain, the efforts of the Liberals and Radicals to emulate the valiant doings of MM. Combes and Clemenceau have ended in a complete disruption of the Liberal parties, and the return to power of the Conservatives—or Vaticanists as they are called by the Radicals—under Señor Maura. Spain has burnt her fingers badly with Anti-Clericalism. The anarchy it has brought about is sufficiently illustrated by the fact that five equally impotent Liberal Cabinets have succeeded each other in the space of fifteen months. We may now expect a long spell of Conservative Government, especially as there must be a General Election, over which the wily Señor Maura will know how to preside.

Writing on the eve of the German Elections last week, I ventured to prophesy that the result would be to leave the Clerico-Socialist majority in the Reichstag undisturbed. So far as the First Ballots are concerned this prediction has not been realised. The result of the voting has been a surprise for everybody. Foreign onlookers, who regarded the prospects of Prince von Buelow with dubiety, may well be forgiven their want of foresight when it is remembered that it was shared by the whole German public, by the leaders of the parties which have benefited by the elections, and even by the astute Chancellor himself.

Many causes have no doubt contributed to the surprising result of the elections, but I imagine that the main cause was the "Khaki" battle-cry of the Government. When a "Khaki" element is introduced into an election it plays havoc with the calculations of the wire-pullers, because it almost invariably sets in motion the *fainéant* section of the electorate, which in normal times does not trouble to record its vote. This is what has happened in Germany, as we may see by the unusually heavy polls. The voting strength of the Socialists has not diminished very greatly, whereas the number of votes polled by the Government parties has been much greater than on former occasions. This was, no doubt, due to the impression sedulously fostered by the Chancellor and his Press organs that the Fatherland was in danger—an impression which seemed to find a good deal of support in the unfriendly tone of the foreign Press, and in the idea that certain European Powers were working for the isolation of Germany.

Some of the conclusions drawn from the First Ballots are, I think, a little rash. It is, for example, very doubtful whether the eventual victory of the Government will be anything like what the Chancellor wanted. So far as the Colonial credits are concerned, he will, no doubt, have a majority, but this is a very small matter, as the money will probably not now be required, seeing that the South-West African war is practically at an end. But this was not all that Prince von Buelow wanted. What he chiefly asked for was that he might be emancipated from the tutelage of the Centre. Now what likelihood is there of this wish of his being gratified? Whatever happens at the Second Ballots it is practically certain that the Centre will return to the Reichstag the strongest party in that assembly. In alliance with the Conservatives and National Liberals it will be able to form an overwhelming majority for the Government, and one which will raise no inconvenient questions of Constitutional reform. Will not Prince von Buelow prefer such a combination to the difficult task of endeavouring to reconcile his present following of Liberals and Conservatives, who are hopelessly at issue on all fundamental



DON ANTONIO MAURA Y MONTANEA
The New Spanish Premier.

political questions? Moreover, the Radicals have already declared that unless they get their own terms they will not serve as a Government party. This would seem to leave Prince von Buelow no alternative but to come to terms with the Centre. Hence, I incline to the belief that the next Reichstag will see the Clerical yoke as firmly fixed on the Government as the last. Where, then, will be the Chancellor's boasted victory!

It is, indeed, not unlikely that the Clerical yoke will be reimposed even before the new Reichstag is completed. In the coming Second Ballots the Centre will in many cases hold the balance. It can, if it pleases, completely smash Social Democracy, and it can give the resultant spoil either to the Liberals or the Conservatives. Now, if the Government has to choose between Liberals and Conservatives, there can be no doubt as to the way its sympathies will go. If by a timely compact with the Centre it can at once cut the claws of Socialism and keep Radicalism to its present negligible quantity, I doubt whether it will resist the temptation. Already we hear that this aspect of the struggle has impressed Conservative circles, and that in consequence "the Government organs have abandoned their campaign against the Centre." This certainly looks very much like the prelude to a new journey to Canossa.

From the point of view of International politics, there is only one bright feature in the elections, and that is the demonstration that Socialism is no longer a conquering force in Germany. In view of the unwise counsels which now prevail in the Vatican it is not a good thing that the German Clericals should continue to play a dominant part in the politics of the Fatherland. Even if they remain in opposition their undiminished strength and influence will act as an encouragement to Ultramontanism everywhere, and hence will tend to embitter the deplorable strife by which France and Spain are now torn. If, on the other hand, they once more become a Government party, this mischief will become intensified, and we may expect to find Germany taking a more or less active part in aggravating the domestic embarrassments of the French Government. These dangers are not fully counterbalanced by the Socialist *débâcle*. Both Clericalism and Socialism are international perils, but while the one is an active force the other is largely academic. Still it is pleasant to know that the Socialist heresy is not so formidable as we imagined.

One further danger should be noted among the possibilities of these interesting elections. If the final result is, as I have ventured to foreshadow, a Clerico-Conservative majority in the Reichstag, with a great volume of reawakened national sentiment in the country, I am afraid the actuarial value of the peace of Europe will suffer an appreciable fall. What with the impulsiveness of the Emperor and the bungling of the Chancellor on the one hand, and the strong anti-German feeling which exists in Europe on the other—not to mention the very delicate and explosive questions which are now open in various parts of the world—the outlook will be decidedly disquieting.

I cannot close these notes without a word of regret for the defeat suffered by that accomplished politician and tried friend of this country, Dr. Theodor Barth. No one who knows him can have failed to be charmed by his sterling character and his brilliant talents. For twenty-one years he has been a light of the Reichstag and a pillar of classic Liberalism of the English type. He was the chief figure in the deputation of German journalists who came to this country last year to work for an Anglo-German *rapprochement*, and he did much to soften the relations of the two countries. While his temporary exclusion from active politics is to be regretted, it was not altogether unexpected, even by himself. His advocacy of closer relations between the Radicals and Socialists had not proved p. pular.



Brittany is a great stronghold of the Catholic party, and it is here that the most strenuous opposition to the Governmental policy has been made.

CHURCH VERSUS STATE IN FRANCE: A CATHOLIC DEMONSTRATION AT PLOUGASTEL, BRITTANY

HOLY MOTHER GANGA

A Complete Story

Written by ROMA WHITE

Illustrated by G. P. JACOMB-HOOD R.I.



"He waved two futile naked legs and clutched mid-air with fat bronze-coloured fingers."

"AHAI, my little one, dost thou pick the good linen of thy mother's sawree into holes for joy? Dost thou smell the water, then, son of Ram the Strong? Thou, small and fat one, for whom I prayed to Ahelia at the Mela of five Kos, twelve months gone, thou shalt give thy one lock of hair to Holy Mother Ganga, and worship her with thy life. What then? Dost thou weep for the loss of thy man's tuft? Peace, peace, or Holy Mother Ganga will send the great fat Tarka after thee to torment thee. Peace, then, my little one, for they begin to beat the drums!"

On the banks of the Blessed River, Piyara, the mother of Hari the Golden-Brown, began to dance. Hari the Golden-Brown was fat even for his years; wherefore he was still more like a tadpole than his kin and kind. From the round ball of his stomach he waved two futile naked legs and clutched mid-air with fat bronze-coloured fingers as if he thought himself Lord and Master of the invisible winds. Piyara danced thoughtfully at first; then eagerly, finally with feverish violence. The men seated about her beat their tom-toms in monotonous unison; though now and then one of them would give a nod of approbation as her slim feet leapt and twinkled in the fading light. She danced for the holy fortunes of Hari the Golden-Brown; and, when she had finished, his man's lock of hair was cut from his small, round downy head and cast solemnly into the water, with the low chanted words that dedicate to Blessed Mother Ganga the destiny of a male child.

After that Piyara slept; and in the folds of her sawree Hari the Golden-Brown slept too. Had she not carried him against her shoulder through the five villages of the Panch Kos Mela, and brought him to Charite Bon and thence to Buxar, where the holy ghat had stood for years? Was she not weary of tramping, and was he not weary of hitting out with helpless fists at little buzzing flies? So they slept in the black velvet mantle of the darkness, and heard not the howl of the jackals nor the long rattling whistle of the crickets; and, far down the river, the earthen pipkins floated east upon the stream, with the little twinkling lights in their hearts that told the tale of departed souls.

The next day Piyara and Hari went back to their native village, and Hari's tuft of hair, though nobody ever knew it, was swallowed by a big fish. The fish died of indigestion, but Hari grew big and tall and strong. He became less golden as he advanced in years, and turned chocolate-coloured, deepening into damson in the shade. Most of his time he spent in scraping up cow-dung, and carrying it home to his mother in a basket on his head. Then she dried it in the sun and stacked it as fuel for use when the nights should be crisp and cold.

And all this time Hari dreamed; for the gods had moulded his soul after the fashion of the soul of Buddha, and he longed dimly for heavenliness and a radiance of peace. The pursuit of holiness was, however, clogged by the earthly yearnings of the little round stomach; and cucumbers and melons, ill-begot, acted as the world, the flesh, and the devil in Hari's daily career. But perhaps this was the occult influence of the big thieving fish.

"My mother, when shall I go to see Holy Mother Ganga, to whom I gave my tuft of hair?" Hari asked every night, as he lay down in the corner of the hut with the black-and-white rabbit in his arms.

"Ah, my son, when? There is rice to gather, and corn to reap, and the mustard and the linseed to sow. When Ahelia gave thee to me, I brought back some water from the Holy Mother and poured it down the big well. The well has never since gone dry, for it was blessed that day. Go and pray to Holy Mother Ganga there, under the mango tree, for the days will be many before thou art old and strong enough to join the pilgrimage, and pray by the ghat where I danced at thy dedication."

"Tell me the tale of Tarka, mother, before I go to sleep."

"Hark, then, and do not forget that these are stories told by holy men, and must not pass thy lips for the amusement of the infidel and unbeliever. There were once seven wise men of Charite Bon, who made sacrifices and worked wonders among the people. But the Rakshas giants came among them by night, and did wickedness, and polluted the sacrifices that they offered to the gods. And the worst of these giants was a woman, and her name was Tarka. So Bishgoniko, the wisest of all the seven sages, sent forth a cry to

Dasrotu, the King of Ajodhya, and prayed that he would send to them his son, Ram the good and strong. And Ram came down to the river in the evening and slew Tarka, and dragged the body down to the water by night. But Tarka was heavy, and like a plough, and left a deep long furrow behind her.

"I know, I know," cried Hari, "that is the Tarka Nala, which is a valley among the little hills. And then?"

"And then Ram thrust Tarka into the river, but it would not float down the stream. So Ram pushed it up against the current with his bow, and the river turned and flowed to the west, and there at Buxar it flows west to this day. And now, peace, my son, for I, thy mother, am tired and would fain sleep."

"And when will you take me to Holy Mother Ganga, to dip in the water and be forgiven for my sins?"

"Peace, peace!"

And Piyara slept the sleep of those who sow linseed and reap corn; while Hari dreamt that Tarka lay upon his chest and choked him. But this may have been the fault of the white Sahib's melon-patch over the way.

At last the day came when Hari, with his father and his mother Piyar, set off to visit Holy Mother Ganga, and to take his part in the great Mela of Buxar; when the pilgrims crowd to the burning g'nats, and bathe in the sacred water of the mighty stream. They went in a pilgrim train, tucked away into big trucks like the Sahib's horses, and they took their bedding with them that, if opportunity offered, they might sleep all day long at their ease. Yer Ali blew and bubbled at his hookah, and Hari took care of the basket that held the precious flask in which water from Holy Mother Ganga was to be carried home. Also, he crooned stories and songs of the gods to himself, and listened greedily to tales that were told him by their fellow-travellers of the sacred river which now, at last, he was to see.

"And I—I—I, too, was once at Buxar," he would stutter eagerly. "I was carried there soon after I was born, and I gave Holy Mother Ganga my man's tuft of hair."

But he slept when Yer Ali stepped down from the train in the darkness; and had to be shaken and slapped before he could get the tightness and heaviness out of his eyes. Then great stars winked at him, and many white shadows ran and chattered through the black night. Women slid by him like ghosts, with the chink of jewellery and the little wailings of new-born babies; and by-and-bye came a distant twinkle of fires and the smell of water upon the wind.

"We are walking down Tarka Nala," said Piyara. And Hari shivered with excitement and opened big eyes upon the night.

He slept to the sound of quiet waters; the rippling wash against the banks; the deep, low-toned murmur from mid-stream; the woody clank of native boats moored near together. And the next morning he fell to his worship of Holy Mother Ganga in a frenzy of enthusiasm.

He performed his Pap Katil Hoya with such nimble despatch that the first time he ducked under the water he overbalanced his plump little person, and, turning a somersault into the current, had to be snatched out by the heels. But the Pap Katil Hoya meant the forgiveness of sins; and he recommenced the ceremony, with shame and splutterings. Three times he went down out of sight, and Holy Mother Ganga rushed into his mouth and ears and eyes; so that when he rose for the third time he was blind, deaf, and mute, and compelled to paddle to the bank and lie there, gasping and choking, like a fish in the throes of a premature demise.

All about him were bathers adoring the sun. They stood waist-deep in the current, and tossed diamonds of water over their naked brown bodies, and chanted and murmured holy mysterious words. Hari plunged back again, that he might adore the sun, too; and he did not adore it by halves, but transformed himself into a small human squirt, and repeated his incantation with all his might. He only paused to watch the native boatmen, who had hung their craft with garlands of jasmine and marigold, and were slowly circling them round and round in mid-stream, while their friends and relations sat in the boats and beat drums.

Along the river came the throbbing of a screw, and down mid-stream a launch beat her way against the current; a heavy, ugly two-decked tub, gaudily painted, and most unsuitably named Titania. On Titania's upper deck was a white Sahib; and the white Sahib and his servant were put off at a small landing-place a hundred yards down stream. He was clad in knickerbockers, and had a puggaree round his hat, and things for writing and drawing in his hands.

From a distance he watched the bathing festival, and all the time he watched he put down things about it in a little book. At night he prowled near the ghat, and talked with those whom he met, who were willing to talk with him. But these were not many, for, though he had borrowed the very tongue of the native, he was still an unbeliever; and Holy Mother Ganga did not part with her secrets to such as he.

And then one night, as he prowled, he came across Hari, who was squatted among a crowd of naked brown babies, boasting about his lock of hair. The Sahib listened for a few minutes, and then he drew very near to Hari with a bribe.

"Come to my house," he said, "and I will give you chocolate creams."

Hari looked up at him doubtfully. He had heard that white Sahibs in knickerbockers and puggarees sometimes had a horrible devil's gift called the Evil Eye.

"Chocolate creams and bananas and oranges and white bread and butter," pursued the Sahib coaxingly, in dialect that might have fallen from the lips of Yer Ali himself. "You know what those things are?"

"If my father sees me," faltered Hari, with a great wistfulness at the pit of his waist.

"I will go on before, and wait at the dak bungalow beyond Tarka Nala," said the insidious Sahib, who knew that to be seen with Hari might mean misfortune to both. And he strode away into the darkness with a satisfied smile.

A quarter of an hour later came little pantings and whimpers at the dak bungalow doorway, and then a patter of bare feet into the light.

"I am here, Huzoor. And——"

Hari's eyes wandered round in search of the chocolate creams. He saw a small table set out with dishes, and his mouth filled with water that was like nectar at the sight.

"Here are chocolates," said the Sahib, who was smoking a brown pipe, "and melons, and sweet things innumerable. All of them you shall have, bantling, if you will tell me stories of Holy Mother Ganga that I do not know."

"But, Huzoor——"

Hari faltered and rounded his eyes again upon the chocolate creams.

"Well?"

"These tales are the secret of my people."

"I am of the same race," said the Sahib, whose conscience had become smeared with printers' ink.

"Of the same race, Huzoor?"

"So it is, bantling. My fathers were of thy people, but Tarka spit upon them and turned them white."

The Sahib lied as calmly as he smoked. He made mental obeisance to his mother, however, who had been of Eurasian race.

"Take and eat, little one," he added. And he poured pear-drops into Hari's wriggling hands.

Hari ate seventeen pear-drops before he spoke. Then, his



PRINCE FUSHIMI
Our Coming Japanese Guest.

mouth being a gummy Paradise, he faltered forth the tale of Shiv.

"The god Shiv, Huzoor, was very great, and Raja Duleep was his devoted slave. And Raja Duleep made many good prayers to him, and so beautiful were his prayers that Shiv promised him a great thing. And the great thing was that from his *jata*—his man's lock of hair, of which I gave mine to Holy Mother Ganga when I was a child—should flow three rivers, one on earth and one in heaven and one in hell. And the one in hell we cannot see, and the one in heaven we cannot see, but the one on earth is Holy Mother Ganga, and she is to be worshipped until she is so small and quiet, that little children can walk across her—but that time is not yet, Huzoor, and—I have finished the sweets that thou didst tumble into my hands."

Huzoor tumbled more. They were of the kind called the Delight of Turkey, and very excellent to taste.

"Continue, bantling. Tell me more."

So Hari went on telling and eating until the night cooled before the dawn. He told of the Gangotri mountain in the far Himalaya hills; the Badri Kedar Natu, or Lord of the Clouds, which is the most sacred place in all India. And he told of the only way to reach it, which is to cling on to the fleece of a *pahari* sheep, which most surely he meant to do when he was a man, and could perform great deeds without being slapped for them. And then he went on to relate the beauties of Ahelia, who was slain by her husband, because the moon had fallen in love with her, but who was restored to life by Ram. And he told many other tales to the Sahib, which may not be written here, but which are sung and told in all India, at the gatherings of the devout.

When he had finished his stories most of the little sweet dishes were empty, and the large melon had a great rift in its side. Hari looked at with a sickly smile.

"I have told you all I know, Huzoor," he said, "and I have the fever, I think, in my stomach, which is in great pain."

He blinked askance at the Sahib, with renewed recollections of things called Evil Eyes.

"I will give you medicine for that!" said the Sahib. And he went to a cupboard and returned with peppermint liqueur.

"Drink, bantling," he said. "Take the blue and scarlet mat for a present and run home."

Hari drank, and was much comforted. Also, he was considerably elated, and he trotted back to the river with serenity and joy. The joy, created and deepened by peppermint liqueur, rose into ecstasy as he neared the bank, where sleeping figures lay in rows, and where the water slid and trembled under the silver of the moon.

"Holy Mother Ganga!" murmured Hari rapturously, "I will give thee my new blue and scarlet mat."

He flung the mat into the river, where it flapped foolishly, soddened, and went down.

"Holy Mother Ganga!" continued Hari, "I will give thee my beads!"

He pulled off his little blue chain and threw it into the water. It made a little tinkle of a splash; and the sound was answered by a plaintive bleating low.

On the edge of the water stood a holy calf. It was almost white, and it looked pale and mysterious in the moonlight. Now and then it leapt and kicked and bucked after the fashion of calves, in a way which suggested less of piety than of Domdaniel.

"It is the holy calf of the Brahmans," murmured Hari fearsomely. And, in much awe, he crept through the rows of sleepers to look at it.

The Holy Calf of the Brahmans whisked an indignant tail; but whosoever had the courage to cling to that tail and drive the calf into the water, would be drawn straight by this sacred son of a cow to the shores of Paradise.

Nobody had attempted it this Mela. And the calf burbled in its throat, and tossed its restless hind legs riotously up to the moon.

Hari drew nearer; and by now the peppermint liqueur thrilled in his very toes. He fell upon the stake which held the cord as he might have fallen upon an enemy; and he tore it up. Then he shouted shrilly, and, after whacking the calf with the stake, fell upon its tail, and bit it with all his might.

It was a somewhat ribald start for Paradise; but the calf immediately turned the better part of a somersault and tumbled headlong into the water.

The Brahmans had tied it up near a steep bit of bank and a heavy back-current; for they were wise men, and did not wish any disciple who had once started for Paradise to turn back upon the way. So Hari went in, far out of his depth, with a plop and a splash that roused the nearer sleepers, who had already been half-awakened by his shrill battle-cry.

"Ai, ai! One who would be holy is in the water with the calf!"

The calf had no wish to be holy, and nature had taught it to swim. It turned and plunged, splashing, to the bank, where it scrambled out and roared piteously.

"Ai, ai! There is one in mid-stream who is blessed. Let us pray to Holy Mother Ganga for him!"

The priests came down from the ghat, and saw and heard the dripping calf upon the banks of the river. The oldest among them, with great presence of mind, pushed it back into the water, while the others set about conducting the demonstrations. The calf drowned noisily, and it was as well to have much chanting and beating of drums.

And Hari, in mid-stream, struggled with piteous gasps, so that once a child's wild scream fell out from the very bosom of Holy Mother Ganga. Then there was stillness, but for the hollow banging of the drums.

Piyara stirred sleepily among the women, for she thought that Hari was with his father; and she felt sure he was fervently participating in the excitement. Only a tear started under her brown eyelids as the tumult ceased.

"He, too, who has gone to-night to Paradise, he has a mother," she murmured. "And——"

She turned on her side, and slept again until the dawn.

THE END

PRINCE FUSHIMI

Prince Fushimi, whose approaching visit to London will be one of the events of the season, is a member of the Imperial house of Japan. That he should have been chosen to return the visit of Prince Arthur of Connaught is appropriate, seeing that he has at various times represented his Sovereign on great occasions at foreign Courts. On the Coronation of the Emperor Nicholas II., he was Japan's Ambassador Extraordinary, and later, at the St. Louis Exhibition, he was among the foreign notabilities who visited America in a state capacity. The portrait we publish of him, by the courtesy of a high Japanese official, was taken at San Francisco at the time of the St. Louis Exhibition, and so far as is known it is the only portrait of him in this country. The colony of his compatriots living in San Francisco, desiring to mark their appreciation of his visit to the city, presented him with the charger on which he appears seated in the photograph. It was taken in Gordon Park, by Imai, a Japanese photographer. Prince Fushimi's services in the Army, both during the Chinese war and subsequently in that with Russia, gained for him much distinction; and for his victory at Nansan in May, 1904, when he commanded a division of the First Army, he was promoted to the rank of general. Our Imperial guest and his suite will reach London about the 26th of March.

COURT AND SOCIETY

The list of His Majesty's engagements for February is a convincing proof of his combined energy and activity. The King has much enjoyed his shoots at Windsor, at which the two elder sons of the Prince of Wales have been as a rule present, but, of course, only as deeply interested spectators, though they are growing up so quickly that they will soon have to be given an opportunity of emulating their father's prowess as a marksman. His Majesty, be it noted, is able to undertake the fatigue of two levées, as well as various minor engagements, and the City will be gratified by his opening in person the new Central Criminal Court, on which occasion he will be accompanied by Queen Alexandra. It is an open secret that His Majesty was decidedly displeased with certain premature announcements that were made last year regarding his intention of opening the new building before Christmas. These, it is whispered, had their origin in an overwhelming desire for the honour of knighthood, which the Sovereign may be expected, according to precedent, to confer on so important an occasion! However, it is now understood that Lord Knollys's diplomacy was as successful as it generally is, and whoever they may be who are chosen for the accolade, all London will joyfully turn out to greet their Majesties. It is certainly to be hoped that some honour may be in store for the architect, Mr. E. W. Mountford, who has in the New Old Bailey provided London with a really worthy and dignified court of justice.

The King's Energy

Miss Yuill, who is about to be married to the Earl of Portarlington, is a clever, bright young Australian lady, who is understood to be the happy possessor of what our forefathers were wont to call a "plum," that is to say, an agreeable fortune. Mr. Yuill, her father, has quite an historic house in Chesham Place, for it was once the home of Lord John Russell, the great Victorian statesman, and latterly it belonged to Lord Harlech. Lord Portarlington, who has given up his commission in the Irish Guards, and is devoting himself to the management of his estates in Dorset and in Ireland, is also well endowed with this world's goods. He is only twenty-three, but he has already impressed his friends with his ability, and it is thought that he will later on decide to enter politics. Fortunately for him, all his peerages, the earldom of Portarlington, the viscounty of Carlow, and the barony of Dawson, are Irish, so that there is nothing to prevent his entering the House of Commons for any constituency out of Ireland. It is curious that there should be so few Colonial peeresses, as compared with the really remarkable number who hail from America—indeed, we can only recall at the moment the Marchioness of Donegall, the Countess of Darnley, Lady Strathcona, and Lady Macdonald of Earnscliffe.

A Colonial Alliance

Those who are at all behind the scenes in politics will have noticed with amusement the signs, visible of late, that a certain section of the Unionist party are anxious to depose Mr. Balfour from the leadership. They have evidently quite misread that statesman's character if they imagine that he will be an easy man to "shunt." Neither Lord Milner nor Lord Curzon of Kedleston is in any way responsible for the efforts made by their indiscreet admirers to place them "in the running" for a vacancy which has by no means yet occurred. Lord Milner's recent speeches—it is so rare for him to speak at all—undoubtedly impressed even the most hostile critics with their statesmanlike breadth of view, but he was careful to explain that he was very far indeed from being a good party man, and was actually on many points more in sympathy with Liberals than with Conservatives. As for Lord Curzon, he has not spoken in public, but it is known that he is anxious to return to the House of Commons, as he is able to do because his peerage is Irish, and an opportunity will doubtless soon be found for him. But of his loyalty to Mr. Balfour's leadership there can be no question. The truth is that the real interest centres at Highbury. Will Mr. Chamberlain, whose health is said to be steadily improving, be able once more to take his part in the fray? Already the Unionist Party shows signs of gathering itself together again after the crushing blow of the General Election last year; but obviously, if Mr. Chamberlain's strong personality is permanently withdrawn, the whole conditions of the *revirement* would be altered.

Leaders in Posse



MISS EVELYN CAVENDISH-BENTINCK,
Who is to be married to Mr. Walter Burn on Shrove Tuesday.
Photo by Alice Hughes.

The marriage of Mr. Walter Burns and Miss Evelyn Cavendish-Bentinck is to be at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Shrove Tuesday. It will be remembered that the bride's elder sister, Miss Mary Augusta Cavendish-Bentinck, was married only the other day at the Chapel Royal, by the King's special permission, a remarkable honour, which had, however, the effect of restricting the number of guests privileged to behold the actual ceremony, for the Chapel Royal is not really larger than a large room. The choice of St. Margaret's, the House of Commons church, for the forthcoming wedding is particularly appropriate in view of the happy pair's political connections. The bride's father, who is a near cousin of the Duke of Portland, sat in the House for some years, while her grandfather, Mr. G. A. F. Cavendish-Bentinck, was one of the most notable parliamentary personalities of the great Disraeli-Gladstone era. St. Margaret's, too, has American associations, such as the Shakespeare window, given by Mr. G. W. Childs. Not only is Mr. Walter Burns the son of a wealthy American banker, but Miss Evelyn Cavendish-Bentinck is herself half American, her mother being the daughter of Mr. Maturin Livingston, of Staats-burgh, New York. The bridegroom is, of course, the brother of Mrs. "Lulu" Harcourt, whose little girls will be bridesmaids to their future aunt; and an honoured guest at the wedding will be Lady Harcourt, the distinguished daughter of Motley, the historian, and widow of Sir William Harcourt.

The Cavendish-Bentinck Wedding

The Story of the Charterhouse

In the middle of the fourteenth century, King Edward III. then reigning, England was desolated by the plague known as the "Black Death." So swift and terrible a calamity was it that grave-diggers could not easily be found to bury the dead, and it became necessary to dig vast pits in the fields around London, throw the victims into them, and cover them up out of sight as quickly as possible.

Such a field was in those days the three acres of waste land which lay outside the wall of London, north of Smithfield, and hard by the precincts of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem in Clerkenwell, and the great Norman Church of St. Bartholomew the Great. This waste land was called "No Man's Land."

Ralph Stratford, Bishop of London, grieving over the hasty burials of the victims of the plague, consecrated these three acres, built there a little chapel where Masses were said for the repose of their souls, and called the place "Pardon Churchyard." But the "Black Death" still raged, and more had to be done. It was one of the bravest of King Edward's Knights who now helped in the good work—Sir Walter de Manny of Hainault, a fellow-townsman and patron of Froissart, who often mentions him and his deeds in the pages of his famous "Chronicles." Sir Walter bought from the Hospital of St. Bartholomew thirteen acres adjacent to Bishop Ralph's "Pardon Churchyard," and the Bishop consecrated this land also as a burial ground. In it, according to Sir Walter himself, there were buried 50,000 people who perished in 1349 by the "Black Death." Sir Walter built on the land a chapel of the Annunciation, which he named "The House of the Salutation of the Mother of God." Michael de Northburgh, Bishop of London, successor to Ralph Stratford, associated himself with Sir Walter in the establishment of a monastery of the Carthusian order around the chapel of the Salutation, and left by his will £2,000 (representing at least ten times that sum in money of to-day) for the founding, building, and finishing of the monastery, together with many rents, leases and reversions in the City of London; also his two best silver basins for the service of the Altar, a pyx of silver and enamel for the Host, a silver vessel for Holy Water, a silver bell, his two finest vestments, and all his books on Divinity.

After Bishop Michael's death Sir Walter, then grown old in the wars, devoted himself anew to the foundation; completed the monastery for the Carthusian Monks, and on the 28th March, 1372, gave them a Charter of Donation, still preserved. Thus Sir Walter de Manny, Knight, and Michael de Northburgh, bishop, were the joint founders of this great monastery of the Carthusian Order. Sir Walter died in that same year and was buried in the middle of the choir of the monastery chapel.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS



THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN: A GERMAN COLONIST RECORDING HIS VOTE



SERENE AND SMILING: PRINCE VON BÜLOW LEAVING THE POLLING-BOOTH



AN ELECTIONEERING VAN WITH THE CANNON USED FOR THE COLONIAL PROPAGANDA

"The monastery thus built and endowed," says Dr. W. Haig-Brown, the late Master of the Charterhouse, in his book, "Charterhouse Past and Present," "continued for many years the works of charity and devotion which were promoted by its Founders. No breath of censure ever passed over the fair reputation of the prior or monks. But an excellent character gave little protection, for in the twenty-sixth year of King Henry VIII. (1534) the Carthusians were visited by the storm which overwhelmed all the monastic foundations of England." The prior, John Houghton, refused to accept the Act of Succession (which legalised the King's marriage with Anne Boleyn, his wife, Katharine of Aragon, being still alive), or to acknowledge the King as head of the Church, or to renounce the Pope. He and eighteen of his monks were accordingly hanged, drawn, and cut into quarters.

The King seized the monastery and its revenues. The monastery was assigned to John Bridges, yeoman, and Thomas Hale, groom of the King's fishing-nets and tents, for the safe keeping of the nets and the tents. It was given in 1545 to Sir Edward North, one of Henry's Privy Councillors, and he held it till 1564, having successfully steered himself through the Reformation, for he was one of the sixteen governors of the kingdom during the minority of Edward VI., at whose death he first joined the cause of Queen Mary, then that of Lady Jane Grey, going back to Queen Mary, for whom finally he publicly declared himself. When the Papist Mary died, Lord North (he was made a baron in 1554) ingratiated himself with the Protestant Elizabeth, and in the end he died comfortably enough in the desecrated monastery. His son Roger, Lord North, sold it to the Duke of Norfolk, who called it Howard House; and when the Duke lost his head on Tower Hill, in 1571, it went to his second son Thomas, Lord Howard.

After many times changing hands the property passed by sale for £13,000 to Mr. Thomas Sutton, a wealthy banker and merchant of London, and by him was founded, on the old site and in the then existing buildings of the monastery and the mansion of the Norths and the Howards, the great charity which has subsisted to our times, and is known as The Charterhouse—a hospital for the maintenance of aged men past work, and for the education of the children of poor parents. "This masterpiece of Protestant charity," says old Fuller, "is the greatest gift in England either in Protestant or Catholic times ever bestowed by any individual."

Here, then, in these ancient precincts was established the "Hospitall, House, or Place of abiding for the finding, sustentation and relief of poore, aged, maimed, needy or impotent people; and the Free School for the instructing, teaching, maintenance, and education of poor children or scholars." And here, until 1872, the school remained, along with the "Poor Brethren" of the Hospital. In that year the Charterhouse School was moved to its grand new site and buildings near Godalming, and the Merchant Taylors' Day School took its place on the old site. But the "Poor Brethren" are there still to represent the founder's intention. There have been some famous pensioners among them, Stephen Gray, the scientist, and Elkanah Settle, dramatist, for instance; and many scholars of the old school became famous—Richard Crawshaw, Richard Lovelace, Joseph Addison, Richard Steele, John Wesley—Prime Ministers, Chief Justices, great classical scholars—and last, but not least, William Makepeace Thackeray, who has immortalised the Charterhouse in "The Newcomes."

The "Poor Brethren" are eighty in number. None are admitted under fifty years of age, and only those who have been householders are eligible. Each brother has a separate apartment, a share of attendance from domestics, an ample though plain diet, and an allowance of about £36 a year for clothes and other matters, and four weeks' holiday every autumn. The brethren must be members of the Church of England.

As it stands to-day, with its Hall and its Chapel, and the few remains of the original monastery, the Charterhouse is one of the most interesting historical buildings in London. Grouped with it, within a few minutes' walk, are two other notable relics of the past, the grand Norman church of St. Bartholomew, founded by the minstrel Rahere, and the exquisite thirteenth-century chapel of the Bishops of Ely, St. Etheldreda's, in Ely Place, and the history of these three buildings takes us down through the ages from the time of William the Conqueror to our own days, and the architecture is typical of the three great periods—Norman, Gothic, Renaissance; their story is the story of England.

W. H.



CLEARING THE WAY FOR THE ELECTORS: REMOVING THE SNOW IN THE BITTERLY COLD WEATHER



TO KEEP THE SOCIALISTS IN ORDER: A MILITARY PATROL MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS

The first ballots in the German Elections have resulted in a triumph for Prince von Bülow and a grievous disappointment for the Socialists—due to the wave of patriotism which, stimulated by domestic strife at home and unfriendly criticism abroad, has swept over the country. The fact that the polling was coincident with the Emperor's birthday must also have contributed to the victory. The Socialists have lost twenty seats and only gained one. The elections are dealt with fully under the heading "The F.O. Bag."

THE ROUT OF THE SOCIALISTS: SIGHTS AND SCENES DURING THE VOTING AT BERLIN



A familiar figure in the streets of Paris is the *chiffonier*, or rag-picker, with his basket, his lantern, and his crook, plying his un-avoury calling in the evening or the early morning. Unlike the fraternity in other towns, the *chiffoniers* of Paris work in co-operation, their headquarters being in the suburb of St. Ouen (No. 1). Though miserably poor themselves, the wholesale dealers who buy their gleanings from the refuse of Paris often amass considerable fortunes, the "King of the Rag-dealers" being M. Dufour, a millionaire, whose establishment is shown in No 2. Our other illustrations—numbered "3"—show types of the rag-pickers, male and female.

LIFE AMONG THE "CHIFFONIERS": PARISIAN RAG-PICKERS AT HOME AND ABROAD

"NO HUNTING TO-DAY"



Hard Weather and Hard Luck: A Visit from the Unemployed

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

THE AMIR'S VISIT TO INDIA



THE AMIR'S ADVANCE GUARD IN THE FAMOUS KHYBER PASS



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE AMIR



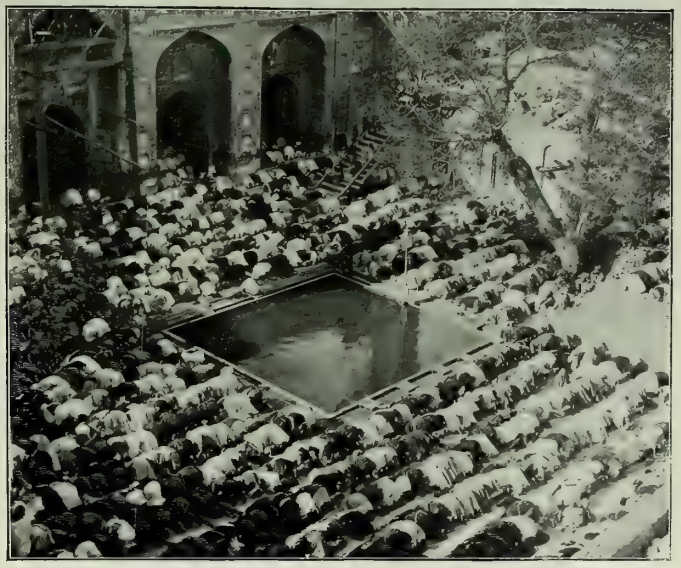
Preceded by an enormous procession, consisting of column after column of infantry, cavalry, camels, elephants, and transport animals of all kinds, the Amir arrived on January 2 at the dry river-bed which divides Afghanistan from India. He was met there by Sir Henry McMahon, the Viceroy's Envoy, and a large Political and Military staff, a telegram of welcome from King Edward being presented to him. His first camp outside his own country was pitched at Lundi Kotal, and next day he marched to Jamrud, through the famous Khyber Pass, along which, twice a week, caravans of camels from Afghanistan are allowed to cross to India. Jamrud is the railway terminus. Photos by J. and H. King.

THE AMIR AND HIS ESCORT ARRIVING AT THE INDIAN FRONTIER

THE AMIR'S VISIT TO INDIA



THE AMIR'S ARRIVAL AT PESHAWAR



THE AMIR PRAYING WITH HIS BODYGUARD AT THE JUMMA MUSJID



From Jamrud, for the first time in his life, the Amir travelled by rail to Peshawar, where he was met by Sir Harold Deane, Chief Commissioner of the North-West Frontier Province, Sir Edmund Barrow, the General Commanding at Peshawar, and a large number of political and military officers. The usual ceremonial visits took place between the Amir and the Chief Commissioner, and on the morning of January 5 he and his bodyguard attended prayers in the Jumma Musjid. On the 7th the Amir left for Agra, where he went to a State garden party given by the Viceroy, and the same evening attended the State banquet given in his honour. Photos by J. and H. King.

THE GARDEN PARTY GIVEN AT AGRA BY LORD MINTO IN HONOUR OF THE AMIR



The Poor Brethren of the Charterhouse: A Game at Bowls in the Garden

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.



The Poor Brethren of the Charterhouse: A Game at Bowls in the Garden

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

A LINK WITH MARATHON

The Treasury of the Athenians at Delphi

Pausanias, the Greek traveller, who made extensive journeys in Greece in the second century of our era, and wrote his "Description of Greece," speaking in that work of the Sacred Sanctuary and Oracle of Apollo, and the "Treasuries" or Votive Buildings of the different Hellenic nationalities at Delphi, says that the Athenian Treasury was the result of the victory at Marathon (490 B.C.), and that the Athenians also built a Portico with the money they got in war from the Peloponnesians and their Greek allies, with votive offerings of the figure-heads of captured ships and brazen shields.

The precincts of the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, the great theatre and the stadium, were excavated by French archæologists in 1892-1897, and the French School at Athens has published some splendid plates of the results. One of the most interesting of the discoveries was the identical Treasury of the Athenians of which Pausanias speaks, and the site of the Portico, not far from it.

Mr. J. G. Frazer, in his edition of Pausanias, has the following interesting remarks upon that building, which, as our photograph shows, is now being re-erected by the French :—

"The remains of this Treasury were excavated by the French in 1893 and 1894. The building, about 32ft. 10in. long from east to west, by 19ft. 8in. broad from north to south, occupied a terrace higher up than the Sicynian and Siphnian Treasuries on the north side of the Sacred Way. Apparently the edifice (the Treasury of the Athenians) was overthrown by an earthquake and crushed by the weight of materials which rolled down on it from the temple above. But the foundations exist, and the architectural members and sculptured decorations have been found almost entire. Some of the architectural pieces retain vivid traces of colour. With the exception of a single step, which is made of reddish limestone, the whole edifice is constructed of Pentelic or Parian marble in the most exact and exquisite style of architecture. Of the identity of the building there can be no doubt, for, engraved on the walls are Athenian decrees, in which mention is made of the 'Treasury of the City' and the 'House of the Athenians.' Moreover, remains of the dedicatory inscription can still be read on one of the steps, including the words 'Athenians Marathon,'" This inscription, mutilated as it is, suffices to confirm Pausanias's statement that the Treasury was built out of the spoils of the battle of Marathon. The walls of the building, Mr. Frazer goes on to say, as high up as the architraves, were covered with inscriptions, mostly Attic or relating to Athenians. By comparing the inscriptions it has been found possible to determine the order of the courses of masonry: in this way the *antæ* have been restored from top to bottom, and give the height of the edifice.

A frieze of triglyphs and sculptured metopēs extended round all four sides of the building. The metopēs, thirty in number, have been found almost entire. The metopēs are sculptured with the battles of the gods and the giants, and the deeds of Hercules and Theseus. The French archæologist Homolle, who was the director of the excavations, says: "I know no monuments among the works of the beginning of the 5th century B.C. of which the execution is more sharp, delicate, and elegant. The sculptures have the same qualities of grace and precision. The archaic severity is tempered by a softness of modelling rare in works of this date, and by a certain richness that both surprises and charms us." M. Homolle assigns the date of this Treasury, which after long centuries is now again rising on the sacred rock of Delphi, to between 490 and 480 B.C. Our photograph of this remarkable monument is by D. Macropoulos, Athens.

Angelo's Original Fencing Rooms, 1785

"Angelo's Fencing Rooms," originally situated at the Opera House, Haymarket, were over the entrance of the pit door. They were burned down in the fire of 1789. Rowlandson's picture of the Rooms is of singular interest, and has had an adventurous career, besides being published in 1791 by Henry Angelo himself, in commemoration of the well-recognised rooms, which were frequented by all the rank and fashion of his generation. In the composition figures the fencing expert, holding foils in his arms and wearing a guard or breastplate; beside him is seated his father, Angelo senior, who inaugurated this manly pursuit in England. The rooms are attended by a crowd of well-known frequenters of the time, all famous amateurs of the sport or professors of the science; the predominance is given by Rowlandson and by Angelo to the portrait of the Chevalier St. George, which was painted by Mather Brown and by the chevalier presented to Angelo on leaving this country, together with his fencing foils, gloves, shoes and jacket, which were hung up as souvenirs of the gifted St. George, as relics of his friend. St. George is the hero of the picture, and is shown by the artist figuring in an engagement, foil in hand, opposite the familiar portrait so treasured by Angelo, and by him rescued from the conflagration in 1789. Amongst the competitors in these renowned fencing assaults, which were patronised by the Prince of Wales, and sometimes held at Carlton House Palace, are mentioned by Angelo the names of D'Eon de Beaumont, M. Fabian, M. Magé (who was reckoned second to M. St. George among the amateurs of Paris), M. Sainville, Mr. Rheda, Mr. Mola, and Mr. Angelo senr. of some whom are introduced in Rowlandson's picture.



AFTER TWO THOUSAND YEARS: THE TREASURY OF THE ATHENIANS AT DELPHI, NOW BEING RE-ERECTED BY THE FRENCH

"The English nation is the first in the world in matters of personal cleanliness, and it is, therefore, all the more astonishing that so little serious attention is paid to the proper care of the mouth and teeth. The consequence is—and this is fully proved by statistics—that the English have more defective teeth and endure more suffering from diseases of the digestive organs than any other people in the world."



When one thinks of the fact that not millions but milliards of microbes and bacteria of which this actual photograph of a minute drop of tooth moisture forms a specimen—are living in a neglected mouth, it seems nothing less than disgusting to allow such destruction to continue in our mouths and teeth.

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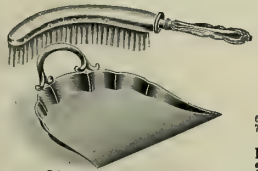
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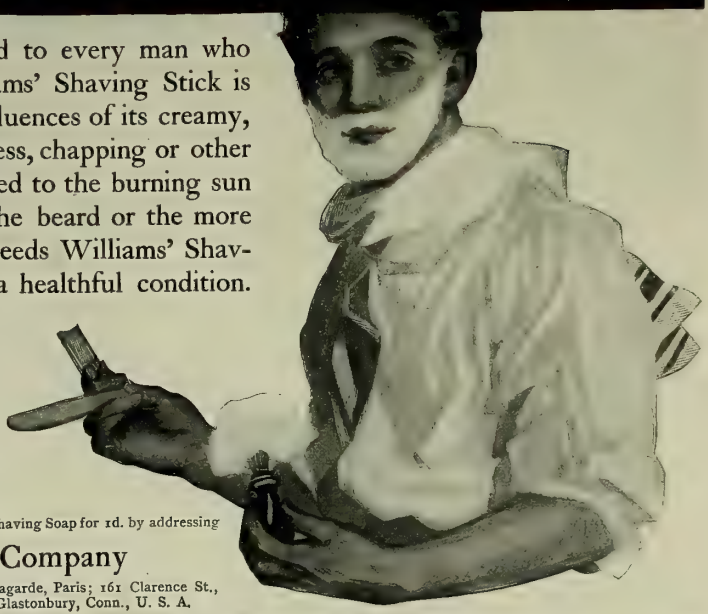
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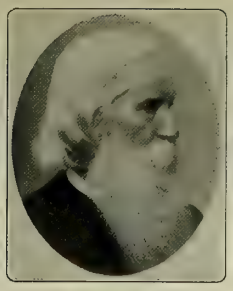
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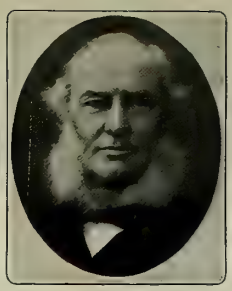
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Eminent Physiologist.



THE LATE MR. A. WHITEHOUSE, R.N.
Late Fleet Paymaster.



THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL CORRY
Superintendent of Chatham Dockyard.

Our Portraits

THE LATE LORD FIELD

Lord Field, the oldest English judge, was a sound lawyer, with a specially accurate and profound knowledge of the law relating to rating and local government. He was created Baron Field in 1890, but as he leaves no heir the baronetcy becomes extinct on his death. Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

A MISSIONARY HERO

Dr. Paton, the father of missionary activity in the New Hebrides, was one of the first to go out there, and for forty-five years worked in constant danger of losing his life. Seven other missionaries were killed and eaten by the natives; his own wife and child died from fever, but he bravely held on, and to-day eight of the New Hebrides are Christian islands. Photo by Elliott and Fry.

A LATE FLEET PAYMASTER

The late Mr. Alfred Whitehouse served in the Navy for twenty-three years, and in the Royal Naval Reserve for twenty-two years. He retired with the rank of Paymaster-in-Chief in 1883. Himself the son of a Naval Officer, he had two sons serving in the Navy, and a nidshipman for a grandson. His second son, Sir George, was made K.C.B. on the successful completion of the Uganda Railway. Photo by Heath and Bullingham.

THE LATE SIR MICHAEL FOSTER

Sir Michael Foster, who was seventy years of age, had a brilliant career as teacher and professor of physiology. For twenty-three years he was Professor of Physiology at Cambridge; he was President of the British Association in 1899, and Secretary of the Royal Society from 1881 to 1903. He wrote much. In Parliament he was first a Unionist, and then a Liberal, sitting for London University, which rejected him by twenty-six votes at the last election. Photo by Maull and Fox.

THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL A. C. CORRY

Rear-Admiral Alvin Coote Corry enjoyed the distinction of being aide-de-camp in attendance on the King at His Majesty's Coronation, and Commander of the Flying Squadron which accompanied the Prince of Wales and the late Duke of Clarence on their Australian tour. At his death was Admiral Superintendent of Chatham Dockyard. Photo by Esmé Collings.

Memoranda for the Coming Week

TO-DAY

Opening of Ruskin Park, Denmark Hill, by Mr. Evan Spicer, 2.30.

Religious Education of Children of the Wealthier Classes: Meeting, Mr. H. Nield, M.P., presiding; speakers, the High Master of St. Paul's School and Mr. C. A. Cripps, K.C., Prince's Hall, Ealing, 6.

Bechstein Hall: Miss Sparke's and M. Sametini's concert, 3.

Rugby Football: Scotland v. Wales, Edinburgh.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4

Mr. Churchill, M.P., in Manchester.

Royal Academy: Professor von Herkomer on "Portrait Painting," 4.

National Rifle Association: Annual general meeting, R.U.S.I.

Royal Institute of Architects: Presidential address to students and presentation of prizes, 8.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes: Concert in aid and drawing-room meeting, Grosvenor House, 3.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5

Princess Christian opens Missionary Exhibition at Shoreditch Town Hall (four days).

Zoological Society: Meeting, 8.30.

Ball in aid of Princess Christian's Windsor *Crèche*, Wharncliffe Rooms, 9.30.

Comedy Theatre: Performance of *A Northern Romance* in aid of Westminster Hospital, 2.30.

Court Theatre: *The Philanderer.*

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6

Royal United Service Institution: Lieutenant-Colonel W. G. Macpherson, C.M.G., on "The *Rôle* of the Red Cross Societies in Peace and War," 3.

Queen Victoria Clergy Fund: Annual service of the London Diocesan Branch: sermon by the Bishop of Gloucester, St. Paul's Cathedral, 4.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7

Royal Society: Meeting, 4.30.

Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society: Professor W. W. F. Pullen on "Some Forms of Dynamometers," Caxton Hall, 8.

Linnean Society: Meeting, 8.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8

Royal Astronomical Society: Anniversary meeting, 5.

Princess Christian's Maternity Home, Windsor: Princess Christian's At Home, St. James's Theatre, 4—6.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9

The Prince of Wales is the guest of the evening at the winter dinner of the Castaways' Club, Trocadero.

R.A.M.C. (Volunteers) London Companies: Annual prize-giving by Lord Cheylesmore, to be followed by a dance, 8.

Rugby Football: Ireland v. England, in Ireland.



A FRONT VIEW OF THE HOUSE AND TERRACE BEFORE THE FIRE



THE RAVAGES OF THE FIRE IN THE LEFT WING

Brampton Park, near Huntingdon, one of the Duke of Manchester's seats, has been destroyed by fire, and all that is now left of a splendid and historic mansion are blackened walls, still stately, but almost beyond repair. The house has been occupied for nearly twenty years by Mr. B. Beasly. Many of the owner's pictures and much of his furniture adorned its interior. Close to Brampton Park lies the village where Samuel Pepys was born, and in his Diary he makes several references to the neighbourhood. Our photographs are by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, and Maddison and Hinde, Huntingdon.

BRAMPTON PARK: A DUCAL RESIDENCE DESTROYED BY FIRE

"PLACE AUX DAMES"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

DAY by day the English language is deteriorating in common use. No one expresses himself carefully, elegantly, or with distinction, but in a kind of easy slang, composed of very few words, perpetually repeated. These words, even, are not properly articulated, and the result is that on the stage and in ordinary life, half the people one meets become incoherent and inaudible. The contrast is very marked when one enters France. There everyone speaks correctly, with precision, and with a good accent; even shopkeepers write excellent letters, and express themselves with grace and a certain literary fluency, instead of with the slipshod curtness of our so-called educated classes. One could learn quite good French from a maidservant, whereas even the best of that class in England indulge in a vulgar style of diction. Journalists in France are more literary, and stage dialogue immeasurably more neat, incisive and picturesque. It is a pity that the language of Shakespeare should be allowed to die out; and possibly the fact of the carelessness with which we treat our native language accounts for a good deal of the absence of wit in conversation. One is reminded perpetually of the navvy's answer to the good Bishop who, entering a third class carriage, was shocked at his companion's bad language, and inquired where he had learnt it. "Bless you, guv'nor," said the navvy, "it can't be taught, it's a gift!" And it is thus we treat English. We do not teach it carefully in the schools, but regard it as a gift which not every one can aspire to possess.

Much of the sparkle of wit flows from the precision of language and the delicacy of idea which it embodies. A careless thinker is also a careless speaker. I read not long ago the axiom that the sense of humour militated against worldly success, and I verily believe that is the sentiment cherished by most people. Yet true, wholesome, appropriate, playful wit comes from gaiety of heart. Just now we want all the gaiety we can get, not inept fooling, so often mistaken for gaiety, but that brightness and sparkle which keeps its owner happy under any circumstances, and frequently makes the most delightful marriage with the heart. Our comedies tend to be cynical. But cynicism is not an English quality; we are too earnest, too matter-of-fact for cynicism. Let us be gay whatever happens; it is good for the digestion, and we all suffer from dyspepsia now. Dreary, unhappy emotions are the worst things possible for our health and nerves; and yet how often do we find the evening meal the moment chosen for family jars and angry disputations!

I see that blotting paper is declared by the *Lancet* to be a source of infection. Whether that be so or not, clean blotting paper should be the housewife's care and pride. Women are singularly economical in little things, and the paraphernalia of the writing-table cannot be too carefully looked after. In some houses the blotter is a greasy, dirty, messy sheet, on which it is impossible to dry one's letter without making a blot, and the pens are as bad as the blotter. The character of the owner of a writing-table can be very fairly gauged by the state of her writing materials. The impulsive woman leaves the blotter open, throws the pen full of ink down anyhow, and leaves some half-dozen sheets carelessly upon it. The woman of order wipes her pen and puts back the paper in the rack, but the smart woman's boudoir writing-desk is a jumble of discomfort and profusion. Silver diaries and photographs, with little knick-knacks and flower vases—everything is there, from scent to cigarettes, except a decent pen or a clean bit of paper. If you seek a stamp you will find the rosewater appliance for sticking it, but not the stamps, the paper, but no telegram form, piles of little notes, bills, and receipts, all mixed up together, and a fetish in the shape of a jade paper-knife, for women do not write now, they "'phone," to use the hideous fashionable word. So the dainty writing-table and the prettily worded little notes have disappeared never to return.

Just now the Paris shops are full of the most exquisite linen, household and personal. The Frenchwoman takes a pride in her linen: she can get it washed too, beautifully, and got up with taste and carefulness; and the average housemother lavishes her care on her table linen, she seeks in her own under-clothes rather quality than show, she dispenses with lace, but insists on the finest of material. Her English sister, on the contrary, buys lace, embroideries, and insertions, which are ruthlessly destroyed almost the first time they go to the laundry. They are fascinating, I confess, with all their little daintinesses and sublimated coquetries of baby ribbon and satin bows, but for such linen one needs a home laundry, and not the rude inconsiderate touch of the public washerwoman. Ladies' maids used to be noted for their skill in getting up lace and muslin trifles, but the board school has abolished all those arts, and the fist of the *soubrette* is now as heavy as that of the ploughman.

It is rare to find a room in any house where smoking is not allowed. In the ladies' boudoir it was formerly taboo, but even there, as every woman smokes, the scent of tobacco prevails. We shall have to label rooms as they do the railway carriages in Germany, "non-smoking." I saw a clergyman the other day, in a crowded roomful of ladies and gentlemen, accompany a singer on the piano with a cigarette in his mouth, and I don't know why, but it struck me with a sense of incongruity—the clerical costume, the mixed company, the cigarette, and the piano. But then smoking is now *smart*, and heaps of people do it who would really much rather not if they could only be natural.

The long arm of coincidence is ever in our midst. I heard a story recently of an octogenarian, a perfect Bluebeard, who had buried several wives and still yearned for more. He also possessed three elderly spinster daughters. Undaunted by his age, the old man sought to marry again, and, finding it difficult in his own immediate circle, applied to his solicitor for assistance. The latter advertised for a wife for his client, and the first letter the old man received was from one of his own innocent daughters, unaware of the little stratagem practised by their parent! Now, surely, here was a curious coincidence.



Part of a district, or rather country, of China, larger than Great Britain, is now in the throes of famine. Ten million people are more or less affected, but four millions are actually starving or on the extreme verge of starvation. At Nanking alone there are 800,000 refugees gathered in camps. All must perish unless fed by Government or public charity. Donkeys, sheep, dogs, and hogs are eaten, and a huge proportion of the ten million have only one meal a day, and that of gruel. The risks of a terrible epidemic are added to those of famine by the huge camps, such as that shown in our photograph—a camp of 50,000 at Tsinkiangpu—where tens of thousands of men, women and children are huddled together in hovels. The crops over huge areas were ruined by last summer's great floods. An appeal has been made to the Lord Mayor of London to open a Mansion House Relief Fund. A penny, says the writer of a harrowing account of the famine in the *Daily Graphic*, will keep a little child alive for two days. Photograph by Walter Kirton.

IN FAMINE-STRICKEN CHINA: A CAMP OF FIFTY THOUSAND STARVING MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

A Hot Favourite in cold weather

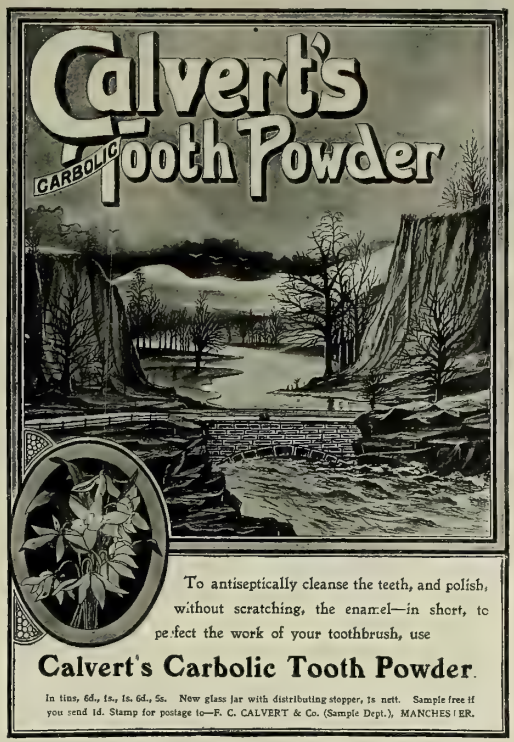
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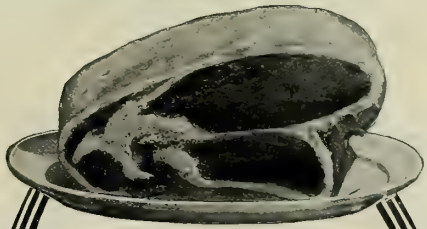
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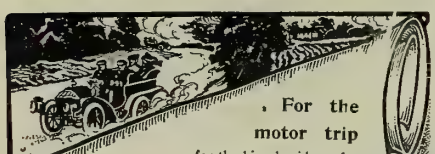
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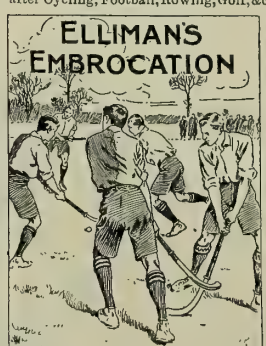
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DR. T. J. MACNAMARA
New Secretary of the Local Government Board.
Photo by Elliott and Fry.

THE MINISTERIAL CHANGES: THREE OF THE NEW APPOINTMENTS

THE THEATRES

THE PLAYHOUSE AND A NEW PLAY

The two theatrical events of the week, leaving the French season of the Royalty out of account, have been the opening of Mr. Cyril Maude's new playhouse and the production by Mr. James Welch of an amusing farce called *When Knights were Bold* at Wyndham's. Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Winifred Emery, it need hardly be said, had a magnificent send-off. The unfortunate disaster which postponed the opening of The Playhouse originally excited the keenest sympathy, and so there was an enthusiastic and distinguished gathering on the first night. The theatre itself is snug and charming; but why the management made the mistake of providing a programme of such length that it was long after twelve before the curtain finally fell, is one of those things which it is difficult to understand. The proceedings opened with Miss Clara Butt singing the National Anthem. After this came that powerful little Indian Mutiny play, *The Drums of Oude*, by Austin Strong. Then Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude appeared and gave an amusing dialogue written by Mr. Bernard Shaw, in which Mr. Maude pretended to be overcome with nervousness, while his wife made apologies for him. It was a purely personal affair, not quite in the best of taste, especially in its facetious reference to the station falling in, a disaster which, it will be remembered, cost some three or four poor fellows their lives, and which is not a matter to joke about; but an audience on these occasions is not critically inclined. After this came *Toddles* in its entirety—one act would have been quite enough for this occasion—then Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh gave a one-act episode, *Sixes and Sevens*, by E. H. Whitmore, and to conclude Mr. Tree made a



THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY
The New Lord Mayor of Belfast.
Portrait by D'Arcy, Dublin.

congratulatory speech. Long ere this, though, the audience, in twos and threes and tens, were drifting away, which was a pity, but even friendliness and enthusiasm will not prevent people catching trains and cabs when the hour approaches midnight. However, the opening night was a great success, and everyone hopes that Mr. Maude may have entered upon a prosperous career in his new and charming theatre.

When Knights were Bold, by "Charles Marlowe," as its authoress desires to be called, is an absurdity which depends for its humours (and they are many) upon transporting a nervous, unromantic little gentleman—Mr. James Welch in short—into a mediæval atmosphere. He is Sir Guy de Vere, the effete descendant of a family who can trace descent back to Norman times. He has inherited an old castle and estate, but, to the distress of his friends and relations, and most particularly of the young woman (Miss Audrey Ford) with whom he is in love, he has no sympathy with the spirit of the "good old days" or with the magnificent traditions bequeathed to him by his ancestors. At the end of the first act he goes to sleep, and in the second he wakes to find himself transported back twelve centuries into the past, and, an incongruous little figure in modern dinner dress, is puzzled and bewildered at finding himself surrounded by nuns, friars, and men-at-arms, who all expect him to prove himself a mighty warrior. We recognise one and all of the original house-party in the motley crowd, only the prosperous Jew money-lender is now an outcast in a gaberdine, the staid Dean is a fat friar, and a stalwart young Guardsman is a mail-clad knight. Like Mark Twain's "Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," Sir Guy's ultra-modernity makes a very quaint contrast with these surroundings, and this act is excessively funny. In the third act we come back to modern times, and matters are put straight. The thing makes a very amusing farce and provides Mr. Welch with a part which suits him admirably. The only thing further to be said is that he could cut quite as up-to-date a figure in feudal times without resorting to touches of vulgarity.

"Dramaticus."



THE LAKE, LOOKING WEST



THE LONG WALK

Ruskin Park, Denmark Hill, will to-day (Saturday) be dedicated to the public by Mr. Evan Spicer, the Chairman of the London County Council. This fine new recreation ground for South London is twenty-four acres in extent, and is studded with fine trees. The Long Walk shown in one of our illustrations was a favourite resort of Ruskin when he lived in the neighbourhood.

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MODERN CLUBLAND—II.



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28, St. James's Street.



WHITE'S CLUB
37, St. James's Street.



THE MARLBOROUGH
52, Pall Mall.



THE JOCKEY CLUB, FROM THE LAWN
Photo by Bowden Bros.



THE BACHELORS' CLUB
7, Hamilton Place.



THE SENIOR UNITED SERVICE
116, Pall Mall.



THE TURF CLUB
83, Piccadilly.



THE JUNIOR UNITED SERVICE
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Photographs by S. B. Bolas and Co.

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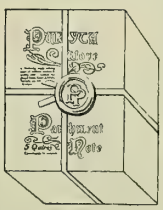
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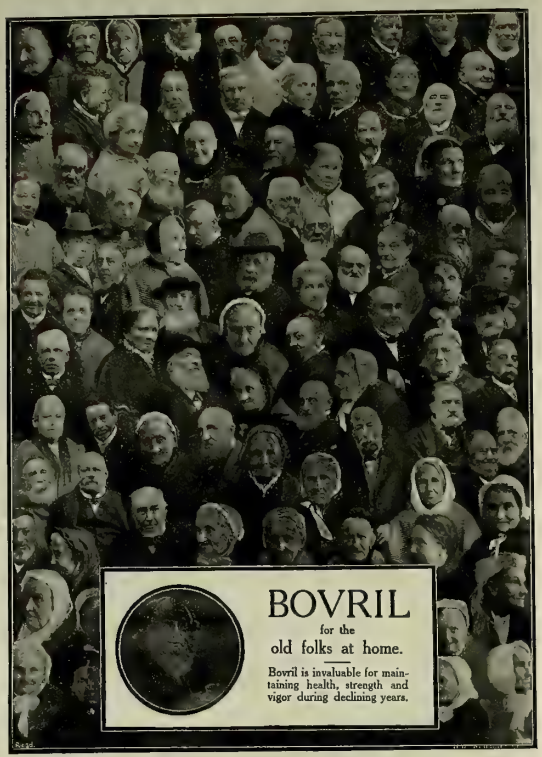
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In Modern Clubland—II.

In continuation of the series of illustrations of the London clubs, with their histories, the first of which appeared in last week's GRAPHIC, another group of eight of these famous institutions of London is now given, all of them situate in or near that famous street—St. James's Street—which, with its tributary, Pall Mall, is the heart and centre of Clubland:

> The dear old street of clubs and *cribs*,
> As north and south it stretches,
> Still seems to smack of Rolliad squibs
> And Gillray's fiercer sketches;
> The quaint old dress, the grand old style,
> The *mots*, the racy stories,
> The wine, the dice, the wit, the bile,
> The hate of Whigs and Tories,

as Frederick Locker sang in his "London Lyrics."

The ST. JAMES'S, in Piccadilly, is a diplomatic club for foreign and English members of the Diplomatic Service. It was once the French Embassy, and, before that, was known as the Coventry Club, after Lady Coventry, whose house it was. It was one of the Earls of Coventry who brought about the abolition of the May Fair, once held behind the house, from which the district takes its name. In the old days the Greyhound Inn stood here, and it was bought by the Earl of Coventry from Sir Hugh Hunlocke in 1764 for ten thousand guineas. The St. James's was founded in 1857. The entrance fee is twenty-five and the subscription eleven guineas. There are 800 members.

Savoir vivre was the appropriate old title of BOODLE'S. It was early celebrated for its costliness and for the masquerades and ridottos with which its members delighted to entertain themselves and their friends. A poet of the eighteenth century satirises the attempts made to rival Boodle's dinners:

> When some John his dull invention racks,
> To rival Boodle's dinners or Almacks,
> Three uncouth legs of mutton shock our eyes,
> Three roasted geese, three buttered apple pies.

Gibbon was a member of Boodle's, displayed here his extraordinary figure, and poured forth from "a mouth which was like a round hole in the centre of his face accents as mellifluous as Plato's." Portraits of C. J. Fox and the Duke of Devonshire adorn the walls of this famous old club. There is a fine old classical library here, and among its celebrated dishes are rice pudding and stewed pears in silver bowls. Old English glass is also one of the features of Boodle's. The date of the establishment of Boodle's is 1760, and it now has about 650 members, who pay an annual subscription of eleven guineas. The entrance fee is thirty guineas.

WHITE'S CLUB originated in 1693, as did others of its period, in a chocolate-house, which stood near the lower end of St. James's Street. It was destroyed by fire in 1733, and that incident was used by Hogarth in Plate VI. of the "Rake's Progress," where the gamblers in a room at White's are so absorbed that they take no notice of the watchmen who are bursting in the doors to give the alarm. When rebuilt it became a private club, and continued to be notorious for gambling. It was the fashionable club, and the old "bet-book" is still preserved, and is thus mentioned by Walpole: "There is a man about town, Sir William Burdett, a man of very good family, but most infamous character. To give you his character at once, there is a wager entered in the bet-book at White's that the first baronet that will be hung is this Sir William Burdett." White's moved to its present site in 1755, a house which had been occupied by the widow of the Earl of Northumberland, one of the peeresses of the old school, whose coach was followed by a second one with her women, and was accompanied by bareheaded footmen walking on each side. "Dinner at White's," says another club historian, "is a ceremonial business; wax candles, stately waiters, carefully decanted wine, courses that come on with processional solemnity." There is a splendid collection of old furniture, prints, and chandeliers at White's, and the old gambling room still exists. There are 800 members at White's. The entrance fee is nineteen guineas, and the subscription eleven guineas.



THE LATE WILLIAM WHITELEY
whose murder has caused a profound sensation. The motive of the crime appears to have been blackmail, but until the assailant recovers from his self-inflicted injuries the true story of the tragic end of one of the most celebrated tradesmen of the time can scarcely be known. It is unnecessary here to re-tell the story of the rise of the great business at Westbourne Grove; the "Universal Provider" is a household word, and the name of the millionaire who rose from small beginnings is familiar the world over. Photo by Whiteley, Ltd.



HORACE GEORGE RAYNER
who shot Mr. William Whiteley, whose son he claims to be, and against whom the Coroner's jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder. Rayner obtained an interview with his victim in his office at Westbourne Grove, and, apparently dissatisfied with the result, shot him dead with a revolver, and then turned the weapon upon himself, inflicting serious injuries, from which, however, he is expected to recover.

It was in 1869 that the MARLBOROUGH CLUB was founded in Pall Mall, and it was so named in honour of the Prince of Wales, as our gracious Sovereign then was. It was the special club which he patronised with his presence until his accession, and his son, the present Prince, maintains the Royal connection with it. Among its members are many celebrated patrons of the Turf. It has about 500 members, and the fees are thirty guineas as entrance and ten guineas annually.

THE BACHELORS' was founded in Hamilton Place in 1880, after a great Bachelors' Ball which was a famous social event in that year. It numbers no fewer than 1,000 members, who pay ten guineas a year, with an entrance fee of thirty guineas. This is a social club and (naturally enough) ladies are welcomed as visitors.

It is said of the great Duke of Wellington that he was so particular as to the management of the UNITED SERVICE CLUB, in Pall Mall, where he often dined, that when he was once charged one shilling and threepence for a cut off the joint he grumbled, and insisted upon the old charge of one shilling being restored. The Duke's portrait was painted by W. Robinson for the members, and here, too, are Jones's "Waterloo," and Stanfield's "Trafalgar," very fitting pictures to be in a club devoted to both the Services. The "Senior," as it is called, was established after the Peace of 1815, and was first at the corner of Charles Street and Regent Street (where now the Junior United Service Club stands), moving afterwards to its present building, designed by Nash, in Waterloo Place, and facing the Athenæum. Lord Lynedoch, who served in the Peninsular War, lived under five Sovereigns, and died at ninety-three, was one of the oldest members of the club. There are 1,600 members; the entrance fee is £30, and the annual subscription £10.

Originally established in Grafton Street in 1868, the TURF CLUB is now at the corner of Clarges Street and Piccadilly, where a fine new house was built to replace the former premises once known as Grafton House, built by the Duke of Grafton, who, it is said, forgot the door, and had to buy the next house to get in. There are about 550 members in the TURF CLUB; the entrance fee is thirty guineas, and the annual subscription twelve guineas.

The present club-house of the JUNIOR UNITED SERVICE CLUB, Charles Street, dates from 1855-7, and is one of the most ornate in London, Italian in style, like most of the great clubs built in the last century, and having sculptured details characteristic of the professions of its members. On the landing of the stairs is Allan's "Waterloo," and in the gallery are many portraits of naval and military celebrities. The staircase itself is one of the handsomest in London, with a fine lantern and carved and decorated ceiling. The "Junior" numbers 2,000 members of the Army, Navy and Militia, who pay eight guineas a year subscription; the entrance fee is £40.



READY FOR BUSINESS
One of the newest kinds of fireman is the cyclist-fireman, who, in Marseilles, has for some time ridden to his duty at break-neck speed on a bicycle. This "light brigade" carries a handy size of hose, folding ladders, and axes, and, in rendering "first aid," often succeeds in inflicting defeat on a fire before the heavy artillery of the horse-brigade is needed.



HOSE, AXE, AND LADDER ON THE SPOT

THE BICYCLE AND THE FIREMAN: A "LIGHT BRIGADE" AT PRACTICE IN FRANCE

"Essays Critical and Political." J. H. Balfour Browne.
"Comedy Queens of the Georgian Era." John Fyvie.
"Poems of Herrick." Introduction by Canon Beeching.
"The Tourist's India." E. Reynolds-Ball.
"The Desert and the Sown." Miss Gertrude Bell.
"The Duchess of Pontifex Square." G. W. Appleton.
"The Second Bloom." Helen Porter.
"The Mistress of Ayton." R. H. Forster.
"The House in the Crescent." Adeline Sergeant.
&c., &c., &c.

BELLES-LETTRES, Books of Travel & NOVELS

ESSAYS

Two volumes of reprinted essays ("Essays Critical and Political," by J. H. Balfour Browne, K.C. Two vols. Longmans, Green and Co. 7s. 6d. net), whether critical or political, or, as in the present case, both, cannot be summed up in a phrase—especially when they range over a great variety of subjects and a considerable term of years. The earliest of these papers—they all consist of contributions to well-known journals snatched from oblivion—were published as far back as 1875, and the latest appeared as recently as last year. They represent, therefore, fairly well, now that they are brought together in a permanent shape, the literary activities of a lifetime, apart, that is, from half a dozen other books on law and a volume of quick-witted impressions of the actual conditions of South Africa. Mr. Balfour Browne is much too sensible and well-equipped a man not to be conscious of the pitfalls which beset even the best-intentioned of reviewers. He is too old a hand not to recognise the folly of extremes. He admits so much, or else he would not have written in these pages a sentence which we cordially endorse: "The temptation of the critic is to understate or overstate defects or merits." That may sound suspiciously like a platitude, but for all that it puts in a nutshell the peril of undue emphasis whether the scales lean to praise or censure. Let us see, then, whether we can pack into a few words, at all events, an approximately just estimate of the contents of these two volumes. Here let us say at once that the outstanding impression which they leave is that of sane and well-considered rather than original or brilliant appreciations. In other words, the book is written with brains and, what is perhaps quite as rare, with breeding, and here and there in its pages occurs a passage which quite transcends the subject under discussion and is in itself an invitation to think, since it sends us back to the first principles of criticism. One volume is devoted to literature and the other to politics, and the first is undeniably the most interesting and the least effete. It is well to keep the good wine to the last. We turn, therefore, first of all, to politics—a subject which, like the chameleon, is always changing its colour. With all respect, we are not greatly concerned to learn what Mr. Balfour Browne thought of the political and economic outlook in Russia exactly thirty years ago, for the questions then at issue are not those which concern the world to-day. The same remark applies, though in a more restricted degree, to England's relations with Egypt in 1884, and the problem presented by Afghanistan a quarter of a century ago. But of more account in this section of the book is an admirable forecast of the coming social revolution, a study of Collectivism which looks the facts of to-day squarely in the face. The other volume consists, for the most part, of literary verdicts on writers of mark who have conquered the goodly heritage of assured renown. There is, for instance, a subtle estimate of Machiavelli set against the dramatic background of his times; a delightful picture of one who, in Browning's phrase, was ever a fighter, that grand old pagan, Walter Savage Landor; and a generous tribute to George Eliot, in which due stress is placed on her recognition of conscience as one of the supreme factors of life. All this by no means exhausts the appeal of two volumes which, though belated in parts, contain a good deal of excellent outspoken criticism.

S. R.

ANOTHER DOZEN WOMEN

There must be some occult virtue in the precise number of the Zodiacal signs. We have had a book of "Twelve Good Men," and another of Twelve Notable Spinsters, and now Mr. John Fyvie devotes a volume to exactly twelve "Comedy Queens of the Georgian Era" (with portraits of seven of them; Archibald Constable and Co.). The "Queens" in question include Catherine Clive, "Peg" Woffington, George Anne Bellamy, Frances Abington, "Perdita" Robinson, Dora Jordan—concerning all of whom one would think enough had already been written and to spare; less familiar biographies being those of Lavinia Fenton (the original Polly Peachum), Duchess of Bolton; Mary Sumbel, or "Becky" Wells, *alias* "Cowslip," at one time confined in a madhouse; Charlotte Clarke, *née* Cibber, who ought never to have been out of one; Mrs. Baddeley; Elizabeth Farren, Countess of Derby; and Harriett Mellon, who became firstly Mrs. Thomas Coutts and secondly Duchess of St. Albans. Having quoted Leigh Hunt to the effect that "most people are more eager to hear of actors and actresses than of the members of other professions; and, in reading accounts of them, most of us incline more to the comic than the tragic, and more to the women than the men," Mr. Fyvie in another place cites a remark of "some wit" that "the lives of players are the only ones worth reading, because their biographers did not mind telling the whole truth about them." Neither the whole nor the undiluted truth is to be gathered from the theatrical memoirs, many inspired by autobiographic vanity, very many by blackmail, through which he has industriously waded, with the result of leaving him anything but a worshipper of his own heroines. The revival of dead scandals is but poor sport: even acquittal "without a stain on the character" does not remove the stain of a preliminary trial through which of all the dozen only Mrs. Clive and the Duchess of St. Albans—the latter somewhat ungraciously—are allowed to pass without experience of the pillory. The account of the last-named "Queen" opportunely enables Mr. Fyvie to quote from a conversation with an acquaintance how "Her Grace then spoke in the most affectionate terms of Miss Angela Burdett, declaring that she had been singularly fortunate in her baptismal appellation, since she was truly angelic by nature as well as by name."

R. E. F.



MR. A. S. HARTRICK'S FRONTISPIECE TO MESSRS. JACK'S NEW EDITION OF HERRICK

HERRICK ORNAMENTED

The latest edition of Herrick is that in the "Golden Poets" series, published by T. C. and E. C. Jack, edited by Oliphant Smeaton, "introduced" by Canon H. J. Beeching, frontispieced by Mr. A. S. Hartrick, and illustrated in colour by Elizabeth Stanhope Forbes. The many bright-hued drawings of Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, as well as Mr. Hartrick's portrait frontispiece, admirably suggest the Herrick spirit of air and meadow; are a comment on his own dew-bedabbled verses of country freshness:—

All the shrubs, with sparkling spangles, shew
Like morning sunshine tinselling the dew.
Here in green meadows sits eternal May
Purfling the margents, while perpetual day
So double gilds the air, as that no night
Can ever rust th' enamel of the light.

THE GLOBE-TROTTER IN INDIA

It would save the loss of many tempers among book-readers if the titles of all new works as correctly described their contents as the title of this volume does. ("The Tourist's India." By E. Reynolds-Ball, F.R.G.S., F.R.C.I. Swan, Sonnenschein and Co.). Its author's highest aspiration appears to have been to play the part of Globe-Trotter's Guide. He takes his ignorant friend by the hand, and as they rush along, directs his attention to the Taj or the Kootub, or any other object of world-interest they happen to pass. Possibly there may be higher forms of travelling literature than this, but it must be immensely useful to the class who want to "get up" their India in the shortest time possible, and the book is intended for no others. The sole question, indeed, is whether the compiler has made the best selection of places for the flying tourist to have a look at. On that point we can pronounce an altogether favourable judgment; what between the numerous illustrations, mostly well executed, and the letter-press, condensed though that be, there is more or less of a finger-post directing the traveller to almost every sight worth seeing in the capacious Land of Ind. Occasionally the author fails to do justice to the æsthetic merits of some building or city, as when he says nothing in praise of the splendid picturesqueness of Peshawur. But he redresses the balance of criticism by extolling several modern edifices at the Presidency capitals which absolutely frighten people of reasonably good taste by their hideousness!

THE LURE OF THE DESERT

The fascination of the desert takes hold of some people much as does that of the open sea of others. In her handsome volume, "The Desert and the Sown" (Heinemann), Miss Gertrude Lothian Bell writes: "In my time the uplands will still continue to be that delectable region of which Omar Khayyám sings, 'The strip of herbage strown that just divides the desert from the sown;' they will still be empty save for a stray shepherd standing over his flock with a long-barrelled rifle, and when I meet the rare horseman who rides over those hills and ask him whence he comes, he will still answer: 'May the world be wide to you, from the Arabs.'" She travelled from Jerusalem to Alexandretta, and farther, making friends with the Arabs and the warlike Druzes; at evening listening round the camp fire to the never-ceasing stories of her faithful henchmen. Raids were ever the subjects of most of these tales, and raids seemed to be going on all round; but, luckily, the author was never involved in one. She says that her object in writing is not so much to tell of her travels as to tell of the people that she met and who were with her. The talk of these Children of the Desert is full of quaint philosophy, and however times have altered, these people have lost none of their Orientalism. The main purpose of the writer's journey was archæology; but though she discourses admirably on matters dealing with town and country, it is with people that she is principally concerned. The book is excellently illustrated with photographs, and after perusing it one feels that one knows more of Syria proper and is more in sympathy with its inhabitants than ever before.

"THE DUCHESS OF PONTIFEX SQUARE"

Mr. G. W. Appleton's story (John Long) is eminently of the sort that is customarily recommended to the rail way traveller who wishes to shorten his journey. He will certainly wish it longer, if it be not long enough to satisfy a curiosity that will be renewed afresh by every page, and which we shall assuredly say nothing to spoil How the various characters contrived to keep up to so high a sensational pitch is perhaps partly to be explained by their abnormally frequent recourse to stimulants, of which the brands are duly named. But there is no mere Dutch courage about the way in which young Dr. Julius Perigord, a struggling medical practitioner in a shabby London suburb, became the lawful owner of "the famous Esterhazy rubies," worth "at least a million dollars," and a beautiful American heiress, worth a few millions more. "Brandy," said Dr. Johnson, "is the drink for heroes." He would certainly have substituted whisky, could he have enjoyed the excitement of reading—say in one of his favourite postchaises—"The Duchess of Pontifex Square."

"THE SECOND BLOOM"

In her "Tale of the beginning of the Nineteenth Century," called "The Second Bloom" (Greening and Co.), Helen Porter imagines a grandson of Prince Charles Edward Stuart (the only son of an only son by

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the Prince's secret marriage to an Italian lady in 1747), who, in the year 1800, is welcomed by the Scottish Jacobites as King Charles V., and heads a rising in the Highlands, which, seeing that it included the capture of Inverness, other historians must have unaccountably conspired to ignore. This decidedly courageous dream serves as the foreground for a romance of love and honour true enough to human nature at its best, and sympathetically told. "The Second Bloom" is, of course, of the "White Rose." Whether, or how far, its subject was suggested by the well-known claim to the same effect in more recent times would be rash to surmise.

"THE MISTRESS OF AYDON"

Dionisia, the beautiful young heiress of Aydon, in the county of Northumberland, is the heroine of an old-fashioned novel by R. H. Forster (illustrated by R. C. Reid. John Long), of the period of Edward III., dealing with the system of wardship under feudal law. The subject naturally lends itself to a conflict between true love and mercenary intrigue—to which side Mr. Forster awards the victory and the prize there is no need to say. The novel is well written, with a good north-country colour, and will please readers whose tastes are as yet incompletely modernised.

"THE HOUSE IN THE CRESCENT"

Is the title of a volume of twelve very short stories by the late Miss Adeline Sergeant (John Lane). They are of little importance: but their publication may be noted for the benefit of novel-readers who may wish to complete their collection of the works of an authoress whom they justly admire—so far as such completeness can be predicated of one whose work appears to be literally immortal.

"PAYING THE PRICE"

F. W. Montgomerie's story (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co.) deals with a certain Dr. Gurner, who seeks—with some temporary success—to apply his discovery of the "Germ of Death" to the extinction of the weak and diseased, and thus to the regeneration of the human race. The details are revoltingly gruesome; and the author—or authoress?—by making the philanthropic massacre-monger a maniac, acquits himself—or herself?—of an otherwise apparently serious sympathy with his ideas. To say that the story can be read with either pleasure or profit would be absurd.

A USEFUL PERENNIAL

There is no more useful gardening book than Mr. W. Robinson's "The English Flower Garden and Home Grounds" (Murray), which has now reached its tenth edition. In the first place, the author deals very exhaustively with the designing and the making of a garden. As he points out, it is easier to make mistakes in the beginning than it is to rectify them later. He describes some of the prettiest English gardens, large and small, and he also draws our attention to gardens spoilt by want of taste. He does not like the custom of clipping shrubs in an ornamental way. He says if you have an old clipped garden, keep it; but never imitate one. To clip holly is a grievous sin. He deals with such important matters as the making and treatment of lawns in a very thorough manner, and we are sure that if his advice were strictly followed it would save many a heartache, for certainly there is no part of a garden that the average Englishman worries about so much as his



THE MATTEUCCI MEDAL AWARDED TO SIR JAMES DEWAR

lawn. The ornamental border, in fact, the flower garden generally, is treated of in an equally detailed manner; and in this section the author gives a number of plans of small gardens, taken from nature, which should prove both interesting and valuable to a large number of amateurs. The second part of the volume contains an alphabetical list of flowers, trees, shrubs and ferns suitable for the open-air garden, with notes as to their cultivation and the position they should occupy. The book is profusely illustrated with woodcuts, and Mr. Robinson has had the assistance of about a hundred expert writers to help him in the production of this ever-valuable work.

MODERN SPORTING GUNNERY

The name of Mr. Sharp is far too well known and honoured among up-to-date British sportsmen for them to omit to secure an opportunity of studying his latest compendium of information—"Modern Sporting Gunnery," by Henry Sharp (Simpkin, Marshal, Hamilton, Kent and Co.). It brings the entire subject down to the very present, and whether the shootist has a mind to follow his recreation abroad or at home, he may rely upon receiving right counsel, the genuine "straight tip." The illustrations, which are as numerous as excellent in quality and accurate in draughtsmanship, are very helpful in explaining such novel introductions as the "pivot wind-gauge sight" and the "Fauneta" cartridge. Both have large merits, and the same acknowledgment must be made, so far as we have been able to test them, as regards the Westley Richards lead-capped and brass-capped bullets. There will always be some sportsmen who detest the bare idea of novelty in connection with the weapons they use; but, on the other hand, nothing pleases any ardent member of the newer school more than to handle a tool differing in some material respect from those of his companions. There is a certain sense of pride in being able to shoot more brilliantly with it than one's rivals can manage with their more old-fashioned pieces. We wonder whether the author gives personal preference to old lamps or to new.

A MEDALLIC GIFT

Only the other day, Mr. Haldane, Secretary of State for War, commented upon the fact that whatever other differences there may be between the nations, there exists a brotherhood, the reality of which is asserting itself more and more—the brotherhood of science. A pleasing instance of this is seen in the award by the Italian Society of Sciences of Rome of their Matteucci gold medal to Sir James Dewar, F.R.S., Fullerian Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution. Senator Carlo Matteucci (1811-1868), sometime Professor at Bologna and at Pisa, occupies a high place in the annals of science as a physicist. He was the author of upwards of 250 memoirs and treatises relating to electricity, magnetism and electrophysiology. The present medal was instituted in 1870, with the concurrence of the King of Italy. In the past it has been allotted to such men as Lord Kelvin, Edison, Lord Rayleigh, Röntgen, Marconi, and Curie, and to this list is now added a worthy recipient, whose extraordinary experimental skill has been demonstrated not least in grappling with the problem of obtaining extremely low temperatures.

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WORLDLY WOMAN

NO kingdom can ignore the power of Socialism, not even the little world of fashion. It defies Emperors, it laughs at the "divine right" of the smart. The *élégante* may spend fortunes on her frocks in vain. The straw of exclusiveness at which she clutches will avail her nothing, for to-morrow she will see vile copies of her art on all sorts and conditions of women. Her velvet will be velveteen, her sables dyed squirrel, even her gold bag set with diamonds will have its replicas in brass and in paste.

It would be less tragic if it were better done, if there were no vulgar pretentiousness. For only the letter of the law is copied, the spirit remains too elusive, and too expensive. But the spirit is barren consolation, and a beautiful thing, once parodied, loses half its charm. Nothing will be left to the woman of fashion but absolute simplicity. This will never appeal to the multitude until Socialism has succeeded in dividing not only capital and luxuries, but good taste as well. It is a far cry from simplicity to the models of to-day. They were never more astonishingly complicated and magnificently muddled. The fashionable silhouette is vague in outline, the waist is where you please, the sleeves are what you like. Only extreme softness of material is insisted on. Everything clings and droops, and is weighted with tassels and thick laces. Irish crochet and Venetian point on vaporous tulle are mostly means to this end. This exaggerated limpness results in gowns that might almost be called hysterical and neurotic. At their freshest they are far from fresh, and imagination turns longingly from those degenerate garments to charming muslin, or even old-fashioned bombazine—whatever bombazine may have been—in any case the very name seems to give support of a solid kind.

But, for the present, draggledness is the feature of the day. There is nothing new under the sun, not even the sun of Monte Carlo. Neither the coats nor the gowns are startlingly novel. The shape of the former is still conspicuous for its shapelessness; the latter, especially on the *Parisienne*, have become indescribable. Individuality of an expensive kind is the last word on *chic*. Weary of the yoke of many periods, the Frenchwoman has discarded them all for a personal setting, which means, when translated into facts, that there are no facts to translate. Wonderful belts, extraordinary sleeves, everything is allowed, except banality, and the unexpected is the golden rule. Combining the most unlikely materials is one way of insuring success. Tulle edged with fur, chiffon made into coats, anything and everything that will astonish. And yet all these amazing details the *Parisienne* combines as a background to her own personality. She may have no character to express, but she is past mistress in suggesting a world of finer meanings, an art of which we have yet to learn the A.B.C. So until we have mastered it, let us console ourselves with much talk of the extravagance and inevitable decadence of the Latin races. It is pretty well the only consolation that we have!

It is a mistake to imagine that the Riviera season foreshadows our summer fashions. It merely gathers together a brilliant cosmopolitan crowd of well-dressed women, and amongst them there is nearly always some originality. For novelty we must look to the Paris stage; the French dramatist and manager are the real oracles of our fate. Therefore it is not quite reassuring to read of crinolines and *bandeaux à la Madonne* at the Théâtre Réjane. Not that the Second Empire was ever as hideous as it has been painted. On the contrary, it abounded in pretty things. The line of the *décolletage* was charming, also the tulle frocks of the period. We read of pink tulle and wild roses, of white tulle and silver wheat, of brown tulle and carnations, and it all sounds delightfully fresh and attractive. There remains only the crinoline, and that was too monstrous an error to be forgiven or forgotten. For years it has been a very substantial skeleton in fashion's cupboard brought out at intervals at "the silly season" of dress, which lasts from now on to March. So the time is appropriate enough for talking of crinolines, but not too seriously. We are not at all likely in 1907 to repeat the follies of 1860. For one thing there is not space enough for steel hoops in our workaday world.

On the other hand crinolines are worn in Paris—on the head. The hair is puffed and waved over a gigantic frame of whalebone and many little curls hide what deficiencies there be. What is becoming of our sense of proportion? Picture the very modern silhouette, its long sweeping lines, the wraith-like figure, and above all this litheness and slimness the enormous hat, and now the cage *Vanderbilt*, as I believe this monstrous affair is called.

Shall we see this whalebone abomination in its last stages at something and eleven pence in our own shop windows? I devoutly hope not. As we often miss the beauties of French fashions, so are we spared some of the crimes that are committed in the name of the "*Nouveauté de Paris.*"



A GOWN IN WHITE CLOTH AND LACE FOR THE SOUTH

The prettiest gowns lose half their character without jewels. Even the filmy laces of tea-gowns and demi-toilettes demand strings of pearls. The luxury of yesterday has become the necessity of to-day. But, alas, that necessities should be so expensive! And there is worse in store, for the price of precious stones is still going up, but sufficient unto the day.

The only solution of the problem is to buy on the *Times* system; then we are able to afford the best, and the best is always the most economical; at any rate, we prefer to believe it. There only remains to chose a good firm with discretion, and one that can be absolutely relied on is the Association of Diamond Merchants, of 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross, whose beautiful jewellery, and whose system of easy payments should be an opportunity to all.

L. S. R.

A Revival at Covent Garden

There was once a newspaper reporter whose life was perennially embittered by the thought that he had not been running a halfpenny daily at the time when operatic heroes and heroines walked this earth. In those days he felt, a man with a genius for headlines would have had proper scope for the exercise of his talent. Not even the elopement of an archduke with a ballet girl, he was wont to say, afforded such material as the regrettable romance in which Siegmund and Sieglinde played leading parts, while the story of Tannhäuser's wild oats and the terrible tragedy that resulted therefrom would have made at least ten columns of the most alluring copy. In the end, the poor fellow became so obsessed with his idea that his friends deemed it advisable to accept on his behalf the hospitality offered by a well-known resort in the neighbourhood of Hanwell, where he fell into a rapid decline. One morning the nurse found that he had passed away during the night. There was a smile of supreme contentment on his face, while by his side lay a piece of paper, on which were scrawled the words, "Shocking Scandal in High Life. King Betrayed by his Trusted Knight. The Lover is Mortally Wounded and Flies to Brittany. Forgiveness Comes Too Late. The Queen Dies on her Lover's Corpse." He had begun his report of the tragedy of *Tristan und Isolde*.

How it has come about that no modern composer seems to think a story worthy of operatic treatment unless the hero and heroine die horrible deaths, and such characters as are left alive at the fall of the curtain are doomed to spend the rest of their days in misery, we do not know. That such is the case, however, is obvious to the meanest intelligence, and the reporter who brooded over a great opportunity, missed through no fault of his own, has our heartiest sympathy. In the midst of all these tragedies, it is refreshing to come across such an opera as Smetana's *Bartered Bride*, which was so successfully revived at Covent Garden the other day. Smetana himself had good cause to take a gloomy view of life, for his fate was the hardest that can befall a musician, in that he became so deaf that he was unable to hear a single note of music. Nevertheless, he produced what can only be regarded as one of the most perfect comic operas ever penned, a work which almost deserves to rank with the incomparable masterpieces of Mozart. From the first bar to the last, the *Bartered Bride* is all gaiety and sparkle. The plot, which deals with the adventures of two young lovers, whose happiness is very nearly eternally blighted by the intervention of a marriage-broker, may not be strikingly novel, but it is amusing enough; and it is so refreshing to see operatic lovers still alive at the fall of the curtain, that any weaknesses which it may possess can easily be overlooked. In an opera, moreover, the music's the thing, and here, at any rate, there is no cause for complaint. Charming airs, fascinating dances, delightful rhythms and touches of delicious humour abound on every page of the score, and there is never a moment when the interest flags. The writing, too, is so masterly that even the most superior musician, who takes his art very seriously, can hardly fail to approve of it, so that the opera appeals alike to the educated and to the uneducated ear.

So far as the cast is concerned, there is certainly no room whatever for improvement. Frau Bosetti and Herr Franz Naval sing delightfully and act well as the two lovers, Herr Karl Marx is a perfect marriage-broker, and Herr Hans Bussard is admirable as the stammering nincompoop Wenzel. By the way, it is completely contrary to experience that even the most confirmed stammerer should stumble over his words when singing, but Herr Bussard does it so well that the matter may be allowed to pass. All the minor parts are well filled, while Herr Franz Schalk's reading of the score shows very clearly that he fully appreciates all its humours. In conclusion, we would urge anyone who has not yet seen the opera, to set about the completion of his education without any avoidable delay.

J. D. H.

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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1907

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Germany's Fight for Sea Power

ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ, THE MAN BEHIND THE KAISER

An Interview by J. L. Bashford

SINCE Germany began the race for sea power in 1898—and it is not yet nine years ago since the race began—she has made rapid strides towards obtaining a fleet of powerful battleships that will eventually only be second in Europe to the British Fleet. In the preamble to the Navy Act of 1900 we read that it was incumbent on Germany to have a fleet of such strength that, even for the mightiest naval Power, a war with her would involve risks calculated to jeopardise its own supremacy. The fleet that Germany means to possess is nominally intended for the protection of her over-sea trade and her Colonies; but it is no exaggeration to add that the possession of thirty-eight battleships will enable the German Empire to have a greater say about World-policy (Weltpolitik) than was contemplated under the first Emperor. This fact, taken in connection with the dictum of Kaiser Wilhelm II., "Our future lies on the water," has given rise to some sinister forebodings in England, and perhaps we should not be wrong in assuming that the intended concentration of a new and powerful fleet in the North Sea has shifted the centre of gravity of naval strength from the Mediterranean to those waters. Since the passing of the Navy Act of 1900, an amendment to the same received the sanction of the Reichstag in 1906; and coincident therewith the Reichstag further adopted the proposal of the German Admiralty entirely to abandon the building of medium-sized battleships, and to construct great battleships, equal, if not surpassing British Dreadnoughts in fighting qualities, as well as cruisers immensely superior in size and armament to those hitherto laid down in German yards.

The German Navy is a new creation; but its growth up to the year 1917 will assuredly continue on the lines approved and published, provided nothing, not yet anticipated, in the shape of a further amendment should supervene to hinder it. The potential value of the contemplated German Navy, concentrated as it will be in the North Sea, is fully appreciated by Kaiser Wilhelm, by the Secretary of State of the German Imperial Navy, as well as by our own naval authorities.

The intellectual author of the Navy Laws of 1898 and 1900, and of the Amendment Act of 1906 was Admiral von Tirpitz, the Secretary of State of the German Imperial Naval Office. He also defended these measures before the Reichstag, and steered them through the debates with considerable skill. Born March 19, 1849, at Cüstrin, the son of an eminent jurist who held a high judicial post in that town, with the title Ober-Landesgerichtsrath, Alfred Tirpitz became a naval cadet in 1865, and was afterwards at the Naval Academy from 1874-76. He subsequently devoted much attention to the torpedo branch of the service, and is responsible for modern German torpedo organisation and the tactical use of torpedoes in the German Navy. He was Inspector of Torpedo Service, and was the first Flotilla Chief of the Torpedo Flotillas. Later he became Chief of the Staff of the naval station in the Baltic and of the Supreme Command of the German Navy. He has made several long sea voyages, is regarded as an eminent tactician, and is the author of the rules for German naval tactics as now in use in the Navy.

In 1895 he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, and became Vice-Admiral in 1899. During 1896 and 1897 he commanded the cruiser squadron in East Asia, and was appointed Secretary of State of the Imperial Navy Office in January, 1897. In the following year he was made a Minister of State, and in 1901 received the hereditary rank of nobility, entitling him to the use of the prefix "Von" before his name.

Admiral von Tirpitz has often been in England, where he has a good many personal friends. At the time when there was no Naval Attaché in Carlton Terrace he was frequently sent to the German Embassy on special missions. He speaks English fluently and has a good knowledge of the English character, as well as of the views and mode of life of English people, and he is well-read in English literature.

I have had the privilege of enjoying the Admiral's friendship for many years, and have frequently conversed with him on the subject of the development of the German Fleet. As he did me the honour a few days ago of receiving me for this purpose in his private study, I will endeavour in the following lines to reproduce as clearly as possible, without pretending to give his Excellency's *ipsissima verba*, the exact tenor of our conversation on this occasion, which touched a number of subjects of general interest at the present juncture. His Excellency said, among other things:—



"An English Admiral—it was Admiral Hopkins, if I am not much mistaken—once said:—'All I can desire is, that the good fellowship and mutual understanding that exists between the officers and men of the English and German Navies may be typical of the mutual relations between the two nations.' As these words of the English Admiral entirely express my own convictions, I adopt them as my own."

v. Tirpitz.

SECRETARY OF STATE OF THE GERMAN IMPERIAL NAVY

"Do you really suggest that the people of England seriously believe that the German nation and the German Admiralty are preparing an aggressive war against England? We have so often spoken together on this same subject that I really have nothing to add. All I can do is to repeat that, in my judgment, the charge is so essentially foolish that I personally look upon it as quite undeserving of refutation. Just consider the number of battleships in the British Navy and their total strength and then make a comparison with the number of battleships in the German Navy and their total armament! And don't forget that many of the English armoured cruisers are fully equivalent to first-class battleships, and that they carry equally heavy guns. Compare also the amount of your naval estimates with that of ours!

"I have met British naval officers in many parts of the world, and have always rejoiced to notice that our officers associated on terms of good comradeship with the officers of the British Navy—better than with the officers of any other navy, because they have more ideas in common. I have noticed the same of the seamen of both navies. In this respect I most sincerely hope that there will never be any change.

"We have always looked up to the British Navy, and when it was decided to strengthen the German Navy in order that we should have a Navy suitable to our rank as a first-class Power, and in order to enable us to defend, if needed, our commerce and Colonies, neither the Kaiser nor the Admiralty had any aggressive purpose in view. For there is assuredly no single question in any part of the world that could be utilised as the cause for an aggressive action against England. If it had been otherwise, we should have been forced to introduce a Bill of far wider dimensions in 1906.

"That Germany belongs to those Powers that view the ideas of disarmament somewhat sceptically can cause no surprise, for, in the nature of things, it is considerably more difficult for a Power with a small Navy to consent to diminish its armaments than it is for a Power like England, possessing a Navy so eminently stronger than the navy of any other Power, to do so.

"Complaints are also often made in this connection of the immense increase in the expenditure for naval armaments in consequence of the increase of displacement of the ships. But it must not be forgotten that England was the first to tread this path, and that in doing so she compelled the navies of other Powers to follow suit!"

A hint appears to be given in the above lines of the trend of opinion prevailing in the German Navy on the agitation of the adherents of the cause of universal peace.

Admiral von Tirpitz has always been on the side of those who deprecate the fomenting of friction between Germany and Britain, and it was with a view of laying stress on his sentiments on this point that he handed me a copy of a sentence he quoted from memory as used by Admiral J. O. Hopkins, and authorised me to have it printed above his signature under his photograph in THE GRAPHIC.

Amongst the birthday honours distributed by the Kaiser recently, His Majesty conferred the highest Order of Chivalry of the Prussian Crown on Admiral von Tirpitz. This act of Imperial and Royal favour is beyond doubt intended as a further recognition of the Admiral's many years' activity as a clever and capable organiser. In regard to his connection with the Navy Acts, which is spoken of above, it should be added that Admiral von Tirpitz succeeded therein in giving practical shape to the thoughts and aims of Kaiser Wilhelm, at the same time surmounting all the very great difficulties connected with internal political conditions that confronted the development of the German Fleet.

The Kaiser has always shown that he attached great value to Admiral von Tirpitz's counsel, for he always found that he was capable of immediately seizing the point of a matter.

As a man, the Admiral has a genial and kind sailor-like nature, and he is courteous and considerate to all who work under him and come in contact with him. Although body and soul a sailor, he is very fond of riding, and has a good seat in the saddle. Despite his fifty-seven years he does not hesitate to put his horse to any fence he thinks him capable of "negotiating."

The Law Guarantee and Trust Society, Ltd., having decided to extend the scope of its transactions, has recently acquired the United Legal Indemnity Insurance Society, Ltd., with a substantial premium income and large agency organisation.



THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

THERE is something very charming about the ease and freedom in which the King and Queen are enjoying (evidently in no merely conventional sense of the word) their little visit to Paris. And perhaps it is not too eulogistic of our French friends to say that in no other capital would the Royal *incognito* be so scrupulously respected. The *politesse française* is no mere figure of speech; it is a fact, and that it is so is being proved by the spectacle of the most popular Sovereign in France and in the world, accompanied by his Consort, being able to come and go as he will without being persecuted by vulgar curiosity of the sort which made itself unpleasantly noticeable at Carlsbad last year.

As to the political significance of the Royal visit, there is—directly—none at all. His Majesty has not gone to Paris to talk politics. Wherefore the German journal which has thought fit to talk of King Edward going "to see how things look in his *succursa.e*," has been talking foolishly as well as rudely. Nevertheless, the mere fact that the King and Queen have seen no reason why they should not run over to Paris for a week, as thousands of their subjects do every year, is pleasing evidence that the *Entente Cordiale* is steadily striking its roots deeper into the hearts of the two nations. In that sense there is certainly no lack of political significance about their Majesties' visit.

Inasmuch as next week will find the King and Queen back in town for the opening of the Parliamentary Session, one is reminded of the imminence of that event. We do not, however, imagine that it is looked forward to with extraordinary keenness by politicians of any party. Really, after the storm and stress of the Autumn Session, prolonged as it was almost to the last possible moment, honourable members may well feel that they have been treated somewhat scurvily in the matter of their Christmas holidays. However, back they must come and get their noses down to the legislative grindstone without delay!

Will they find anything in the Pandora's box of the King's Speech to make them eager to live laborious days—and nights? Hardly, we fancy, in the case of members of the Ministerial majority. Ireland (whether by way of an instalment of Home Rule, or of Roman Catholic University Education, or of both) and Licensing are generally presumed to be about to form the *pièces de résistance* of the Ministerial programme. Well, there will be plenty of *résistance* about both of them; for when did any Government, Whig or Tory, ever touch either of them without feeling more or less sorry for itself afterwards? Mr. Asquith has, no doubt, a chance to produce a popular Budget; but popularity for anything else that Ministers are likely to offer to the Commons and the country will probably be very much to seek.

The Ministerial mind is not likely to be made easier by the vehement incitements of the party Press in the matter of Lords *versus* Commons. "The time is ripe for a campaign against the House of Lords," says the *Daily Chronicle*. "Democracy is prepared for anything," says the *Daily News*, "which is clear, precise and definite in the acceptance of the battle between Peers and People which has been too long delayed." One would like to know what the Prime Minister thinks about it; but Lord Crewe, the latest exponent of the Ministerial mind, has not thrown any light upon the subject, unless there is any to be found in his warning that this "is not a matter which should be taken in hand lightly or without due consideration." It is not, indeed; the better part of valour is discretion.

So the Senior Wrangler disappears, and with him the hero of the Wooden Spoon. From the sentimental standpoint, everybody must feel sorry; there cannot, surely, be two opinions about that. But, then, if there be one subject in the whole range of human knowledge as to which sentiment is hopelessly out of place that subject is mathematics: the two really will not run in double harness, which is what the Senate of the University of Cambridge has been too long trying to make them do.

As to the precise merits of the controversy between "Placet" and "Non-Placet," it is enough for the mere outsider to point to the fact that the change to the system which has worked so well at Oxford has the support, as we understand, of the great majority of the Cambridge mathematical Dons. In a purely educational question that fact seems conclusive, and the non-resident members of the Senate evidently thought so. When College Dons propose to lay hands upon that Ark of the Covenant which is the Tripos, we may be pretty sure that it wants looking to rather badly.

Bravo, New South Wales! That Colony intends, we are glad to learn, to take very definite steps to combat the spirit of exclusiveness by which Australia has too long been animated with regard to immigration from the Motherland. The Colony will, henceforth, assist the passage of every agriculturist and domestic servant emigrating with the approval of the Agent-General to the tune of £6, and of £4 in the case of men engaged in other branches of industry. Hitherto it has been Canada that has mainly received the British emigrant—when it has not been the United States. Now, with every good wish for the tremendous future which lies before the Dominion, we see no reason why the Commonwealth should not have its share of suitable emigrants. Wherefore we should like to see the example of New South Wales followed by every one of the Australian Colonies. So may it be.

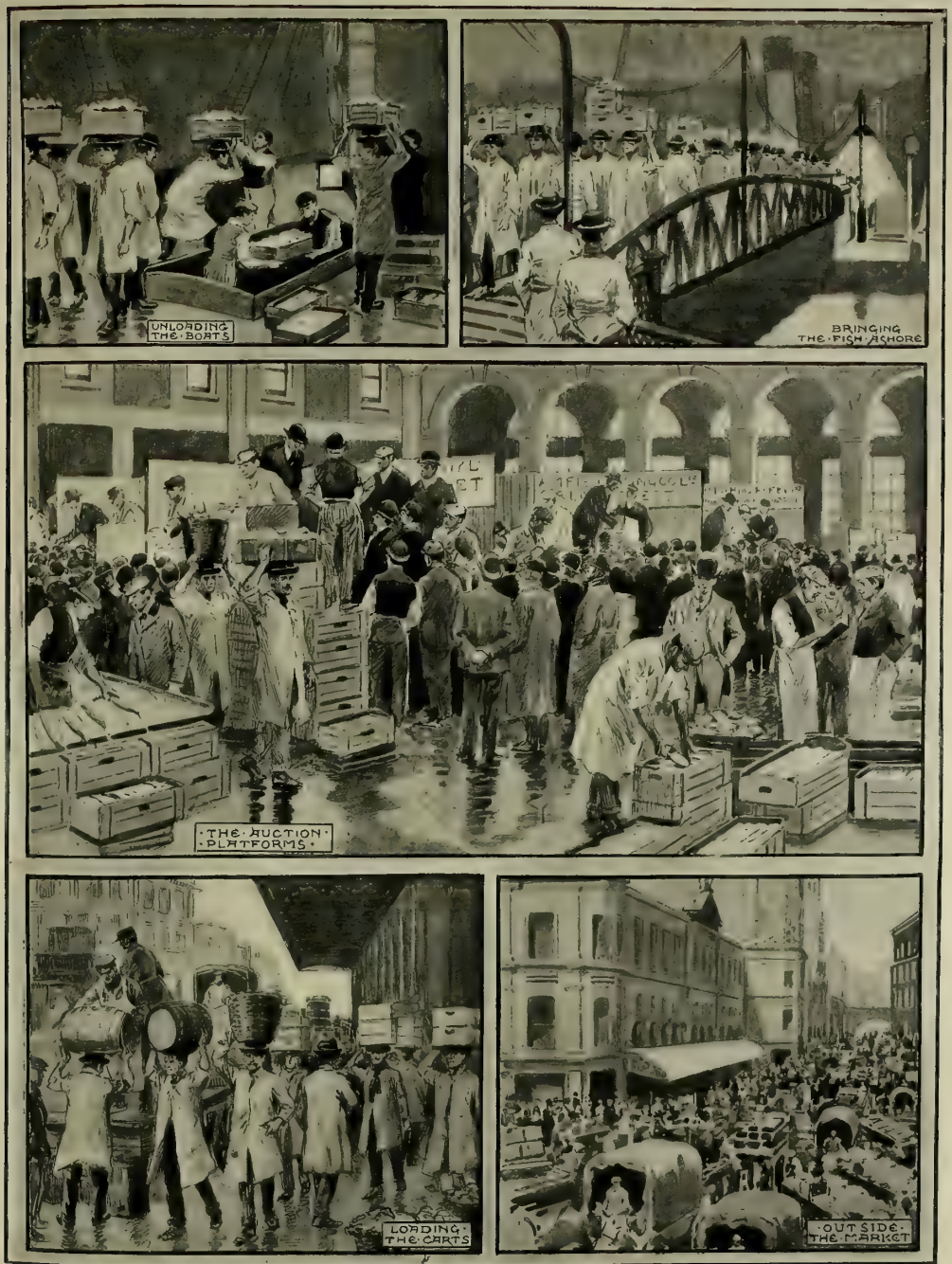


The Proposed Restoration of St. Paul's Cross

AN ENGRAVING OF THE SCENE DURING A SERMON PREACHED FROM THE OLD CROSS BEFORE JAMES I.

OLD ST. PAUL'S CROSS

The late Mr. H. C. Richards, K.C., left £5,000 to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's for the restoration of the ancient Cross of St. Paul's, swept away by the Puritans at the Revolution. He left in his will an alternative, to the effect that the money might be spent in raising a memorial of the Cross as near as possible to the actual site (which is marked with an inscribed stone at the north-east corner of the Cathedral) the memorial not necessarily to be in the form of the original Cross. Round the Gothic Cross, and against Old St. Paul's, were in olden times erected stands for the Sovereign, who often attended the open-air services, and for the nobility and gentry and the City magnates. The Cross was one of the most celebrated landmarks in Old London, where it had stood since the thirteenth century, and probably from an earlier date. Our print, published in 1811, shows this "ancient and curious object as it appeared on Sunday, the 26th of March, 1620, at which time it was visited by King James I., his Queen, and Charles, Prince of Wales," and when the sermon was preached by Dr. John King, Bishop of London. Latimer, Ridley, and Coverdale are some who have preached from the Cross, a history of which, as has been said, would be a history of religion in England, so that great memories are stirred by the present proposal. Before the Reformation Papal Bulls were read from the Cross, which was also the official place from which Royal proclamations were made.



To the disgust of Billingsgate fishmongers, the Billingsgate and Leadenhall Markets Committee propose to dismantle Billingsgate and move the fish market to Shadwell. The case against Shadwell is the expense, and the fact that it is too far down stream. Billingsgate, on the other hand, suffers tremendously from congestion, but enlargements would cost nothing like the eight hundred thousand pounds which will probably be needed to fit out Shadwell. Billingsgate is the most ancient of all our City markets, its history dating back over a thousand years. The present building was erected in 1873, and stands on a site that was presented by Edward III. to the fishmongers.

THREATENED BILLINGSGATE: EVERY-DAY SIGHTS AND SCENES IN LONDON'S MOST ANCIENT MARKET

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

THE AMIR'S VISIT TO INDIA

The Amir of Afghanistan has made an excellent impression in India, and in the speeches he has delivered on various occasions has shown himself to be a most enlightened monarch, expressing himself in favour of religious toleration, and posing as a sincere friend and well-wisher of European culture. While availing himself of every opportunity of studying the industrial side of Indian life, and enjoying to the full all the state functions and social entertainments held in his honour, he has naturally shown particular interest in everything relating to the Army, and has spent much of his time in examining the soldiers and their equipment, asking questions which plainly showed that he had in view the reorganisation of his own Army. While at Agra the Amir, accompanied by the Viceroy and Lord Kitchener, witnessed a review of 30,000 troops. Two entire divisions, mobilised as for war, marched past *en masse*, the display closing with a gallop of the Horse Artillery and the cavalry in review order. At Agra the Amir and Lord Kitchener became great friends, and His Majesty's partiality for the Commander-in-Chief was most marked. The Amir is keenly interested in photography, and he took a number of photographs with the camera presented to him by Queen Victoria. After the great review, at his special request, the accompanying photograph was taken of himself, with Lord Kitchener and Staff, and all the British Generals and their Staffs. The Amir himself most carefully arranged the group for the photograph, insisting on the young officers sitting in the front row, with the seniors behind grouped in the middle. He explained that he himself was a photographer, and asked Lord Kitchener to come and see some of his work. His Majesty then took the negative to his own camp to have prints made, and expressed a desire that each officer present should affix his signature to the copies, while he himself would send them copies with his autograph. The Amir is shown in the group sitting between Lord Kitchener and General Sir Arthur Gaselee.



THE AMIR'S PRIVATE OFFICE IN THE CAMP AT AGRA



THE AMIR, LORD KITCHENER, AND THE BRITISH GENERALS PRESENT AT THE AGRA REVIEW, TOGETHER WITH THEIR STAFFS

The photograph was specially taken at the request of the Amir, who posed the group.

SNOW IN THE SUNNY SOUTH

CLUB COMMENTS

By "MARMADUKE"

It is the peculiarity of the English that individually most of us are progressive, and collectively we are conservative! Nine men and women of every ten here complain that "England is always behind the times," that "the English move slowly," that "a new idea is invariably resisted," and that a "new development is neglected,"—yet it cannot possibly be that the one in every ten, in combination, are the British Public! The fact is that our intelligence is greater than our enterprise.

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Every "improvement," from time immemorial, in this country has been opposed, and the opponents of the development have predicted that were it adopted the ruin of Great Britain would assuredly follow. Nevertheless, the British have steadily increased in prosperity, the Empire has grown in size, and most of the objectionable developments have eventually been recognised as necessary. There are, of course, some imaginative men and women amongst us who insist that education, increased general prosperity, railways, improved mechanism, and the discoveries of modern science, have destroyed the pleasantness of England, and injured the character of the English, but it is doubtful if they would maintain this attitude long could the old conditions of life here be reproduced precisely as they were, say, a century ago.

It is a phenomenon of the human mind that the further we have moved from a painful circumstance the less painful it appears, and the further from a pleasurable circumstance the more pleasurable it seems. The past had, undoubtedly, its advantages, and these, therefore, seem much more agreeable as time separates us the more from them; it had, also unquestionably, its disadvantages, and the same phenomenon makes the latter appear less disagreeable the further we are removed from them. The English of the past had their virtues and vices—the virtues and vices of their conditions; we have those of ours, and, were it possible to compare the two combinations, it is safe to predict that the advantage would be with our generation, for we are generally more educated, enlightened, experienced, and liberal-minded than were our predecessors.

Those observations do not preclude our having altered for the worse in some respects, for, obviously, we have. Education, enlightenment, experience, liberal institutions, and prosperity, have their respective defects and disadvantages, just as had ignorance, superstition, and poverty. It is apparent to all the observant that the English of to-day have developed certain failings which are peculiarly regrettable, but that circumstance is not sufficient to cause us to deplore the enormous alteration for the better which the improved conditions of life in this country has effected. Those greatly improved conditions should now accomplish one further change—should teach us to advance with confidence.

Why fear the future when every "future" throughout the generations has generally fulfilled its promises?

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"The Israelites are not cleverer than the Christians," is an opinion which is already frequently expressed in this country, but their success in their various undertakings is mainly due to the spirit of enterprise which is a characteristic of the race. They are invariably the first to adopt a new development if it has any merit. It is a curious circumstance that, in proportion to the number of Gentiles and Israelites there are in England, there were more of the latter who possessed motor-cars and adopted the telephone in the early days of both these inventions than of the former. This is the Age of Enterprise: there is little to be gained that is great except by venturing upon the new. That this is a correct estimate of the situation is clear by reference to the big commercial concerns which have forced their way to the front in the last half-century in this country. Almost all of them owe their success to a departure from the old methods. Even the old-fashioned shops which have earned renown in past days have in most instances either had to reorganise on the new lines, have slowly diminished in prosperity, or have been forced to close. If the view is correct as regards commercial enterprises, it must obviously be so too as regards countries—the nation that clings to the past unreasonably will eventually have to suffer for its tenacity.



THE COLD SNAP ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA: SKETCHES BETWEEN GENOA AND SAN REMO DURING THE RECENT SNOWFALL

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER

COURT AND SOCIETY

The secret of their Majesties' little *incognito* visit to Paris was well kept—indeed, it only leaked out at Dover owing to the arrangements which had to be made for the turbine steamer. Few people realise that His Majesty's links with "la belle France" are of much older date than the *Entente Cordiale* which he did so much to bring about.

The King and Queen in Paris

Of those memories connected with his childhood none compares in brilliancy with the visit which he and the Princess Royal paid with their parents to Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie. It was then that took place the pretty and well-authenticated incident which shows how much the then Prince of Wales enjoyed his first introduction to French life, for when the time came to say good-bye he begged the kind Empress most earnestly to persuade his mother to leave him and his sister behind, for a few days at any rate. Her Majesty pointed out to the little Prince that his parents would not be able to do without them; but he cried in amazement, "Oh, don't fancy that, for there are six more of us at home!" The acquaintance with France, so auspiciously begun, has since been constantly renewed. For the Empress Eugénie he feels an almost filial affection, and, at the same time, he is on terms of intimacy with most of the great Legitimist families. The French nation have never forgotten the practical sympathy which he displayed in their hour of bitter trial after the Franco-Prussian war.



LADY CLARE NOEL

The daughter of Lord Gainsborough, whose engagement to Mr. C. M. King has just been announced. Photo by Kate Pragnell.

Mr. and Mrs. Standish

Mr. and Mrs. Standish, with whom the "Duke and Duchess of Lancaster" dined on the night after their arrival in Paris, are not people who court the publicity of the newspapers. They belong, in fact, to the really great world, both in England and in France, and at their hôtel in the Rue Belloy and their Château of Montjoye, near Rambouillet, they are accustomed to entertain the most interesting and cosmopolitan society. Mr. Henry Noailles Widdrington Standish is the present head of the ancient family who have been seated at Standish, in Lancashire, since the thirteenth century. They belong to the old religion, and have intermarried with the Howards, the Towneleys, the Stricklands, and the Gerards. Mr. Standish's mother, Sabine de Noailles, was a daughter of the Duc de Foix, of a princely Franco-Spanish family, and his grandmother was a great-niece of the famous Madame de Genlis. Mr. Standish himself, who is a few years younger than King Edward, married in 1870 Hélène de Perusse Des Cars, daughter of the Comte Des Cars. Although he is thus by descent much more French than English, and lives for the most part in France, Mr. Standish has many links with the country of his forefathers. Thus, he is a member of the exclusive Marlborough Club and of the perhaps even more exclusive Royal Yacht Squadron.

A Princely Sculptor

Prince Paul Troubetzkoy, who has achieved the feat of "sculpting" a bust of Mr. Bernard Shaw in three hours, has long been known both in artistic and in general society in this country, where he is very popular. He speaks English, indeed, with little trace of foreign accent. A strikingly handsome man, of perfectly proportioned, Herculean frame, he early became devoted to Art, and made up his mind to adopt it as his career. Like "G.B.S.," his latest sitter, the Prince is a convinced vegetarian, and he declares that since he became one nine years ago he has felt very much better in health. Princess Paul Troubetzkoy is in full sympathy with all her husband's artistic ambitions, and she has been much gratified by the warm appreciation which his work has received in London. One interesting characteristic of his sculpture is his dislike of dead or shut eyes, and therein he differs, as he himself candidly admits, from the old Greek masters. His intense love and understanding of animals, which was undoubtedly the determining factor in his conversion to vegetarianism, is also apparent in his astonishing power of delineating what seems more than the mere bodily frame of a dog or other creature—what seems, indeed, to correspond to the soul in man.



MRS. ASSHETON SMITH

Whose engagement to Colonel Holdsworth is announced. Photo by Kate Pragnell.

Mrs. Assheton Smith's Engagement

The engagement of Mrs. Assheton Smith, of Vaynol, to Colonel Holdsworth, has aroused general interest. She was the daughter of Mr. Colin Stanhope Jones, of the War Office, and she married, as her first husband, Mr. George William Duff, who took the name of Assheton Smith on succeeding to the enormously valuable estates of Tedworth and Vaynol, near Bangor, with the famous slate quarries. Mr. Duff Assheton Smith left a large part of his fortune to his brother, Mr. Charles Duff, now Mr. Assheton Smith, of Vaynol, whose only child, Captain Robin Duff, married, three or four years ago, Lady Juliet Lowther, daughter of Gladys, Countess of Lonsdale, now Countess de Grey. Mrs. Assheton Smith is a very graceful and charming lady, who has had the honour of entertaining the Prince and Princess of Wales at Vaynol. Their Royal Highnesses inspected the slate quarries with the greatest interest, and a special "blast" of unusual dimensions was arranged for their benefit. Mrs. Assheton Smith and her late husband delighted in making Vaynol Park a paradise for bird and beast. An enormous wall, some fifteen feet high, built primarily to relieve those who were suffering from an acute period of "unemployment," has greatly contributed to render this beautifully wooded park a sanctuary even for the shy kingfisher. Most notable of all was the herd of wild cattle, lovely milk-white creatures with black ears and muzzles.

A Catholic Wedding

Lady Clare Noel's engagement to Mr. Charles Mervyn King, of the Coldstream Guards, is of special interest to the old Roman Catholic families. The bride's father, the Earl of Gainsborough, who was educated at Oscott, has long been known as a staunch adherent of the old faith. Lady Clare, who is his third daughter, is the first of his children to become engaged, her three brothers being all younger than herself. Her mother is one of the Deases, of Turbotston, County Westmeath, who are among the very oldest Irish families. Lady Clare, who is both beautiful and accomplished, has never had much taste for London society. She much prefers country life at Exton, her father's seat in Rutland, or at Campden, his Gloucestershire home. Her great hobby is poultry, and she is justifiably proud of the way in which her feathered pets flourish under her skilful management.

An exhibition of relics of Keats and Shelley, with a concert, will be held on the afternoon of Wednesday, March 20, at Stafford House. Among those who have kindly promised to lend for exhibition on this occasion interesting relics of John Keats and Percy Bysshe Shelley are the Earl of Crewe, Lord Abinger, Sir Charles Dilke, Sir John Shelley, Mr. Buxton Forman, Mrs. W. Severn, Mr. John Murray, and Mr. Leigh Hunt. The programme of the concert will consist, as far as possible, of settings of verses by Keats and Shelley, and the names of the artists who will take part in it will be announced later, together with particulars as to tickets, etc. The executive committee consists of the Earl of Crewe (Chairman), Mr. Sidney Colvin, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Mr. H. Buxton Forman, Mr. George Leveson Gower, Mr. Walter Leigh Hunt, Mr. George Wyndham, M.P., Mr. Harold Boulton, who form the British Committee of the Keats-Shelley Association; Mrs. Alexander Rawlins, Mr. Reginald Garratt, and Mr. Arthur G. Ferard (Hon. Sec.), of 38, Montagu Square, W., to whom all inquiries should be addressed.

LONDON'S WINTER VISITORS



It is a curious fact in natural history, and one that does infinite credit to the intelligence of the mere bird, that while a few years ago seagulls were only seen in London in the coldest seasons, they have gradually learnt to appreciate the advantages of civilisation, and now come with unfailing regularity every winter, whether the weather be cold or mild. Like other feathered visitors to the metropolis, they are strangely tame when in the haunts of men, and even allow themselves to be fed by hand.

FEEDING THE GULLS ON LONDON BRIDGE: AN EVERY-DAY SIGHT IN THE WINTER MONTHS

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

THE F.O. BAG

By LUCIEN WOLF

In spite of the King's insistence on *le plus strict incognito*, some of the French newspapers have been taking extraordinary liberties with His Majesty's visit to Paris. The new Radical paper, *Messidor*, on the day of the King's arrival, claimed the visit as a certificate of the righteousness of M. Clemenceau's anti-Clericalism. A few days later the Royalist *Gaulois*—which certainly ought to know better—asserted that His Majesty was using his influence to soften the intransigeance of the Government on the Church question. Thereupon the *Eclair* published one of its characteristically Anglophobe articles under the discourteous title of "*Le Roi du Bloc*." After this tactlessness it is difficult to complain of the unfriendly criticisms of German papers like the *Reichsbote*, which sarcastically spoke of Paris as the King's "branch establishment." Happily, the French public have not taken any notice.

Mr. Bryce, who leaves England in the course of the coming week to take up his post as British Ambassador at Washington, will carry with him the good wishes of a host of friends belonging to both political parties. To begin a new profession and a new career at sixty-nine is characteristic not only of Mr. Bryce's courage, but of his sense of public duty. It is an open secret that our relations with the United States of late have not been unbeset by anxiety. The Embassy of Sir Mortimer Durand left much to be desired, and this was all the more unfortunate in view of the growing feeling in the States that in the probable—some say "inevitable"—conflict of American and Japanese interests in the Pacific, the Anglo-Japanese alliance would tell against America. In these circumstances, the Government rightly resolved to send an Ambassador to Washington who, by his high rank and character and pronounced American sympathies, would be a convincing pledge of the earnest desire of this country to cultivate the closest relations with the United States. By falling in with this arrangement, Mr. Bryce has patriotically put aside many interests and ambitions which are, I imagine, much nearer his heart than anything the Washington Embassy can offer him, and which, at his age, he can scarcely hope to take up again. It is a fine example of public spirit.

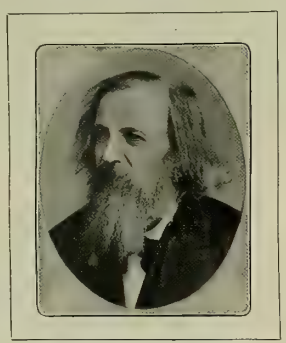
The appointment of Mr. Bryce is, I believe, quite unprecedented in the modern history of British diplomacy. Although in 1869 a notification was issued by the Foreign Office, at the instance of Lord Clarendon, that the Secretary of State reserved to himself the power to recommend "any person, even though not in the Diplomatic Service," for Ambassadorial posts, such recommendations have been exceedingly rare, and there is not one which is on all fours with that of Mr. Bryce. The nearest approach to it is that of the appointment of Sir Henry Layard to the Madrid Embassy in 1869. Sir Henry, like Mr. Bryce, had served as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and he was also at the time a member of the Government—Chief Commissioner of Works—but he was not a member of the Cabinet, and the object of his appointment was not to serve any high political end, but only to get rid of an embarrassing colleague. Moreover, Layard had had some practical diplomatic experience, having at one time acted in an unofficial, or at any rate unhierarchical, capacity under the Great Eltchi at Constantinople.

Lord Dufferin's appointment to the Russian Embassy in 1879 is another illustration of the application of Lord Clarendon's rule, though it is not a perfect parallel to that of Mr. Bryce. Lord Dufferin was, at any rate, a member of the Civil Service, though not of the Foreign branch, and many years earlier he had been employed on diplomatic missions of a kind. Besides Sir Henry Layard and Lord Dufferin, I cannot call to mind any Ambassadors recruited outside the Diplomatic Service. Curiously enough, the lower ranks of the service have been most frequently supplied in this way. Sir William White was not originally of the *carrière*, but he was regularly promoted from his accidentally obtained Consulship at Warsaw through the Legation at Bucharest to the Embassy at Constantinople. The career of Sir Claude Macdonald, our present Ambassador at Tokyo, has developed on similar lines, and so has that of Lord Cromer, who began life in the Army, and now holds the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary. The cases of Lord Pauncefote and Sir Mortimer Durand may also be cited. Neither graduated in the regular Diplomatic Service. Lord Pauncefote was a Colonial servant before he joined the Foreign Office, and Sir Mortimer Durand was in the Indian Service, and went to Washington by the curiously circuitous way of the Calcutta Foreign Office, the Teheran Legation, and the Madrid Embassy.



THE LATE LEOPOLD CLEROY

Douglas Louis Leopold Cléroy was Director of the Comptoir de Djibouti, where he was recently murdered by the hostile Issäs tribe. His mother, who was Miss Janet Forbes, is first cousin of the late Lord Sempill.



THE LATE PROFESSOR MENDELEJEFF
A Celebrated Chemist.

The late Dmitri Ivanovitch Mendelejeff, Professor of Chemistry at the University of St. Petersburg in 1866, was the formulator of the "Periodic law," which enabled him to predict the existence and probable properties of numerous unknown elements. He was the author of the famous work "Principles of Chemistry."

Except in France the practice of selecting Ambassadors outside the Diplomatic Service is almost unknown on the Continent. In France, however, it has long been very common, and, as we may see by the memoirs of the Comte d'Ideville, it was a bitter grievance of the Quai d'Orsay as far back as 1860. Nevertheless, M. Thiers appointed a Royalist deputy, the Vicomte de Gontaut Biron, to the Berlin Embassy, and sent M. Jules Ferry to the Athens Legation. To-day M. Barrère, an ex-journalist, is Ambassador at Rome, M. Constans, an ex-Minister of the Interior, is Ambassador at Constantinople, and M. Paul Cambon, an ex-prefect, represents the Republic at Albert Gate. Séveral of the recent appointments made by M. Pichon have been conceived on the same principle. Thus M. Jules Cambon, who is going to Berlin, is, like his brother, an ex-prefect; M. Paul Revoil, the new Ambassador at Madrid, made his *début* in the Colonial Office, and M. de la Martinière, who has been designated for the Tangier Legation, is also a Colonial. It must be regretfully admitted that so far this topsy-turvy system of giving the highest posts in a highly technical profession to amateurs has worked remarkably well.

After all "Centrum is trumps." The result of the Second Ballots in Germany is, as I anticipated last week, to leave the Centre practically the master of the situation. True, it can do nothing alone, and not much with its decimated Socialist allies, but it is still the strongest and best disciplined party in the Reichstag, and it will have countless opportunities of smiting the ill-assorted and inharmonious majority on which the Government depends. Without the Radicals Prince von Buelow has no majority, and it will certainly not be long before he is confronted by a revolt in that quarter. Then will come the opportunity of the Centre. In that case the Chancellor will have two courses open to him—either to buy back his trumps on the old terms or dissolve the Reichstag again. The latter would, I think, be the course he would prefer, as the anti-Clerical cry is undoubtedly popular in Germany, and another election, if it did not diminish the strength of the Centre, might still further weaken its Socialist allies to the advantage of the National Liberals.

Sir Thomas Dewar, in his speech at the foundation-stone laying for the new London Offices of Messrs. John Dewar and Sons, Distillers, remarked that posterity, through the specimens of advertisements and the bottle of whisky which were deposited in the stone, would have an opportunity of seeing how a commodity was advertised by their forefathers. Copies of various newspapers, including THE GRAPHIC, were also enclosed in the stone.



Republican Paris dearly loves a King, and none more so than King Edward, whom it regards affectionately as a Parisian *pur sang*. Hence it had to testify its joy at the visit (although private) of the King and Queen. On arriving at the Gare du Nord, their Majesties were welcomed somewhat unexpectedly by a flashlight, which revealed them between our Ambassador, Sir F. Bertie, and M. Griolet, the Vice-Chairman of the Northern of France Railway Company.

WELCOMED BY FLASHLIGHT TO THE VILLE LUMIERE: KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN PARIS


Mr Hook
Mr G. P. Huntley
Simon Slinks & a deputation of unemployed
Mr George Barrett
Mina
Miss Gracie Leigh
& her lover Ludwig Schnapps
Mr Harry Grattan
Miss Isobel Jay as Sally of Holland
"Miss Hook"
Capt. Adrian
Mr Herbert Clayton
Paap
Bandmaster
Van Vuyt
Mr Walter Hyde
Policeman
Mr Harris Harvey
Simon Slinks takes a fancy to "Gretchen"
Miss Eva Kelly
Mr George Barrett
"MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND"
at the
Prince of Wales Theatre
Mr Hook
Mr G. P. Huntley
Mina
Miss Gracie Leigh
sings "A little pink petty from Peter"
Sally
discovers her lover in disguise
Miss Isobel Jay
Mr Walter Hyde
H.M. BROCKS

THE CRICK-STONE

Written by CHARLES MARRIOTT

A Complete Story

Illustrated by S. J. SOLOMON, R.A.

I

A heavy mist was rolling in from the sea when Darnell set out from Porthia to walk across country to Porthlew, on the other coast, where he proposed to spend the remaining fortnight of his holiday. He had chosen his route in order to examine certain prehistoric survivals, the *Mên Scryfa* or "Written Stone" and the *Mên an Tol* or "Stone with a Hole" which, together with cromlechs, monoliths, stones circles and hut dwellings, punctuate the moors of West Cornwall and translate their mysterious atmosphere into more concrete symbols. Almost at the outset of his walk Darnell found white heather, and armed with this emblem of good-luck, his map and the directions which had been given him in Porthia, he never doubted that he should find the objects that appealed so strongly to his imagination.

He was soon to learn how useless were maps and directions when the elements joined forces and the reticence of the moor was aided by the subtlety of the mist, Protean in its forms, lifting and shutting down, lying wreathed in the valleys, rolling across the carns. Within an hour he had hopelessly lost his way. From off the sea came the faint moaning of steamers feeling their way through the fog, and at intervals the warning boom of the gun on the reef where a lighthouse guards the meeting of two channels. He remembered sailors talk of the fatality with which vessels draw together in a fog, and it seemed to him that a fatality directed his own movements. Late afternoon found him wandering down a green lane, apparently without beginning or ending, when suddenly he saw the blunted spear of the Written Stone looming over the hedge. A rude stile and a path trodden in the scrubby heather led up to it. The stone, about seven feet high, stood upon level ground in a little circle of coarse, yellow grass. The inscription running downwards in deeply chiselled Roman letters was now indecipherable but for the fragmentary words RIOL CUN . . . FIL. The very absence of the conventional elements of romance and mystery, the baldness of its setting on the level moor, made the stone all the more impressive. After a few minutes spent in fruitless endeavour to spell out the writing, Darnell returned to and followed the lane until it opened upon a wide grassy strath before a ruined farm surrounded by stout walls with hewn gateposts and other relics of importance. Through the mist a dark shape loomed out at a little distance. That surely, thought Darnell, must be the *Mên an Tol*. But, as he approached, the mass moved and became a black and white cow feeding, with another of paler colour beside it. Baffled, Darnell was returning, when he caught sight of a horseman riding down the lane. He shouted and ran, and the horseman, reining in, awaited him. The man was young and finely built, bareheaded, stern-featured, with a high, round forehead and far-seeing blue eyes. He sat his bare-backed horse with dignity and firmness: he looked like an Indian warrior. He gave Darnell minute directions for finding the Holed Stone and was moving on when, prompted by an odd wish to seem friendly, Darnell said:

"What is the *Mên Scryfa*?"

"A headstone," the man shortly replied.

"To whom?"

"To a General," said the other with a defiant intonation and looking straight before him.

"And the *Mên an Tol*?"

"A place of torture."

He gave his answers with force and brevity, as if he relied upon explicit knowledge not shared by the world in general.

"Did you come across the moor?" he asked of Darnell.

A little flattered that so stern a man should seem interested in his affairs, Darnell began to recount his wanderings, when the other cut him short with—

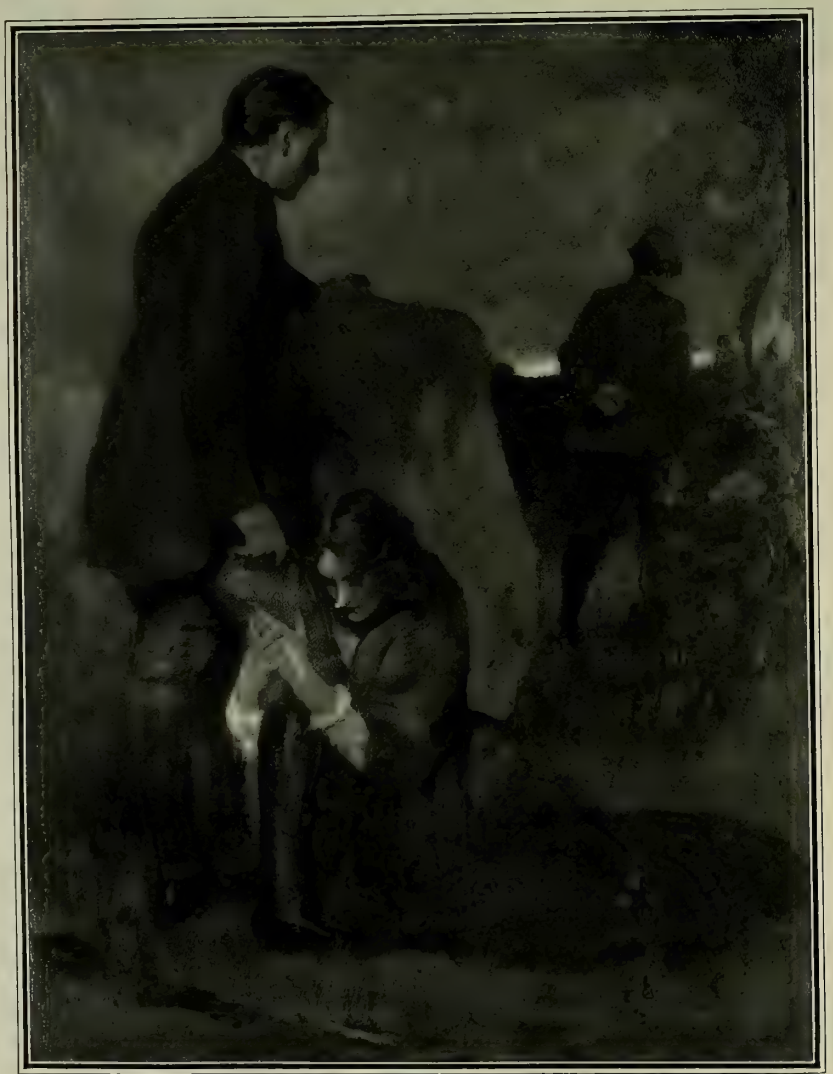
"Have you seen two bullocks, one dark, the other red?"

Unreasonably pleased to be of use, Darnell pointed out where he had seen the cattle, and they parted. Darnell found the *Mên an Tol*, a massive ring of granite set on edge and wide enough for a broad-shouldered man to crawl through the opening. Flanking the ring at four paces on either hand was a monolith about four feet high.

As Darnell returned along the lane his imagination dwelt upon the mystery of the stones. The horseman's description of the *Mên Scryfa* "a headstone to a General" stimulated him, and he thought of a stern Roman commanding an outpost in these wilds, exiled from the light and colour of his native city, dreaming over his Horace among hostile barbarians, dying away from his kin—falling, perhaps, on a dark night before the rude weapon of a skin-clad savage.

Darnell's quest being accomplished, and nothing remaining but a walk along the broad road to his destination, the weakness of his nature asserted itself, and he remembered that he had not eaten for many hours and that he was very tired. The presence of a farm decided him to try to get refreshment.

The house, built of weather-stained granite, with splayed window openings and a projecting string-course, was larger and of more dignified character than is usual in these parts, and excited Darnell's architectural interest. At either end of the house were noble chimneys finished off in the blunted-pyramidal shape so peculiarly in accord with the lines of the country. In front was a little enclosure, half garden, half courtyard, separated from the lane by a low, thick wall with a bevelled coping, shadowed by stunted sycamores. For a moment the importance of the place made Darnell hesitate, but suppressing his fears as foolish, he walked up the flagged pathway and knocked at the heavy, closed door. It was opened by a tall girl clad in a dark blue pinafore which, falling in straight folds from her shoulders to her feet, lent her a look of peculiar dignity. Behind her the light from a window fell on a broad staircase. Before her steady eyes and self-possessed attitude Darnell



"The girl flung herself on the ground at Trevithick's feet and clasped his knees."

lost assurance, and changed the direct form of his question to—

"Can you tell me if there is any place near here where I can get a cup of tea?"

The girl hesitated and coloured faintly. Then she turned away without speaking and entered a room on the left-hand side of the passage.

"Well," she said, on returning, "if you don't mind putting up with discomfort, I can give you a cup of tea."

II

He followed her through the passage into the kitchen. From a casual glance, the house, though very clean, was bare and showed signs of the greatest poverty. Apparently, only two or three of the rooms were used.

The kitchen, ceiled by the joists and planking of the floor above, was, to judge by its furniture, also used as the living room, and bore traces of some refinement. There was an American organ standing on the bare stone floor, and the prints upon the walls, though not remarkable, seemed to have been chosen with a better and more personal taste than is usual in such places. Darnell began to apologise for the trouble he was causing, but the girl cut him short. While she spoke her eyes fell on the sprig of white heather forgotten in the lapel of his coat and her expression altered suddenly. She looked startled, pleased and yet embarrassed. For a moment she was silent, and then she began hurriedly to make conversation as she went about the kitchen preparing tea.

"You don't mean to say that you have walked all the way from Porthia? I wonder you found your way at all! it's an ugly road in the best of weather. And did you see the *Mên Scrifa* and the *Mên an Tol*—the "Crick-Stone" as they call it? That is because people crawl through it to cure crick in the back."

She spoke correctly, though her voice was prettily roughened by the local accent. Darnell was conscious that she was indulging him, deliberately talking down to the level of the casual tourist and repeating the banal gossip of the guide-book.

While she talked, he began to recognise how beautiful she was. Her broadly oval face, with its warm colouring, small mouth and soft brown eyes reminded him of a picture by Da Vinci: the likeness was intensified by the rather wide space between her upper lids and finely marked eyebrows, and the subtly sarcastic expression of her mouth.

"There's a ruined Chapel and a Wishing Well in Trenear parish," she went on, "but I don't suppose you'll be able to find them. Lots of people—visitors—try, but have to give it up——" She caught sight of Darnell's humorously protesting face and ceased abruptly.

"Why do you tell me this?" he asked, in a reproachful tone.

She laughed a little tremulously, and continued her task of setting the table, which she had arranged for four persons. Darnell noticed that from nervousness she had cut an enormous quantity of bread and butter.

"Do you think I am going to eat all that?" he asked.

"Well," she said, "you have walked a long way. And, besides, Tom will be here directly. Tom eats a great deal."

He asked the question with his eyes only, but she answered quickly:

"Tom Trevithick is my cousin. This is his farm. I keep house for my aunt because she is getting old. It was my aunt that told me to give you tea," she added, slyly; "now it's ready."

"Aren't you going to have tea with me?" he asked.

"No," she said, demurely; "I must wait for Tom."

As she poured out his second cup of tea he noticed the engagement ring on her finger, without surprise, though with slight disappointment.

"Have you always lived here?" he asked.

"No; I used to teach in the Infant School—I daresay you noticed it, a small building up the road."

"Then, did you get tired of teaching?"

"A farmer's wife," she said, turning away to set down the teapot on the slab, "ought to know something about farming."

A heavy step sounded outside, and the horseman of whom Darnell had asked his way entered the kitchen. He glanced quickly at Darnell seated at the table, and from him to the girl.

"This is my cousin Tom," she said to Darnell; adding, hastily, "Did you say that you had walked all the way from Porthia?"

"You are very welcome," said the young man, courteously. He went into the scullery to wash his hands at the sink, and, returning, drew his chair up to the table. The girl, whom he addressed as Wilmot, before sitting down, poured out a cup of tea, and, placing it on a tray, carried it into the next room, where Darnell heard her talking to another woman.

"You will please to excuse my mother," said Trevithick, "she is not very well to-day, and is lying down in the parlour."

He spoke in a depressed but not a complaining tone. His manner was that of a man expecting little from life, fronting fate bravely and watchfully.

Wilmot returned and sat at the table, leaning her chin on her hand and furtively studying the two men. Darnell thought that her manner towards Trevithick was impatient and a little scornful. She seemed to be subjecting him to silent criticism. Trevithick's treatment of her was respectful and tender, a trifle conciliatory, as if he were not sure of her mood, but not without the firmness one would use to a wayward person.

Darnell was keenly interested in the oddly matched pair. Trevithick, obviously to be polite, asked him about his plans, and Darnell, with the impulse to cut a romantic figure, said that he had no plans.

"I'm a rudderless man," he said, laughing; "when I come to a place that I like I stop there till I'm tired of it."

He saw that Wilmot was interested, and that encouraged him to talk on. He told them about his experiences tramping all out the Continent, and while he talked, almost against his will, an idea came into his head.

"I suppose," he said, "there isn't a place near here where I could put up for a day or two? The wildness and loneliness of this moor country calls to something within myself."

"Mrs. Paull, at Treveen, sometimes takes lodgers," said the girl.

Trevithick shook his head.

"They are shiftless people, and you would not be comfortable," he said. "I think we could let you have a room here."

Darnell glanced at the girl, who frowned inhospitably, though her colour changed, and she was breathing faster.

"It's a thing we've never done," she said, sharply.

"That's no reason," said Trevithick, with a quiet smile.

"But I should have to get a room ready——"

"Oh, please don't let me put you to any trouble," said Darnell, sarcastically. She looked at him coldly.

"Oh, it isn't that," she said; and turning to Trevithick, "I'll ask Aunt Louisa what she thinks."

She rose abruptly, and left the table.

"My cousin is not so inhospitable as she seems," said Trevithick, reddening, and in the tone of one unused to apologise, "but she likes to have the suggesting of things herself."

Wilmot returned immediately. Her nostrils were dilated and her cheeks were flushed, though she did not look altogether displeased.

"My aunt says that we can board you for five shillings a day. That is what Mrs. Paull charges. If you stayed a week it would be thirty shillings," she said, mockingly. Darnell looked into her eyes, which did not flinch before his.

"I'll teach her a lesson," he thought, but said aloud:

"Thank you; if it isn't putting you about, I should like to stop for a week."

"Then that is settled," said Trevithick, in a tone of relief. "No, thank you," as Darnell offered him his cigarette case, "I don't smoke, but please make yourself at home."

Wilmot had left the kitchen. Through the window Darnell saw that the town-place was full of cattle, patiently waiting. Trevithick rose from the table.

"I must get to my milking now," he said; "there's a newspaper upon the settle, though I'm afraid it is last Saturday's."

As he passed out through the door Darnell heard Wilmot stop him. The beginning of the conversation was inaudible, but he heard Trevithick say something about money. As if she forgot discretion in her anger, Wilmot's voice was raised protestingly.

"Money is your God, Tom. Thirty shillings? Good heavens! You'd sell anything for thirty shillings. Some day you'll sell more than you know for thirty shillings a week."

Trevithick did not answer, but passed out, and presently Darnell heard the purring of milk in the pail.

When Wilmot came into the kitchen her face betrayed nothing, Darnell put down his paper.

"I'm sorry to put you to inconvenience, Miss Trevithick," he said. "If you would rather I didn't stay——"

"This is not my house," she said, "it makes no difference to me. Beggars must do as they are told. Now," she continued, more kindly, but without giving him time to reply, "if you will sit in that chair by the slab you can smoke and read your paper or do anything you like, and I will clear away the things and wash up."

She carried the tea-things into the scullery, and presently seemed to have recovered her temper, for Darnell heard her singing softly as she splashed the hot water about.

"Can't I help you?" he called through the open door.

"No, thank you," she replied, cheerfully, "I can manage; I'm used to it. Besides, you'd be sure to break something, and we can't afford that."

He rose, and stood by the door watching her. He admired the line of her bent head and her round, young arms, white and firm. Her hands being wet, she brushed aside a lock of hair with a graceful movement of her wrist.

"You ought not to be doing that," he said, in a low voice.

"Oh, how you startled me," she said, flushing deeply. "But why shouldn't I be doing this?" she asked, rather defiantly, turning round with a cup in her hand. "Isn't it woman's work? Is there anything to be ashamed of in taking care of a man's house?"

Taken aback, he tried to stammer some explanation of his meaning. She answered him coldly.

"Ah, I suppose you are used to fine ladies who do nothing but read novels and drive in the Park?"

"You entirely misunderstand me," he said hotly. "Housework and the work of a farm are ideal occupations for a woman so long as they don't prevent her doing what she wants to do."

He thought he had touched her grievance, but she made haste to undeceive him.

"I don't want to do anything else—even if I could," she said; "and I should hate an idle life."

"Then why complain?"

"Was I complaining?" she said, looking at her finger-nails as she dried her hands on the roller towel. "Well, Mr. Darnell, can you manage to amuse yourself without me while I read to my aunt?"

There was a subtle malice in the word "amuse." In her absence, Darnell lit a cigarette, and walked up and down the kitchen. The girl attracted him strangely, and he believed that her hostile manner was only a veil to some deep disturbance of her nature. At first he had supposed that her dissatisfaction was the common revolt of a half-educated girl from the drudgery of domestic work. But, apart from her words, the way she did her washing-up was evidence to the contrary, even to so undomesticated a man as Darnell. Had she quarrelled with her lover? Their hostile terms seemed too habitual for that. The only conclusion Darnell could come to was that her engagement to her cousin was under pressure, or for the sake of a home. Meanwhile, the musical rise and fall of her voice from the next room was in his ears.

He did not see her again until Trevithick re-entered the house. It was as if she had deliberately avoided being alone with him in the twilight. Almost immediately, the cousins, aided by a boy, set about some business in the dairy, which adjoined the scullery. Trevithick had asked whether he should light the kitchen lamp, but Darnell preferred to sit by the glow of the fire. He heard the clanking of pails, and the soft splashing of milk being poured from one vessel to another, and he thought of Wilmot, bare-armed, handling the heavy cans. Presently he was startled by a curious moaning sound, rising chromatically; something between a human cry and that of the wind through a keyhole. The sound was agitating, menacing. Darnell could stand it no longer; he rose and walked softly into the scullery.

By the glow of a candle in the dairy beyond, he saw Wilmot, Trevithick, and the boy busy about some piece of machinery. Trevithick turned a handle, the boy stooped to a pail, and Wilmot held aloft the candle which reddened and illuminated her face, and picked out the group from a cavernous space of shadows. Fascinated by the sight, Darnell leaned against the door-post and somberely watched the girl. Though she did not lift her eyes he guessed by the demure curving of her cheek in a smile that she was aware of him. She made no sign, and it was not until Trevithick, rising to wipe his forehead, turned sharply round that Darnell moved forward.

"Have you ever seen a separator at work, Mr. Darnell?" said Trevithick.

Darnell admitted his ignorance, and moved into the circle of candlelight.

Trevithick became almost enthusiastic as he described the quickness and efficiency of this method of separating the cream from the milk, while Wilmot listened with a subtly ironical smile. The boy left the place on some errand, and when Trevithick turned to his task again, Darnell took the candle from Wilmot's hand. Whether by accident or in obedience to an ungovernable impulse he could not have said, his hand rested for a moment on her cool fingers. There was no response, though she did not draw them away; there was no sign to be read in her face, no change in her breathing, though Darnell's heart was beating violently.

After supper they sat round the slab in the kitchen. Mrs. Trevithick joined them. She was a small, anxious old woman, apparently suffering that collapse of mind and body which so often follows an active life in limited circumstances. She talked of her ailments and her son's poverty with a frankness embarrassing to the stranger. Trevithick apologised for the absence of beer.

"I'm a total abstainer myself," he said, "but I don't set up to judge people who think differently."

Darnell assured him that he had no desire for beer, and turned the conversation to the stones. He was interested to learn how these relics of antiquity affected the imagination of the moor people. Trevithick, a sound Methodist, was, as Darnell had expected, chiefly concerned with the moral to be drawn from the difference between Pagan and Christian ideals. Wilmot, who was now flushed and agitated, listened impatiently to him, and at last broke out—

"Yes, but what do we really know? It is like trying to put the sea into a tea-cup. If you ask the people here they tell you that the *Mên an Tol* was meant for nothing more than to cure crick in the back. You say that it was a place of torture; that people were bound to the ring and burned. But what people, and why? And how is it that the idea of pain, of suffering, has come down to this day, although in a foolish saying, about crick in the back?"

Trevithick explained his own theory, evidently based on his religious convictions.

"The early Christians took over and purified the heathen ceremonies, just as Wesley did with the Roman Catholics. There's the old Chapel in Trenear Parish. If you were down here the first three Sundays in May month you'd see hundreds of people flocking to the preaching. That's because Wesley preached there. He wasn't for destroying the place because it had been used for idolatry and the Mass; he taught the people to take and give a better meaning to whatever was good in the old religion."

"Yes," said Wilmot, with a malicious light in her eyes, "and after the preaching the people go and try their luck at the Wishing Well. You take a pin," she said, turning to Darnell, and speaking with a reflective smile, "and tie a bit of rush to it so as to make a cross. Then you twirl the pin and fling it into the water. If it sinks to the bottom you'll get your wish, but if it floats your wish will never come true."

"That's all foolishness," said Trevithick, moving uncomfortably.

"I'm not saying that it isn't," said Wilmot, with heightened colour, "but why do the people go there after the preaching? Doesn't it show that their instincts are stronger than all the preaching, that something in their blood remembers the old days? Ah, life was worth living then; when people fought and loved and hated fiercely. Sometimes, when I lie awake listening to the wind howling across the moor, I fancy that I can hear the old people mourning that the joy is gone out of life."

"I'd be ashamed," said Trevithick gravely. "That's no way for a modest maid to talk. You ought to be thankful that those evil times are dead."

"Well, if you're quite sure they're dead," said Wilmot, rising, "that's all right."

When she lit Darnell to his room she talked quickly in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Of course, if you like, you can have your meals in the parlour."

He cut her short impatiently.

"You don't treat me fairly, Miss Trevithick."

He held out his hand, but she appeared not to notice it.

"Well," he said, in a low voice, "did the pin sink or swim?"

She smiled mysteriously, looking down and picking at the melted wax which ran down the side of the candle guttering on the draughty landing.

"It is a long time since May," she said. "Good night."

"Oh, good night," he muttered, turning away.

At the head of the broad staircase she waited for a moment.

"Yesterday," she said, "I, too, found white heather on the moor."

III

In spite of his fatigue Darnell did not sleep well that night. There was a mystery about the girl which provoked him. Now that he had seen her he reviewed the events of yesterday in a new light; and details which had otherwise been meaningless, the accidents of a walk on the moor, became part of a fatality which had guided his footsteps to the farm. Wilmot's last words, "Yesterday I, too, found white heather on the moor," seemed like an admission that she also recognised the hand of Destiny.

When at last towards daybreak Darnell fell asleep he dreamt that he was crawling through the *Mên an Tol*, and that he stuck fast. He heard the deep, stern voice of Trevithick, who lit a fire of gorse about him, and stood, a terrible figure in Roman helmet, leaning on a spear. As he slowly burned, Wilmot, with scorched and bleeding hands, raked in the ashes for his heart. Bodiless, in his agony he tried to kiss her wounded hands, while she moaned aloud, "Oh, he has no heart!"

He awoke with a bitter cry as if her hands were about him.

But when they met at breakfast she was cool and calm, with a smiling face and neatly braided hair. He was persuaded that she had only been mocking him after all. She asked him questions about his plans for the day: would he be in to dinner and what would he like to eat? Towards Trevithick she seemed in rather a penitent mood, and as if she would repay him for some neglect she spoke to him interestedly about the affairs of the farm. Trevithick was grave and quiet, but seemed even more thoughtful than usual. Once Darnell caught his steady blue eyes fixed upon him. The old

woman, who seemed to have recovered from her indisposition, questioned him, he thought, suspiciously. She harked back to remarks he had made about his life and profession in London as if she had thought them over and found discrepancies. Darnell began to grow ill-humoured and cursed himself for a sentimental fool. As if to hint that his company was not desired during the day, Wilmot began to tell him about interesting places near at hand. With the feeling that he was being managed and powerless to resist, Darnell sulkily assured her that he should not be in till supper-time. Nothing disturbed, her parting words to him were :

"You might try your luck at the Well."

The wind had slipped round to the East, the mist had cleared away, and the air was crisp and fine. Under a steely-blue September sky, barred with faint clouds full of light, the moor looked bare and brown. From a rise of the ground Darnell looked back at the stones ; at this distance, and robbed of the mist, they were trivial and uninteresting.

"The mist got into my head," he said to himself, "the mist got into my head."

Reaching the cliff, he climbed down into a little cove where a strip of yellow sand ran up between grey boulders, and bathed in the sea. With new vigour in his limbs, he felt proof against dreams, and inclined to be philosophical. He already regretted that he had committed himself to stopping a week with the Trevithicks, but he would make the best of it. The farm would do very well as a centre ; he would spend his days exploring the country, and it would be not unpleasant to sup in the warm-lit kitchen and to spend long drowsy evenings in the company of a very charming girl. If she wanted to amuse herself, well, two could play at that game. And if Trevithick turned sulky, so much the better ; it would be interesting to watch the struggle in his mind between jealousy and greed. Darnell thought that he would have a mildly sentimental memory to carry back to town with him. There would be no harm done. He might, perhaps, and the idea thrilled him more than he cared to admit, steal a kiss from Wilmot at parting.

As he climbed the hill again, his mind was lifted out of the narrow groove in which it had moved during the last few hours. For a little while he forgot the girl, and his thoughts went wandering in wide circles. He looked down upon a broad belt of pasture land running round the coast between the moor-capped hills and the sea. Up the sides of the valleys the fields were like little plates of green enamel inlaid on the moor. Lines of hedges ran down from the edge of the moor, like skirmishers converging upon the grey "villages"—mere groups of farm buildings without individual character, huddled together as if for protection—here and there conspiring into little furzy crofts, so that the whole scene suggested an unending struggle between man and the moor. Whether from the reaction from his bathe, Darnell grew depressed, and to his mind the moor seemed to be steadily gaining. The farms were being slowly strangled, and a Methodist Chapel, its round-headed windows catching the light, stared at the advancing moor with round eyes of helpless terror. Southward, the country softened, and wooded valleys ran down to a milder sea. To shake off his depression Darnell walked that way and spent the afternoon in the little town which, but for a pair of mysterious brown eyes, had been his headquarters during the rest of his holiday.

When towards evening he made his way back to the farm the spell of the girl began to come over him again. He knew now that so far from any desire for amusement he was fighting against her influence. He thought of his dream, and of her wounded hands searching for his heart in the ashes of his body, and of her voice crying, "Oh, he has no heart!" Torn between mingled feelings, and not sure of himself, he hoped that he should not find her alone. When he entered the kitchen in the dusk he heard her with her cousin and the boy busy in the dairy. Resisting the temptation to go and look at her, he made no sound, but sat down with bent head before the fire.

Presently she came into the kitchen with barely concealed eagerness, and he knew that she alone of the three had heard him come in, and that she had hastened to greet him. She was flushed from her labour and breathing quickly. In her eyes and on her lips was a smile of welcome no longer mocking. As he looked gravely into her eyes he knew that she had suffered from his absence.

"Oh, here you are Mr. Darnell," she greeted him cheerfully, but her voice was uncertain. From that moment he knew that there was no peace for him. He rose from his chair with outstretched hands, and eyes mutely pleading. She shook her head and hurried from the room.

That evening for all of them was a severe trial. Darnell, pale and disturbed, dared not look at Wilmot, who sat listlessly by the fire pretending to sew. Trevithick was moody and silent, while the old woman, watchful and suspicious, harassed their nerves with her complaining.

"I'm better dead. I'm afraid. I have lived too long in this place of stones and furze where there is nothing but enemies. When I am passed, Tom, you must sell up the farm and go to live in the South. You'll never do any good in this place ; it is a stony land with no heart in it."

Wilmot did not light Darnell to his room that evening. When he said "Good night" to her in the kitchen she would not give him her hand, and he could not see what was in her eyes.

IV

Darnell awoke with the firm conclusion that he could stay no longer at the farm. During the night he had passed through a succession of moods. At one time he had almost made up his mind to accept the gift of Destiny and to ask this dreaming daughter of the moors to share his life. So far had he rid himself of the idea of flirtation that he felt it an injustice to her to suppose that she might refuse him. Being sincere, no woman could have worn that look of yesterday on her face unless she cared for him. Trevithick he did not now consider of much importance. A grasping, practical man, caring for the girl in his own cold fashion, but chiefly bent on obtaining a wife necessary to the farm. Wilmot would make him a good wife no doubt, but at the sacrifice of an indefinable something, the finer part of herself which found no response in his nature. Of Will not's affection for Trevithick, Darnell could not feel certain. But, thinking about her, a fear of the unknown again seized upon him ; he would never feel sure of her.

When they met in the morning Wilmot seemed to have steeled herself to bear the situation. She was pale but composed ; moving about the kitchen with a sober dignity. Evidently she, too, had slept badly. Trevithick had already breakfasted and gone out, but the presence of his mother at the table saved them from embarrassment. Mrs. Trevithick was now thinking less about her ailments, but had fallen into a ludicrous terror of trivial debts, so that Wilmot and Darnell found a common and safe topic of conversation in trying to reassure her.

Immediately after breakfast Darnell left the house to spend the day wandering aimlessly about the hills, which now had for him a day wandering aimlessly about the hills, which now had for him a deep emotional significance. He had made up his mind to go ; to leave Cornwall altogether and to spend the rest of his holiday in another place—where did not seem to mattter. Though he did not intend to see Wilmot again, some weakness in his nature had prevented him from taking definite leave of the place where she dwelt. He had left his knapsack at the farm, and he had not paid his bill. He intended either to leave the thirty shillings for his week's lodging in his room with a short note explaining that he had changed his plans, or to give them to the old woman.

He returned to the farm at a time when he supposed that Trevithick would be away from the house. Wilmot was in the kitchen when he entered. She gave him a hunted look and whitened as she leaned one hand on the table. Nerving himself, Darnell was yet afraid to speak the truth.

"I have been down to the post-office in Trenear," he said, speaking hurriedly and without looking at her ; "there was a letter—I find that it is necessary for me to go back to London at once."

"Yes," she said faintly. He knew that she did not believe his explanation.

"Will you explain matters to your cousin? I—the arrangement was——" but his imagination, ahead of his words, pictured him putting money into her hand, and his voice drained away.

Her eyes slowly flooded, and she moved hesitatingly as if to leave the kitchen. But before she reached the door Darnell was at her side with a low cry of—

"Wilmot, Wilmot!"

She bent her shoulders away from him with her eyes tightly closed, like a child avoiding a blow. The ungraceful gesture, so unexpected, so pitifully sincere, in her who was the embodiment of grace stirred the deeps of his nature. The very intensity of his passion, sweeping away all purposes, kept him from touching her. He waited while she leaned her head on her arm against the door-post, breathing heavily.

As if asking himself the question, he said at last :

"What does it all mean, Wilmot?"

She turned round to him, and still leaning her shoulder against the wall, she spoke with the desperate sincerity of one talking about facts too glaring to be denied or evaded.

"I have been expecting—I have waited for you for so long that now I don't know. I'm afraid. Oh, you will be very truthful with me, won't you? It is all so wonderful and terrible. I can't believe that you are deceiving me, and yet——"

"Don't think about me. I'm nothing ; I don't count—except that I love you."

"I feel as if I have been playing with dreadful powers and have set something going that I can't control," she said brokenly. "Have I been wicked? When I said I would marry Tom I ought to have given it all up, but somehow he wasn't everything, and so I kept on—expecting. He doesn't know—you've heard him—nobody knows ; but I knew there was a meaning, that there was something, somebody."

And this, he remembered with shame, was the girl he had thought laughingly to kiss at parting.

"Wilmot, you love me?" he murmured.

"Oh, don't ask me now," she pleaded. "I really don't know ; I'm not ready. Don't you understand that if you are—yourself, I've nothing to give, I'm given? If I love you, I have always loved you. There's nothing to say—it is all said. Can't you be patient? How can I speak, here, in his house? I thought that I cared for him as he cares for me, but—oh, I don't know."

"He doesn't care, he can't care," he said passionately. "He only——" the sense that he was about to say something dishonourable checked the words on his lips. But she shook her head, and with less agitation spoke gravely and quietly.

"That's what I can't be sure about. Sometimes I think one thing, sometimes another. Sometimes I think that he cares only about money and the things that money can buy, that he only wants me to be his wife, and then, don't you see how difficult it is for me? What I to do?"

"Follow your heart, don't think about it—it isn't a matter for thought. If you think, you are sure to go wrong. We were led to one another. Don't go against Fate."

"Yes, I know, I know," she said eagerly. "If it is so—I believe that if I don't take—oh, what am I saying? Please go away now."

"You must give me your answer, Wilmot. I can't bear another day. And it isn't fair to Tom."

"Tom?" she said. "Oh, but if I were sure, I should not wait a minute ; I should tell him at once."

She hesitated, thinking deeply, with white face and anxious eyes.

"Listen," she said. "I don't like to do it, it seems so deceitful, but it is the only way. To-night is choir practice at the Chapel. Generally we—Tom and I—go together. But I can easily make an excuse. Go away now, and meet me at the Crick-Stone at eight o'clock. Will that do?"

He eagerly consented, but overmastered by longing made a movement towards her. She put him away.

"Oh, you don't understand me," she said, surprised and a little grieved. "If I were sure, now, would there be any need for you to ask?"

V

Darnell made his way along the dark lane in a state of feverish excitement. All plans were put aside ; all speculation about the future was impertinent. The only thing that mattered was Wilmot's answer. Before he reached the step in the hedge he saw that Wilmot was standing there already, hooded with a shawl. He suffered a momentary misgiving ; her anticipation of their meeting seemed to imply that all had not gone well.

"I'm glad you've come," she murmured, with a little foolish laugh. "I could not go further alone—at the last moment I was afraid. I don't know why ; I have never been afraid of the moor before. We'll go together."

Her confidence in him touched him deeply. As if she would not risk the touch of his hand, she stepped lightly over the hedge before he could help her.

"I know the path better than you," she said, "walk behind me."

From here the stone was invisible against a background of ragged furze bushes. The night was cloudy and still ; the brooding shapes of the hills were felt rather than seen. From afar came the noise of the sea. Away to the right were the lights of Trenear village ; one isolated and bigger than the rest marked the chapel where Trevithick was singing. Darnell avoided it with his eyes.

As if this interval coming before the arranged meeting were not to be reckoned as time, Wilmot was calm and self-possessed, now and then uttering a word of warning to Darnell where the path was difficult. His agitation increased as they drew nearer to the place ; it was only with a strong effort that he avoided precipitating the question that he had come to ask. When at last he caught sight of the Holed Stone, he had the odd feeling that the shape of it was changed. Before he had time to think what this meant, the outline moved before his eyes and a man, who had been leaning on the stone, stood upright. Wilmot gave a little cry, ran back and clung to Darnell's arm. Neither had any need to hear Trevithick's voice to know that it was he.

"Don't be afraid," he said, "come nearer. I must speak to you two."

They could not make out his features. He spoke in the flat, emotionless voice of a man exhausted by passion. Not assured, and believing him to be dangerous. Darnell felt his heart leap exultantly, and he moved in front of Wilmot. Trevithick noticed the action and laughed shortly. Wilmot at least understood him, and said in a low voice :

"He speaks the truth."

Silently they moved nearer to the stone. Trevithick, with folded arms, leaned once more upon it. Darnell and the girl stood before him side by side, with their arms hanging straight at their sides. He might have been a priest and they two penitents come for absolution. In the obscurity Darnell made out Trevithick's gun lying on the pale grass at his feet, and he remembered his dream. As if he had followed the movement of his eyes, Trevithick said :

"If you had come an hour ago I should have killed you both, but all that is past. I have been through my black hour ; I have learned my lesson. You have nothing to fear from me now. I told you, sir, that this is called the Place of Torture, but I thought only of the fire that burns the body. You knew better, Wilmot ; there is another meaning. I thought that God permitted a man and a woman to choose one another, but I understand now that it is not in their power." He laughed softly. "I have not forgotten your words, Wilmot. Thirty shillings ; thirty pieces of silver. Have I sold love for thirty pieces of silver?"

"Oh, Tom, Tom, what are you saying?" she murmured brokenly.

"Only that you have not understood me. I am not a scholar ; I can't make pretty speeches. I don't know what love means to you, but love to me means duty and service. I thank God, Wilmot, that you cannot lie or deceive. When I came in this afternoon I knew that you had planned to cheat me. And when you said that you would not come to chapel I knew that you meant to meet this man somewhere. Why I should have known that you were coming here I don't know—unless God guided me. But I'm not going to whine ; I've learnt another lesson from these stones. That stone yonder—" he pointed with a movement so impressive that they involuntarily turned their heads, though from where they stood the *Men Scrifa* was invisible. "The man that lies under that stone was a heathen and worshipped idols, but I think he knew the meaning of duty and service. From what we know he served in a bad cause, the cause of tyranny and oppression, but I reckon he served his masters faithfully. When he was knocked on the head in a just quarrel, I reckon he did not cry out or complain. And now he lies there with just his name and his father's name as a lesson to us. But that is enough of my troubles. What have you to say, sir?"

"That I love her."

"Love!" Trevithick repeated the word bitterly. "How am I to know what you mean by love? We don't believe in the same God ; we don't speak the same language. Your love may be the foulest thing on earth. But it is not for me to judge you ; I'll take your word. And you, Wilmot, do you love this man?"

She did not speak.

"Your actions are readier than your tongue," said Trevithick drily, "but you are not a wanton, so I'll take your silence. Well then, you two, go away quickly while I am yet master of myself. No, stay," as Darnell made as if to take Wilmot's arm, "the maid has no guardian but me, and I can't let her leave my roof with no surer protection than your love."

Darnell moved impulsively, but Trevithick raised his hand with a gesture so dignified that he forebore.

"This is no matter for quarrelling, sir," he said gravely. "I don't insult you ; I judge from within myself ; and knowing what a terrible power love is when it takes hold of a man, I must have something more of you. I don't know whether you fear God, but Wilmot has well said that there's a deeper meaning here than we understand. Let the stone be your witness that you mean honestly. Take the maid's hand through the stone and swear that you are ready now for love to make her your wife and honour her always. Come, Wilmot."

She moved unsteadily, and they joined hands through the stone. Darnell began to repeat the words. He was not conscious of any reluctance. What failed him he did not know ; what uncertainty of voice or touch, but Wilmot tore her hand away with a cry.

"You are not telling the truth! No, no—I don't trust you, Tom—take me away from him!"

Trevithick's only answer was a grating laugh.

"Wilmot!" began Darnell, agitatedly, and moved forward. But the girl, evading him, flung herself on the ground at Trevithick's feet and clasped his knees.

"Tom, forgive me!" she cried. "I've been a wicked girl. I've played with forbidden things. Oh, come away from this dreadful place. I've been out of my mind, ill-wished. I did not know till now that I loved you. I thought you hard and selfish, that you loved nothing but money, that you only wanted me to keep your house. I feel as if I had come out of a dream. Tom—won't you believe that I love you and you only?"

She broke into a low sobbing. Trevithick stood with bowed head, his hands resting on her arms. When at last he raised his head, Darnell understood and silently moved away.

THE END



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. HANDS

The Amir was immensely impressed by the great Military Review at Agra when two entire divisions, mobilised as for war, marched past *en masse*. As he drove away he exclaimed to his Sirdars:—"Look you. You told me that mine was the finest army in the world. What saw you just now? Ha, you are dumb. Do Kabul troops muster in such strength? Yet this is not the army of India. It is but a single division out of nine. It is but a fraction of the total military strength of the British Empire, and I am told that the whole British Army is one of the smallest among the armies of the Great Powers. What? Have you naught to say? Look to it, I shall require your answer anon."

THE AMIR IN INDIA: THE GREAT REVIEW OF THIRTY THOUSAND TROOPS AT AGRA

LIFE AMONG THE MAORIS



TWO WELL-KNOWN ROTORUA GUIDES AND A CHIEF



VISITORS FROM THE FIJI ISLANDS



THE ANCIENT METHOD OF FIGHTING



A MAORI POI DANCE



HOMAGE TO A GOD



MEGA FIREWALKERS IN A PIT OF HOT STONES

RUBBING NOSES

A GROUP OF MAORI NATIVES IN A CORNER OF THE NATIVE VILLAGE OR "PAH"

A leading feature of the New Zealand International Exhibition, now being held at Christchurch, New Zealand, is the section devoted to illustrating the original life of the Maories, or aborigines, who are steadily diminishing in number. A fine example of a Maori "pah" stands in the grounds, and native dances and other entertainments are held there. The Fiji Islands have also sent a contingent to the Exhibition, amongst whom are the "fire-walkers," from the island of Bega. These strange people place burning logs in a pit lined with stones, and when the latter are burning hot the ashes of the logs are removed and the natives walk about on the stones without suffering any visible injury.

SCENES IN THE NATIVE VILLAGE AT THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z.

IN THE TRACK OF THE KINGSTON EARTHQUAKE



To the right are the arches of Lyons, Limited, McCarthy's Toy Stores, the gables of Crosswell's Wholesale Drug Store, and Meikle's Jewellery House. To the left are the ruins of the West India Electric Company's Station, Fisher's Furniture Store, and Middleton's Ironmongery.

LOOKING UP KING STREET TOWARDS THE PARISH CHURCH



To the left is the wreck of the Constabulary Station. In the middle distance are the remains of the large Beehive Stores. In the foreground sit two brothers weeping over the body of their sister, who has just been extracted from the ruins. Behind them is a group of relatives of the missing, watching the removal of the dead.

HARBOUR STREET, THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS THOROUGHFARE OF KINGSTON

From Copyright Stereographs by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.

IN THE TRACK OF THE KINGSTON EARTHQUAKE



THE REMAINS OF MR. GRINAN'S HOUSE, VICTORIA AVENUE



THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE CLERICAL STAFF, UP PARK CAMP



THE RUINS OF THE MILITARY HOSPITAL



THE MARRIED QUARTERS AT UP PARK CAMP



A TEMPORARY CAMP OF REFUGEES



MR. LIVINGSTONE'S HOUSE, "LOUISVILLE," WHERE FOUR LIVES WERE LOST

From Photographs by W. S. Campbell.

IN THE TRACK OF THE KINGSTON EARTHQUAKE



It was here that the Americans and other refugees assembled to wait for the arrival of Admiral Davis's Squadron

THE WRECKED OFFICES AND SHEDS OF THE HAMBURG-AMERICAN COMPANY



No deaths occurred at this hotel, but the building was wrecked.

THE WEST TOWER OF THE CONSTANT SPRING HOTEL



This was the largest building in Kingston. Many valuable works of art perished here, but no lives were lost, the church being empty at the time.

THE RUINS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH



A number of people were killed here, for the most part in the courtyard where they ran when the shocks began, and were caught by the walls falling outward.

THE REMAINS OF THE MYRTLE BANK HOTEL



It was near this point that the fire started from the crossed electric wires. The distorted piles of corrugated iron form the main obstacle to clearing away the *debris*.

A VIEW OF HARBOUR STREET, THE CENTRE OF THE BURNT-OUT AREA



After the earthquake the staff stood by with the fire sweeping down on them, and not a man deserted his post until all the books and papers were saved.

THE RUINS OF THE COLONIAL BANK SEEN FROM THE WEST

From Copyright Stereographs by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York

INTERNATIONAL EARTHQUAKE ENQUIRY



PROFESSOR LUIGI PALAZZO
President of the International Seismological Association.



PROFESSOR JOHN MILNE, F.R.S.
Director of the Seismological Station, Shide, Isle of Wight.

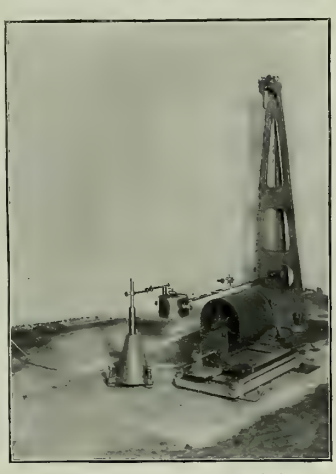


DR G. GERLAND
Director of the Central Bureau at Strassburg.

Most people are aware, though it may be chiefly through the occasional reminders of the newspapers, that at Shide, Newport, Isle of Wight, an observing station exists for recording instrumentally the sensible earthquake shocks of the globe, as well as those earth tremors which constitute what have been called the "unfelt breathings of our earth." Professor John Milne, F.R.S., inventor of the Milne horizontal pendulum seismograph, is the Director of this station. Formerly, for upwards of twenty years, he occupied the chair of Mining and Geology in the Imperial College of Engineering, Tokio, Japan, and while in that country conducted pioneer work on its earthquake and volcanic phenomena. With him at Shide, as assistant, is Mr. Shinobu Hirota. Mainly through Professor Milne's personal efforts and enthusiasm, supplemented by the loyal help of a Committee of the British Association, forty stations of a similar character to his own have been successively inaugurated in various parts of the world, the observers of which co-operate in the general work, sending to Shide from time to time registers of earthquake disturbances and other data for reduction, as also seismograms. Strange though it may appear, with the object-lesson of other countries prominently in view, notably in the cases of Germany and Italy, where State subventions promote seismological inquiries at numerous stations, no direct Government aid has hitherto been extended in this country to assist what is practically the national contribution in one and the same field. It may be that the outlook in the future will be more encouraging, since strenuous endeavours have lately been made to move the official mind in order to bring about fitting recognition of seismological work already accomplished, and that about to be undertaken. Possibly, were the frequency of earthquakes on British soil greater than it is, the Treasury lion might wake from his slumbers.

In Great Britain, in addition to Shide, the stations are: Edinburgh (Royal Observatory), Bidston (Liverpool Observatory), Kew (National Physical Laboratory), and Paisley (the Coates Observatory). At Shide time is obtained from the post-office at Newport, which receives a daily signal from Greenwich. An arrangement is also in force noting the time by means of the sun. For this purpose in the south wall of the Observatory there is a vertical slit made of two sheets of iron. The image of this is thrown by the sun on to a north wall sixteen feet distant. When this image reaches a line on the wall the sun is due south.

Earthquake inquiry, as a branch of modern observational science—the "new seismology," as it has been styled—is a study of comparatively recent birth. Whereas in former times disturbances due to sudden movements of the earth's substance formed the theme of more or less highly coloured narratives and tales, much sermonising, by the way, being thrown in, nowadays all that is changed, the casual having given place to exact investigation, in which the mathematician, physicist, and geologist each bear a part. So rapid, indeed, have been the growth and march of knowledge relating to the phenomena of earthquakes, the propagation and velocities of those speeding earth-waves or pulsations which are correlated with them, and the times and places of origin of the movements themselves, that some leading seismologists agreed not long since that the time was ripe for the initiation and maintenance of international co-operation among workers in all countries in this young science.



An instrument for recording earthquake shocks.
OMORI'S HORIZONTAL PENDULUM

In 1902 the German Government asked whether His Majesty's Government would be willing to engage in a conference with the view to bringing about an international inquiry into earthquakes. Provisional and favourable consideration having been obtained, a conference was actually held at Strassburg in the following year, when twenty-five countries were represented, though France, it should be mentioned, was not among the number. As an outcome, it was decided that a Central Association should be constituted, with its headquarters (be it observed) at Strassburg.

The first meeting of the permanent Commission of this newly formed International Seismological Association was recently held at Rome, under the presidency of Professor Luigi Palazzo, of the University of that city, delegates attending from Great Britain, France, Germany, the United States, Russia, Japan, Spain, the Netherlands, Roumania, and other constituent States. The representative of the British Government was Professor Arthur Schuster, F.R.S., of Victoria University, Manchester. It was decided that the first General Assembly of the whole body forming the Association should be held at The Hague about the middle of September next. A President will then be elected, who will hold office for four years. The smaller permanent commission referred to above is to meet biennially. It is perhaps necessary to say that the financial support of the Association rests on the basis of fixed contributions from the Governments of the countries who have signified adhesion to the scheme. As the result of discussions, it was decided, among other matters, that it would be desirable for seismological stations to deposit seismograph records of earthquakes with the Central Bureau at Strassburg, as well as to make provision for the inter-distribution of such data. The determination to establish a seismic service in the Arctic regions was, too, an interesting departure; as also the initiation of a competition for the construction of a seismometer which shall record the movements of the soil during earthquakes which have their origin near the place of observation. For this latter, prizes are offered of the approximate value of £50, £35, £25 and £15 respectively, perhaps the most novel form of competition which science has ever indulged in. The instruments are to be exhibited at The Hague in September.

Apart from theories dealing with the behaviour of our planet and its internal constitution, there is a practical side to sustained seismological investigation. Earthquake destructivity, says Professor Milne, can be expressed in mechanical units, hence structures can be designed to resist known forces. Records of the unfelt movements of earthquakes—that is to say, those that are not sensibly felt by man—indicate the time, the position, and the cause of certain cable interruptions. Again, the localisation of the origins of world-shaking manifestations, besides indicating sub-oceanic sites of geological activity, denote positions where the hydrographer may expect to find unusual depths, and they have also shown routes to be avoided by those who lay cables.



PROFESSOR MILNE'S EARTHQUAKE STATION AT SHIDE, ISLE OF WIGHT



THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SEISMOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION AT STRASSBURG



Venetian Glass

"Glittering—Cold—Fragile."

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. E. BLANCHE. EXHIBITED AT THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF SCULPTORS, PAINTERS AND ENGRAVERS



The richest city in the world has surely no sadder spectacle to offer than this of the ill-clad, gaunt and starving battalion of London's submerged tenth who gather after midnight on the Victoria Embankment, in the vicinity of Waterloo Bridge, for the sake of the bowl of soup which the Salvation Army gives them. Every night, during the prevailing cold weather, some five hundred men draw up in line and await the distribution, which begins at one o'clock. By 1.15 the ceremony is over and the crowd melts away, most of them joining that still greater army—numbering several thousands—who, homeless and friendless, pass the cold winter nights out of doors

The Fallen in Life's Battle: The Nightly Distribution of Soup by the Salvation Army on the Victoria Embankment

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

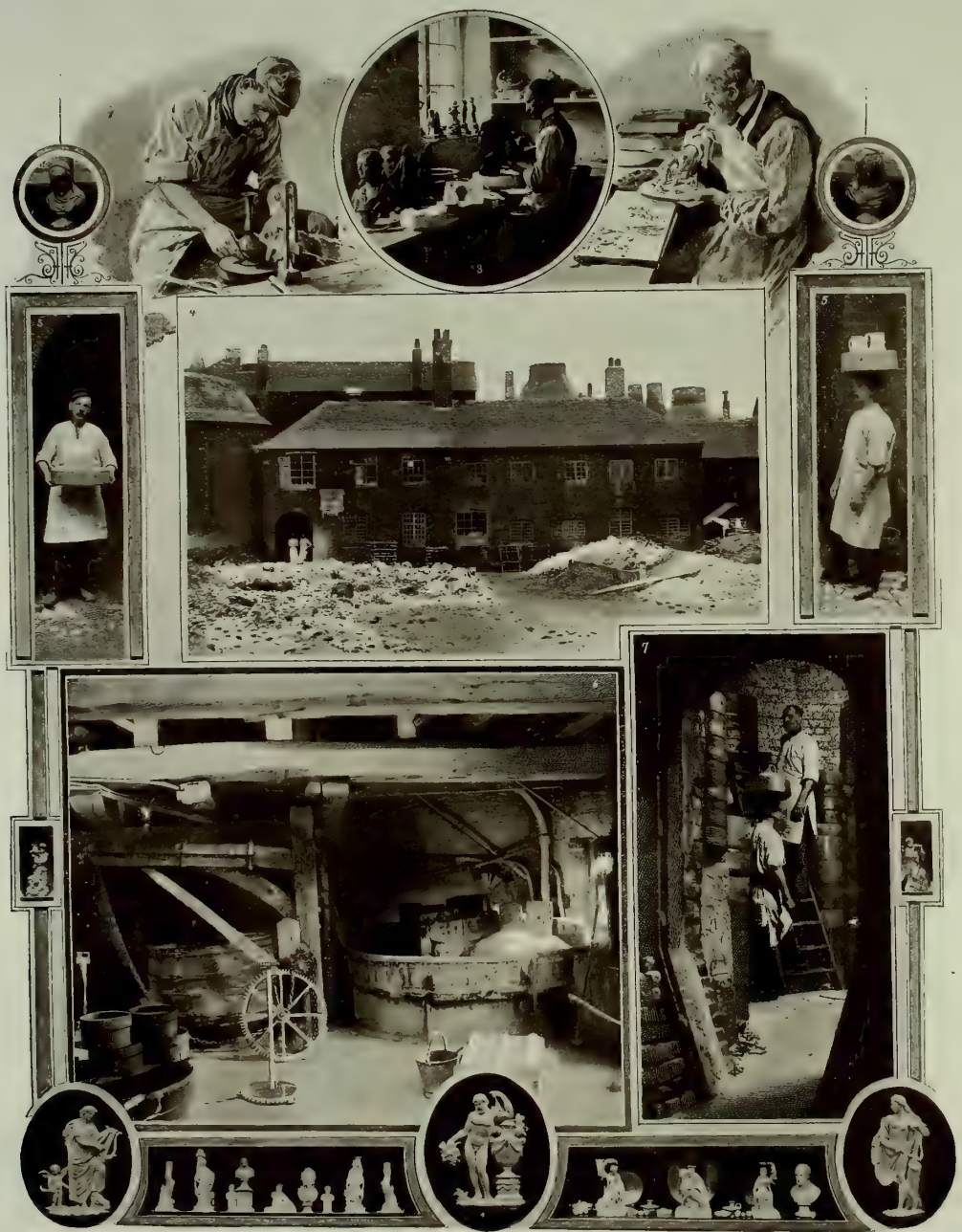


The richest city in the world has surely no saddest spectacle to offer than this of the ill-clad, gaunt and starving battalion of London's submerged tenth who gather after midnight on the Victoria Embankment, in the vicinity of Waterloo Bridge, for the sake of the bowl of soup which the Salvation Army gives them. Every night, during the prevailing cold weather, some five hundred men draw up in line and await the distribution, which begins at one o'clock. By 1.15 the ceremony is over and the crowd melts away, most of them joining that still greater army—numbering several thousands—who, homeless and friendless, pass the cold winter nights out of doors

The Fallen in Life's Battle: The Nightly Distribution of Soup by the Salvation Army on the Victoria Embankment

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

WEDGWOOD WARE TO-DAY



1. A thrower at work. 2. A figure-layer laying figures on clay. 3. Making basalt figures. 4. A part of the original pottery, the same to-day as in Wedgwood's time. 5. Firemen carrying ware ready to be fired in the oven. 6. The original mill, which has been used for 130 years. 7. Stacking pottery in the oven for firing.

At Work in the Original Pottery of Josiah Wedgwood at Etruria

THE STORY OF A GREAT INDUSTRY.

The past six years have seen the development of one of the most important industries in the City of London. Six years ago the industry was, so to speak, in the air; there was merely the hope that some good might come of an invention of a very clever Austrian chemist. This gentleman came over to England with the secret for making a new kind of food for horses and cattle. Had he gone to some agriculturists in the hope that they would assist him with capital to put his invention on the market he would have met with little or no encouragement. Certainly if any foreigner were to approach some of our countrymen and tell them that he had an idea for a new kind of food for cattle and horses the men to whom he applied would think, if they did not say:—

"What, you—a foreigner—come to teach us Englishmen how to look after our agriculture? Impossible. Don't you know, my good man, that our English horses are the best in the world, and our cattle the best in the world, and they always have been and always will be, and that so far as farming goes England is superior to any other country in the world?"

Luckily for everyone concerned, this particular chemist did not go to such a man, but he found a sympathetic listener in Mr. Fred Livingstone. It happened that Mr. Livingstone knew something of the way in which horses are treated in Germany, in which country the system of managing horses by rule of thumb—as practised in England—does not prevail. Therefore, when the chemist was able to show that his newly invented food had already been adopted by the German Army, Mr. Livingstone wisely argued to himself that what was good enough for the German War Office was sure to be good enough for ours.

The new food would not have seemed very promising—as a means for investment—to anyone unacquainted with horses and cattle. The stuff was a compound of molasses and a certain kind of moss. The proportions of the ingredients and the methods of mixing them were both kept secret. Mr. Livingstone was aware, however, that for the past hundred years or more, it had been known to agriculturists that sugar, in some form or other, was good for horses and cattle, but there had always been a difficulty in using it. For one thing, molasses, though useful in very small quantities, was apt to upset the stomach of the animal eating it, and then there had been the practical difficulty in the way of giving such a substance as molasses to horses and cattle. It was not a thing that could be easily handled in commerce.

The inventor of Molassine Meal overcame all these difficulties, because he thought out the problem, and found a scientific solution for it. He discovered that the combination of this special moss with molasses produced a wholesome, health-giving, and nourishing food, and that no combination of molasses with any other substance produced the same result. The explanation is quite simple. Everyone who has studied the subject of feeding animals knows that molasses contain potash salts, the proportion being from eight to ten per cent. These potash salts have an injurious effect in that they lower the circulation of the animal, and frequently cause diarrhœa. The problem, therefore, was how to counteract the effect of the potash salts in the molasses, and experiments showed that the special moss referred to—the name of which is Sphagnum Moss—was the only food that had the desired effect. Humic acid, contained in the moss, has a neutralising reaction on the potash salts of the crude molasses, and therefore an animal fed on Molassine Meal is able to obtain all the benefit from eating molasses without any of its ill effects. Experiments have shown that whereas before Molassine Meal was invented it was not possible to give a horse more than a pound of molasses a day it is now possible to give a horse three pounds a day, and proofs of its good effects on animals of all kinds are innumerable.

However, Molassine Meal is something more than a food. It is such a skilful combination of foods that it is food and medicine in one, and this idea has nothing of quackery in it. A similar idea with regard to the preparation of food for human beings has been prevalent for many years. It is not for nothing that we eat apple sauce with such rich foods as pork and goose, the reason being that the acid of the apples neutralises the ill effects of the meat. Molassine Meal possesses valuable antiseptic, digestive and therapeutic properties. It is common knowledge that dyspepsia or indigestion arises from the inability to extract the proper nourishment from the food eaten. Molassine Meal improves the tone of animals and brings them into perfect health, thus enabling them to derive all the benefit from eating their ordinary food. Molassine Meal contains no drug of any kind; its effects are produced in a perfectly natural manner. Most men feed themselves rationally, without stopping to inquire into the why and wherefore of things. They eat cabbage or cauliflower with beef, for instance, because it has been their habit to do so, and they never stop to think that the valuable antiscorbutic properties of the vegetable counteract any ill effects that the meat might have on the blood. Molassine Meal is as sensible a food for animals as a dinner of beef and cauliflower is for a man.

Difficulties were overcome by practical tests. The Molassine Company said in effect: "We tell you that our food, substituted for an equal quantity of any animal's ordinary food, will have a highly beneficial effect on that animal's general condition. We say that if the animal is ill it will make him well; if he is well it will keep him well and make him better. We claim that if you give it to your horses they will be free from most of the troubles that beset horses,



MR. FREDERICK LIVINGSTONE

Managing Director of Molassine Co., Ltd.

and that they will soon get into healthy, hard condition. We claim also that if you give it to cows their milk will increase in quantity and improve in quality. We claim also that if you give it to animals that are being fattened up for the market, they will put on flesh more rapidly than they would if fed with any other food. You farmers may not believe all this. We don't ask you to believe it until we have proved what we say. The proof of the pudding is in the eating."



WIRE-HAIRED FOX TERRIERS

Accordingly, a series of tests were arranged. It was found that in one case where sixteen cows were fed on Molassine Meal they gave thirty-three more gallons of milk in the first week than they had ever yielded before. In the second week the increase was forty gallons, and the animals' weight had also increased.

A test was made with horses. A couple of 'bus horses were obtained. They were in a very poor state of health and utterly unfit to work. The owners had decided that they could do nothing with the animals, and that they would have to send them to an infirmary. The Molassine Company took the horses in hand and gave one of them 3lb. of Molassine Meal every day in place of 3lb. of maize and oats. This simple treatment was continued for six weeks, and at the end of that time both horses were returned to their owners in perfect working condition. One of them had increased 154lb. in weight.

The good effect that Molassine Meal had on horses was also proved in other ways. Many trainers of race horses were induced to give it a trial, with the result that it now forms a regular article of diet at many training establishments, notably in that of Mr. R. Sherwood, who uses it in large quantities. It has also been found equally good for heavy horses. Messrs. Pickford have bought 500 tons during the past six months. It was used for some time by the British Army in South Africa, and is in constant use in the leading armies on the Continent.

There is no animal that cannot derive benefit from eating this valuable food in some form or other. The company has a branch in South Africa, and they were recently told that two ostriches that had been kept largely on Molassine Meal fetched £1,000. It is used extensively in the Zoo at Glasgow, and the Company are bringing out a dog biscuit composed largely of Molassine Meal with the addition of meat.

All the leading experts in the agricultural world have been loud in their praises of Molassine Meal; veterinary surgeons, farmers, poultry-keepers, horse-keepers, all agree that it is a unique and very valuable food. Professor McLaughlan Young, of Aberdeen, made some very interesting experiments on his own account with Molassine Meal. He took a horse that was in such poor condition that it had been condemned by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The horse weighed only 847lb. He began by giving it 3lb. of Molassine Meal a day with other food, and from the commencement the horse began to thrive. In six weeks' time its weight had increased by 98lb.

Even more valuable than this testimony, however, is that of Colonel Nunn of the Army Veterinary Department. This is what Colonel Nunn had to say about Molassine Meal in an article in the *Veterinary Journal*:—

"In the form of Molassine Meal the humic product enters into combination with the salts, neutralising them and rendering them inert, so that the danger of feeding on large quantities of crude molasses or sugar is avoided.

"It seems at once to fatten and harden the animal.

"There is little doubt that in a short space of time it will become, in spite of prejudice, the staple food of all classes of horses.

"The process of manufacture is a patent and requires special machinery.

"As a therapeutic agent, Molassine Meal undoubtedly has a healthy action on the bowels, aiding digestion, and keeping the patient free from worms.

"The humic acid counteracts the ill effects of the potash salts, and this danger is avoided in the combination called Molassine Meal.

"I have found on high authority that it is a great tonic and strengthener, enabling animals to do the heaviest kind of work and maintaining them in good condition, replacing equal quantities of oats, beans, maize, etc. It is an appetiser and aids in the easy digestion of other foods. It is itself easily digested and renders a horse thoroughly fit.

"In addition to its hygienic qualities, which have been described, it increases the secretion of milk; also it regulates the digestive functions."

Finally, the Molassine Company established their claim to their patent in a court of law, when they proceeded against a firm for infringement. They won the day, and Mr. Justice Warrington said that since their patent it was possible and advantageous to give a horse as much Molassine Meal as would enable him to eat three pounds of molasses a day. He was of opinion that the result of Professor Young's experiments was that the food was very valuable as a nutritious food.

The success of the Company is now beyond dispute, and they are in the happy position of selling enormous quantities of Molassine Meal every year.



COPMANTHORPE PERFORMER

A well-known Prize-Winner, the property of Mr. Thos. Hall, of Copmanthorpe Grange, York.

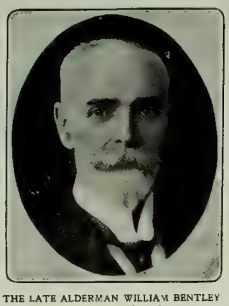


MOLASSINE SALESMEN IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

THE FUNERAL OF THE SHAH



THE LATE LADY DOROTHY CUTHBERT
The victim of a tragic shooting accident.



THE LATE ALDERMAN WILLIAM BENTLEY
Lord Mayor of York.



THE LATE SIR JOHN SEE
Premier of New South Wales for three years.



MR. W. E. HARVEY
New M.P. for North-East Derbyshire.

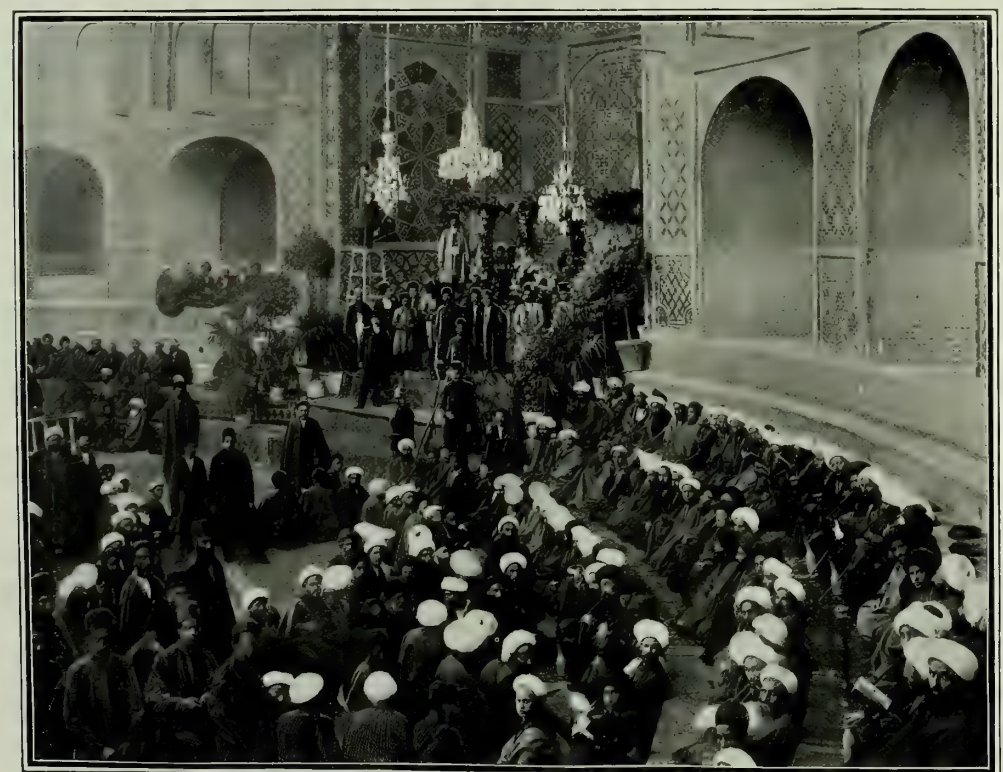
Our Portraits

The late Alderman William Bentley, Lord Mayor of York, was a successful bookseller, who, on retiring from business, entered into the civic life of the city, became sheriff, and last year Lord Mayor. For many years he was a lay reader in the York diocese, and his charities to Church and Free Church objects were large. He was fifty-four. Photo by Debenham, York.

Sir John See, K.C.M.G., who has died at sixty-three, went to Australia in the fifties with five brothers, who helped their father in farming in New South Wales. Soon, however, the future Premier "threw up farming as too dull, and started as a sundowner" (Australian for tramp). He entered into business at Sydney with success, and represented Grafton in the New South Wales Parliament for twenty-five years, holding various offices, ending six years ago as Premier, which position he held for three years, and then retired.

The late Lady Dorothy Frederica Cuthbert, who met with so tragic a death while out with her husband shooting, was only twenty-five years of age. Her husband, Captain James Cuthbert, D.S.O., in turning to take a shot at pigeons on the estate of Beaufront Castle, near Hexham, tripped against a shrub, and pulled the trigger of his gun by accident, the contents entering his wife's head. Lady Cuthbert was the fourth daughter of the Rev. the Earl of Strafford, and was married to Captain Cuthbert in 1903. Photo by Bacon and Sons, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Mr. W. E. Harvey, who was returned in the interests of "Liberal Labour" for North-East Derbyshire the other day by a majority of 729 over Dr. Josiah Court (Unionist), is secretary of the Derbyshire Miners' Association, which now has two representatives. Mr. Haslam, the senior agent of the association, was returned at the General Election for the Chesterfield Division. Photo by Seaman and Sons, Brighton.



There was little of Oriental magnificence about the obsequies of the late Shah. They were, in fact, extremely simple. The day after the Shah died, His Majesty's body was removed from his apartments to the Great Takieh, where it remained until the funeral. The turbaned visitors to the place made picturesque scenes during the lying in state.

THE LATE SHAH: A SCENE IN THE GREAT TAKIEH, TEHERAN, DURING THE LYING IN STATE



The Michelin Detachable Rim

The Michelin Detachable Rim is a boon to all Motorists. The saving of time, in the event of punctures or bursts, is of considerable value to all who are on urgent business. To the private individual whose time may not be so valuable, the ability to change a tyre with speed and facility, is still a great advantage.

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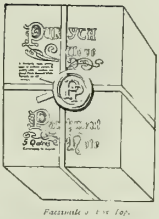
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"It is a great boon to get such an oil"—*Practitioner.*

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ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Lombard St., LONDON.

'No Voice, however feeble, lifted up for Truth ever Dies.'

THE GENIUS OF THIS LIFE, COMMON SENSE!

'We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on.
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;

We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.'—WHITTIER.

Nothing happens by Chance. We have Eyes and see not.

THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH THAN ARE DREAMT OF IN OUR PHILOSOPHY.

It is for you to find out why your ears are boxed.

AN IMAGE OF HUMAN LIFE. INCAPACITY MEETS WITH THE SAME PUNISHMENT AS CRIME.

NATURE'S LAWS.

'Nor love thy life nor hate; but whilst thou livest live well.'—MILTON.

'Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon us winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to *learn at least* the names and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allows his sons, or the State which allows its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us—*and, more or less, of those who are connected with us*—do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are *what we call the laws of Nature*. The player on the one side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, *just* and *patient*. But also we know, *to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake*, or makes the smallest *allowance for ignorance*. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of



overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And who plays ill is checkmated—*without haste, but without remorse.*

'My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather *lose than win*. And *I should accept it as an image of human life.*

'The great mass of mankind are the 'Poll,' who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. *Those who won't learn at all are plucked, and then you can't come up again.* Nature's pluck means *extermination.*

'Ignorance is visited as sharply as *wilful* disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the *blow without* the word. It *is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.*"—HUXLEY

'*Nature's Laws*, **I must repeat, are eternal; her small still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No man can depart from the truth without damage to himself.**'—T. CARLYLE.

'Into man's hands is placed the rudder of his frail barque that he may not allow the waves to work their will.'—*Goethe.*

SUBSTANCES IN THE BLOOD THAT ARE HURTFUL AND INJURIOUS TO HEALTH AND LONGEVITY

We quote the following, from a well-known writer on Pathology:—

'Now, a word on the importance of the regular and proper action of these excretory organs and of the intestinal canal. The former separate substances from the blood that are hurtful if they are kept in the blood. The waste substances that are got rid of by the intestinal canal include the parts of the food that are not digested and certain secretions from the intestinal canal, especially from the large part of the intestine. These substances are injurious if left in the body, as certain portions of them are reabsorbed into the blood, especially the foul organic matter in them, so that if these various excretory organs do not perform their functions in a proper manner, waste substances are either not separated from the blood or are reabsorbed into it and poison it, and as the blood is distributed to the various tissues of the body they are not properly nourished and they become degenerated, weak, and incapable of performing their proper functions, so that the regular action of these excretory organs of the body is of the greatest importance with regard to health, for not a single tissue of the body can be kept in a proper condition if the waste substances are not got rid of in the manner they should.'

Were we to mention the many and various diseases caused or produced by blood poisoning, it would require more space than we have at command. To hinder the poison from gaining admission, you must sustain the vital powers by adding to the blood what is continually being lost from various circumstances, and by that means you prevent the poison being retained in the body. The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is to take away all morbid poisons and supply that which promotes healthy secretions only by natural means. The chemical nature or antidotal power of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is to expel the foreign substance or render it inert (by natural means only). If we could maintain sufficient vital power we could keep the poison from doing any harm. That power is best attained by following the Rules for Life (see page 10 in Pamphlet) and using, according to directions, Eno's 'Fruit Salt,' which by its healthy action keeps the secretions in perfect order only by soothing and natural laws, or in other words it is impossible to overstate its great power in preventing unnecessary suffering and disease.

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

IT IS NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, AND AN UNSURPASSED ONE.

A GENTLEMAN WRITES:—**'After 25 years' use I have found a cup of hot tea, taken in the morning about a quarter of an hour after a dose of 'FRUIT SALT,' a great boon.'**

CAUTION.—Examine the Capsule, and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.

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"Pictures"

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY E. T. HOLDING



THE LATE SIR GODFREY LUSHINGTON
For ten years Permanent Under-Secretary to the Home Office. After his retirement he interested himself in the London County Council, and was for several years an Alderman. He was born in 1832. Photo by Lombardi, Pall Mall East.



THE LATE MARCHIONESS OF HASTINGS
A Queen of Society, famed for her beauty and her runaway match with the fourth and last Marquis of Hastings. On the death of her first husband she married Sir George Chetwynd. Photo by Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street.



THE LATE LORD THRING
who was Parliamentary Counsel to the Government from 1868 to 1886. As a draughtsman of Bills he was unrivalled. He was made a peer in 1886, and the title now becomes extinct. Photo by C. W. Carey, Egham.



THE LATE MR. A. WYON, F.S.A.
Mr. Allan Wyon, F.S.A., Chief Engraver of Seals from 1884 to 1901 to the late Queen Victoria, was the engraver of many notable seals and medals, and the joint author of "The Great Seals of England." Photo by Russell and Sons.

THE THEATRES

"MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND"

At a moment when theatrical business in many quarters has been undergoing what is technically called "a wave of depression" it is pleasant to be able to record the emphatic success of Mr. Paul Rubens' new musical play at the PRINCE OF WALES'S. Very modestly the author calls it "chatter, jingles, and tunes," but the whole thing is so bright and lively and daintily staged that there is no question about *Miss Hook* having come to stay. The setting, too, of this "Dutch musical incident" is delightfully fresh and quaint. There is a nice Tom Browne atmosphere about it, and one cannot help wondering how it is that Holland has not been used before as a setting for a musical play. The first act takes place at the village of Arndyk, and the second shows the interior of a distillery at Amsterdam. This distillery is owned by Mr. Hook (Mr. G. P. Huntley, who is quite at his best as a whimsical, good-hearted old Dutchman). He is the owner of a wonderful liqueur, the recipe for which has been lost, and such plot as the piece possesses turns upon the question of whether the man who finds this recipe will be rewarded or handed over to the police and charged with having stolen it. Mr. Hook has a daughter Sally, beloved by a gallant captain and also by a bold bandmaster, who has invented a most captivating jingle which permeates the play, but in the end the captain consoles himself with another, and Sally marries the musician, who for her sake becomes temporarily an employé in her father's distillery. Miss Isabel Jay is the Sally Hook, and looks very charming in her Dutch dresses; but the play does not afford her as great chances as several other pieces in which she has been seen lately, though she sings very sweetly. A greater success, perhaps, was made by that clever little actress, Miss Gracie Leigh. Her vivacity and humour are delightful, and nothing pleased the house more than her petticoat song. In Holland we are to believe that the proper present to give a girl is a coloured petticoat, and Mina, for that is Miss Leigh's name in the play, being a very popular maiden, goes about encumbered with countless petticoats, about which she sings in most piquant fashion. *Miss Hook*, though, is admirably acted all round, and there is much quiet humour in it without any of that unlicensed buffoonery which so often characterises plays of this class. I have already alluded to Mr. G. P. Huntley, who is altogether admirable; then there is Mr. George Barrett, whose bar loafer is an exquisite creation, while a gentleman whose name I forget puts a little admirable acting into the part of a silent oaf. Mr. Walter Hyde is good as the gallant bandmaster, and Mr. Herbert Clayton makes the fickle captain sufficiently dashing. Altogether, *Miss Hook of Holland* is distinctly a thing to see, and that not once but several times.

"DRAMATICUS."

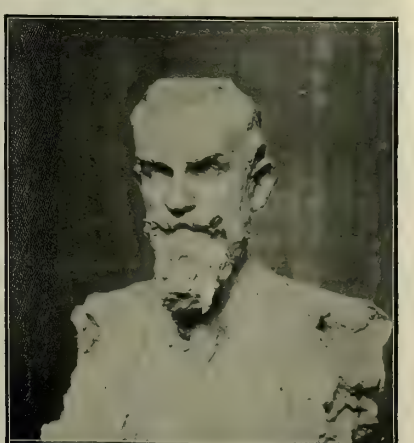


Westminster School was well represented in the South African War, and six Old Boys gave their lives for their country in that campaign.

TO THE MEMORY OF OLD WESTMINSTER BOYS WHO FELL IN THE BOER WAR



PRINCE AND PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY



AN IMPRESSIONIST BUST OF MR. G. B. SHAW

Prince Troubetzkoy, of whose career we give some particulars on page 195, is now exhibiting at the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Engravers, at the New Gallery, Regent Street. His impressionist buet of Mr. George Bernard Shaw was completed in three hours. Photos by C. Borup.

THE CELEBRATED RUSSIAN SCULPTOR, PRINCE TROUBETZKOY, AND HIS WIFE, WITH A SPECIMEN OF HIS RAPID WORK



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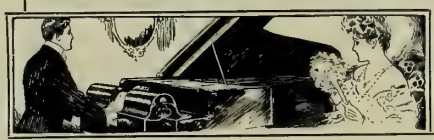
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MACBETH OLD AND NEW: A CURIOUS CONTRAST

THE BYSTANDER

"*Stand by.*"—CAPTAIN CUTTLE.

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

It has been remarked aforetime in this column that inventions seldom contribute in any way to the benefit of mankind. Indeed, it is generally the reverse. If you invest money in something that is considered to be a sound speculation and returns you a fair percentage, you find somebody without any provocation goes and invents something that renders your shares scarcely worth the paper on which they are inscribed. I am not at all sure that the methods of the Eastern potentate of old had not a good deal to recommend them. He, you may recollect, was quite against any innovations, and looked upon the art of invention as a crime. Not only looked upon it in that light, but treated it as such. If his prime minister came in and said, "Please, your Dazzling Effulgency, the Pacha Crack-a-Botteli has invented a new corkscrew," his Dazzling Effulgency would exclaim, "Oh, *has* he? The old corkscrew was quite good enough for all of us. It is like his irreverence to dare to invent a new one. It is quite the last invention he will have the chance of making. Summon the headsman and we will put a stop to all future inventions of Pacha Crack-a-Botteli." Such summary measures would never be required if inventors kept the real benefit of mankind in view.

All this passed through my mind one Sunday recently on the break up of the frost (it will probably be freezing hard again before these lines are in print), and I found myself enduring a gratuitous shower-bath in my own sitting-room as I waded in a carpeted trout-stream, and I had occasional unexpected douches down my sleeves and playful squirts in my eye. I thought to myself, the inventors have done so much to render us miserable and to bring us to the brink of ruin, why cannot they for a change attempt something that shall make us comfortable and add to our prosperity? Why cannot they, for instance, devise something that shall put an end to the bursting of water-pipes on the break up of a frost? This was the first domestic tragedy that I can recall when I was a very small boy, and it is just as unexpected, just as violent, just as disagreeable in my mature years. Now why does not Mr. Edison or some of his distinguished *confrères* introduce something that shall render these domestic catastrophes impossible. Perhaps such minor annoyances are beneath the dignity of these great inventors, but all I can say is if they turned their attention to these little matters they would earn far more gratitude than they have achieved from the introduction of the electric light or the phonograph. Furthermore, I would ask why water-pipes always burst on a Sunday, when there is not a plumber to be had for love or money. When a frost is breaking up, plumbers would do well to keep some men on duty on Sunday, just as a dispenser is always found at the chemist's on the first day of the week.

That the graceful art of letter-writing has all but disappeared every one will be disposed to admit. It has long been failing, and the halfpenny postcard and the sixpenny telegram have well-nigh extinguished it. But with its decay has arisen a class of tiresome persons who frequently will not reply to a letter at all, or, if they do, utterly ignore questions of special importance contained therein. Many of these individuals will be half a year answering a letter, and then take up the whole of their space by telling you why they did not write before—which does not interest you in the least—but as to really replying to your previous communication, they never dream of doing so. Some of these people are too annoying! I have known instances where reply postcards have been sent, also where reply-paid telegrams have been forwarded, and in neither of these cases has any notice been vouchsafed. It is difficult to know what course should be taken under such circumstances. As a general rule you will find the busiest people—those who have the pen in hand well-nigh all day—are the most punctilious and exact in replying to letters, postcards and telegrams.

In writing an article in THE GRAPHIC a good many years ago on the start of the Continental Mail Express from Charing Cross Station in the height of the travelling season, I said:—"Some day we shall probably have the history of celebrated trains written, just as we had the glories of the 'Comet,' the 'Highflyer,' the 'Tally-ho' chronicled in the good old coaching days." We have had to wait a long while for my prognostication to be fulfilled. But it seems likely to be realised in the *Daily Express*, wherein a new set of papers has recently been started, entitled "Some Famous Trains"—a series which promises to be vastly interesting.

A good many societies have I attempted to establish in my time, but I would yet venture to add one more to the group. This should be called the Society for the Simplification of Addresses. All addresses are too long. Sometimes this redundancy is caused by carelessness; at others by a snobbish desire to be associated with a notable square or a fashionable quarter. I have a friend whose address is comprised in ten words. Now this is tiresome enough to write, but when you telegraph, it is not only tiresome but expensive. If you want merely to send a sixpenny wire, you have only a penny left for your message. If my plan were adopted of no name being ever repeated in any town, and the affix of street, square, road, place, or terrace being always omitted, it would lead to an important simplification of addresses. It would not only spare us a good deal of trouble in writing, but would save us considerable expense in telegraphing and printing.

The portrait of the well-known conductor, M. Eugène Ysaye, published in THE GRAPHIC of January 12, was from a photograph by Messrs. Histed, 42, Baker Street, W.

The "Dunlop Flyer," the latest golf ball on the market, is made of materials selected by experts from a unique stock of rubber goods, and is worthy the guarantee under which, like all Dunlop goods, it is sold. Weeks of steady usage are said to have shown no evidence of inclination to chip or shrink, and the "professional" in charge of the best club in the Home Counties writes that he has found it a truer putter and longer driver than any ball he has used.



MACBETH (CHARLES KEAN). LADY MACBETH (MRS. KEAN).
LADY MACBETH: "Give me the daggers."—Act II., Scene ii.



MACBETH (MR. BOURCHIER). LADY MACBETH (MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH).
LADY MACBETH: "Hark! I laid their daggers ready."—Act II., Scene ii.

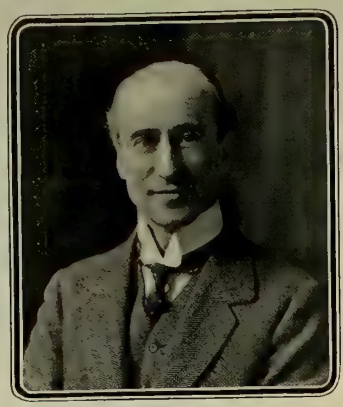
"LOOK HERE, UPON THIS PICTURE, AND ON THIS": THE MACBETH OF CHARLES KEAN, AND MR. BOURCHIER'S PRODUCTION TO-DAY

MR. GEORGE HENRY, THE NEW A.R.A., AND HIS WORK

THE election of Mr. George Henry to fill the vacant Associate of the Royal Academy has been received with unchallenged approval by every section of the art community. No doubt in certain quarters—among the "advanced guard"—there may be some searchings of heart that one of the chief lights of the Glasgow school—he whom Dr. Muther declared "the greatest poet in colour that Scotland has seen since the days of Scott Lauder"—and he who was one of the leading moving spirits of the International Society, should have fallen away and accepted with unfeigned pleasure the honour which the Royal Academy has conferred upon him. For some few years Mr. Henry has left the scene of his triumphs in Scotland, where he had become a full member of the Royal Scottish Academy, and was recognised as one of the most brilliant painters of Glasgow. When the great Municipal Buildings of that city were to be decorated Mr. George Henry was commissioned to execute the vast panel in the Banqueting Hall representing William the Lion granting a charter to the city in the twelfth century. This great picture, 25ft. long by 12ft. high, in the form of a lunette, set up some 25ft. from the ground, showed that a considerable painter had arisen, one who knew how to design for mural decoration.

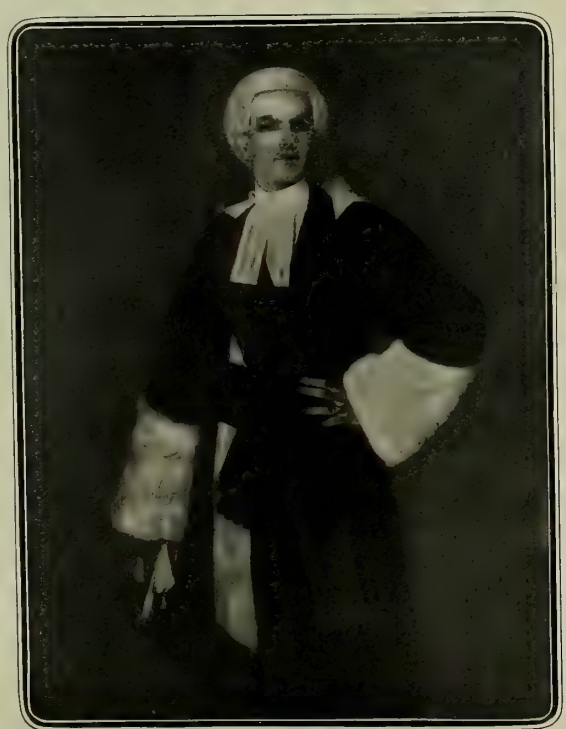
Mr. Henry is an Ayrsbire man, and, like many of our artists of the front rank, began as an illustrator in black-and-white. In 1881 he began to paint in oil, and soon appeared as a landscape painter of originality and ability, and from that time forward he has been looked for in the Scottish exhibitions. Landscape, with figures and animals, was his line; but soon he began to display a strong decorative sense, as in the picture of a little girl as a "Mushroom Gatherer," as well as "A Pastoral" and "Gloaming." His most important work up to 1889 was "A Galloway Landscape," which attracted much attention and gave rise to no little controversy. It has often been stated that it was painted in collaboration with Mr. E. A. Hornel, but this is an error; the only pictures so painted were "The Druids," which, showing a classic figure in an appropriate landscape, was seen in the Grosvenor Gallery in 1890, and "The Star in the East." Then followed a journey with his friend to the Far East—Japan and other countries—which resulted in a number of delightful pictures, such as "Geisha," "The Brown Kimono" and the like.

From that time forward Mr. Henry appeared as a portrait painter, and speedily advanced towards the front rank by reason of his unconventional arrangement, intimate character, simple expression, decorative composition, the charm of his female portraits, and above all by his fine schemes of colour; and the Society of Portrait Painters, the International, and New Gallery made the public of London aware of his commanding talent. Within recent years we have looked for his work. At the International Exhibition of 1898 we saw his beautiful portrait called "Goldfish" and "Geisha," as well as the graceful figure of a girl in a wood, called "Spring," which, with modifications, he repeated for the picture shown as "Springtime" at Glasgow in 1902. In 1899 came the quaintly imagined three-quarter length of "Mr. Justice Darling," but the prettiest work of the year was "The Pearl Necklet," a sweet-faced girl, showing grace, elegance, and style, lightly handled. The following year brought his first exercise in blue, which Mr. Henry has latterly developed with such happy results—"Carola, Daughter of Allan F. Bell, Esq.," shown at the Portrait Painters, while at the International, in 1901, appeared a singularly sympathetic portrait of a lady who has known how to grow old charmingly—"Mrs. Morris"—in cap and curls. The portrait of the late "Mr. J. Staats Forbes," exhibited at the New Gallery in 1902, in a dark and rich scheme of colour, showing the old railway magnate and collector seated before a picture of Corot,



MR. GEORGE HENRY, THE NEW A.R.A.
Photo by Russell and Sons.

is the strongest portrait yet painted by the artist. As recently as 1904 Mr. Henry made his first appearance at the Royal Academy. The Scottish school, as a whole, was at feud with the venerable institution, and as a body refused to send, although a welcome is always open to good work of the kind that does not do violence to Academic feelings and principles. Mr. Henry never an eccentric, tried his chance, and succeeded, and his pictures—which must linger in the public recollection—have been hailed for their excellence of colour and their pictorial unity.



MR. JUSTICE DARLING
FROM THE PORTRAIT BY MR. GEORGE HENRY, A.R.A.

Etruria Yesterday and To-Day

MRS. DELANEY, as she wrote to Mrs. Port in 1774, was

just returned from viewing the Wedgwood ware that is to be sent to the Empress of Russia. It consists, I believe (she goes on), of as many pieces as there are days in the year, if not hours. They are displayed at a house [Wedgwood's London Showrooms] in Greek Street, Soho, called Portland House. There are three rooms below, and two above, filled with it, laid out on tables; everything that can be wanted to serve a dinner. . . . I suppose it will come to a princely price.

This was the famous service of "Queen's ware," which, on show in fashionable Greek Street, had caused "quite a sensation among people of taste." "Queen's ware," of course, was already on the tables of all fashionable people. For Queen Charlotte had accepted a caudle and breakfast service, "painted in the highest style of the day," and dubbed Wedgwood "Potter to Her Majesty."

It was fifteen years before this exhibition that Josiah Wedgwood had set up as potter at Burslem, and only five since his fine new works, two miles out of it, added a name to England's topography—"Etruria." His choice of the name, which, of course, included the village he planted there for his workmen—how eloquent it is of the "dainty and fantastic" eighteenth century! A pretty vanity; and another was the inscription he put on the first vases—of Etruscan mould—that came out of the new pot-works: "*Artes Etruriæ Renascuntur.*"

It was at the "Black works"—the first to be completed—where the funereal basaltes—vases, busts, and other things—first took shape. Here were made the celebrated copies of the Portland Vase. And the "Black works" stand to-day in almost the same condition as then, except for the touches of time. It would be delightful if one could point to the window of the building, shown in our photograph, which lighted the room where Flaxman modelled. It was one of them, but which is not known. The old mill works as sweetly to-day as it did 130 years ago. We show a corner of one of the old workrooms; and a glimpse of one of the ovens, from which purgatories the ghosts of Greek pottery come forth from the fire as of old. Other buildings of Etruria are alike preserved. And the potter's wheel still hums to the old tune. For from the moulds of Josiah, his clays and colours still subsisting, come in state the Karchesia, Amphoræ, and Œnochoe, "with a surface like the skin of an apricot, a colour like wild hyacinths in May, and figured, not unworthily, with presentations of Ares, Eros, Hermes, Zeus, and Pallas-Athene."

But a thousand things in jasper besides vases came out of Etruria: from chocolate-dishes to opera glasses. And Wedgwood opera-glasses recall the opera of Wedgwood's day, and the opera the homes of those who patronised it. There was almost sure to be a Wedgwood bust — Cato, Bacon, or Cicero—on the top of the bookcase in the library, and Wedgwood wine-coolers on the sideboard in the dining-room, and Wedgwood candlesticks and pomade-boxes in the boudoir; and, in the *salons* and on the promenades of London and Bath, you would not have had to wait long without an elegant offer of a pinch from a Wedgwood snuff-box.

Nearly everything that Josiah made at Etruria is made there now by Messrs. Wedgwood and Sons. The same moulds are used, the same mixtures of bodies and glazes; the same work goes on from day to day in the self-same buildings. The statuettes, the busts, the candlesticks, the Sphinxes; the old "Queen's ware;" "Portland vases," and the rest. China-ware is almost the only thing they make at Etruria that Josiah did not make in the days of George the Third.

R. A.

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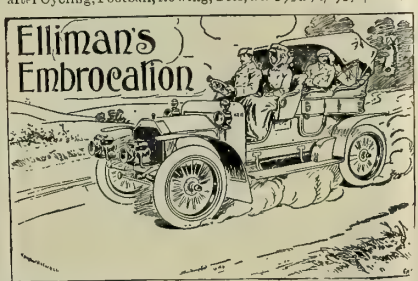
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"RUB IT IN"



Wales gave Scotland a good game at Edinburgh, before nearly 20,000 spectators, and the fight was a keen one. Scotland's 6 points to Wales's 3 (2 tries to 1 penalty goal) were, however, well deserved. There is no doubt that the best team won. This is the twenty-third game of the kind, and Scotland has won, counting Saturday's victory, thirteen times, Wales nine, while there has been one draw. The Scottish team was largely composed of the men who beat the South Africans.

SCOTLAND'S VICTORY OVER WALES AT EDINBURGH: A RUN BY THE WINNERS

OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN

Beethoven's *Fidelio* was revived at Covent Garden last week, Mozart's *Magic Flute* is promised us in the near future, and the millennium may, in consequence, shortly be expected. The neglect to which these two masterpieces have been treated has, indeed, long filled the hearts of musicians with sadness. Time was when we were generally vouchsafed one or two performances of the former, though it was, so to speak, the Cinderella of opera, and was only permitted on the Covent Garden boards on sufferance.

Unfortunately, from a Cinderella, *Fidelio* degenerated into a sort of Mrs. Harris, an opera of which we frequently heard but which we never saw. Every year it figured regularly in the Covent Garden prospectus, and there were invariably rumours to the effect that Ternina would certainly want to play her favourite part before she left for the Continent. Ternina came, however, and Ternina went, but the dust grew thicker on the score of *Fidelio* as it lay on the shelf to which it had been relegated.

At last the beautiful opera has been revived, and the hearts of its admirers rejoice once more. It is to be feared, however, that there are many who have yet to be converted to a proper sense of its glories, and who find it hardly sufficiently strong meat for their palates, jaded as they are with those stories of the Divorce Court, out of which every self-respecting librettist now deems it necessary to construct his books. For *Fidelio*, strange though it may appear, contains no single reference to a social scandal or a conjugal infidelity. Virtue triumphs, vice is punished, nobody but the villain of the piece is discomfited, and all ends happily. The lovers (*horresco referens*) are legally married before the curtain rises, and throughout the whole of the two long acts neither deceives the other. Instead, the wife proves her devotion to her husband by rescuing him from durance vile, and the stage, which at the fall of the final curtain ought, of course, to be littered with corpses, is the scene of universal rejoicings. Are we to be surprised, therefore, if there are those who describe the opera as tame and undramatic when the most cherished traditions of the art are thus openly flouted?

The cast which is at present playing *Fidelio* is, perhaps, remarkable rather for its histrionic than for its vocal powers. Mme. Leffler Burckhardt, the Leonora, and Herr Bertram, the Pizarro, are both splendid actors, but their singing is a little ultra-Teutonic. Herr Bussard, again, hardly seems so completely at home in the music of Florestan as in that of David in *Die Meistersinger*, but he plays the part admirably. Herr Hinckley, the Rocco, and Frau Minnie Nast, the Marcelline, are, however, excellent vocalists, and delivered their music well. M. Ysaye, who directed the performance, is rather more accustomed to handling the violin than the conductor's bâton, and there were moments when he seemed unable to maintain the proper balance between the voices and the accompaniments, while his *tempi* were occasionally rather slow. But the music is so superb, and it is so seldom that we are vouchsafed an opportunity of hearing it, that it is easy to overlook a few small defects in the performance of it.

The revival of the *Magic Flute* will be made possible by the proposed extension of the German season for an extra fortnight, beginning on Monday next. It seems almost too much to hope that Mozart's fascinating opera will once more be seen in London, for, with the exception of a single amateur performance, more years than one cares to count have passed since it was last staged here. If the revival actually takes place, however, we sincerely trust that it will be well supported. In the first place, the opera contains some of the most delightful music that Mozart ever penned; in the second place, if it proved a success the management might be tempted to revive other of Mozart's neglected masterpieces, a consummation most devoutly to be wished. There is some talk, too, of giving Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor* another trial, and this would add very greatly to the interest of the season. If the management are casting about for another opera to revive, we might suggest Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew*, a work which has not been played here for years, though it is brimful of fascinating music.

Congratulations are due to M. Messager on his appointment to the Paris Opera, and to Mr. Percy Pitt, who is to step into M. Messager's vacated shoes at Covent Garden. For some years Mr. Pitt has played a prominent part in the direction of the German operas, and it is known that Dr. Richter has the highest opinion of his abilities. No better man could have been found for the place.



THE OLD FARMSTEAD



A PRETTY FOOTPATH

Bordering on Peckham Rye Park there is an eighteenth-century farmhouse, surrounded by some thirteen acres of beautifully wooded grounds. The house was bought with the park in 1892, but the occupants stipulated that they should hold it while they lived, and now that both have died the entire estate is public property. There is a local proposal to make it an old-fashioned English rose garden.

ANOTHER PARK FOR THE PUBLIC: HOMESHALL FARM, PECKHAM

"PLACE AUX DAMES"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE *Entente Cordiale* has done one good thing at least, it has made France a pleasanter country for strangers to travel in. As soon as one puts foot on the French shore, one appreciates the improvement. The Customs officers are amiable, one's luggage is quickly passed through, the guards and porters are more officious, the very cabbies more polite. "Civility costs nothing," but it makes life worth living and certainly inclines one more amiably to the disagreeable practice of tipping, which now, thanks to Americans and newly enriched Germans, has reached its apogee. If one wishes to travel one must be prepared to invest in an enormous amount of good temper and indifference to vexatious trifles. People whe fret and fidget over every difficulty should not travel. Motors, of course, have facilitated matters much; there is now no catching of trains, no bother with luggage, no peremptory punctuality (a thing so distasteful to some people that I have known a man miss three trains successively in one day), but against that the motor has its own vicissitudes and worries, its accidents, mishaps and annoyances. Still, given all that, there is a wonderful charm, just as there was in the old days of the vetturino, in gliding along smooth roads in the midst of beautiful scenery, stopping here to view a church, there to dash down a hurried sketch, anon to picnic under shady fir or olive trees beside a running brooklet. The "grand tour" of our fathers proved not only a pleasure, but a life-long equipment of knowledge, and it seems as though the motor might eventually take its place, opening out new vistas of experience and inciting to new interests and new social and historical acquirements.

A correspondent writes me anent the difficulty of a young man who has no introductions and not much money in obtaining any social intercourse. He writes from a provincial town, where, I gather, he is in business, and states he is a university man, well educated and well read. County society is still very narrow and prejudiced against trade; in a big town these things are easier, though even there one often hears of the loneliness of young clerks. The only way, if one has no special qualifications or credentials, I should imagine, would be to make a friend and confidant of the local clergyman, to engage in some of the local sports and pastimes, golf or hunting—hunting men are proverbially kind and sociable—failing that to dabble a bit in politics, become a member of the Primrose League or the Liberal clubs. Surely if a man is not handicapped by some extraordinary physical disability or extreme egoism he must make some friends, and be able to organise some kind of social relation with his fellow-creatures. Like takes to like, and if a man is pleasant and sociable he usually finds some one to respond; while, if he wishes to dance, as my correspondent asserts he does, he ought to find no difficulty in getting introduced to a kind hostess in search of available young men.

We cannot boast of our modern civilisation when we see around us the traces of absolute barbarism. Here in England we see a man who, desperate and unprincipled, kills an unoffending tradesman in his own shop, or the vulgar curiosity of the mob pandering to their love of the gruesome and the terrible, glaring at the spectacle of a miserable man starving himself to death for money, a spectacle as degrading and far less exciting than the games in the Roman amphitheatre. Again, in America, that new country, where emotions should be purer and less sophisticated than in the old, we hear of women tearing each others' clothes off their backs in the frantic struggle to look on a murderer and his relations, while an ex-prisoner, tried twice for his life, sits calmly down to report every sensation and suffering of the man who is accused of murder. Here is barbarism incarnate, with all its lowest instincts and the love of money superposed. At least tournaments, bear-baitings, wild beasts in the arena were not undertaken for the purpose of money-grubbing but purely as a material form of excitement. The money introduces a further and a more sordid element, of which women are the keenest appreciators.

There have always been people who committed unconscious solecisms, whose want of tact amused their contemporaries and delighted their friends, and in every-one's experience it is possible to name some absurd guest who says the most incongruous and extraordinary things. Great hostesses know more about these matters than anyone. They receive daily the most preposterous letters, some blatantly asking for invitations, others attempting by transparent subterfuges to gain their ends, some with tact and some without. The gentleman who refused a coveted invitation to a famous house with the excuse that he could not attend and bring his wife, as she was just dead, but hoped that an invitation might be sent him at a later date, was quite modest and normal beside the curate who once answered an invitation to two parties in succession with the remark that he could not come to the first owing to his wife's recent demise, but trusted that he might be present at the next party, and in that case be accompanied by her probable successor. These people see nothing out of the way in their extraordinary behaviour. A book of the answers to invitations might prove as amusing reading as any memoirs: people give themselves away so innocently and so completely when the wish is father to the thought.



The second boy on the right is the son of the late Shah, the others are his grandsons. The boy on the extreme left is the son of the present Shah.

PRINCES OF PERSIA: A GROUP TAKEN AT TEHERAN

The desire of women to remain young has been a fruitful source of merriment to the vulgar and of sarcasm to the philosopher. Yet the desire is, perhaps, really one of the best traits in a woman's nature, whose central motive of conduct is the wish to please. From childhood upwards she is striving her utmost to please her parents, her lover, her husband, her children. When too old to do so her mission in life is over. What wonder that she seeks to prolong her season of charming and clutches with desperate hands at everything that gives her youth, even fleeting, doubtful youth. In the present wave of increased femininity she has acquired a new lease of life, a prolonged youth. Certainly middle-aged women have a good time nowadays. Young men desert young girls to play bridge with old women, they escort them to the play, they sup with them, write to them, and get up a kind of simulacrum of love. It is a curious development, and it will be still more curious to see whether the present fashion of worshipping middle age will last. A century ago a woman of forty had no pretensions to please, and Ninon de l'Enclos was cited as a solitary instance of a woman of fifty preserving her empire over her lovers. Now the woman of forty is at the zenith of her reign, and the girl contents herself, forsooth, to play the second part.

Tips, however burdensome they may be at the present, are not as heavy as in the eighteenth century, when servants were tipped every time one dined at a friend's house. *A propos* of this habit, a story is related of Fielding, who often rated David Garrick, the actor, about his penurious habits. On one occasion Fielding, after dining with Garrick, gave a penny wrapped in paper to the man servant as his donation. When Garrick next saw Fielding he remonstrated with him on his behaviour in playing off a joke on a servant. "Indeed, no," answered Fielding, "I meant to do the fellow a real service, for had I given him half a crown or a shilling you would have taken it from him; by giving him a penny he had a chance of keeping it for his own!"

Memoranda for the Coming Week

TO-DAY

The King and Queen return to London from France.
R.A.M.C. (Volunteers) London Companies: Annual prize-giving by Lord Cheylesmore, followed by dance, 8.
Rugby Football: Ireland v. England, in Ireland.
"L'Entente Cordiale" at Home, Grafton Gallery, 3.30-6.
Ambulance service for London: Parade of Ambulances, Gray's Inn, W.C., 2.30.; Conference, 3.0.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11

Royal Geographical Society: Captain Amundsen lectures on the North-West Passage, 8.30.
Institution of Mechanical Engineers: Dr. H. S. Hele-Shaw, F.R.S., on "Aerial Navigation," 8.
Court Theatre: *You Never Can Tell*, 8.15.
Lord Lansdowne's Dinner to the Opposition in the House of Lords: Lady Portsmouth's Reception.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12

The King opens Parliament in State.
The Duchess of Albany opens the Exhibition at the Guildhall Art Gallery.
Royal Colonial Institute: Sir Donald Robertson lectures on "Reflections on Modern India," 3.
Royal Horticultural Society: Exhibition of Flowers and Fruit, 1-6.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13

Ash Wednesday.
Japan Society: Mr. S. Tuke lectures on Japanese Prints, 8.30.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14

The King holds a Levée at St. James's Palace, 12.
Convocation of Canterbury.
Royal Society: Meeting, 4.30.
Society of Arts: Sir Frederic S. P. Lely lectures on India, Lord Curzon presiding, 4.30.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, M.P., at Brighton.
The German Ambassador is entertained by the Newcastle and Gateshead Chamber of Commerce.
Royal Institution: Mr. J. J. Lister lectures on "Foraminifera," 9.
Geological Society: Annual general meeting, 3.
New Royalty Theatre: Matinée in aid of the French Hospital and the French Benevolent Society in London.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16

Royal Institution: Professor J. J. Thomson's first lecture on "Rontgen Cathode and Positive Rays," 3.
Association Football: England v. Ireland, Liverpool.



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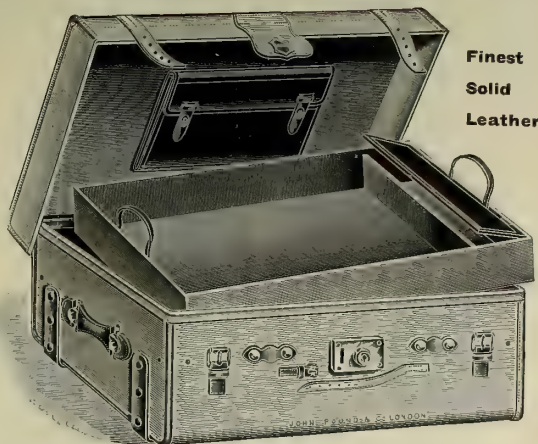
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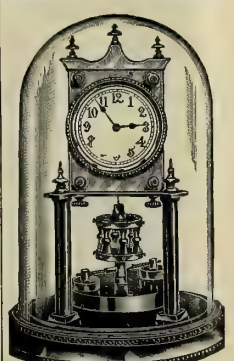
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SOME NEW BOOKS

OUR AFRICAN NATIVES

Miss Werner's book on the natives of British Central Africa ("The Native Races of the British Empire; The Natives of British Central Africa," by A. Werner. London: Constable, 1906) is the second of the series dealing with this huge and interesting subject, a series which should meet with a warm welcome at the hands of an imperial people. Literature dealing with primitive tribes has often been regarded as too "scientific" to interest the general reader; that such an idea is a fallacy should be conclusively proved by the present book, in which is set forth a series of vivid pictures of the life of the natives in one of our most interesting protectorates. It is with the home-life that the author principally deals, the various beliefs, daily occupations and amusements of the people. It is too often thought that savages do not indulge in games; but Miss Werner cites a long list of pastimes in which the children indulge, and which resemble in a very striking manner some of the games played by white children. "Cats' Cradle," "Hunt the Slipper," "Fox and Geese," all have their counterparts, and European games of a more strenuous nature are being rapidly introduced, though the strict proprieties of the latter are not always observed. "I have seen them at Blantyre clubbing one another on the head, under pretence of playing hockey, just as they rend one another to pieces at Kota Kota under pretence of playing football." But it is the dance which appeals chiefly to the older members of the community, and the words "to play" and "to dance" are used interchangeably. The dances may be those in which the whole community takes part to the inspiring music of a number of drums, or may be the more theatrical performances of combined singing, music, and dances, practised by the itinerant poet known as the "dancing-man," who "carries on a dialogue of song with his audience with the excitement and rhythm of an inspired *improvisatore*." The folklore is very interesting; the explanation of how death came into the world is as follows: The Supreme Being sent the chameleon with a message to men, telling them that they would return again, and, later, the lizard, to say that when they died they would die for good. The chameleon, being slow, was overtaken and outstripped by the lizard, whose message was accepted by the human race. In many places the chameleon is ill-treated in consequence. The book, which is well illustrated with photographs, is written in a bright and readable style, and should prove a success.

STATESMEN REVIEWED

Sir Spencer Walpole's "Studies in Biography" (T. Fisher Unwin) are well worthy of disinterment from the *Edinburgh Quarterly* and *New Review* and their publication in a form to which it is possible for their author to ascribe unity of purpose. The statesmen dealt with are Peel, Cobden, Disraeli, Lord Dufferin, Bismarck and Napoleon III.; Lord Shaftesbury is admitted into the company as "the most statesmanlike of our humanitarians; and Gibbon, the historian, presumably as the headmaster of what ought to be the Statesman's school. The connecting purpose, not the less distinct for being probably an afterthought, is the importance of the part of particular men in general movements —of the influence, for example, of Bismarck and of Cavour upon German union and Italian emancipation, even though these must sooner or later have been achieved had neither Bismarck or Cavour ever been born. The studies, however, are not so much political essays as carefully finished portraits, inspired by an obvious desire to get at the whole truth underlying mixtures of motive and apparent inconsistencies of character and action. The volume is not for hero-worshippers; but an occasional cold douching is always wholesome, if not always agreeable. A concluding study of some decisive royal marriages is an interesting plea for the view that -

English history would not have been what it is—nay, England herself would not have been what she is—if it had not been for these marriages. And the reader who reflects on their consequences will probably agree with the conclusion which it is the object to establish: that however much they have been neglected by historians, the decisive marriages of England have had more effect on its development than the decisive battles.

THE QUEEN OF THE BLUES

A wealthy, well-connected, and good-looking widow, with coal pits and other estates in the country and a hospitably open mansion in town, has little difficulty in becoming a literary lioness, if such be her fancy. Such were the position and the fancy of Elizabeth Montagu, *née* Robinson, known to her intimates as "Fidget," and to posterity as the "Queen of the Blues," to whom M. R. Huchon, of the University of Louvain, devotes a monograph entitled "Mrs. Montagu and Her Friends: 1720-1800" (John Murray), and proposed as a thesis to the Faculty of Letters of the University of Paris. That, under the circumstances, her *Salon à la Française* was frequented by a flattering court of wits and authors of both sexes, was only to be expected. The unexpected part of the matter is that her head does not



THE DANCING-MAN
From "The Native Races of the British Empire." By A. Werner (Constable.)

seem to have been turned by their fulsome adulation, and that she was by no means undeserving of disinterested and impartial praise. Good sense and good humour evidently kept vanity in order; her letters display much of the appreciation of the ridiculous that sparkles in the pages of her friend Frances Burney; her reading, though not comparable with that of her other friends, "Mrs." Elizabeth Carter, or "Mrs." Hannah More, was wide and well-digested; and she more than held her own in her great literary duel with Voltaire, when she championed Shakespeare against Corneille. She was a prominent figure with whom any historian of her period must needs reckon: and all that there is to say of her M. Huchon has said, and said it interestingly and well.

PORCELAIN

The aim of "Porcelain: A Sketch of its Nature, Art, and Manufacture" (with fifty plates: Cassell and Company) is, says its author, Mr. William Burton, F.C.S. :—

To supply the collector and student, as well as the general reader, with a clear and connected account of the various kinds of porcelain made in Asia and Europe. It has taken me more years than I like to count to arrive at the ideas set down in the following pages, and I hope that, as a result of my labours in sifting, weighing, selecting, and arranging, the knowledge gained from so many diverse sources, others may be saved a great deal of unnecessary trouble.

The commencing collector, especially if suffering under the peril of a little knowledge, will do well to peruse Mr. Burton's work, if only to learn how indispensable are length and breadth of experience, an acquired trust worthiness of touch and eyesight, and a settled distrust of "marks," for obtaining the degree of connoisseur. The volume is, however, by no means too technical to be of interest to more general readers, many of whom will be surprised to learn that the manufacturers of porcelain in Europe—namely at Meissen, in Saxony—does not reach further back than 1713, whereas the still unsurpassed and probably unsurpassable productions of China have a history of more than two thousand years. A chronology of the art would be a useful appendix to the work, and this in a future edition can easily be supplied.

THE SEA ATTACK ON PORT ARTHUR

Captain R. Grant, D.S.O., has translated from the Spanish the personal diary of a Japanese naval officer, who certainly, according to his own account, played a heroic part in the late war. The writer of "Before Port Arthur in a Destroyer" (Murray) commanded the Akasuki, and in his first engagement, which was a dash into Port Arthur Harbour, in the dark, he succeeded in torpedoing the Pallada twice, and then assisting another destroyer to do the same to the Tsarevitch. The narrative is full of go and thrill, and one can picture the fearful excitement that existed on board the destroyer during this and other actions. The writer was as brave and patriotic as it is possible to be, but somehow one misses in him that quiet heroism that we are taught the Japanese possess in a superlative degree. He performs deeds "with his usual temerity." Whilst his vessel was laid up for repairs he took command of one of the transports that was sunk at the entrance of the harbour, and apparently was its only survivor. This officer seems to be somewhat bloodthirsty. They had been pounding a Russian cruiser for some time when he succeeded in placing two shells on her water-line. "I saw a great column of thick steam escaping, an I some men trying to get away," he writes. "These w were killing and wounding with deadly aim. It was indeed a sight which is seldom seen at sea, and from which one derives peculiar gratification—fighting against men full of vitality instead of inert steel." This vessel they afterwards took by boarding. The writer has not much opinion of Russian patriotism, and is continually asking, after describing some show of that quality on the part of his own countrymen, "Would Russians have done that?" However, the book carries the impress of truth upon it, and is well worth reading. Amongst several illustrations there is one of unusual interest from the brush of a Japanese artist.

GREAT GOLFERS

"Great Golfers in the Making," edited, with introduction, by Henry Leach (Methuen and Company. 7s. 6d. net), is a volume which contains thirty-four contributions from well-known amateur and professional players, setting out what they conceive to be the secrets of their success. The chief demerit of the book seems to be its very restricted selection of representative players, especially on the amateur side. Some of the best players who have earned a high reputation both as golfers and skilled writers on the problems of the game are not represented at all, while comparatively unknown players, whose success is but a thing of yesterday, diffidently try to shed a ray of enlightenment upon what they believe to be some of the playing theories which have won them competitions. The writers who have seriously tried to analyse the influences that have brought them some golfing renown all concur in placing in the forefront one of the essential principles of their success. It is that they began to play the game when they were schoolboys, and they acquired their style of swinging the club by imitating the styles of the great professionals and amateurs whom they saw on the links nearly every day. Thus the great golfers of the past, as well as the best players among us to-day, have become great because they absorbed through the process of imitation the qualities of style which most impressed them in the play of popular professionals and dashing amateurs. Thereafter the style of the learner became consolidated and improved by continued study, practice, and experience in match and score play. These were clearly the methods which led to the eventual great success of professionals like Braid, Taylor, Vardon, Herd, Willie Park, and Jack White. The amateurs also, either unconsciously or consciously, imitated some of the features which struck their fancy in the style of play of the local professional; and hence we have Mr. Horace Hutchinson testifying to the influence of the three brothers Allan at Westward Ho, of Mr. Laidlay to the

MR. HENRY JAMES ON AMERICA

influence of old Willie Park and Bob Fergusson, and of Mr. Hilton to the influence of W. D. More and Mr. John Ball. The practical value of the volume to the golfing public, therefore, is very limited, for it simply enforces a lesson which was already very widely known. Beyond the scattered autobiographical details of each player's less or more extended playing career, there is nothing in the volume which sheds any additional light on the much-sought-for secret of how the moderate or inferior player should proceed in order to possess himself of the scientific technique of the golfer's art. That secret must be won, as Mr. Hilton indicates, through the natural ability of any youth to play games, by his individual character and temperament, and by his disposition to profit by study and practice in the hard school of experience.

MR. HENRY JAMES ON AMERICA

"My visit to America," says Mr. Henry James on lifting the prefatory curtain of "The American Scene" (Chapman and Hall),

had been the first possible to me for nearly a quarter of a century, and I had before my last previous one, brief and distant to the memory, spent other years in continuous absence; so that I was to return with much of the freshness of eye, outward and inward, which, with the further contribution of a state of desire, is commonly held a precious agent of perception. I felt no doubt, I confess, of my great advantage on that score; since if I had had time to become almost as "fresh" as an inquiring stranger, I had not, on the other hand, had enough to cease to be, or at least to feel as acute as an initiated native. I made no scruple of my conviction that I should understand and should care better and more than the most earnest of visitors, and yet that I should vibrate with more curiosity—on the extent of ground, that is, on which I might aspire to intimate intelligence at all—than the pilgrim with the longest list of questions, the sharpest appetite for explanations and the largest exposure to mistakes.

"I would take my stand on my gathered impressions," he says a few lines later: "I would, in fact, go to the stake for them—which is a sign of the value that I both in particular and in general attach to them." Their value is unquestionable, even though it may lack the *cachet* of martyrdom. The student of things American must not, however, expect the uncharacteristic lucidity of the foregoing extract to be at all representative of the pages that follow. Their interest, let it be said at once, is in the personality of their author—in saying which we are far from implying that their interest is small. Mr. James is a poet, a psychological analyst, an observer of much that is invisible to normal eyes, and a logician whose subtleties are, more frequently than not, too elusive for normal minds. It cannot but be, therefore, of the utmost interest to obtain a prospect of America that is certain to be unique, and, quite possibly, truer in some aspects than any obtainable by explorers less "artistically concerned," as he says, "with the human subject, with the appreciation of life itself, and with the consequent question of literary representation."



This is a portrait of "Jack," the regimental pet of the 1st V.B. Royal Warwickshire Regiment. He won his medal in the South African War, during which the Active Service Company of the Warwicks found him on the veldt. With them he was present at six engagements. He was lost once, but returned to his regiment, which brought him to England and took him to Birmingham, where its headquarters are. When the Battalion is on the march "Jack" is always to be seen at its head.

A DOG WHO HAS SMELT POWDER

The definite impressions, apart from a command of words that remind one of what Stella said of Swift, that "the Dean could write beautifully about a broom-stick," are few. Among the most distinct of them, tested by exercising the memory after closing the book, is that while the American woman has had "a huge success of curiosity," and, at her best, has "infinitely amused the nations," she is still somehow in a false position owing to her having become "two-thirds of the apparent life—which means that she is absolutely all of the social;" and is nowhere so naturally and harmoniously in the social picture as at Washington, where the mere man, "the victim of effacement, the outcast at the door, has *talked himself* back" out of mere business into the real world of women and men. Another is the effect of the American atmosphere upon the alien, who becomes not so much Americanised as denationalised. A third, small enough by comparison, is the way—suggested by the village of "Jackson, N.H."—in which, to the irritation of the "restless analyst" (and others), "charming places, charming objects, languish, all round him, under designations that seem to leave on them the smudge of a great vulgar thumb."

The several chapters deal with New England, with Boston, Concord, and Salem; New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Charleston, and Florida. We need scarcely add that a close and meditative perusal of them—and no less will serve—demands ample time and leisure. With these, the reader may rest assured that he, whoever he may be, will find his own impressions of the United States and their characteristics considerably enlarged, and, as often as not, turned upside down.

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"MEMOIRS OF A PERSON OF QUALITY"

Is the old-world title of a decidedly remarkable *tour de force* in the way of fiction (William Heinemann) that is best described in the terms of its elaborately old-fashioned title-page, as—

Being extracts from certain journals written at different times by my great uncle, the Honble. George Augustus Frederick Chorley Fanshawe, second son of the fifth Earl of Biskenhan and Bramford, in the county of Suffolk: wherein are given the authentic particulars of his connection with the ——th Regiment of Dragoon Guards; his breach with his family; residence among the Yorkshire Quakers; his restoration to society and other matters. Edited by Ashton Hilliers.

The programme is carried out in character and at leisure, and with an ability that fuses the possibilities and actualities, public and private, of a hundred years ago into a singularly convincing whole. It would even be rash to say that such a profusion of adventures and changes of fortune could scarcely have befallen one young man within some half-dozen years. The "Memoirs" ring so exceedingly true that "Truth is stranger than fiction" may be fairly accepted, though



GEORGE EDALJI

Whose sentence of seven years' penal servitude on a charge of mutilating a pony at Great Wyrley, Staffordshire, has given rise to an investigation of the case by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The Home Office is now engaged in examining recent developments of the case. Portrait by Park, Fleet Street.

in the case of fiction itself, as a valid plea. By the way, the hero, as a Suffolk man, should have known that "silly," as a *sobriquet* of his county, is a latter-day corruption of "seely," equivalent to the "canny" of the northern shires.

"BY THE LIGHT OF THE SOUL"

The qualities never absent from Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman's stories are almost superabundant in her long novel, "By the Light of the Soul" (Harper and Brothers)—the minute provincial portraiture that gives her no inconsiderable claim to the title of an American Jane Austen; the gentle humour; and the sympathy with the joys and sorrows of simple lives. For the sake of these merits, and for its pictures of life and character in the rural backwater of New Jersey, it is easy to more than pardon the less satisfactory features of a novel as to which it is difficult to decide whether its ill-construction is owing to its excessive length, or its excessive length to its ill-construction. The plot hangs upon a boy-and-girl marriage assumed, no doubt carrectly, to be valid by the matrimonial laws of New York; but its consequences can scarcely be regarded as consistent with those of likelihood or common sense anywhere. An unhurried reader, however, will have ample compensation for not finding in Mrs. Freeman's story more or other excellences than are her very own.

"CLAIRICE"

"Clairice: the Story of a Crystal Heart," by Narcisse Lucien de Polen (T. Fisher Unwin), is the work of a promising writer who has much of his art still to learn. He has already the indispensable power of narration, and will doubtless, sooner or later, know how to use it. It certainly seems rather wasted upon a story about vaguely uninteresting people, and made up of incidents without any discoverable motive beyond the task of making an irrelevant soothsayer's predictions come true. Delete the soothsayer, and all else crumbles into nothing. That a story cannot be effectively constructed on the principle of a house of cards is the first lesson that the author of "Clairice" has to master: and we set it because we think it to be, in his case, well worth while.

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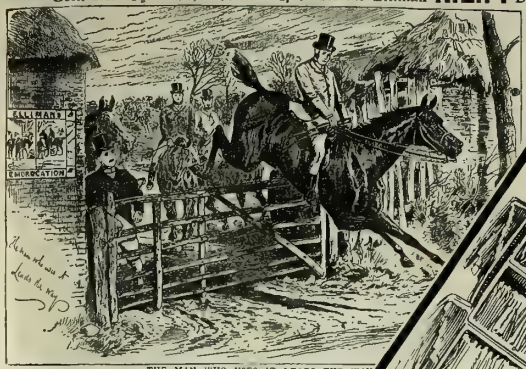
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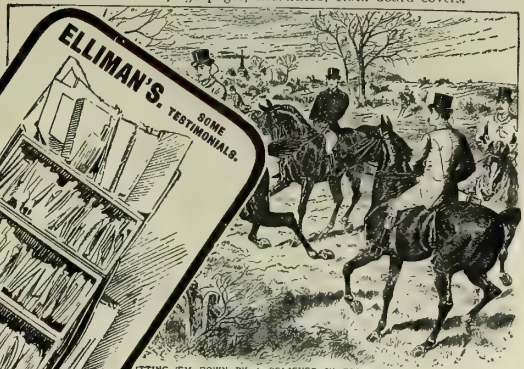
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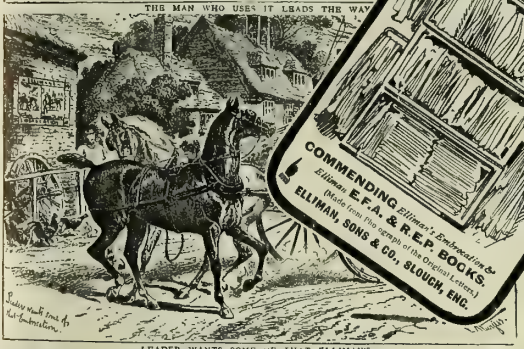
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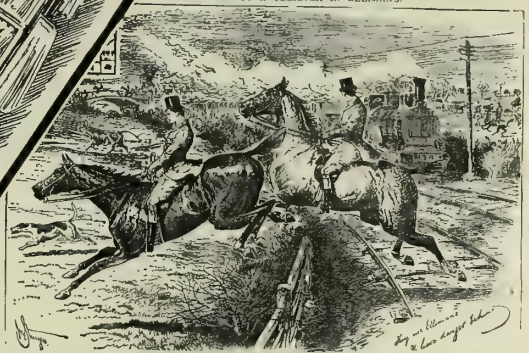


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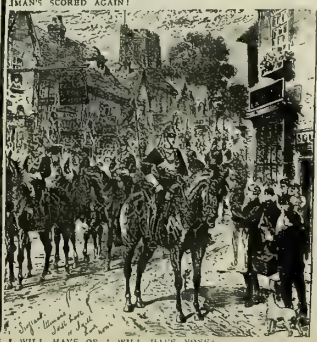




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For Sprains.—When the sprain is slight, rub with Elliman's twice a day for five to ten minutes, and where possible, apply a layer of cotton wool to the part with a tight bandage over all. See pages 13-16, also 44-45 E.F.A. Book.

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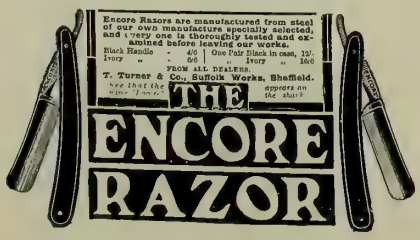
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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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The Pilgrims' Guest: A Send-off to Our New Ambassador to the United States

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

A most distinguished company was present at the farewell dinner to Mr. Bryce, held at the Savoy Hotel last week. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the United States Ambassador at St. James's, proposed the health of the guest of the evening, and in the course of his reply Mr. Bryce said: "Neither country has any motive for any quarrel with the other. Each of us has a territory as large as the most soaring ambition could possibly desire. Each is proud of the other. England is proud that such a child should have sprung from her; the United States are proud that the glorious record of England's earlier achievements, which Americans share with us, should have been so worthily sustained since the days of the separation. It is that sentiment of pride and brotherhood that an English Envoy is charged to represent in the United States."

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General von Einem

THE PRUSSIAN MINISTER OF WAR

An Interview
by
J. L. Bashford

GENERAL VON BOYEN wrote in a memorandum to King Friedrich Wilhelm III. of Prussia in 1817 to the effect that whereas the Dutch trusted to their dykes, and spent more money on dykes than all the other nations put together, Prussia's dykes were her Army. Just three years before—on September 13, 1814—the obligation for every citizen to defend his country by serving in the Army had been entered in the Statute Book of the kingdom of Prussia: this obligation is known by the name "*allgemeine Wehrpflicht.*" Immediately after the foundation of the German Empire, thirty-six years ago, the same obligation was adopted by Statute for the citizens of the German Empire, namely, on April 16, 1871.

Prussia has thus had ninety-three years' experience of universal service which has become engrafted upon the life of the nation. Whatever its inconveniences, if, indeed, there are any inconveniences attached to it, there is no desire amongst the bulk of the people to abolish it. Every Prussian knows full well that he is only a soldier in order to learn how to defend his country, not in order to be used for aggressive wars. In 1806—just a century ago—Prussia could put about 150,000 men into the field, out of an army of about 200,000 on paper; in 1906 the peace footing of the Germany Army was 614,363, and a little over four millions of men are at the disposal of the German Emperor on the declaration of war. Prussia contributes about 477,000 of this number. The boast of those responsible for the efficiency of the German Army is that it is in a position to strike at any moment should the Fatherland be in danger. Nor is this confidence unfounded in regard to Europe. That all did not work on wheels in connection with the "little war" in South-West Africa was due mainly to the fact that Germany has hitherto had no training in Colonial wars. When German officers and men tried to tackle a campaign in South-West Africa they discovered to their astonishment that they had to learn everything, and that precisely similar mishaps occurred to them in regard to the difficulties of the war as befell our army in South Africa. When they had to submit to the inconveniences of a stampede of mules they recognised the unreasonableness of the gibes so maliciously levelled in Germany against the British Army a few years ago.

It is a common practice in countries outside Germany to talk of the "militarism" of Germany, and notably of "Prussian militarism." Germany is a military Empire; and Prussia's history was made by its Army; but the tendency abroad is to believe that the military spirit has interfered with civil liberty. In all parts of the German Empire, however, it is generally insisted that their strict military training has had a beneficent effect upon the people of Germany; every employer of labour declares that after his two years or three years' service in the Army a workman of any kind is a better man at his work than before he joined the colours, and a man who has served in the Army is always preferred to one who has not served. At the present time, when representatives of the nations are about to meet at The Hague to discuss matters connected with the peace of the world, it is of supreme interest to know the views of Germany's leading men concerning the diminution of armaments.

Since the Franco-German War of 1870-71 the German Empire has maintained a large Army; but the Emperor and all his leading advisers have repeatedly declared that, so far as Germany is concerned, the peace of Europe will not be wilfully broken by her. The present Prussian War Minister is the fifth since General von Roon, who was War Minister in the Franco-German War, the others having been Generals von Kameke, von Verdy du Vernois, Bronsart von Schellendorf and von Gossler. His views on the subject are expressed in the words he has written under the photograph he was kind enough to give me a few days ago for reproduction in THE GRAPHIC. Lieutenant-General von Einem genannt von Rothmaler (we should write his name von Einem-Rothmaler—he is addressed as General von Einem) says:—"Germany will only go to war if her national honour be wounded, or if her vital interests be menaced."

I had the privilege of talking to General von Einem recently on the subject of England and armaments, and His Excellency has permitted me to publish the subjoined summary of our conversation. Of England he said:—

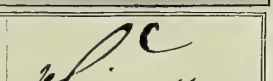
"I am very sorry to say that I have never been in England, and have not met many English people in the course of my life; but it will doubtless interest you to hear that some of my ancestors had very intimate relations with your country, and I still possess several souvenirs of their past connection with England and the British Army.

"My grandfather Einem, for example, served in the English-German legion in Spain under the Duke of Wellington. He was Brigade-Major there with Wellington, and was also at Waterloo, where he was severely wounded; and was aide-de-camp to the then Duke of Cambridge. After the conclusion of the war he remained in Hanoverian service, and died as Colonel in the Hanoverian Army. My great-grandfather on my mother's side, Freiherr (*i.e.* Baron) von Dörnberg, took a leading part in the rising against King Jerome. Later, he obtained the command of an English Cavalry Brigade, which he commanded at Waterloo. He was appointed a K.C.B. by King George as reward for his services. Subsequently he became Hanoverian Minister at St. Petersburg. Our family connections with England did not cease here, for two of my father's sisters married Englishmen, and one of them, Mrs. Hickson, is still alive and resides in London." On my inquiring if he had met any leading Englishmen, the War Minister spoke of Mr. Haldane:—"Last autumn I made the acquaintance of your War Minister, Mr. Haldane, and we had a long conversation on the subject of Army organisation. He dined with me, and I thought him a very remarkable and very interesting man. Although he is a civilian I was quite astonished at the way he had grasped his subject. He understood perfectly well what he wished to arrive at, and thoroughly comprehended the objects of Army organisation. Of course, I cannot give any opinion on his new Army Scheme; but I may say that I can fully understand why he did not try to introduce universal service into England. We did not adopt universal service until we were in the hour of need, and then we introduced it. Since then the nation has come to acknowledge its advantages."

These remarks naturally brought us to the general subject of the maintenance of peace, and of the efforts of those belonging to the peace movement, who hope to induce nations to lay aside, or at least diminish, their armaments. General von Einem holds a very high opinion of these people, but does not think their principles applicable to Germany or Prussia. His remarks on this subject are noteworthy: "Universal service," continued General von Einem, "which has been adopted all over Europe, is a guarantee for peace. A nation that has to be defended by the whole of its male population will never rush recklessly into war. And as the day has not yet arrived when a people need not be in a position to defend itself against a possible foe, we cannot yet dream of disbanding armies. But a nation in arms will always nowadays strive to maintain peace."



"Germany will only go to war if her national honour be wounded, or if her vital interests be menaced."



PRUSSIAN MINISTER OF WAR

Lieut.-General von Einem, who first came under the direct notice of his Sovereign during the manœuvres when he was Chief of the General Staff of the 7th Army Corps in 1895, is known as an exceedingly capable and business-like man, an excellent cavalry officer, and a good orator, able, besides fulfilling his duties at the War Office, to take his place in the Imperial Diet. In Parliament he does not wound the susceptibilities of the deputies, and can defend the interests of the Army. He was born in Hanover in 1853, and is therefore comparatively young as a Prussian Minister of State. His father was a Captain in the Hanoverian Cuirassiers of the Guard. Joining the Prussian Army in 1870, General von Einem received a commission in the 14th Uhlans, being appointed Lieutenant on the 12th December of that year. By 1881 he was in the great General Staff of the Army, and became captain and chief of squadron of the 14th Dragoons at Colmar in 1884. In 1887 he was nominated captain on the general staff of the 15th Army Corps, and was promoted to the rank of major in the following year. In 1890 he was appointed a member of the Cavalry Commission, and received the command of the 4th Cuirassiers at Münster in 1893. Having become a lieutenant-colonel in 1894, he was made chief of the General Staff of the 7th Army Corps in 1895, and was promoted to the rank of colonel in 1897. In 1898 he came to Berlin as Chief of Department in the War Ministry; and after being promoted to Major-General and Director of the General War Department in 1900, he became lieutenant-general in 1903, and was selected by his Sovereign in the same year as Minister of War for Prussia, in succession to General von Gossler. Our portrait is from a photograph by Bieber, Berlin.

There is some talk of giving a season of German light opera at the Vaudeville at Easter-time, and it is sincerely to be hoped that it will come to pass. This form of entertainment is immensely popular in the Fatherland, and very delightful it is. The fact that it is not encouraged here has made it impossible for us to revel in the charms of scores of fascinating light operas, and if the energetic promoters succeed in carrying their scheme through they will deserve all the encouragement that can be given them.

We have received a booklet on "Oak Panelling" from Messrs. Liberty and Co., giving illustrations of designs in Elizabethan, Georgian, and other styles, which may be seen in their showrooms. The designs are varied and good, and by no means expensive.

"Mars," the sprightly French artist whose drawings are not unfamiliar to readers of THE GRAPHIC, has just brought out a new "Album," in which the Riviera affords him an opportunity of sparkling as ever both in pen and pencil, for "Mars" writes almost as well as he draws

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

AMONG the inseparable accidents (as the logicians would call them) of weekly illustrated journalism must assuredly be reckoned the painful necessity of going, occasionally, to press in unavoidable advance of important public events. That being so (and having failed to secure the services of the Zancigs, or any other diviners of the apparently unknowable), we have no hesitation in frankly admitting our total ignorance of the contents of the Speech from the Throne, which will have been public property long before these words are published.

Pending the production of a bill of fare which may possibly be less destructive to the opponents of Ministers than dyspeptic to Parliament as a whole, it is curious to note that the latest member of the Government to give us an inkling of the Ministerial intentions has no sooner breathed forth threatenings and slaughter against the Peers than he promptly explains that "this opinion is personal" and in no way commits the Government.

In deciding to appoint a small Committee to inquire into the Edalji case, the Home Secretary has done well. Revision of the case there must be, and no unauthorised investigation will ever meet the requirements of any case in which there appears to be reasonable doubt whether justice has not miscarried. On the whole, the composition, and, unlike the more rabid anti-Christians, like M. Allard, he is not bent upon discovering a *modus moriendi* for the Church. The points of difference between M. Briand and the Bishops are now very minute, and, as they say in France, "*Tout finit par s'arranger.*" One may hope so in this case.

After Lord Goschen, Sir William Howard Russell! The death of "W. H. R." snaps a link between the journalism of the distant past and of the present. British soldiers, and the nation whose sons British soldiers are, owe a debt of everlasting gratitude to the author of those terrible letters from the Crimea, which revealed the extent to which "the long, long canker of peace," as Tennyson called it, had eaten into the efficiency of the organisation of the British Army. And to the very last —after half a century and more—Russell's name was always popular for the sake of the work he did before Sebastopol. There were no recognised war correspondents before Russell: there has been no greater war correspondent since.

In the days when sulphate of quinine could not be bought for less than a guinea per ounce, the surest and shortest road to fortune was deemed by speculators to be cinchona cultivation. Some of the pioneers in this venture made heavy profits, it is true; but, owing to over-production, the price fell away year after year, and not a few of the plantations have been put under different crops. India-rubber seems likely to follow much the same course; if all the heavily capitalised concerns lately introduced succeed, the production will certainly outrun the demand. No doubt the commodity has come into much more general use than in pre-rubber-tyre times, but for all that there must be limits to the world's consumption.

It is deeply to be regretted that any English newspapers should imitate the Yankee "yellow" prints by "writing up" sensational and nasty trials, and not sparing their readers a single prurient detail. Some go even farther by getting hold of witnesses and badgering them into making statements prejudicial to fair trials before going into court. Competition is answerable for many



LORD CASTLETOWN
Mover.



THE EARL OF CHICHESTER
Seconder.

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS



MR. JAMES TOMKINSON, M.P.
Mover.



MR. A. RONALD RAINY, M.P.
Seconder.

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

The Reopening of Parliament: The Movers and Seconders of the Address

This is quite in line with Sir John Lawson-Walton's famous quick-change over the Trade Disputes Bill. In short, "Those are my convictions, gentlemen; if they don't suit, they can be altered."

Absorbing though the interest of our domestic politics is bound to be during the early days of the new Session, we ought not to be wholly blind to revelations which are being made of the seamy side of the General Election in Germany. One of the leading Clerical journals in Bavaria has discovered that the German Navy League has been utilised and subsidised by the Imperial Government against the Catholic Centre, against which, even more than against Social Democracy, the Navy League was directed to act. Apparently, the League's only reply is to take legal proceedings against the journal in question for having made burglarious entry into its offices to obtain the incriminating documents.

This is an admirable object-lesson in the difference between the limitations of Governmental action in Germany and in England. But, clearly, it will not help the Imperial Chancellor in his future attempts at a reconciliation with his old ally, the "Centrum." Just imagine the feelings of a British taxpayer who had voted against Ministers at a General Election on learning that the Government campaign had been partially paid for out of his pocket!

Really, it looks as if M. Aristide Briand (who seems to be honestly trying to live up to his "front name" and its classic reputation for justice) would succeed in arriving at a *modus vivendi* for Church and State in France. For M. Briand has some smack of statesmanship in his though there are certain objections to the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal, that seems to be the ultimate solution towards which events are trending.

As in Germany and Russia, so in the Transvaal, political parties are so divided that a working majority can only be obtained by fusion. For a time there appeared every likelihood of a fair and square fight between the Britons under the name of "Progressives," and the Boers rendering obedience to Het Volk and its clerical directors. But, all of a sudden, a split off occurred from the British phalanx, and popular opinion already pronounces that victory will rest with this racial amalgamation.

That seems probable enough, but Het Volk overplus is sure to be microscopic, and of more or less fluid character. The little handful of National deserters from the Progressives are believed to have been mainly influenced to "bolt" by blind hatred of the Chamber of Mines. They consider that it has become a great deal too despotic in its methods of rule, while some of the great Rand magnates are under suspicion of having surreptitiously arranged a concordat with Het Volk.

Spotted fever has long been known in its outward manifestations to modern medical science. But, as in the instance of the sleeping sickness, no remedy is yet on offer. Its origin, too, remains a mystery. Why should the terrible disease favour Ireland and the United States much more than any other civilised countries? Statistics prove that it undoubtedly does so, and also that in those lands it has a more deadly character than elsewhere. In one bad outbreak beyond the Atlantic the percentage of mortality to the number of cases was greater than the ordinary plague percentage. Modern medical science will be put on its mettle by this daring appearance of another unknown and most masterful foe to challenge its skill.

unpleasant things, but this pandering to vicious tastes, not confined to the lowest classes, is a disgrace to British journalism.

Queen Alexandra's generous gift of a silver challenge cup to be competed for annually by Miniature Rifle Clubs could not be bettered as a send-off for that rapidly extending movement. Lord Roberts, their promoter, has already jumped at the chance of giving a national character to his project by organising the clubs on a well-thought-out footing. Most of those already in being are well endowed with *esprit de corps* and the spirit of self-sacrifice; what time they can afford from their business avocations is willingly given to rendering themselves more competent for the defence of the kingdom.

Lord Chichester's portrait on this page is by THE GRAPHIC photographer, Lord Castletown's by Chancellor, Dublin, Mr. James Tomkinson's by Stubbs, Crewe, and Mr. Rainy's by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

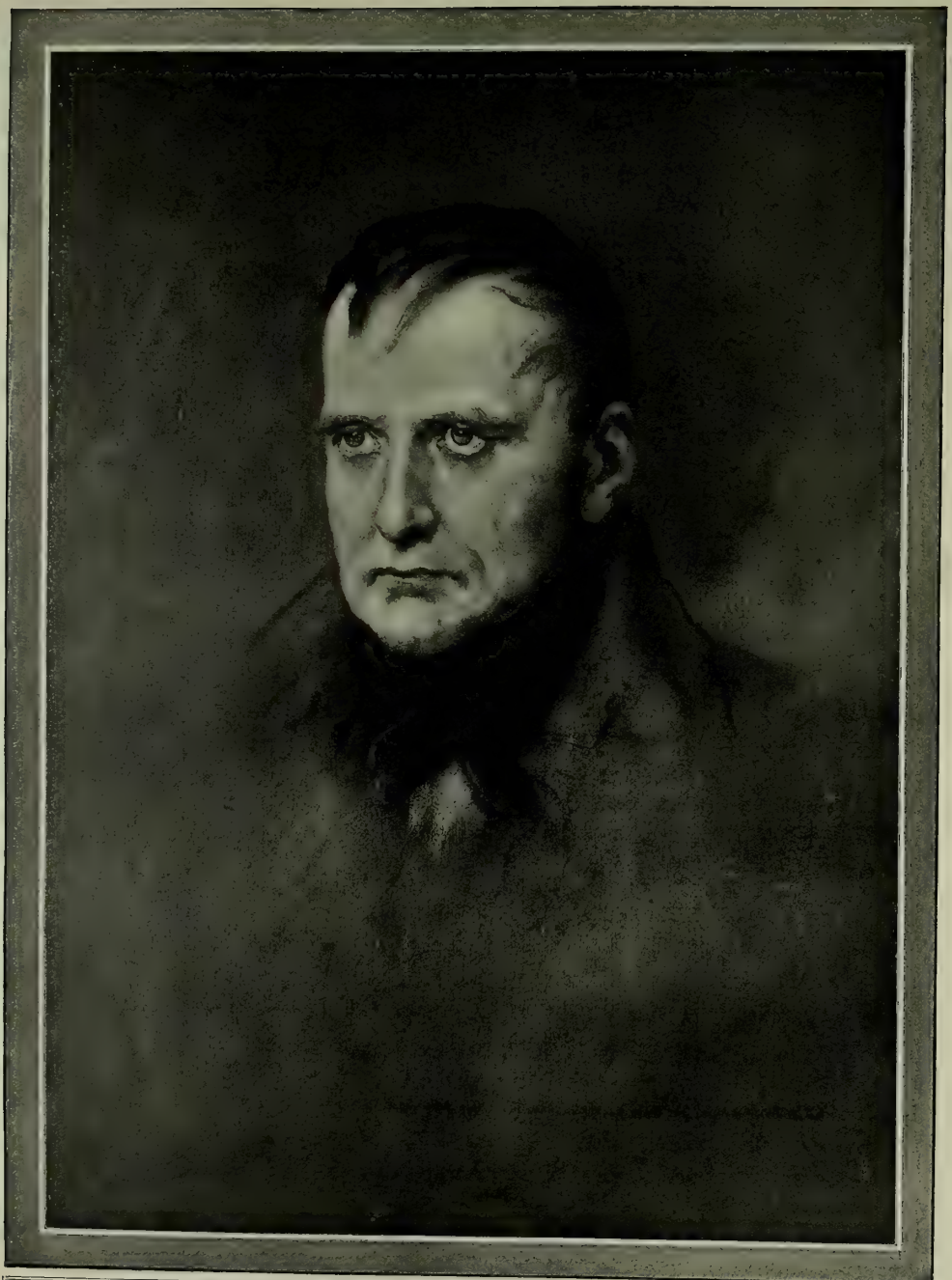
Sixteen years ago, in unpretentious premises, the silversmith's business now conducted by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company was commenced in the City of London. The company now possesses not only large premises at 125 and 126, Fenchurch Street, but a branch in Oxford Street, a manufactory—in which some hundreds of hands are employed—at Sheffield, and branches in centres so far removed from London as Cairo, Alexandria, Singapore, Buenos Ayres, Madrid, and Seville. We have received from the company a copy of their catalogue—one of the most complete issued by any firm of silversmiths.



DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I. FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED THROUGH SIR ALFRED JONES

The Port Kingston was the vessel in which were Sir Alfred Jones and his party. In his account of the disaster the ship's surgeon, Dr. Evans, says:—"The Port Kingston was the only passenger ship in harbour. They brought the wounded to us along the wharf, and after we had cast off they came in boats, dug-outs, lighters, steamers, and every conceivable craft. In an hour's time the companion-ways, alley-ways, decks, second-class saloon, smoke-room, and hatches were simply littered with the dying and wounded; one could not step between them at times without touching a fractured limb! An operating-table was improvised, first in the main companion-way, then in the second saloon, then on the after-deck, and finally on the wharf, and so each section of the ship was dealt with." Over one hundred operations were performed on board, and every man in the ship worked night and day to relieve the sufferings of the victims of the earthquake.

After the Kingston Earthquake: The Port Kingston in the Harbour Taking Wounded on Board



This picture was painted when Lord Rosebery's book on Napoleon, "The Last Phase," was published. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and became, and still is, exceedingly popular. We reproduce it by permission of Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, publishers of the large plate.

"St. Helena: The Last Phase." From the Painting by James Sant, R.A. Presented by Lord Rosebery to the Corporation of Glasgow



The Sultan of Morocco has had a deal of trouble with cattle-raiders, brigands and desperadoes of all descriptions, since the mighty Rai-uli, who kept these gentry somewhat in check in the domain over which he ruled, has had his fall. The country round Tangier has been overrun with men by whom murder is regarded as something like a pleasing pastime, and who live on pillage and terrorism. The Sultan's troops made an expedition recently, and captured scores of prisoners of the worst type of ruffian, who were chained together in the good old Arabian Nights' style, and marched off to Fez, to prison, and to execution.

After a Raid by the Sultan of Morocco's Troops: Captured Desperadoes in Chains on the Way to Fez



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY F. KASKELINE

The defeat of the Socialists in the elections for the Reichstag has been welcomed by the great mass of the people throughout Germany, and Berlin witnessed such demonstrations of loyalty as it had never seen before. When the results of the second ballots were made known fully 10,000 persons assembled in front of the Royal Castle and cheered the Imperial pair, who stood framed in one of the windows, the Empress waving her handkerchief, while the Emperor acknowledged the plaudits of the crowd with constant salutes. "Germany can ride if she will," he assured his hearers in an impromptu speech, which was punctuated with the cheers of the crowd, who gave him the most enthusiastic and spontaneous demonstration ever paid to the ruling monarch by the people of Berlin.

"Hoch Dem Kaiser!": The German Emperor Acknowledging the Plaudits of the Crowd after the Elections

The Late Sir William Howard Russell

THE VETERAN WAR CORRESPONDENT

THE name and fame of the great *Times* "special" are graven deeply in the history of journalism. Few labourers in that field, where thought and action meet, have wrought to better purpose with the pen than William Howard Russell. Those who are content to pursue beaten tracks may indeed earn their reward, but he carved out a domain for himself, and by becoming the recorder of the most dramatic events of half a century, made history his debtor.

Surprising physical and mental vigour, a strong vein of originality and enterprise, the capacity for long sustained work, a vivacity quite Hibernian, and a spirit that never flagged in its cheeriness—these are the qualities that carried Sir William Russell through his fifty years of campaigning, and made him most famous among journalists.

His conversation was rich in reminiscences of stirring times and great events, and filled with anecdotes of the famous soldiers, diplomatists, politicians, and writers who have been making history for fifty years. Sir William owed much to his Irish paternity. He belonged to a hardy race who have borne their part in many distractions of their country; and though he had himself stood in the Conservative interest (for Chelsea) it counts for much that he had a great-grand-uncle who was hanged on Wexford Bridge as a rebel in 1798.

After his training at Trinity College, Dublin, his journalistic work began in writing vivid descriptions of boisterous Irish elections for the *Times*, by which he made his mark.

Sir William Russell had had experience of fighting, and had been slightly wounded, when the Danes met the Prussians at Idstedt in 1852; but he had been called to the Bar, and was somewhat reluctant to abandon his budding promise in 1854. The services he rendered to the country and the Army at that time made him famous. The position of the Press in the field was not then well recognised, and it was due to his tact and patient determination that the development of war correspondence became possible. Sir William Russell sailed with the Light Brigade to Varna, and landed at Old Fort on September 14, 1854. At the Alma he was largely engaged in dodging bullets and pieces of shell, and gave a stirring account of his perils and adventures on that memorable day. Throughout the campaign and siege, to accomplish his task well, he avoided neither hardship nor danger. Columns might be filled with his experiences during the flank march, at Balaclava, at Inkerman, in the expedition to Kertch, and at Sebastopol through all the rigour of that terrible winter. His letters describing the miserable, pitiable, and heartrending condition of our troops, made the country ring with indignation, and set flowing the streams of public bounty. His reward was unpopularity in some quarters, but his work was nobly done, and the years have given sanction to the course he took. He regarded that period with well-justified pride, and his rooms contained many relics from the Crimea, not the least interesting of these being the key of one of the magazines at the Redan, which he removed with his own hand.

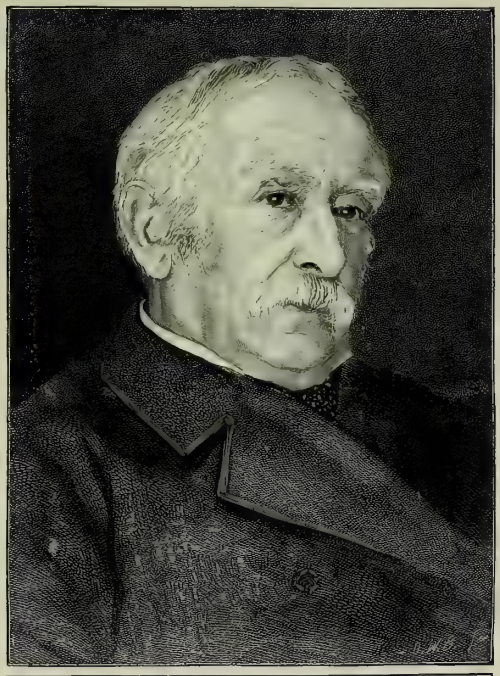
After a trip to Moscow to describe the coronation of the Tsar, Mr. Delane asked the war correspondent to join Sir Colin Campbell's forces operating about Lucknow. The city had been relieved when he joined the headquarters at Cawnpore, but he was present at the capture of it, and afterwards went through the campaign in Oudh. He was very severely injured by the kick of a horse, which drove his scabbard into his thigh, and he was carried in a dhooly into Rohilcund. At Bareilly he escaped by a miracle. His dhooly had been carried into a grove of trees for shelter from the blazing sun, when the cry was raised that the enemy's *sowars* were upon them. He was clad only in his shirt, but his *syce* brought a horse, and he scrambled into the saddle, which scorched a blister upon his leg into agony. The unfortunate *syce* was killed, but Mr. Forbes-Mitchell, in his recent "Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny," has told how Russell escaped.

After his return, decorated with the Indian war medal and the clasp for Lucknow, he founded the *Army and Navy Gazette*. But the indefatigable correspondent was soon afield again, this time to gain some unpopularity with our American cousins. He was made a welcome guest at the White House; but his unvarnished picture of the rout of the Federals at the first battle of Bull Run brought down vials of indignation upon his head from those to whom plain-speaking was unpleasant, and he therefore returned home.

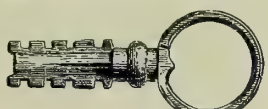
The opening of hostilities between Prussia and Austria took him once more into the tented field. He joined Benedek's headquarters three days before the battle of Königgrätz, which he witnessed, and escaped with great difficulty with the defeated army from the disastrous field of Sadowa.

At the outbreak of the Franco-German War he went to Berlin, and the old German Emperor, then King of Prussia, never spoke more happily than when he received the correspondent as "The ambassador of a new power—the Press." Sir William had a two hours' interview with Bismarck on the day of his arrival, and met and knew all the principal actors in that drama—Moltke, Von Roon, Blumenthal, and many more. He was attached to the Crown Prince's staff as a guest, just before Wörth, and was present at the battle of Sedan and the siege and fall of Paris, which he entered with the Crown Prince, and there witnessed the horrors of the Commune.

Since that time Sir William Russell has led a busy life. He accompanied King Edward (then Prince of Wales) to India as honorary private secretary in 1875, and has written quite a monumental record of the tour. A few years after he went with Lord Wolseley to South Africa, and was present at the capture of Sekukuni's stronghold. He was present in Egypt at the bombardment of Alexandria, and the occupation of Cairo by the British, though not as a correspondent. In 1895 he was knighted, and five years ago the Companionship of the Victorian Order was conferred upon him. He was honorary D.C.L. of Oxford University. Sir William was twice married, and his second wife, the Countess Pia Malvezzi, survives him.



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL
BORN MARCH 28, 1820; DIED FEBRUARY 10, 1907



A RELIC OF THE CRIMEA
Key of one of the Magazines at the Redan which Sir William Russell himself removed.

THE BYSTANDER

"*Stand by.*"—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

"The Ghosts of Paradise Row" would form a good title for a sensational romance, and according to rumour it would have some foundation in fact. Once I wrote in THE GRAPHIC concerning "The Ghosts of Gough Square," which was charmingly illustrated by Mr. Herbert Railton and Mr. John Jellicoe, but I fancy these two clever artists would have even a wider scope for their ability in the spiritual vagaries which are said to take place in and about the first-named neighbourhood. Lest I should be thought to be drawing on my imagination for my facts, I may state that when dining at a most hospitable mansion in Chelsea the other night a lady informed me that since the demolition of Paradise Row the whole neighbourhood had been haunted, and it would appear that the ghosts that have been imprisoned in these old buildings for centuries are now let loose on the parish. Mysterious rappings have been heard, along with strange gruntings and groanings at midnight, and appalling shrieks before daylight. Weird figures have been occasionally seen and strange voices have mowed and gibbered and mocked at the policeman when desired to move on.

It would be satisfactory to have further particulars with regard to this ghostly visitation. If the shades of Nell Gwynn, Walpole, Dr. Richard Mead, the Duchess of Mazarin, John Arbuthnot, Mary Duchess of Ormonde, Sir Hans Sloane, Thomas Doggett, Sir Joseph Banks, the Earl of Sandwich, Sir Isaac Newton, St Evremonde, Sir Thomas More and others are likely to make nocturnal demonstration in this quarter I fancy the inhabitants of the newly erected, smart red-brick, white window-sashed flats will have a lively time of it. The Spook Society should investigate this matter at once. In these days, when everybody is clamouring for "rights," the rights of ghosts should have due consideration, and the question of their eviction should be earnestly discussed. During the recent demolition of old London thousands of fine old crusted ghosts must have been evicted. They are probably now wandering about in search of a home, and the metropolis will be most thoroughly and effectively haunted for many a year to come.

The Coliseum has from its commencement always done everything in the grand style, and seems inclined to still adhere to this principle. The board announcing the approach of the sale of the property is one of the noblest in London, and it is hung where everybody can see it. As a general rule such notices are affixed too

far off, the boards are too small, and the inscription not infrequently weather beaten and indistinct. A short-sighted person has often to use an opera glass before he can thoroughly master the information the board is supposed to convey. No complaint on this score can be made against the authorities at the Coliseum. The board is of vast proportions—I should think it must be twenty feet by thirty—and the lettering is very large and distinct. So much so that I, being very short-sighted, can read all the information conveyed in black and white without using my eye-glass. It is to be hoped that this excellent example may be extensively followed in other street notices. As a general rule they are all much too small. This may be especially noticed in the names of street corners; these might be double the size with considerable advantage. The best street label I know is that of "The Broadway" on Westminster Hospital.

It is a strange thing that the gas companies did not combine to celebrate the centenary of the introduction of gas into London, which only occurred the other day. Examples of the feeble burners which first lit up Pall Mall beside the most brilliant illuminations of the moment would have been very interesting. Notwithstanding the fact that gas has flourished a hundred years, there are many who hold that we have not seen the best of it yet. *The Daily Telegraph* said the other day:—"Gas has done wonders for London, and it will do still more. There were those who thought that its doom was written when its more sparkling younger sister appeared on the scene." Strangely enough, it was after the electric-light was publicly shown at the Gaiety Theatre by John Hollingshead, more than thirty years ago, that improvements began to take place in gaslighting. Up to that period it had a monopoly of the illumination of London and most other towns, and was content to jog along in an old-fashioned way, without thinking of bettering its condition. The introduction of electricity, however, altered all that, and must be responsible for the extraordinary improvement that has taken place in gaslight during the last few years. We are a strange people. Now that many are returning to gas, an enormous electricity scheme for London is being entertained. In a like manner the Channel Tunnel is being advocated—when long before it is constructed (if it ever *is* constructed), at an enormous expense, passengers will probably be gaily flying across the Straits of Dover in aeroplanes at comparatively trifling charges.

Alarming reports have been current lately with regard to the spread of alopecia, and some papers have made merry with regard to the number of polished craniums that may be seen any night you please in the stalls at the theatre or any Sunday you like in church. This is all the more extraordinary as there has probably never been a period when so much attention was paid to the growth of the hair or so many inventions devised for the promotion of its luxuriance. I do not know that baldness is more general than it was in the days of my youth, but whether it is or not the whole question could be speedily settled if some leader of fashion would start the custom of shaving the head and wearing the early Georgian wig. Then, with the modern custom of closely-razored faces, we should all look about the same age, and all rude remarks with regard to sparsity of hair would be effectually silenced.

COMFORTS FOR M.P.'S

Not long since the House of Commons was thoroughly overhauled. Not only was the Chamber itself slightly altered—a small shuffling of seating accommodation which led to the "I spy strangers" incident of last Session—but changes were made in other directions, which make the House more comfortable for members than ever before. A new dining-room for the Commons was constructed near the Terrace, space from the Lords' offices having been appropriated for the purpose. One of their Lordships' Committee Rooms—Room B—was converted into another dining-room for Commoners, so that, with their handsome tea-room and the tables on the Terrace in the summer, they have now little to grumble at so far as refreshment is concerned. The M.P. can eat his chop and take his cup of tea in the greatest comfort. He can also smoke his cigar in peace in the new coffee-room and the smoking-room. The House of Lords have had their libraries renovated.

PARLIAMENT'S REOPENING: WHERE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IS FED



"THE CUP THAT CHEERS": IN THE TEA-ROOM



THE NEWLY-CONSTRUCTED DINING-ROOM



THE KITCHEN AND ITS FAMOUS GRILL

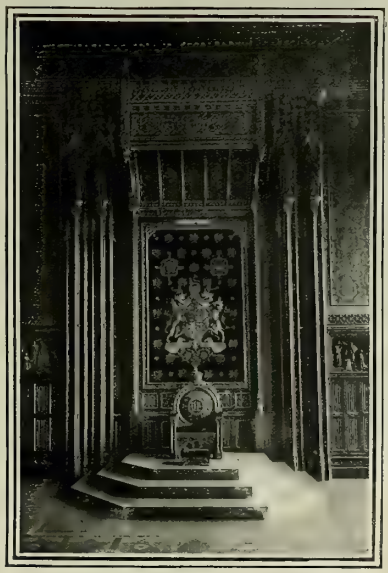
"THE BEST CLUB IN EUROPE": THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE LOWER CHAMBER

Photos by Frith.

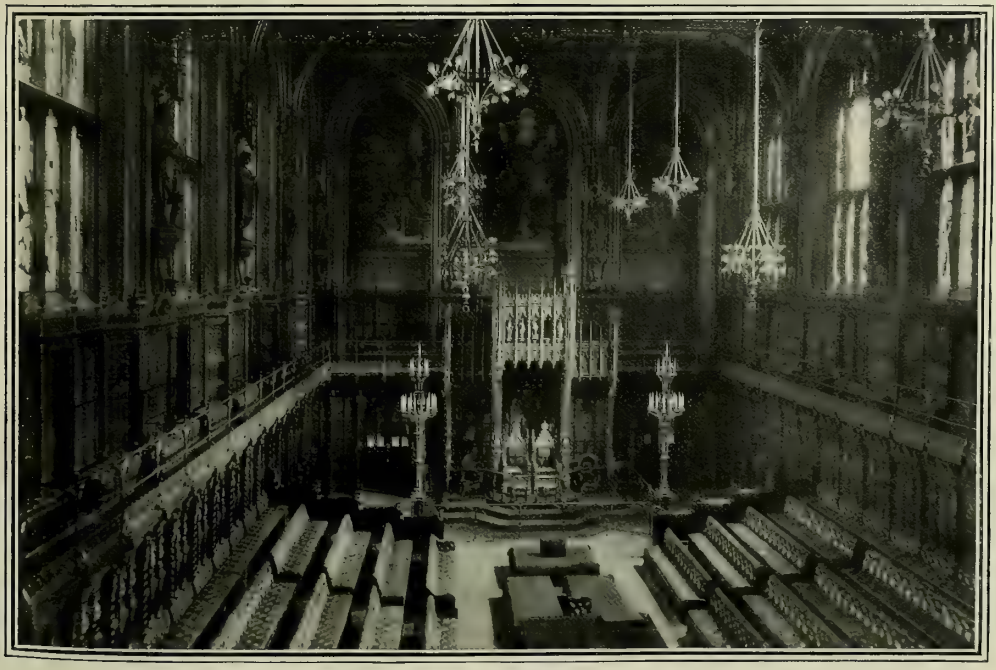
PARLIAMENT'S REOPENING: THE HOUSE OF LORDS



THE SPACIOUS FRESCOED ROYAL GALLERY



THE THRONE IN THE KING'S ROBING-ROOM



IN THE "GILDED CHAMBER": THE THRONE, FROM WHICH KING EDWARD READ HIS SPEECH

Photos by Frith

The London County Council Elections: The Case for Municipal Reform

By W. G. TOWLER, Secretary to the London Municipal Society.

THE FIGHT FOR LONDON

On Saturday, March 2, London will be called upon to elect 118 councillors to the London County Council. The voters, male and female, who may exercise the franchise at this election number over 800,000. Though local government touches the people more closely than Imperial administration, it is a strange fact that less than fifty per cent. of the total London electorate cast their votes at London County Council elections. At this moment London is ruled by a Council whose revenue and expenditure is equal to that of some European States, and whose powers and duties affect five millions of people. The dominant party on that Council secured control in 1889, and, except for a brief interval of three years (1895-98), have always held unchecked sway, though less than 25 per cent. of the voters favoured their cause at every one of the six triennial elections that have taken place during the past eighteen years. It is this lack of local patriotism that is responsible for the rapid growth of rates and debt. "Rash expenditure of money," says Mr. John Morley in his Life of Gladstone, "extracted from the taxpayer and the ratepayer is the besetting vice and peril of democracy." The people of London are paying double the amount of rates per head that is paid in the large provincial towns, yet the advantages of Progressive government in London are certainly not double those given by municipal administration in the County Boroughs.

Strong attempts are being made by Progressive apologists to persuade Londoners that the Progressives are only "farthing wastrels." The following table of the L.C.C. rate, and the sum raised, indicates the real facts:

Year.	Rate.	Sum raised.
1899-00	13½d.	£2,042,000
1906-7	17d.	£3,018,000

The cost of education under L.C.C. management has alarmed Lord Welby, the Progressive Finance Minister, who asks, "Is there to be no limit to educational expenditure?" In three years the Education Rate has been increased by the Council by 4d., and it is estimated that, if Progressive aims are realised, the education rate will rise by 6d. in the next few years.

Turning to the net debt of the London County Council we find (excluding education debt) the following figures:—

1900	£23,032,000
1906	£34,000,000

In addition, there is a floating debt of some four millions, and schemes have been passed by the Council involving the addition of another twenty millions to the debt for which the Council is solely responsible. It must be remembered, too, that the Council sanctions the loans of other London authorities, and its use or misuse of that power has had no inconsiderable effect in piling up London's total debt of £109,000,000, or £138 per family. Space does not permit reference to the many blunders and the extravagance of Progressive administration. The whole position was clearly summed up in the speech of Mr. (now Sir) Andrew Torrance (a Progressive ex-chairman of the Council), on July 16, 1905, at a meeting of the London County Council:—"If ever there was a case of Rake's Progress, it seems to me, without respect of party, it is the position of the London County Council at the present moment. The commitments of the Council are appalling." The evil effects of this "Rake's Progress" are seen in the exodus of industries, and in the removal of the middle classes to the less-rated districts outside London. The terrible pressure of the rates upon the people is proved by the startling fact that in fourteen London Boroughs nearly 105,000 persons were summoned for non-payment of their rates in the six months between September, 1905, and March, 1906. Not all the cunning oratory of Progressive speakers can explain away these eloquent proofs of the bitter burden of the ratepayers. The Municipal Reform Party (composed of all classes and all sections of political thought) advocate a strict system of financial control, and prudent progress at a rate which the people can afford. Municipal Reform stands for Economy—not parsimony.

Another and perhaps more important issue at this election is Socialism. The Progressive party are imbued with Socialistic principles. The presence in their ranks of such prominent Socialists as Professor Sidney Webb, Mr. William Crooks, M.P., Mr. George Lansbury, and Mr. John Burns, M.P., and the fact that the general body of Socialists take part in the selection of and work for the Progressive candidates, should arouse the opponents



of Socialism to a sense of their peril. The parochial introduction of Socialism by Progressive methods spells far graver danger to the welfare of the community than Socialistic measures passed by the Legislature. Lurid examples of the consequences which follow from Progressive-Socialist government are seen in the cases of Poplar and West Ham. Progressive policy demands that further large powers and duties shall be given to the L.C.C. The inevitable result will be to drive the best men out of local government, because they cannot afford the time necessary to efficiently discharge their civic duties. Local government will thus fall into the hands of men with axes to grind. Maladministration, if not actual corruption, must follow. To prevent such a catastrophe it is necessary that London should on March 2nd next return Municipal Reformers with a strong majority which will ensure sound and prudent progress.



TWO OF THE MUNICIPAL REFORMERS' POSTERS, TO BE DISPLAYED NEXT WEEK ON LONDON'S HOARDINGS

THE THEATRES

THE WAYS OF A PHILANDERER

When a word which has dropped out of everyday use is brought back into prominence, it is generally illuminative to look up the stranger in a dictionary. The definition of philander is, I find, "to make love sentimentally to a lady; to flirt; to pretend to admiration." Mr. Shaw has brought back into use the one word which exactly describes his own attitude towards the drama. He pretends admiration for it, he flirts with it, but he has never yet been in love with it seriously. In his later works he shows, at times, that he is beginning to feel it incumbent on him to pretest the reality of his sentiments by adopting certain conventional forms of technique; of which the satirical comedy portions of *The Doctor's Dilemma* are an excellent example. But, nine years ago, when he published *The Philanderer*, this necessity had not dawned upon him; therefore, its production at the COURT Theatre is not without interest, as a glaring proof of his flirtation with the drama for his own amusement and advantage, the while he is spoken of by some people, as well as by himself, as the Shakespeare of our time! If any apology is needed for treating the subject seriously, I may quote from *The Philanderer*: "If you take life seriously, why not take the stage seriously?"

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To abuse is not to criticise, therefore, in taking *The Philanderer* seriously, it is necessary to do more than say, as many have already said, that it is unreal, unamusing, and the acme of bad taste in conception and in dialogue. It is worse, it is bad art, based upon the degenerate form of melodrama as that is understood on the Surrey side of the Thames. Charteris is neither more nor less than the conventional villain, who gets all he can out of Julia Craven without marriage, and is utterly heartless and unmannerly in trying to throw her off when he has got all she can give him. He proposes to marry Grace Tranfield, not because he wishes to, but in order to free himself from Julia; and when Grace says she will not marry him, he exclaims "Marry some one else and then I can philander with you." Further still, when Julia has become engaged to Dr. Paramore—the non-marrying blackguard seizes both her hands and kisses them, saying "My own Julia." When she threatens to strike him he calls her "My beautiful Julia, with the loveliest hands in the world." No melodramatic villain has ever risen so high as to insult the woman he has treated shamefully, with her father and her *fiancé* looking on. If there were any reality of humanity in Charteris the man would be afraid to go so far, for fear Julia should turn and declare the truth about the relationship that has been between them. If there were any truth in the drawing of Julia's character, such a creature of uncontrolled passion would turn and upset all Charteris's calculations by doing this. No dramatist could have missed such a fine situation; but, then, nobody but a philandering dramatist could have handled the splendid subject of a young woman making a practical experiment in the Ibsen philosophy of love, untramelled by responsibility, and have made so little of it as Mr. Shaw has. To fritter it away as an excuse for a few more or less brilliant epigrams is to have thrown away a great opportunity.

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Mr. Shaw does not handle even one emotional scene truly. When Paramore proposes to Julia, she flies from his embrace, declaring that she will be able to bear it presently, thus showing a physical repugnance which no doctor would be at any pains to diagnose, but Paramore troubles little about it. What an opportunity missed for a fine scene with a chance for subtle acting if Paramore had asked Julia, as many men in the circumstances would do, why she had accepted him, since clearly she did not love him. As to the bad taste of the play, it is sufficient to say that Colonel Craven and Mr. Cuthbertson, who have been rival suitors for the late Mrs. Cuthbertson's hand, discuss her imperfections together, Cuthbertson mentioning that his dead wife had said that she was sorry she hadn't taken Craven! The actors did nearly all that could be done for the piece; but actors cannot make human beings out of characters drawn without a touch of humanity. There is one simple test I would suggest to worshippers of Mr. Shaw. Has he ever drawn a tear from any member of an audience? Yet the subjects he deals with are generally deep and serious, it is only his treatment of them which is neither.

"DRAMATICUS."

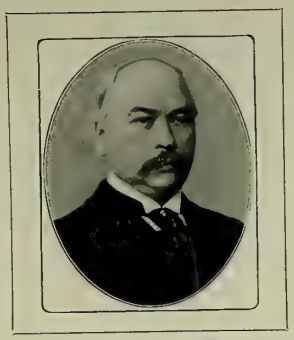
THE F.O. BAG By Lucien Wolf

Mr. Stead once hailed Professor de Martens, the famous international jurist, as "the unofficial Chief Justice of Christendom." It is not a little piquant to note that this eminent magistrate is now busily engaged in executing justice on—Mr. Stead himself. While Mr. Stead has been impetuously careering about Europe as the apostle of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's gospel of Disarmament, Professor de Martens, at the instance of the Tsar, has been persuading the Chancelleries to pay no attention to him. This is what Professor de Martens' European mission amounts to. He has completely upset Mr. Stead's "apple-cart" — to use a metaphor dear to another of Mr. Stead's broken idols—in Berlin and Paris, and he is now in London on the same unkind errand.

There are few more interesting figures in modern diplomacy than Frederick de Martens. He is one of the many valuable intellectual gifts which the Baltic Provinces have generously given to the public life of Muscovy. Some three and a half decades ago he became Professor of International Law at the University of St. Petersburg, and from that position he has gradually extended his erudite sway, until to-day he is recognised as a sort of Pontiff of the Law of Nations. No international conference, no great arbitral tribunal is complete without him. His opinions are cited with all the awe which attaches to the names of Grotius, Puffendorff and Vattel. More fortunate, however, than his academic predecessors, he has been able to give considerable practical effect to the doctrines of the jurists. He is virtually the father of the remarkable series of International Conferences which have, so to speak, civilised war, and submitted it to the ever-growing competition of Arbitration. He has visited England more than once before, and he has frequently acted on tribunals to which our grievances with other States have been submitted—notably in the Costa Rica Packet case, and in our frontier dispute with Venezuela. At the last Hague Conference he officiated as a sort of *alter ego* of M. de Staal, the venerable President of that assembly.

M. de Martens was received by Sir Edward Grey last Wednesday, when he explained the objects of his mission at length. He has two salient antipathies so far as the programme of the next Hague Conference is concerned. One is the question of the limitation of armaments, the other that of the Drago doctrine. Neither has been included in the programme of the Conference as laid down by the Tsar, and it is the desire of the Russian Government that they shall not be introduced, on the ostensible ground that they are not ripe for solution, and that they will only lead to divergences of opinion, and perhaps to angry controversies, when it is above all necessary that harmony shall prevail. M. de Martens was able to show the Foreign Secretary that it would be a waste of time to discuss the question of Disarmament since Russia has already secured the support of both Germany and France, and there can be little doubt that Austria will follow suit. In any event he asked that the Conference should be spared surprises, and that if the question was to be raised at all it should be embodied in a practical and detailed proposal to be circulated among the Powers before the Conference meets.

This is, of course, a complete *volte face* on the part of Russia, seeing that at the last Conference it was the Tsar himself who raised the question of Disarmament. To say that Disarmament is impracticable does not adequately explain the Tsar's change of mind, for it was not less impracticable in 1899. At that time, however, it was to the interest of Russia to work for it, although I am far from suggesting that that was the chief or even the conscious motive of his action. Now, however, after a great war, which has disorganised his Army and annihilated his Navy, nothing could be more unwelcome. A halt all round would be obviously unjust to Russia; a graduated scale, which would give her an opportunity of restoring her normal strength while other Powers were more or less restricted, would not be listened to by her competitors, notably Japan. In these circumstances, M. de Martens has certainly given Sir Edward Grey a hard nut to crack in asking him to put his proposals into detailed shape.



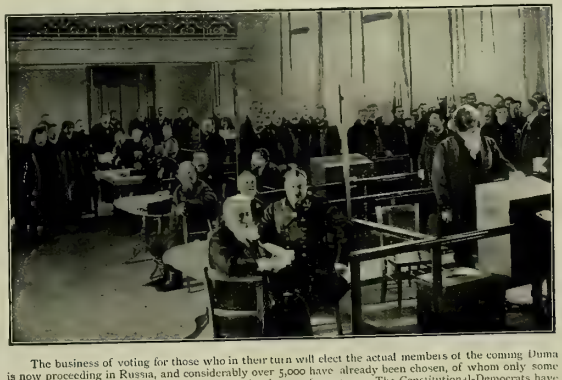
PROFESSOR DE MARTENS

This eminent Russian authority on International Law came to London this week on a mission from the Tsar in connection with the forthcoming Hague Conference.



BARON DAIROKU KIKUCHI

West is learning from the East through the lectures on Japanese education by Baron Dairoku Kikuchi. The Baron is a man of mark in Japan, but it must be remembered that in his lectures here he is giving us back something at least of what we taught him at University College School, London, where he was educated, and at Cambridge, of which University, as well as of London, he is a graduate. Photo by J. Ingram Bryan, Nagasaki.



The business of voting for those who in their turn will elect the actual members of the coming Duma is now proceeding in Russia, and considerably over 5,000 have already been chosen, of whom only some twenty-five per cent. are pledged to support the forces of reaction. The Constitutional-Democrats have met with striking success, and in Moscow all the 160 electors returned belong to that party, who have also obtained sweeping majorities at Smolensk, Saratoff, Astrakhan, Vladivostok and other places.

ELECTING THE DUMA ELECTORS: A VOTING STATION IN ST. PETERSBURG

In his survey of Foreign Affairs in this month's *Contemporary Review*, Dr. Dillon has some interesting speculations on the negotiations for a war indemnity at the Portsmouth Peace Conference in August, 1905. Dr. Dillon is quite right in his belief that the Japanese demand for an indemnity was not a bluff. From the beginning of the war it was the one piece of pure *naïveté* in the Japanese plan. I remember my astonishment when it was first explained to me by a junior member of the Mikado's Diplomatic Service. Later on, when the first whispers of peace began to reach the newspapers, I entered into communication with one of the most distinguished of the Tokyo statesmen, and he was good enough to give me an outline of the Japanese demands, which I communicated at the time to a London evening paper. A large indemnity figured in this programme. I ventured to protest that the money would never be forthcoming, whereupon my friend unfolded to me a most ingenious plan for securing it. Still I was incredulous. "In the first place," I argued, "Russia can't pay, and in the second place, she can fight without money;" and I added: "If you persist in this demand, you will not only never obtain an indemnity, but you will ruin yourselves into the bargain."

A few months ago I had an opportunity of reminding my distinguished friend of our conversation, and I rather plumed myself on having been wiser than he. "Substantially," he said, "you were right, but not quite right. If the military operations had turned out precisely as we had hoped, I still think there would have been a chance of getting the indemnity. At any rate, you were wrong in thinking Russia could not pay. When the Portsmouth Conference met, her credit was good enough for the war indemnity and another hundred millions to boot. But what disconcerted us was the revelation that she actually preferred to use her resources in prolonging the war, and we knew very well that, after another year's fighting, she would be quite unable to raise any money either for an indemnity or for anything else. That was the sole reason why we gave way." It was, perhaps, not the sole reason; but the explanation is interesting, especially as it is in the highest sense authoritative.

Some irritation was caused in this country last week by the reference of a German paper to the French Republic as "King Edward's branch establishment." This piece of bad taste scarcely deserved the indignation vented upon it, but I am a little surprised to note that a still more indecorous pronouncement, in precisely the same vein, made by an eminent Frenchman, has been completely hushed up by the newspaper correspondents. This is neither wise nor playing the game. The pronouncement to which I refer appears in a pamphlet entitled "Edouard VII. et Clemenceau; La France Conquise,' and it is written by M. Flourens. The larger part of it is a kind of open letter to the King, in which he is reproached with having assisted in "the moral and material ruin of France" by countenancing the Administration of "Clemenceau and Picquart." These personages are throughout referred to as "*vos proconsuls*," and the King is entreated to give instructions to them to cease their destructive work. If this pamphlet were by some unknown man it would deserve to be ignored. But M. Flourens is an ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, and it was he who negotiated the Franco-Russian alliance. Moreover, his pamphlet has been not a little boomed by the Reactionary Press of Paris. Surely this is a symptom which ought not to be hidden from public opinion on this side of the Channel.

"PLACE AUX DAMES"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE French Riviera seems to be losing its charm for the English, many of whom go further afield, to Malta, Egypt and India, others to the amusing sportive resorts of Switzerland. Yet the Riviera still holds its own in the minds of faithful friends as the most accessible spot to England, and one where sunshine, if not great heat, is to be found. Frosts and cold winds have this year wrought havoc with the lovely flowers; the violets bend their modest heads abashed and crushed by the cold; the carnations look pinched; the mimosa is scarcely yet in full flower, and the odorous freezias seem to have lost their scent. Yet the Carnival opened in as joyous a mood as ever. At Nice, King and Queen Carnival were seen trying to spend a quiet honeymoon, much disturbed by the active exertions of the Press, whose representatives pursued them, as they have done many other illustrious personages, to their great discomfiture. The giant peacock was this year the typical bird, and the gorgeousness of his plumage and the brilliant illuminations formed a gay and dazzling spectacle. To the staid English the humours of the Carnival, the dancing in the streets, the shouts of laughter, and the incessant throwing of confetti appear foolish, but to the warm hearted Southerner it is full of genuine enjoyment, and the news that the French fleet will not this year participate in the battle of flowers at Villefranche, which formed one of the prettiest sights imaginable, has caused general consternation and regret.

The terrible tragedy of Lady Dorothy Cuthbert's death recalls the dangers of shooting, and especially for the onlooker accompanying the guns, a habit growing more and more frequent among women, and one which requires the greatest prudence. A sudden exclamation, a forward advance, the wrong position, innumerable small accidents are liable to distract the sportsman, while many in the presence of their admiring womankind let themselves be carried away by excitement and forget the caution necessary. I do not remember any other case of a lady being killed by her husband, but in the family of Lord Powis one of the sons shot his father dead by accident, and many instances of maiming, wounding, and loss of eyesight, the commonest mishap of all, will occur to everyone's memory. It is difficult to know which of the actors in the sad drama is more to be pitied, the promising, happy young life cut short so piteously, or the unfortunate husband bereaved of his wife, and left to bear the stings of unending remorse. Everyone's heart will go out in pity and sympathy to him.

Miss Pennington, the daughter of the Rector of St. Clement Danes, the name of which church recalls the favourite nursery rhymes and the game which delighted our childhood, introduced a very novel and charming innovation at her recent wedding. Instead of the military guard which gives the touch of colour, and is so favourite a custom at many fashionable marriages, she had a guard of factory and flower girls to fill the aisle, and a company of mothers, selected from the mothers' meeting, to line the road from the church to the hotel, where the reception took place. The idea is much to be commended. The average wedding is a mere matter of show and display, having no connection with ordinary life, whereas the presence of those associated with the bride's activities and charities form a true link of affection, and bring a touch of realism into what is often a mere meretricious spectacle. The novel practice could be extended in all directions; for instance, the aisles could be lined by pretty actresses, famous jockeys, Stock Exchange men, golfers, motorists, bridge players, in their usual costumes, according to the vocation of the bride or bridegroom, while cripples, nurses, school children, etc., might fill their respective niches at the weddings of the philanthropist.



King Edward and Queen Alexandra were present last week at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, Paris, to see the great actress in M. Zamacois's play, *Les Bouffons*, in which she took the part of the hunchback jester, Jacasse. During one of the intervals their Majesties warmly congratulated Madame Bernhardt on her performance. It will be observed from our photograph that Madame Bernhardt did not make the hunchback's deformity too pronounced.

APPLAUDED BY KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA: SARAH BERNHARDT AS THE HUNCHBACK JESTER, JACASSE, IN "LES BOUFFONS" AT HER PARIS THEATRE

The modern housewife takes too little account of herbs. Our ancestors possessed herb gardens long before they cultivated flower gardens, and were careful always to give them their fullest meed of attention. Herbs were used as disinfectants, as scents, as purifiers of the air. To this day the judge on the Bench has a bunch of herbs beside him. The late Lady Burdett-Coutts showed great love for these delightful and aromatic plants, and the little bunch of herbs placed on her coffin gave a distinct and touching note to her funeral. In Italy sweet herbs were strewn on the chamber floors, in the streets, and on biers; Shakespeare often mentions them with knowledge and affection; brides wore them in their bosoms. Baroness de Bunsen, in a letter from Rome in 1820, describes the *fête* of the Corpus Christi, and says that between an avenue of columns of foliage, "the centre of the street was covered first with box, rosemary, sage, and sweet herbs, and then divided into compartments strewn with flowers of all kinds, in various devices, the possessor of every house taking care to ornament the compartment before his dwelling." It being June, the flowers employed were the yellow broom, the white matricula, the scarlet wild poppy, and the purple and lilac wild Venus' looking-glass, but roses and carnations were used more sparingly. The effect was both pretty and poetical. Strewing of flowers was a common ceremonial custom everywhere in the Middle Ages, but sweet herbs always kept their popularity both in the house and in the street.

The suffragettes have erased the word obey from the Marriage Service as degrading to the sex. Abstract justice never was the strong point of the female mind, which lives more by its emotions and passions than by its logic; but the word *obey*, no doubt, had its uses, and was inserted by the ingenious fathers of the Church as a means of obviating domestic quarrels between two people, each bent on having their own way. A student of human nature has said no couple can be happy till they have had their trial of strength, and found out which is to be master. It is the same with animals. Dogs fight till one is beaten, cocks till one crows triumphantly. In the same way the woman, physically and socially weaker, was required to obey her husband.



With the example before us of the Spithead Fort, which the War Office recently advertised as suitable for conversion into a "small seaside hotel," we need not be surprised to find that Trinity House is letting its superannuated lighthouses as "desirable villa residences." The abandoned lower lighthouse at the South Foreland is now occupied as a private dwelling-house, and the erection of the new lighthouse at Portland Bill has thrown two others on the market.

THE SOUTH FORELAND LOWER LIGHTHOUSE CONVERTED INTO A PRIVATE DWELLING



The British full-rigged ship Netherby, of 1,400 tons net register, sailed from Maryport on June 21, bound for Talcahuano, on the west coast of South America, and nothing has been heard of her since July 13, when she was spoken in 19 N, 25 W. It is feared that she has been lost with all hands in the neighbourhood of Cape Horn, where immense numbers of icebergs were sighted during the southern winter months.

HOPELESSLY OVERDUE: THE BRITISH SHIP NETHERBY, MISSING SINCE LAST JULY



"The Hammock"

FROM THE PICTURE BY JOHN LAVERY EXHIBITED AT THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF SCULPTORS, PAINTERS AND GRAVERS

COURT AND SOCIETY

The King's Pages

Master Victor Alexander Spencer, who was sixteen last August, now retires from the desirable post of Page of Honour to His Majesty, and is succeeded by Master George Ronald Lane. Master Spencer was godson of Queen Victoria, like his father, Lord Churchill, who was also in his youth Page of Honour to her late Majesty. Lord Churchill's mother, Jane Lady Churchill, was, perhaps, the most intimate friend of Queen Victoria's later years, and grief at her death seven years ago undoubtedly shortened the life of her Royal mistress. Mr. Spencer will in due course receive a commission, for ex-Pages of Honour are always advanced in whatever profession they may choose. Master Lane, the new Page, is the son of Major-General Sir Ronald Lane, extra Equerry to the Duke of Connaught. He is a pleasant, bright-faced boy of thirteen, who is likely to be very popular at Court. On the distaff side he has the blood of the Bagots and the Legges in his veins, while his father's family ranks high among the ancient untitled aristocracy of England.

Their Majesties' Friend

The King and Queen were much distressed at the untimely death of Lady Victoria Grenfell, and their Majesties telegraphed a most sympathetic message to Lord and Lady Grey in Canada. Following close on that bereavement comes the loss of a much older friend in the Countess Cadogan, whose end, which seemed so terribly sudden, places many well-known people in mourning. Lady Cadogan belonged to a group of well-known sisters, of whom, perhaps, the most notable was Lady Emily Van de Weyer, the daughter-in-law of that Belgian Minister at the Court of St. James's who played so great a part in the Court life of the last reign. Other sisters were Elizabeth Lady Wilton and Lady Coventry. Lady Cadogan was a stately *grande dame*, of distinguished presence and exquisite charm of manner. She had unbounded social influence, which she used wholly for good, for she was imbued with a strong sense of the duties and responsibilities of her station. She was equally beloved in Ireland, where her husband was Viceroy for seven years, and on his estates in Chelsea and in Suffolk. Both she and her husband had long been members of the most intimate Court circle; the King stood sponsor to her eldest son, whose death when he was only twelve years old was an unspeakable grief to her. The Queen and the Princess Royal are the godmothers of two of Lord and Lady Chelsea's little girls, and when the long-expected son and heir was born to Lord Chelsea nearly four years ago, the important baby had both the King and the Prince of Wales for godfathers.

The Princess Royal at Gibraltar

It is reassuring to learn that the Princess Royal is deriving much benefit from her visit to Gibraltar. Her Royal Highness is at the summer villa of the Governor, not far from the famous Europa Point, which lies open to all the invigorating sea winds. The Governor's villa is quite near the Monkeys' Cave, where the only wild monkeys in Europe are found; they are really Barbary apes, and are said to be gradually dying out. On these flats, Barbary partridges, which are not found elsewhere in Europe, also abound. There are plenty of sights at Gibraltar, and we may be sure that the young Princesses Alexandra and Maud have already been through the extraordinary galleries which were tunnelled through the rock during the great siege more than a hundred years ago. In that part of the rock which is closed to the public is St. Michael's Cave, one of the many wonderful stalactite caverns in the heart of the Rock, and in which are often found the remains of prehistoric man. St. Michael's Cave is more than two hundred feet long and over sixty feet high, and it is the custom to illuminate it with Bengal fire when it is shown to privileged visitors.



LADY BROUGHAM AND VAUX
Photo by Beresford.



MISS ABERCROMBY
In honour of whose birthday a ball will be given on Tuesday.
Photo by the Cosway Gallery.

On the Wing to the South

Without going quite so far South as the Princess Royal, a good many people are on the wing already to blue seas and sunny skies. Lady Brougham and Vaux has gone to Cannes, the famous resort which owes its existence to the great Lord Chancellor Brougham, her husband's uncle. She was Miss Adora Wells, the daughter of Mr. Peter Wells, who was a notable figure in Victorian society, and who figures in one of Ouida's novels under the name of Mr. Silverly Bell. Her first husband was Sir Richard Musgrave, of Eden Hall, and the present baronet and his sisters—Mrs. Compton, of Minstead, and Mrs. Farquharson, of Invercauld—are her children. After the death of Sir Richard Musgrave she married the present Lord Brougham a few years before he succeeded to the title, and she is the mother of the singularly gifted Miss "Baba" Brougham, and also of a son who will come of age next year. Lady Brougham is noted in Society for her original taste in dress. The dictates of fashion have no terrors for her, but she has her own style, which is triumphantly successful. Red is a colour of which she is very fond; and the story goes that once, when she was Lady Musgrave, of Eden Hall, she had the park and garden gates painted bright red, and dressed in red cloaks a number of old women who were employed in weeding!

At the Château Eléonore

The Château Eléonore is a real château, as is proved by a decree of King Louis Philippe granted to the first Lord Brougham. It was when the defender of Queen Caroline was posting back from Italy along the Corniche road that he was so struck by the softness of the air and the beauty of the scenery that he determined to build himself a house there for his old age. He made a drive straight up through the gardens to the front entrance, but this has now been planted over for the sake of privacy, and you do not see the house till you come right on it. It is a comfortable, roomy house, in an unpretentious style of architecture; and one of the most interesting things in it is a tablet engraved with the pathetic epitaph written in Latin elegiacs by Lord Wellesley on the occasion of the death of the first Lord Brougham's idolised only daughter. The gardens are wonderful; on one occasion when the King dined at the château, the gardeners were able to cut more than two thousand Maréchal Niels without their being perceptibly missed. In addition to roses, of which Lord and Lady Brougham pride themselves on having every possible variety, there are an extraordinary number of different kinds of mimosa; while the trees are most carefully cultivated, and attract more nightingales than any other garden in Cannes.

Miss Abercromby

Among the most charming of twentieth-century *débutantes* is Miss Nina Abercromby, who will receive a host of congratulations on her birthday, which occurs on the 28th. She is the daughter of Sir Robert Abercromby, who died with such terrible suddenness before the birth of her younger brother, who is now twelve. Her mother, who comes of the ancient Anglo Irish family of Coote, is now Lady Northbrook. Like her husband, Lady Northbrook is remarkably tall, with an abundance of lovely fair hair, and she has retained her look of youth in an astonishing degree. Her marriage with the then Lord Baring was a touching romance, for, like her, he had suffered a terrible bereavement, his first wife, the daughter of Colonel Davidson, having died suddenly only a few weeks after their wedding. It is happier to think of the ball that Lady Northbrook is giving on Tuesday for Miss Abercromby; her younger daughter, who bears the pretty names of Myrtle Vere, will not be seventeen until we enter upon the month of roses.

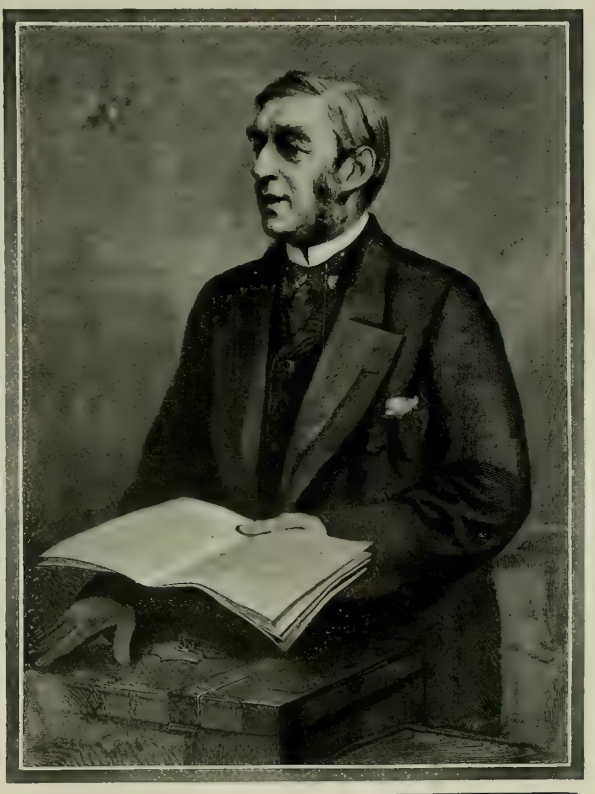
THE LATE LORD GOSCHEN

AN APPRECIATION
By Harold Cox, M.P.

BY the death of Lord Goschen England has lost one of those statesmen whose existence is an honour to the country that has produced them. That honour in the case of Lord Goschen belongs wholly to England, for though he was of German extraction, he was born in England, educated at an English public school and an English University, and lived his life in England. Connected by birth with a great financial house, a business career lay before him when he left Oxford, but though he never entirely forsook the City his mind had been too far bent towards politics by University influences to permit him to remain satisfied to be only a City man. At the early age of thirty-two he was put forward at a by-election as Liberal candidate for the City of London—a constituency which at that date, 1863, was a stronghold of Liberalism—and was elected without opposition. This was the beginning of a great political career.

Within three years he had been promoted to a seat in the Cabinet of Lord John Russell, and two years later became President of the Board of Trade, and subsequently First Lord of the Admiralty in Mr. Gladstone's famous Ministry of 1868. That Ministry represented the culmination of what may perhaps best be called Victorian Liberalism. Mr. Goschen was heartily in sympathy with all the ideals that this phrase included. He was in favour of the disestablishment of the Irish Church; he was a keen advocate for the abolition of sectarian tests at the Universities and of purchase in the army; he warmly supported the introduction of the ballot and Mr. W. E. Forster's great scheme of elementary education. In some ways indeed his Liberalism was ahead of his generation. He was the author of a large scheme for the reform of local taxation, but our system of local taxation still remains unreformed; and throughout his life he gave much of his time and energy to increasing popular opportunities for higher education. The ideal underlying these measures and their purposes were the old Liberal ideas of the enlargement of human liberty and the creation, as far as possible, of equal opportunities for all. While preserving these ideals throughout his life, Mr. Goschen steadily set his face against many of the proposals which his Liberal associates gradually adopted. He was opposed, at any rate for a time, to the extension of the franchise, and he strongly resisted Mr. Chamberlain's famous "three acres and a cow." But there was no definite breach between Mr. Goschen and the Liberal party until the year 1886, when Mr. Gladstone, with startling precipitancy, became a convert to Home Rule. In the long and passionate conflict that ensued, Mr. Goschen played a leading part as a member of the distinguished band of Liberal Unionists whose secession from the Liberal party had destroyed Mr. Gladstone's power. When this great schism occurred, the personal outlook for the men who thus separated themselves from their party rather than resign their convictions was not hopeful. They were most of them men held in high honour among Liberals as either the holders of, or the aspirants to, high office. Mr. Goschen was not at the time a member of the Liberal Government, but he was recognised by Mr. Gladstone as a man entitled to "great employ," and a few years previously he had been offered and refused the Viceroyalty of India. By his action on the Home Rule issue he ran the risk of cutting short his own political career. Events, however, decreed otherwise. When Lord Randolph Churchill, at the end of the year 1888, dramatically resigned his position as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Salisbury turned to Mr. Goschen. From that moment his fortunes became identified with those of the Conservative party, and it was as a member of that party that his main work as a constructive statesman was accomplished. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he will always be remembered for the skilful manner in which he carried through the conversion of the National Debt, a process which ultimately saved the taxpayer nearly two and a half millions a year. In other directions his financial record is less satisfactory. He was responsible for the system of allocating certain Imperial taxes to local purposes, and there is good reason to fear that this system, while confusing Imperial finance, has encouraged local extravagance. He also gave a very large extension to the practice of providing for military and naval works with borrowed money, instead of out of annual revenue, and there is no doubt whatever that, as a direct consequence of this system, millions of pounds have been spent on works which are now admitted to be useless. His work as First Lord of the Admiralty in Lord Salisbury's Ministry of 1895 is less open to criticism. He realised that the defence of England lies upon the sea, and he devoted himself to steadily building up an all-powerful Navy. A large part of the value of the work then done still remains.

On the whole, however, Lord Goschen will be remembered, not so much for his Ministerial achievements, as for his political character. In the world of politics the temptation to opportunism is very strong, and ever present. Personal ambition, private friendships, caucus pressure, all combine to urge a politician to sacrifice the ideals at which he is aiming for the expediency of the moment. Some such sacrifice is indeed inevitable. We live in a world of actualities, not of ideals, and it is necessary for those who wish to accomplish positive work to know when to yield as well as where to be firm. The late Lord Goschen, if we judge his career by its results, enjoyed this double advantage. He yielded to party pressure—probably against his inmost convictions—on such matters as the abolition of fees in elementary schools, but he held his own both in opposing Home Rule and in opposing Protection. In both these questions of such supreme importance he had the splendid reward of seeing that his influence had largely contributed to save his country from what he believed to be a great disaster. A man who has done this, and who, in addition, has left behind him hosts of friends to remember his courtesy and his kindliness, his economic acumen, his literary judgment, his political honesty, may count his life well spent.



THE LATE VISCOUNT GOSCHEN
BORN AUGUST 10, 1831; DIED FEBRUARY 7, 1907

Memoranda for the Coming Week

TO-DAY

The Prince of Wales reviews the London Division of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, Drill Shed, Commercial Road, 4.30.
Association Football: England v. Ireland, Liverpool.
Queen's Hall Symphony Concert, 3.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 18

National Liberal Club: Dinner to Lord Crewe and Mr. Birrell.
The Southern Counties Cross-Country Championship, Imber Court.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19

The King's Second Levee at St. James's Palace, 12.
Zoological Society: Meeting, 8.30.
Royal Irish Industries Association: Exhibition and Sale, Ritz Hotel (2 days).

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20

The Prince and Princess of Wales visit Devonport.
Municipal Reform: Grand meeting, Queen's Hall.
Association Football: Oxford v. Cambridge, Queen's Club.
Coursing: The Waterloo Cup meeting begins.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21

Royal Society: Meeting, 4.30.
Linnean Society: Meeting, 8.
Lord Roberts attends a meeting of the National Service League at Bristol.
Rowing: The Torpids at Oxford begin.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22

Their Majesties' first Court at Buckingham Palace, 10.
Prince Arthur of Connaught and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein leave for Christiania.
Whitefriars' Club: Annual dinner, Mr. Balfour attending, Trocadero.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23

The King and Queen open the S.A. Products Exhibition.
Royal Horticultural Hall, noon (open to March 16th).
Mr. A. Chamberlain, M.P., in Birmingham.
L'Entente Cordiale: At Home, Grafton Gallery, 3.30.
Rugby Football: Scotland v. Ireland, in Scotland.
Association Football: Wales v. Ireland, Wrexham.



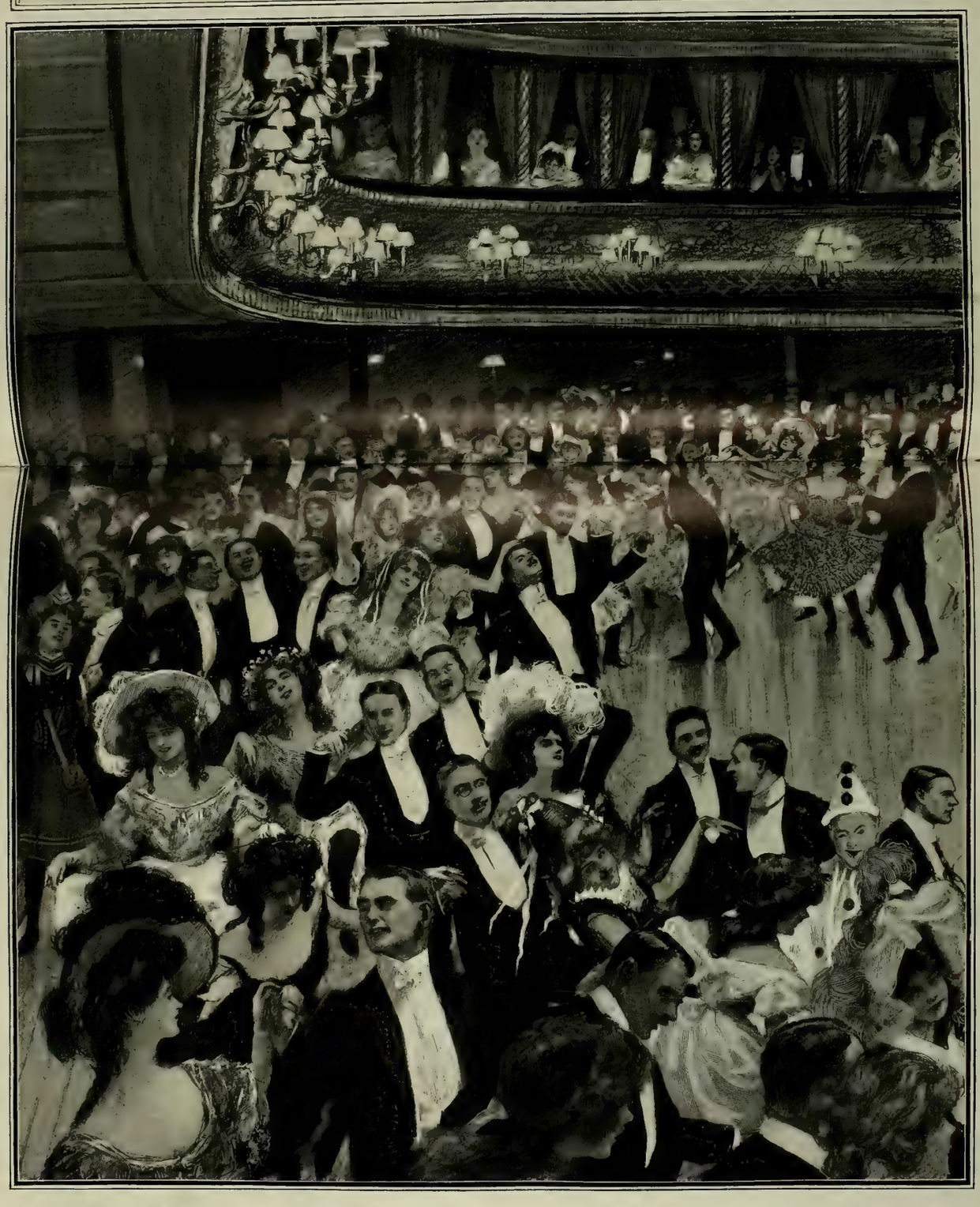


A FANCY DRESS BALL AT COVENT GARDEN

"When youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."—BYRON.

DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON





A FANCY DRESS BALL AT COVENT GARDEN

"When youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."—Byron.

DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON

AFTER RAISULI'S ROUT



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM A SKETCH BY A. CANOVAS

A Letter of Congratulation and Thanks from the Sultan of Morocco to His Victorious Troops

After the rout of Raisuli the Sultan's victorious troops were paraded at Tangier to receive His Majesty's thanks and congratulations. These were conveyed in a letter read by a delegate from Si Guebas, one of the officials. When the name of the Sultan was pronounced all the soldiers beat their heads, in accordance with custom. The Sultan's letter was as follows:—"In the name of God, all powerful, and of Mahomet His Prophet, Abd-El-Aziz, the Sultan (whom God preserve), greets you, thanks you for your victory, and encourages you still to pursue the rebel Raisuli (whom may God punish). Salutations to all our brave soldiers (whom may God bless and make victorious). Honour to God all powerful, and glory to the Sultan, Muley Abd-El-Aziz."



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED THROUGH SIR ALFRED JONES

The most pathetic case which Sir Alfred Jones saw among the injured on board his ship Port Kingston was that of a black boy, who was so terribly wounded that he had to be turned from side to side every few minutes to ease his sufferings. He was carefully tended all one night by a white cabin boy, the bugler of the steamer, who took a tender interest in his patient, and fed him through a straw with milk as often as possible to try and keep him alive. This was an instance of the affectionate care all ranks in the ship bestowed on the unfortunate Jamaicans. Free asylum was given to everyone, irrespective of race and colour. Dr. Evans, the ship's surgeon, worked heroically for three consecutive days among the wounded, and those with mangled limbs were returned to shore skilfully bandaged and as comfortable as hands could make them.

"One Touch of Nature:" A Pathetic Incident in the Port Kingston after the Jamaica Earthquake

IN THE WORLD OF ART

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

WE who live in London are apt to consider that burning questions in the world of art exist only in the metropolis, and that elsewhere in the provinces apathy reigns supreme. As a matter of fact, all the great centres are alive to the claims of art, or, at least, are constantly being reminded of them by enlightened citizens of artistic sensibility. In the country, no doubt, each month does not produce its sensation such as we see in town, but what with the buying of pictures, setting up of statues, erection of public buildings, with art lectures, art schools and the like, to say nothing of rates arising out of local art galleries and exhibitions, æsthetical questions are continually being debated.

In London the topic of the month is, doubtless, the shortcomings of the National Gallery Catalogue, which, it seems to me, is a disgrace to the Stationery Office responsible for it, so far as the misprints are concerned. These misprints abound, and it cannot be laid at the door of any National Gallery officials that the printers' readers, whose duty it was to see that the reprint corresponded with the old Catalogue, failed to carry out instructions. As for the other errors, a good deal of wild talk has been indulged in, and there has been a disposition to saddle with the whole blame Sir Edward Poynter, whose reign at the National Gallery ceased as long ago as the end of 1904, when the 1901 edition of the Catalogue was current. Since that edition went to press certain errors of fact have come to light through the researches of experts — such as Mr. Horne's discovery that the picture by Ucello represents not the Battle of St. Egidio, but that of Tolentino—which have not been noted in the new edition, wherein no pretence is made to revision, as circumstances for which no one but the Treasury are blamable rendered revision for the moment impossible. Yet the Catalogue is charged with ascribing No. 1431 ("The Baptism of Our Lord") to Perugino. Anyone would suppose that the Catalogue does so absolutely; but on referring to its pages we find "ascribed to Vanucci" [Perugino]—a statement clearly implying doubt of authenticity; and the reader finds that he has been misled by the assailant. Fault is found that the Catalogue refers to "Her Majesty's Office of Works," although the King has been years upon the throne. As a matter of fact, we find it stated "that in 1885-7 the Gallery was enlarged . . . by Her Majesty's Office of Works"—which is quite correct. We are, therefore, led to a painful conclusion in respect to some of the criticisms. It is now stated that the Perugino alluded to is not even the old copy of the Rouen picture which so many critics of authority asserted it to be (though Sir Edward Poynter is said to have bought it as an original in 1894), but a modern forgery—a fake—years ago offered to and refused by the National Gallery at the time. On that point we have a right to claim an answer from Sir Edward; but this is one of the things which must not be accepted without full explanation. In the meantime there are 5,000 copies of the Catalogue on sale which should be taken off as soon as an accurate revision can be prepared.

Meanwhile a furious fight, now abated, has been waged at York in respect of the Burton Collection bequeathed to the Municipal Gallery. It was asserted that certain pictures had been ruined by the cleaner and restorer who had been at work upon them, and who employed methods more drastic than the hygienic system to which, with soap and scrubbing-brush, many of Turner's pictures at the National Gallery were subjected many years ago. How far the charges were sustained does not appear clearly from the voluminous reports; but there is no doubt that in Mr. G. F. Watts's "Saxon Sentinels" an old fire-beacon is now replaced by a small lamp of a somewhat classic design. Luckily, a photograph, but not a good one, is in existence, whereby the mischief can to some extent be repaired.

At Birmingham, on the other hand, pleasant news comes from the Municipal Art Gallery and Museum—a model institution, the growth and importance of which are constantly impressing themselves on metropolitan attention. The statement is made that two hundred and fifty subscribers have presented to the City of Birmingham the splendid series of tapestries of "The Quest of the Holy Grail," designed by Burne-Jones, and executed by William Morris, in recognition of the enormous services rendered to the Gallery and Museum by Mr. Whitworth Wallis during the twenty-one years of his office as Keeper. But Mr. Wallis has done more than "keep;" he has made the great collection now in Birmingham, and out of his energy and zeal, and his influence with patriotically-minded and generous men, has built up a museum and art gallery which it would be hard to match under similar conditions in the whole Empire. It is practically the work of one man, and in Mr. Wallis Birmingham's gain has been London's loss.



STORM'S ENGRAVING OF THE MISSING ASHBOURNE PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE

In Winchester an admirable movement has been set on foot for the completion of Mr. Alfred Gilbert's noble monument to Queen Victoria. The fate of this masterpiece is one of the sadder episodes in our art-history: how a *chef d'œuvre*, one of the finest works produced in Europe during its century, has been made a shuttlecock of in a noble cathedral city—where a true sentiment for artistic propriety might have been expected—and finally set up in the open air and in a position for which it was never intended, its crowning ornament lost and probably stolen, and its niches and throne-back lacking the statuettes designed for them. That a few leading citizens are now moving to right this foolish wrong is matter for cordial congratulation.

Then there are art questions being keenly debated at Bath and Bristol, Edinburgh and Manchester; but these matters must stand over for a little.

Some weeks ago we published certain facts concerning the lost Ashbourne portrait of Shakespeare, and accompanied it with the engraving by Ellis. In response to the wish expressed by numerous correspondents, we now reproduce the beautiful so-called "mezzotint," engraved from the picture by that neglected and little-known engraver, G. F. Storm, whose work so rarely appears in the market, and so seldom in the catalogues of the printsellers. We say "so-called mezzotint," for the plate is really in a mixed method. It has been suggested that the portrait represents Shakespeare in the character of Hamlet; but the presence of the skull is intended to suggest, according to the prevailing practice, that the picture was a posthumous one—posthumous of the sitter it represents, who is not necessarily Shakespeare. Obviously, therefore, it cannot be a "life-portrait" of the poet, or, strictly speaking, contemporary. The costume is the ordinary dress of the period, but mainly of the late sixteenth century, and may be seen in the portraits of James Douglas, Earl of Morton, who died in 1581, and in Lord Salisbury's portrait of Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and several others that might be named. The thumb ring was worn mainly by ladies, but it is to be seen also in the portrait of John Fletcher, and was common enough as a sealing. The book held in Shakespeare's hand bears the tragic mask, and, we are told, Shakespeare's crest; this does not appear in the mezzotint, and by the sceptical would appear as a rather suspicious addition. The whereabouts of this picture is unknown, but it is thought it may be in Suffolk, if not in the neighbourhood of Sutton itself. Can the reader inform us?

At the last Carnival in Venice the great sensation on the Grand Canal was made by hundreds of gondolas having attached to their prow a gigantic Odol bottle. The sight as the boats went down the canal in a long procession was as enchanting as it was unique. Nor did the sensation stop there, for the gondoliers sang an Odol hymn which had been specially composed for the occasion by one of the well-known musicians of Italy. As the procession passed before the great hotels bordering the Canals, the foreigners were greatly impressed both by the sight and by the singing of the catchy tune which rang merrily on the breeze.

This enthusiasm for Odol in Venice is easily explained when it is remembered that the Italians are strongly of opinion that the chief beauty of the face lies in the teeth. Italian parents teach their children at a very early age the importance of the care of their teeth and always make them use Odol.

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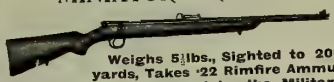
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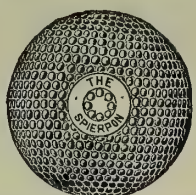
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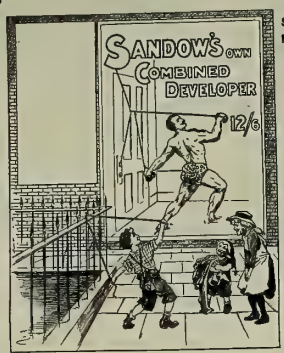
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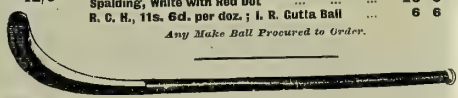


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CLUB COMMENTS

By "MARMADUKE"

"The Fall of London" is an exciting title, but it describes an event that has occurred and that deserves more attention than it has received. Until half a century ago, at the most, London was England; it has ceased to be that. Formerly all the wire-pulling forces were centred in the town: in politics it was the peers, the territorial magnates, and the celebrities of this particular world in London who, more or less, controlled the elections in the provinces. It was the London Press that, generally, formed the opinion of the public throughout England, and it was the judgment of the town which governed that of the country in literature and art. Now London watches anxiously the movement of political thought in the provinces; the country newspapers are, in many instances, enormously powerful, and reputations in literature and art may be made by those who are ignored altogether in the town. It is tantamount to a revolution, for it is a complete transfer of power from the members of the upper class and their supporters to those of the middle class.

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Unfortunately, London is supreme in the matter of morals; it is the chief demoralising influence in the country! Fashion is the thin end of the wedge of iniquity, and the fashions are created in and distributed from London—and the town has never been so unprincipled as it is at the moment. It has become a guest-city, a centre for the amusement of all throughout the world who are disposed to buy pleasure and are prepared to pay handsomely to obtain it. Money pours in upon the modern Londoner not only from the provinces, but from the Colonies, from the United States, from France and Germany, and from every part of the globe—not so much in return for his substantial produce, as it did formerly, but for the pleasures he provides, and he is inclined to be unduly lenient so long as he is amply rewarded. This attitude is quickly copied in the country. That, however, need not be further enlarged upon here.

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The New Londoner is decidedly not an improvement upon the Old. That much-discussed group, "Society," has faults which ought to be foreign to it. That it should crave for pleasure is natural, but that it should be eager to obtain money is contrary to its traditions. "Pleasure" has its principles. These are now altogether ignored in London "Society," a circumstance which is much to be deplored. Money here excuses everything! "How did he make his fortune?" is a question which is repeatedly asked. "By defrauding others" is the answer which is continually given—and all laugh unconcernedly, and Midas is described as a "charming man" notwithstanding, because he is rich, gives dinners, and may be financially useful!

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That attitude of conscience spreads now as it never did in former times, and the whole country is affected. The leading men and women in London associate conspicuously with men and women who are rich, and whose pasts have many scars, and the newspapers announce throughout the land that they do. If those who are regarded by the community as patterns—the social executive—can associate with those whose reputations are gravely open to reproach it is unreasonable for humbler folk to be more "old fashioned," as they call it; more high principled is the less misleading description.

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There is a magnificent opening for the provinces at the moment. They have wrested much from the capital which formerly it was looked upon as impossible for them to capture. There are strong men in the provinces; strong women; strong newspapers, edited by strong journalists—is London to continue to be the conscience of England? Scotland has always maintained a separate conscience; why should the provinces, in the altogether altered condition, follow so slavishly as it does the moral attitude of the town? A degenerate London should not mean a degenerate England.



On Saturday afternoon an interesting ceremony was performed at Hayes, Middlesex, on the Great Western Railway, when the directors of the Gramophone and Typewriter, Limited, accompanied by Mr. Edward Lloyd, the famous tenor, performed the ceremony of cutting the first sod of the company's new works, that are to cover eleven acres. The party included Mr. Trevor Williams, the chairman of the company, and Mr. De la Rue, one of the directors.

THE SPREAD OF THE GRAMOPHONE: MR. EDWARD LLOYD AT AN INTERESTING CEREMONY



The European ladies who for the last ten years have been directing the movement against the Chinese custom of foot-binding have now resigned in favour of a committee of Chinese gentlemen, and the scene on the occasion of the recent transfer was a most remarkable one, the Drill Hall, the largest place of assembly in Shanghai, being packed to its utmost capacity. After Mrs. Archibald Little, the founder of the society, had handed over various documents to Taotai Shen Tun-ho, the new President, a little play illustrating the sorrows of foot-binding was performed by four young ladies of the fashionable Anti-Foot-binding School. The original members of the Anti-Foot-binding League then shook hands with one another to meet no more as fellow-workers, realising that, though countless women are still groaning under the cruel curse of foot-binding, yet public opinion had been revolutionised. Finally the Chinese President advanced to the front unfurling a Chinese flag, the band struck up the National Anthem of China, and the vast multitude slowly dispersed.

CHINA'S WOMEN REFORMERS: A REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATION OF THE ANTI-FOOT-BINDING LEAGUE AT SHANGHAI

THE "ROARING GAME" IN SWITZERLAND



CLEARING THE DAVOS RINK AFTER A FALL OF SNOW



A GAME IN PROGRESS AT DAVOS

Nothing could be more remarkable than the spread of the Scotch game of curling in Switzerland within the last two or three years. In every one of the pleasure resorts special curling rinks have been laid down, over and above the skating rinks, and hundreds of tons of curling stones from the granite quarries of Scotland have been imported, at considerable expense, by hotel-keepers who realise that these accessories of winter sport are now as essential as toboggans and skis. Davos, St. Moritz, and Grindelwald have hitherto been the headquarters of Swiss curling; but clubs have now been started at such comparatively new resorts as Montana, Villars, Celerina and Klosters; and the biggest curling event of the year—the great Bonspiel—is held at Kandersteg, in the Bernese Oberland. Twelve score enthusiastic Scots travelled a week ago in a special train from Glasgow to London and in another special from Calais to Frutigen (the Kandersteg terminus) to take part in this giant match, with others who came from the various Swiss resorts. The Bonspiel lasts a whole week, and is unique of its kind. Curling at the other resorts is rather Anglicised; but at Kandersteg it is "the real thing," as played north of the Border for many hundreds of years past. The first picture on this page shows what often happens just before the date of a fixture. A heavy snowfall covers the rink, and to clear it an army of workmen labour day and night.



DAVOS VERSUS ST. MORITZ: A KEEN ANNUAL MATCH



ANXIETY: THE CURLER HAS "DELIVERED HIS STONE"



WATCHING HIS SHOT

SCOTS AT DAVOS PLAYING A CURLING MATCH

THE ONLY WAY

Facts Concerning the Prevention and Cure of Gout, Rheumatism, Gravel, Gouty Eczema, Sciatica, Lumbago, and all Forms of Uric Acid Trouble.

"NO one need suffer from gout or any other uric acid trouble." This sounds startling, but it is as true as it is startling. Even if the reader has a hereditary tendency in this direction, he can, by the adoption of Bishop's Varalette treatment, guard and protect himself from any attack whatever from now till the end of his life. Not only so, but there are men and women everywhere who have proved the truth of this by the

Sure Test of Experience,

and you will be equally convinced if you give a practical test to Bishop's Valarette treatment.

There are scarcely any men and few women who are free from danger of some form of uric acid trouble. Our present-day style of living, with its generous comforts and temptations to self-indulgence, leads to many forms of ill-health, of which Gout, Rheumatism, Gravel, Gouty Eczema, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stone and Kidney and Bladder Troubles are perhaps the most prevalent and certainly the most distressing. These disorders are all caused by the excessive formation of uric acid and its consequent accumulation in the muscles, joints, and tissues.

Wise Men and Far-Seeing Women

recognise the fact that it is best not to wait for attacks of such ailments, or even for the preliminary symptoms of them, before commencing Bishop's Varalette treatment. The adoption of this treatment should be regarded as a method of insurance against gout and the other painful complaints referred to. The use of Bishop's Varalettes prevents the excessive formation of uric acid at its very sources, and by preventing this you protect yourself against its accumulation in the muscles, joints, and tissues. Bishop's Varalette treatment renders you immune from gout, rheumatism, gravel, and all other uric acid troubles. But even if the treatment has not been adopted in time to prevent attacks, Bishop's Varalettes will soften, break up, and remove old accumulations of uric acid, and keep new ones from forming, and thus affect a cure.

Are These Your Symptoms?

The preliminary symptoms of the graver uric acid troubles are irritation between the fingers, in the palms of the hands, or about the ankles and feet; a sensation of burning on the skin, with or without redness; small concretions on the outer rim of the ear, or little lumps under the skin, of arms, breast, or legs; acidity, heartburn, flatulence, or torpid liver, with aching on the right side; the passing of grains of uric acid or sediment; feelings of stiffness in the joints and muscles; enlargement and inflammation of the joints, and difficulty in bending them, or tenderness when touched. The appearance of any one of these symptoms is a clear indication of the need of Bishop's Varalettes, which will not only cure the symptom itself, but at the same time prevent the development of one of the more serious uric acid disorders, such as Gout, Rheumatism, Gravel, Gouty Eczema, Sciatica, and Lumbago. If these symptoms are yours, commence with the twenty-five days' treatment of Bishop's Varalettes immediately.

So much has been written about the cure of Gout, Rheumatism, Gravel, Gouty Eczema, Sciatica, Lumbago,



Place one of Bishop's Varalettes in your drink three times a day, preferably with meals, and you will convert it into a valuable remedial agent, without in the least degree spoiling the flavour.

and other uric acid disorders, that the fact may have been overlooked that these complaints can be prevented, and that

Prevention is Better than Cure.

The only way, however, to prevent uric acid disorders is to begin the use of Bishop's Varalettes the moment the first symptoms appear. The reason for the wonderful efficiency of Bishop's Varalettes as a true preventive of Gout, Rheumatism, and minor uric acid disorders is that they stop the excessive formation of uric acid at the very source of its origin, prevent its accumulation in the muscles, joints, and tissues, and also remove the old deposits of uric acid which are the cause of the various complaints mentioned above. Bishop's Varalettes have, therefore, a two-fold value: they are a preventive as well as a cure.

Be Wise in Time.

If the symptoms of uric acid accumulation are ignored, it is at your peril. If, at a later period, you are attacked by gout, rheumatism, gravel, gouty eczema, sciatica, and lumbago, you will have to endure the reflection that you might have avoided all the pain and torture by taking the simple advice here tendered: "Commence the twenty-five days' treatment with Bishop's Varalettes at once." Except for the gratifying results, you will never imagine you are taking a valuable course of medical treatment, because it is so simple, pleasant, convenient, and efficacious, and does not interfere with your pleasure or ordinary occupation.

A Simple and Scientific Treatment.

There are two points which we desire to specially emphasise. The first of these is that Bishop's Varalette treatment is so marvellously simple, easy, and pleasant. All you have to do is to place one of Bishop's Varalettes in your drink three times a day, preferably with meals; and whatever the beverage, whether water, whisky and water, or mineral water, the Varalette will quickly dissolve with brisk effervescence, without in the least degree spoiling the flavour, but converting your ordinary beverage into a valuable remedial agent. A further point to be remembered is that Bishop's Varalette treatment is thoroughly scientific. Bishop's Varalettes are not a quack nostrum, or even a patent medicine, but a genuine remedy of proved and recognised merit. Messrs. Alfred Bishop, Limited, have received four Highest Awards at International Exhibitions for the excellence of their preparations, which are used by Royalty.

Have You Tried Bishop's Varalettes?

Bishop's Varalettes (regd.) are supplied in vials at 1s., 2s., and in boxes containing twenty-five days' treatment at 5s., by all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct from Alfred Bishop, Limited, Spelman Street, Mile End New Town, London, for 1s. 1d., 2s. 1d., and 5s. 2d., post free within the United Kingdom.

Travellers and others resident abroad can obtain Bishop's Varalettes from the leading chemists in any country, or from the following depots—France: Roberts and Co., 5, Rue de la Paix, Paris. Spain: Foye y Giminez, Fontanella, 21 pral., Barcelona. Australia: Potter and Birks, 13, Macquarie Place, Sydney, N.S.W. United States: Lehn and Fink, 120, William Street, New York City. South Africa: Lennon and Co., Cape Town and Johannesburg.

PLEASE NOTE that it is advisable in commencing Bishop's Varalette treatment to begin with the twenty-five days' treatment, which you can obtain immediately from your own Chemist or direct from us, post free, in the United Kingdom for 5s. 2d.

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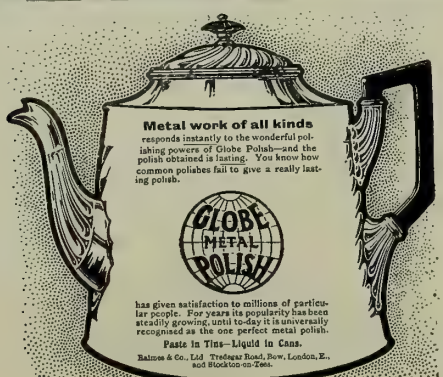
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Who has retired from Australian Politics.



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Returned Unopposed for Perth.



MR. E. C. STRETTON
New Bandmaster of the Royal Artillery.

Our Portraits

The late Countess Cadogan, already referred to in our "Court and Society" page, was a very keen sportswoman. She was daring in the hunting field, and an excellent mountaineer. Several times she climbed Ben Nevis, on the last occasion, three years ago, in a strong and cold wind. The fourth daughter of the second Earl of Craven, she was married to Earl Cadogan before, however, he succeeded to the title, in 1865. Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.



THE LATE GENERAL SIR A. ALISON
Crimean and Indian Mutiny Veteran.



THE LATE COUNTESS CADOGAN
A Famous Hostess.



THE LATE PROFESSOR H. F. PELHAM
President of Trinity.

Sir Richard Chaffey Baker, who has retired from Australian politics, has had a remarkable career. The son of a colonist, the Hon. John Baker, he is himself Australian born, though he was educated at Eton and Cambridge. His record is unique. He was the first native from South Australia to be elected to the House of Assembly and also to the Legislative Council, the first to be chosen as a Minister of the Crown, the first son of a former member of the Government to be included in a Ministry, and the first native-born South Australian to fill the Presidential Chair of the Legislative Council of South Australia. And he was the first President of the Federal State. He has been a member of the Legislature for nearly forty years.

Dr. Donald MacAlister, who succeeds the late Principal Story as Principal of Glasgow University, has had a distinguished career, and is an authority in philosophy and medical science. He has written a great deal and travelled much. He is well known at Cambridge, where, thirty years ago, he was Senior Wrangler. Photo by J. Palmer Clark, Cambridge.

Dr. Courtney S. Kenny, Senior Fellow and Lecturer of Downing College, who has been appointed Downing Professor of the Laws of England at Cambridge in succession to the late Professor Maitland, is an ex-Alderman of the Town Council, and at present Chairman of the County Council. He is a J.P. for both Borough and County, and once represented the Barnsley Division of York in Parliament. He is a Yorkshireman, and had a distinguished career at Cambridge. Photo by J. Palmer Clark, Cambridge.

The late General Sir Archibald Alison, who died at eighty-one, distinguished himself in the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the Kumassi Expedition, and the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. At Tel-el-Kebir he led the Highland Brigade. Subsequently he was appointed to the Aldershot command, and he retired from the active list in 1893. Photo by Elliott and Fry.

Mr. E. C. Stretton, who has a considerable reputation as a violinist and conductor, was appointed Director of the Royal Naval School of Music in 1903. He went to India with the Prince of Wales as conductor of the orchestra which accompanied His Royal Highness, and in Bombay gave a series of concerts of classical music. He was presented with the silver medal of the Victorian Order, and now has become bandmaster of the Royal Artillery at Woolwich. Photo by Russell and Sons.

A conspicuous figure is lost to Oxford by the death of Mr. Henry Francis Pelham, President of Trinity College, and Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University. He was the eldest son of Bishop Pelham, who for thirty-six years held the See of Norwich, was grandson of the second Earl of Chichester, and second cousin of the present peer. For twenty-one years Professor Pelham was tutor at Exeter. His special study was Roman history. He became President of Trinity in 1897, and was one of the strong men of the University. He married, in 1873, Miss Laura Buxton, daughter of the late Sir Edward North Buxton, M.P., and sister of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, the present baronet. Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Sir Robert Pullar has achieved the remarkable distinction of becoming a member of the House of Commons for the first time at the age of nearly eighty. He is now seventy-nine. He is head of the firm of J. Pullar and Sons, the famous dyers, of Perth. He was knighted in 1895 as a reward for services to his party. He is a Liberal. Photo by Mackenzie, Perth.



MOTOR AMBULANCE OF CITY POLICE



THE ARMY MEDICAL CORPS, VOLUNTEERS



AN IMPROMPTU STRETCHER



THE BISCHOFFSHEIM AMBULANCE

Last Saturday a conference was held in the Hall of Gray's Inn to consider the feasibility of providing a proper ambulance system for London, an end which, it was resolved, could be achieved by co-ordinating and developing the existing services. Before the conference a parade of ambulances was held in Gray's Inn Square, one of the most interesting features being the making of an impromptu stre cher with clothes props, overcoats, and handkerchiefs. London possesses some 500 ambulances and the Bischoffsheim service alone has dealt with 25,000 cases since 1889.

A FIRST AID FIELD-DAY: THE DISPLAY OF LONDON'S AMBULANCES IN GRAY'S INN SQUARE LAST SATURDAY

From Photographs by THE GRAPHIC Photographer.

TO OBLIGE THE PRINCE

Written by OWEN OLIVER | A Complete Story | Illustrated by BYAM SHAW



"We sat together on a tree trunk. . . She slept soundly."

WHEN a man is young and careless, and has only silver in his pocket, adventures are bound to come to him. I hoped that a shepherdess, or a pierette, or some other little adventure, might stroll my way as I lurked in the Prince of Jernan's shrubbery to watch the masquerade. I was staying at the inn just outside the grounds, because I could not pay my bill till a remittance came, and I had dropped into the garden from my bedroom window. I had not yet considered how I should get out.

My eyes were glued upon a mediæval saintess, when the Prince of Darkness took me in the rear, dropping ten feet from an ivy-covered bank, and reeling against me so heavily that I stumbled among the shrubs.

"The devil!" I cried under my breath, for that was the form assumed by my visitor, who otherwise was a proper enough young man, of much my own size and shape.

"An Englishman!" he ejaculated, with an air of disappointment. Nevertheless he favoured me with a graceful bow.

"Your Majesty has friends among every nation!" I assured him, returning his salute when I recovered a firm footing.

"So!" He twirled his moustache and peered into my face in the dim light, and measured himself against me, shoulder to shoulder, as if our similarity of figure interested him. Then he eyed me curiously.

"Why are you here?" he demanded.

"Because I can't get inside," I said. "I might ask you the same question."

"But I should give a different answer. I am here because I can't get outside."

We regarded one another for a few moments in silence. Then I held out my hand. I know when I have found a man.

"Show me how to get in," I proposed, "and I'll show you how to get out—if you show me that you ought to."

He nodded and displayed his white teeth in a smile.

"I am the Prince Hubert of Hain," he informed me. "They wanted to marry me to the Princess Mira of Jernan. So I ran away."

"The Princess is a fair lady to run from!" I protested, "unless report lies."

"She is fair," he owned, "but I know a fairer."

"Ah!" I said. "You ran back to *her?*"

"To have a moment's speech with her," he owned, "since I knew that she would be here to-night. The moments flew too quickly, and I stayed longer than was safe. I thought the disguise would serve; but the crafty knave of a chancellor detected me. The gates are guarded, and if they catch me they will marry me to the Princess to-night, in my frippery as I stand. My father has sworn it. The guards are searching the grounds even now." He pointed through the trees to a group of men with a lantern. "Where is your way out?"

"I had meant you should climb from my shoulders into my bedroom at the inn," I said, "but a picket seems to have made its headquarters just underneath. I am sorry, Prince, but I fear there is nothing to be done."

"But it is easy," he declared. "Take my clothes and lend me

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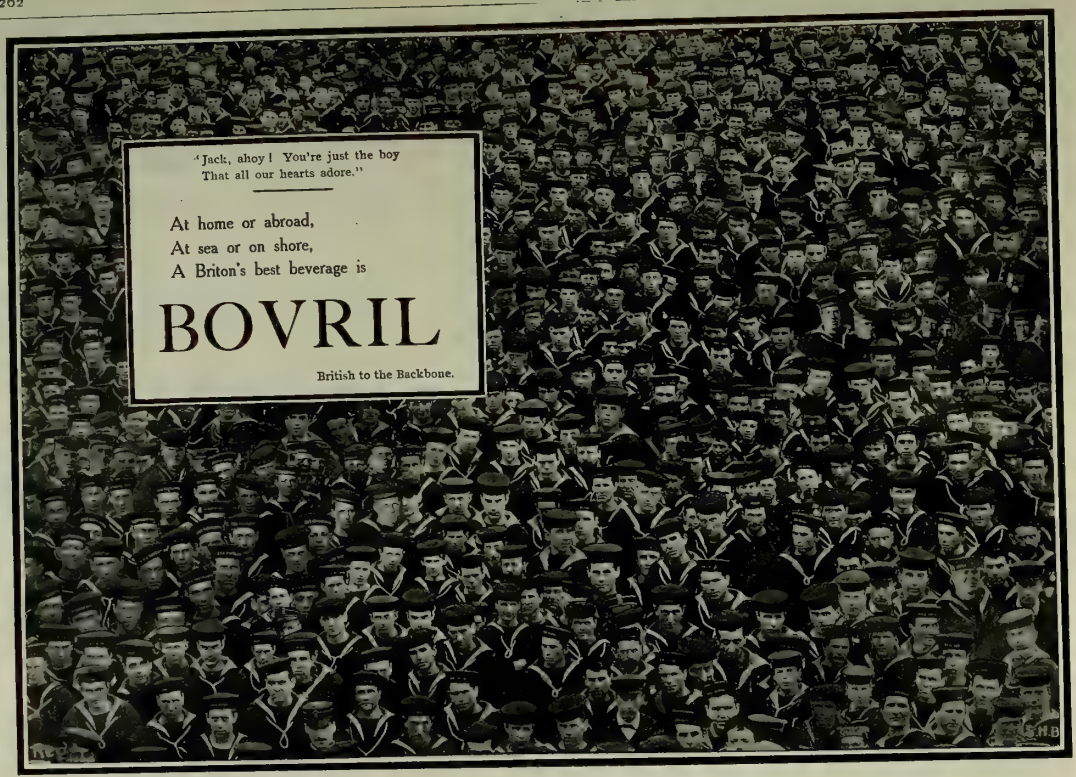
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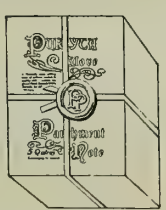
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yours; and to-morrow I shall be over the border and married to—to the lady who is fairer."

"And I shall be married to the Princess!" I said. "Or past the risks of marriage."

"They'll let you go afterwards," he said coolly. "You're an English subject, and I will go to your Consul at Derlin. You need not fear their swords."

I laughed at the idea that a few feet of steel should frighten me.

"It is the lady that I fear!" I explained. "Candidly, my dear Prince, I have no use for a Princess!"

"It would not be a valid marriage," he assured me. "The Princess cannot legally marry anyone who is not of Royal blood; at least not in this country. They'll put you over the border to-morrow morning, and you will meet me at Derlin by the afternoon. You shall fix your own reward."

"I will not wager myself for money," I said, "but to oblige a Prince. Have I your word that it will not be a valid marriage?"

"My word of honour," he said.

I threw off my hat and jacket.

"We had best change quickly," I told him. "I would not be a laggard bridegroom. I trust that the Princess may not be a weeping widow to-morrow. I gather that *she* is willing to the marriage?"

"I do not know," the Prince answered, placing his horns at my disposal. "She is a child, and does what her father bids. She has no spirit."

"Then it is well that the marriage will not bind me," I observed. "For a maid without will is like meat without salt."

We changed our clothes in a few minutes. He had a little rouge in his pocket, and he reddened my face where it was not covered by the domino, and my hands. I made as good a devil as he, and I could not distinguish him from myself when he put on another domino that he had brought with him and stood up in my attire. He shared out a roll of notes that he had, so that either of us might have means to pay his way. Then we shook hands, and I strolled out from the bushes into the light, pretending not to see the guards who closed in upon me. They seized me as I came to the big pathway. A pistol touched my head unpleasantly, and a rough voice counselled me, not unkindly, to keep silence. "His Highness's orders are to take you, dead or alive," it said.

We entered the castle by a dark side door, which was barred after us, and went along a number of corridors till we came to a long, low room, with arched pillars of stone and a polished marble floor, where our feet clattered. There was a high seat covered with red plush at the end, where a fierce old man sat beside another fierce old man. I knew them for Prince Franz of Hain, the Prince's father, and Prince Hugh of Jernan, the father of the Princess. An old gentleman, whom I took to be a Bishop, or a masquerader attired as such, stood a little way off, holding a staff with a ball and cross at the end, and a dozen wizened men, who were courtiers by their dress. About a score of stout guards stood in two lines, with drawn swords. They were so stiff and still that they might have been statues but for their eyes.

Prince Franz addressed me volubly in the language of the land. His speech contained many epithets which I could not translate, but the general purport was plain. I was to marry the Princess out of hand or to be subjected to physical violence and immured in a fortress on a wholesome but unattractive diet of bread and water until I came to my senses I chose the Princess, answering his questions with grunts and nods.

He then ordered me to remove my domino, but I protested dumbly, with outstretched hands; and when he told the guards to take it off, Prince Hugh intervened. He had bidden his daughter to marry me, he stated, to prevent the slight of a broken engagement, and to effect the alliance which was necessary for reasons of State; but he would not put her to the further annoyance of looking upon me. It was distinctly understood that she should have a separate establishment while she so willed, he added; and personally he never wished to see my face again. Both the old gentlemen were in a high and mighty princely rage, and evidently regarded their son and daughter as mere pawns in a game of statecraft which they played.

They sent attendants to bring the princess from the ball, and she came masked and in her fancy dress, dragging on the arms of two ladies, and looking backwards. Her father told her to unmask, but her attendants protested, and he allowed her to retain the domino. So we joined hands, as we were commanded, and faced one another masked; the devil, with his horns and red doublet and breeches, and flimsy wooden shoes that were made to the shape of cloven hoofs, and an india-rubber spear-pointed tail draggling on the pavement behind; and a drooping little shepherdess, with a very shapely white neck and arms, and a flood of yellow-gold hair hanging loose, a rosy pair of red lips, and a dainty little chin underneath her black domino.

I thought that the Prince was a great fool to run away from her, until she struck her nails savagely into my palms. Then I judged him wise. For it was plain to me that the Princess wanted him no more than he wanted the Princess; and when she fluttered like a bird in my grasp I was inclined to whisper that it was only a masquerade; but I feared that a cry from her might betray me. So I judged silence the better part, and endured her spiteful treatment of my hand patiently.

She made a cry, indeed, when the Bishop protested against marrying us like a pair of mummers; and I all but let a sound escape me. But the turbulent old Princes overruled him imperiously, and the ceremony began and went on to the end.

I have (thank Heaven!) some curious sights to look upon when I sit in a quiet hour and peer into my memory, as a man does when he grows older; but the picture of this wedding is always in the front. I see the great hall, with its columns and pillars made into an endless recession by the mirrors that stood all around; the guards in their gay uniforms, and the scowling Princes, and the quaint medley of masquerading folk—monks and knights, and ruffled ladies and nuns, shepherds and priests, and shepherdesses and flower girls. I smell the scent of flowers and the odour of incense. I hear the rustle of silk and the stifled whispers, and the clatter of scabbards upon the hard floor, and the droning of priests, and the almost inaudible responses of the slight, shapely, drooping figure, who tore so fiercely at my hand. I said my part in an ungracious mumble, as they prompted me; and when they told me to kiss the lady at the end of the ceremony I dissembled my good will.

Perhaps I did not entirely dissemble it from her; for she gave a sharp cry and drew herself away, and her father came and waved his arm at me and bade me go. I could see her, he said, no more. It struck me as likely enough, but a curiosity seized me to look upon her once, and I snatched at her domino, and it came away in my hand.

I was puzzled at first at the uproar which arose; for she shrieked, and the ladies of the Court shrieked, and the men cried "Ach!" drawn out with a long growl, and the Princes gave a roar and jumped from the ground. Then I caught what they cried, and held my sides and laughed aloud. *For she was not the Princess.*

It was well for her, I think, that the Princes could not find their tongues for so long, and she found hers so soon. For she tore off the golden locks from her head and revealed a dark, passionate maid, with short curly black hair in little clustering curls, and rated them in the most fluent manner.

They would have married her "little white lamb" to a rough, brutal wolf, she cried, stamping her little foot and flaring at me; to a monster who would tear her mask away to gloat over her tears! They would ruin her dear girl's sweet life for pride and spite and a petty treaty between two petty States! Well, they could wreak their spite on *her*, for the Princess was over the border with her lover, and they would never get her back. They could do what they liked to her. But she was an Englishwoman, and they would have to reckon with England. "England!" she repeated, putting one little clenched hand upon her breast and the other above her head. I could have kissed her as she stood.

The Prince of Hain found his tongue when she paused at last for breath, and smiled grimly.

"As the wife of the Prince," he said, "you are a citizen of Hain, madam, and England has no longer jurisdiction over you." He motioned to his guards, and they approached her, and she gave a little cry.

"The marriage is invalid," she protested. "I am not of Royal blood."

"It is valid as a morganatic marriage," said the Prince, coolly, "if I give my consent. The pleasure of having you as a subject impels me to do so."

He made another motion to the guards, and two of them laid their hands upon her shoulders; but I seized them and flung them sprawling on the pavement, and stood in front of her and took off my domino; and the ladies shrieked and the men growled "Ach!" and the old Princes stood like ruddy statues, and the lady who was not the Princess laughed and clapped her hands.

"This lady is the wife of an English citizen," I said in a big voice, "if she is my wife."

The Princes stared dumbly at me and at the Bishop.

"She is your wife," he said, solemnly. "No power in England or elsewhere can undo your marriage."

The lady gave another cry; but I offered her my arm, and she did me no despite, but took it bravely.

"If that be so," I said, "I am greatly and undeservedly honoured; but I do not think that the law of England will hold us bound, seeing that we were dragged here and married against our will, and——"

"No," the Bishop interrupted. "You assumed of your own accord the disguises which you knew would involve your being brought here. You retained them at your own request, so that the ceremony might proceed. Is not that so?"

"Yes," I owned slowly.

"Yes," owned the lady in a whisper; "but——"

"There is no 'but,'" said the Bishop, like a good craftsman, who did not wish to see his work undone. "You are certainly married."

The lady's hand trembled and dropped from my arm; but I bowed to her gravely.

"As I have said," I told her, "I am greatly honoured, madam."

She curtsied deeply and looked me in the face with her great black eyes.

"I esteem the honour mine, sir," she said, and took my arm again, with a smile for me and a toss of her head for the rest.

"Now," I told the Princes, "you can do what you will. We are British subjects, and our country has a long arm. The Prince Hubert has undertaken to inform its representatives about us. You have married us by force, whatever the Bishop may say, and I defy you to punish us."

The Prince of Hain bit his nails, and the Prince of Jernan laughed suddenly.

"*You* are punished enough," he said. "You are tied to the spitfire there! *Take them away!*"

They hurried us over the border as we were, in our flimsy finery. We walked till the morning was upon us, and when she could barely move one foot before the other she hung upon my arm and the guards pushed us. My hoofs were walked to tatters, being but slight, and my horns dropped off, and a soldier plucked at my tail in derision, and it came away. Her buckled shoes were heelless, and she had torn her dress to tatters; and when we were over the border in Mavia, in the light before the dawn, we sat together on a tree trunk and stared at the retreating guards like mazed, dumb creatures. I was a very sorry devil and she was a very bedraggled shepherdess, and her face was white and weary, though she found a scornful laugh for the soldiers when they looked back over their shoulders.

We sat there for, it might be, half an hour, till the sun came near the rim of the horizon; and the birds twittered, and the cows lowed, and the green world sprang out of the grey, and a tall church spire stood out afar, pink-tinted with the first rays of the sun. Then she looked at me, and her eyes were full of tears.

"Truly," I said, "I am sorry for you, madam; but I am not such a ragamuffin as I look in this plight, and I may not prove the worst of husbands."

She drew a deep breath.

"On your word as an honourable gentleman, sir," she asked, "and you are that, I am sure—do you think we are really married?"

"On my word as an honourable gentleman, madam," I answered, "and I believe I am that—I have no doubt that we are married."

Her face quivered, and a tear rolled down each cheek.

"What shall we do, sir?" she asked. "What *shall* we do?"

"Much as other people who are married, madam," I replied, laughing a little. "Make the best of it!"

I had thought there was sound wisdom in the remark, and that my cheerfulness under such trying circumstances should commend itself to her; but women are the strangest creatures on God's earth. She burst into a passion of tears and sobbed and cried so that I could do nothing with her. It was cruel, she cried, that she should be married to a man who did not want her, and a man whom she did not want, and we must part and see one another no more; though, she was courteous enough to say, she regarded me as a brave and courteous and well-favoured gentleman, and she would, under other circumstances, have been glad to be my friend. She treated my assertions—which were true enough—that already I had lost more than half my heart to her as polite lies impelled by "that kindly courtesy to an unreasonable woman in great distress which I should expect to find in you, dear sir." She sobbed herself to sleep at last. She slept so soundly that when I bribed an open-mouthed farmer to take her to the little inn by the church in a hand-cart she did not waken.

We obtained a change of clothing from the peasants and made our way to Derlin. There we met the Prince and the lady of his choice, and the Princess and the man of hers; and, since the case of all of us was doubtful, the six of us went to the Emperor together—the Prince and his lady, and the Princess and her lover, looking in one another's eyes and holding hands, and my "wife" and I silent and downcast, albeit always courteous to one another. She was indeed a charming and winsome lady, and reasonable, considering her sex. For she never once reproached me during the week that we waited while the Emperor corresponded with the Princes about us. I grew to like her so well that, for my part, I would have let the marriage stand. But the more I liked her the less I wished to hold her against her desire.

At the end of the week the Emperor sent for us.

"You have been very foolish young people," he said; "but youth is youth—and we shall never see it again. I have obtained the Princes' pardons for you all. A priest is at hand to marry the Prince to Lady Anne and Count Raymond to the Princess. Go and be happy together. And you"—he turned to my lady and me—"go and be happy apart. Your marriage is dissolved according to the law of the land."

I felt my colour going, and I am not a man to grow faint easily.

"Your Majesty's kindness has nigh broken my heart," I said. "But since it is the lady's will, I rejoice that she is free."

I did not look at her—and, indeed, my eyes were misty and saw badly—and it startled me when she touched my arm with her soft hand.

"I would not break the heart of so loyal a gentleman," she said—"or my own."

And so, when the Royal lovers married those of their choice, my "wife" and I entered the dangerous state of matrimony again; and, even as I prophesied, we make the best of it, as a man and woman who love one another can.

THE END.

THE BATTLEFIELDS OF BELFORT

Belfort is a frontier town, and does not allow you to forget it. M. Jules Lemaître once wrote in the *Echo de Paris* that the dregs of three frontiers contributed to its population, with the result that the walls were immediately placarded with an appeal to patriotic Alsatians to disprove the allegation by voting for a gentleman of the name of Schneider. Moreover, notices are posted up to the effect that France may sleep in peace, since the lion of Belfort wakes and watches. It is a very fine lion, indeed, carved out of the red rock, frowning down on you from the citadel, and looking particularly well on picture postcards. Everything in the town, too, is contrived with an eye to military patronage. The soldiers have preferential tariffs in the ballrooms, being admitted for twopence where a civilian has to pay threepence, and being given for his twopence a credit note redeemable in beer.

It is not ballrooms, however, but battlefields that one goes to Belfort to see; and though a battlefield without a battle is always a little like a frame without a picture, you have only to imagine some snow and some slush and some soldiers in order to conjure up the picture of the three memorable days when France was beaten because Bourbaki bungled.

Belfort, where Denfert-Rochereau was holding out with 13,000 men, was practically on the German line of communications. Bourbaki came up from Besançon with an army that outnumbered the Germans by about three to one. Manteuffel was sent across country by forced marches to stop him, but did not arrive in time. You have only to drive out about eight miles to see just what happened. For three days the French looked at the Germans across a river valley. They had forgotten the Mont des Vaudois—the hill which is the prominent feature of the landscape. The Germans had mounted big guns on it, and our friend Billot, of the Dreyfus case, ran up against it unawares. He could not get by, and the army had to edge round and attack from the west, instead of the south. Cremer and Admiral Penhoat—good fighting men—came on with a rush, and took Chenebier and Echevannes and the wood of Frahier. They did not push the Germans back on Belfort; they pushed them out of the way. They were hardly five miles from the gates of the town, reached by a good road over easy country. If they had slammed and banged they must have won. But Manteuffel was coming, and Bourbaki had Manteuffel on the brain. His men were not allowed to enter the door which they had forced. Three quarters of them had never fired a shot or seen a Prussian; but he ordered the retreat, which ended on Swiss soil.

They had done a good day's work, however, at Chenebier; and in a small cemetery there, not ten yards square, you see a simple monument that preserves their memory. The same monument, in fact, serves for the invaders and the defenders of the territory. The German dead have only a separate slab of marble on which it is recorded that they sleep in peace by the side of "their French comrades." Their French comrades! The phrase is striking, and rich in expected pathos. The pathos is the greater when one contrasts it with the bellicose aspiration of the local guide-book that, as Belfort fired the last shot in the war of 1870, so it may fire the first shot in the war of revenge that is to come. One wonders what the comrades would think of that if they could know.

"Madame de Staël and Her Lovers." FRANCIS GRIBBLE.
"The Testament of Omar Khayyam" L. C. ALEXANDER.
NEW NOVELS.
"White Fang." JACK LONDON.
"The Fighting Chance." ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.
"The Kinsman." MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.
"The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square." MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.
"The King's Wife." MLLE. HELENE VACARESCO.
"Kate Bannister." KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.
"Harry and Ursula." W. E. NORRIS.
&c., &c., &c.

SOME NEW BOOKS

MADAME DE STAËL AND HER LOVERS

In spite of its title, and to some extent of its subject, Mr. Francis Gribble's volume (Eveleigh Nash) is not to be regarded as a mere addition to the scandalous chronicles of a scandalous period. Madame de Staël was the most eminent woman of her time; Benjamin Constant, her lover in chief, was among the most distinguished of its public men. Their separate personalities are still of so much interest that the conflict resulting from their fusion must needs be more interesting still. Mr. Gribble has had the advantage of fuller and later authorities for a biography of the real woman as distinct from the authoress and politician. He has made skilful and industrious use of them all; and has not failed to make copious use of that "most pitiless piece of self-analysis ever put on paper," Constant's *Journal Intime*, of which it seems there is no English version. The result is an extraordinary psychological romance, bolder in its plot and conduct than any novel, and more difficult to lay down.

Its main motive is the struggle of a stupendously vain and domineering woman to keep in subjection a lover, grown weary of the chains that made him more miserable than all things else save one, namely, his freedom. The chains magnetised rather than weighed him down. The difference between their temperaments is neatly stated by Mr. Gribble himself in a literary comparison:—"Madame de Staël writes as one who cries for the moon, and can find consolation in pretending that she has got it; Benjamin Constant, as one who has obtained the moon, and only wishes that someone would take it off his hands." He was the introspective egotist, with an abnormal aptitude for studying himself as it were from the outside; she was the incarnation of a vanity that put self-judgment out of the question. Constant himself, in a character-sketch written during one of his intervals of fancied freedom, depicts her "as a woman who always does what she wishes to do, and always believes that whatever she does is right, supporting any line of conduct by an appeal to first principles divinely sanctioned." We have quoted one epigram of Mr. Gribble's; another is equally well-pointed: — "The history of Madame de Staël's love affairs is generally this: that she won men's affections because she talked so well, and then lost them because she talked so much." On one occasion "Crabb Robinson said to her, point blank, 'Madame, you have never understood Goethe, and you will never understand him,'" to which she retorted, "'Sir, I understand everything that is worthy of being understood. What I do not understand is of no importance.'"

In a work displaying so much intimate knowledge of the period it is strange to find an error on a point of common knowledge. Princess Louisa of Stolberg was not the "mistress"—as Mr. Gribble twice over calls her—but the wife of Prince Charles Edward Stuart. A more careless blunder could not have been made. R. E. F.

THE APOSTACY OF OMAR

The cult of Omar Khayyám, which in the last decade has spread so amazingly among the English-speaking peoples of both hemispheres, has been dealt a subtle blow by the publication of an unpretentious little volume entitled "The Testament of Omar Khayyám," by Louis C. Alexander (John Long). The book purports to contain the poet's last words—to judge by the quality of the verse they were certainly written in his dotage—and one learns with something akin to dismay that old Khayyám died in the odour of sanctity, exclaiming, as from his batter'd Caravanserai he passed behind the Veil:—

"No more Wine-shops for me—no more that disgrace;
Nor false lips to kiss, nor lips falser to speak;
Nor half-gay despairs. I uncover my face—
The masked mask it wore it is time that I break."

Shade of Fitzgerald! Can this be the genial old sinner who viewed life through the ruby-tinted bowl? Was this, indeed, the unedifying end of the *carpe diem* philosopher who found the highest wisdom in being "jocund with the fruitful Grape"; who sang so bewitchingly the praises of the Balm of Life, the Sovereign Alchemist; who was wont to lose his

"fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine"?

No! We decline to believe that Omar was ever such a renegade as to dare

"Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare."

Perish the thought of such a lamentable death-bed repentance! This must have been some other poet of the same name, and we look to the Omar Khayyám Club to investigate the matter and clear the character of their Master.

In addition to the Testament there are two hymns of unimpeachable piety—they might have been written by Dr. Watts—and some "Odes of the Disciples," which contain, perhaps, the most remarkable lines in the volume:—

"A time will of a surety come,
Oh, Master wise and gray!
When lands thou never knewest will proclaim thy fame;
And tongues thou never heardest will, some distant day,
Enlighted trace thy syllables,
And revere thy name."



MADAME DE STAËL
The frontispiece to Mr. Francis Gribble's "Madame de Staël and Her Lovers." (Eveleigh Nash).

But this must apply to the Rubaiyat, and not to the Wasiyyat, which, it appears, is the Persian name for Omar's palinode.

"WHITE FANG"

Mr. Jack London's masterpiece has hitherto been "The Call of the Wild," in which he told how a noble product of highly civilised dog-hood reverted to remote ancestral barbarism, and was left exercising his cultivated canine intelligence in the leadership of a pack of wolves. That masterpiece must now divide its honours with "White Fang" (Methuen and Co.), in which we follow the reverse process whereby a wild wolf, with a canine strain in him—doubtless derived from the hero of the former story—finds his way back into the world of dogs and men. Mr. London evidently holds that the law of love and kindness is a more powerful factor in such evolution than any mere struggle for survival. None the less, White Fang the wolf had a terrible time of it before he became White Fang the dog; there are descriptions of how he fared at the hands of men, in comparison with whom wolves are lambs, that are downright cruel to the reader. If there be not an epidemic of nightmare among the readers of "White Fang" we shall be surprised. But there is pathos also, and we shall be yet more surprised if there be not an epidemic of wet eyes.

"THE FIGHTING CHANCE"

The motive of "The Fighting Chance," by Robert W. Chambers (with illustrations by Fred Pegram: Archibald Constable), is double. One is the mutual help of a young man and a young woman in combating their respective hereditary propensities—his to drink, and hers to what a woman would dread more. That their marriage is to be a success we suppose is to be assumed; whether two vicious propensities can thus be neutralised by union is a question for psychological experts to decide—if they can. The second motive is the portraiture of social and financial New York as such a sink of depravity and corruption that the reader is compelled to the conclusion that there must be something omitted in a picture that is all black shadow. Both motives are treated with unquestionable power.

"THE KINSMAN"

Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick takes, we think, a rather special interest in persons of indistinguishable resemblance, and in heroes with a genius for turning up when wanted. In her new story of "The Kinsman" (with eight illustrations by C. E. Brock: Methuen and Co.) the mutual doubles are represented by a wealthy young gentleman from Australia of the one part, and a vulgar clerk in desperately embarrassed circumstances of the other. The substitution, by himself, of the latter for the former is no secret from the reader: and if good farce be the evolution of logical consequences from impossible premises, "The Kinsman" falls well within the definition. And if it be good farce in its construction, it is good comedy in the situations and incidents that lead to a comfortable close.

"THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE"

The scheme of Mrs. Henry de la Pasture's new story (John Murray) is certainly of the thinnest. A girl, brought up from infancy among the rough surroundings of a Welsh farm, is unexpectedly brought to London, presently finds herself the sole mistress of a great house in Grosvenor Square, part of a great fortune unexpectedly left to a twin brother absent in South Africa, marries a Duke—and that is about all. The interest is derived from the social and domestic embarrassments of the heroine, who, completely ignorant of the world and its ways, and without a relation or friend to help or counsel her, has been suddenly transported from the heart of wild Wales into that of Mayfair. These are pleasantly described.

"THE KING'S WIFE"

Mlle. Hélène Vacaresco seems to have gathered a parcel of public gossip about various Royal persons, thrown the rather stale ingredients into the shape of a novel (T. Werner Laurie), and stirred them well up, so as to baffle definite identification. There are, no doubt, many foolish folk who find such fare appetising. No doubt, therefore, they must be catered for, provided that, as in the present case, the result is not in the least likely to do them, or anybody else, the very smallest harm.

"KATE BANNISTER"

A matrimonial tangle of an unusual kind forms the main subject of "Kate Bannister," by Keighley Snowden (Eveleigh Nash), in which one Tom Blair is not only the husband of two women, but of two dear friends who are none the less quite unaware of their singular relation. The story has many vigorous scenes, notably that of a wild wife-chase over a Yorkshire moor, in which the atmosphere of a dream that leads to it is well maintained; an effect, indeed, which with a musical interest colours the whole novel.

"HARRY AND URSULA"

The qualities that have placed Mr. W. E. Norris among the very few present-day novelists of distinction may be taken for granted. In "Harry and Ursula: a Story with Two Sides to it" (Methuen and Co.), he adopts the form of two parallel journals, from which we obtain the very different views of the two parties to a lovers' misunderstanding—parallel, that is to say, in the true geometrical sense of never meeting to whatever length they may be made to run. This problem, which we fear would have proved as hopelessly insoluble in the world of realities as in that of definitions, is disposed of by Mr. Norris with an almost scornful disregard of artistic or at any rate conventional methods. The interest of his work depends less upon the manner in which the two stubborn "sides" are forced to meet at last than in watching how easily things go wrong. He shows himself as skilful as ever in penetrating through apparently commonplace surfaces into the core of complex character. He has not been quite successful in distinguishing Harry's journal from Ursula's; but then he may possibly have intended to express psychological sympathy by similarity of style.

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The "slippery places" of Mr. H. Maxwell's new novel (Digby Long) are such things as blackmail, revenge, attempted murder, and—love. There is a mysterious casket, too, with a secret spring, and this conceals the documents round which the story revolves. When it is said that these, in the hands of Antonio the wicked Italian, and of Julian Prescott, who "lived by his wits, and other things," keep a Duke from his kingdom, and Cicely Saville from the kingdom of love, it may be guessed with what breathlessness their bandying about from villain to villain is followed by the reader. There are many turns in the plot, but we get through at last, and the curtain rings down on happiness and weddings all round. An exciting, wholesome story that will find many readers.

"PEGGY THE PILGRIM"

The title is mild, but the work is wild. The plot of Mr. G. B. Burgin's new novel (Hutchinson and Co.) is based upon a change of indistinguishable babies, a mother deliberately sending her own to take its chances in the slums, and substituting for it her husband's child by another woman. Peggy herself, a twelve-year-old maid of all work in a squalid lodging-house, somewhere in whose pedigree the name of Weller must assuredly have figured, having leaped into fame and fortune as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, culminates, not as a mere Marchioness of the Swiveller creation, but as an actual Countess and prospective vice-reine of Ireland. The great scene is where a rising barrister, suddenly told that a forger whom he is prosecuting at the Old Bailey is his own half-brother, throws off his wig and rushes into the dock, on the bewildering principle that if they had not been changed at nurse the barrister would have been the forger and the forger the barrister. The novel yields plenty of amusement, but scarcely of the sympathetic sort that Mr. Burgin has so often provided, and will doubtless often provide again.

STORIES BY MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED

"The Luck of the Leura" is a story that gives its name to a volume of seven stories by Mrs. Campbell Praed (John Long); the Upper Leura River representing an Australian district famous for ill-fortune until, in the concluding tale, significantly entitled "Aurea," the luck changed. The stories, or rather sketches, being without any real connection, derive a semblance of it from their common locality, and, save partially in the case of the last, a more actual but less satisfactory sort of unity in their sombreness of tone. We need not say that bush life is thoroughly well described.

COURT SCANDAL FROM WILLIAM LE QUEUX

Given a niece of the Emperor Francis Joseph, Queen Consort and mother of the Crown Prince of "Marburg"—how to bring her and her child into a state of destitution in Paris and intimate relations with a gang of thieves? And, having brought her into such a situation, how to get her out again? With some presumable assistance from recent Royal scandals, these questions are solved by Mr. William Le Queux's new novel, "The Great Court Scandal" (F. V. White and Co.), which has at any rate the merit of imaginative courage.



This is what the new premises of Messrs. Mappin and Webb (the jewellers), now building in Oxford Street, will look like when completed. Arrangements have been made to carry on business in temporary showrooms in the rear of the old premises, the entrance being from Oxford Street. There will be no inconvenience to customers.

MODERN LONDON: MESSRS. MAPPIN AND WEBB'S NEW SHOP IN OXFORD STREET

A HISTORY OF OXFORDSHIRE

This, like other volumes of this excellent series, ("A History of Oxfordshire." By J. Meade Falkner. Stock) contains an immense amount of information in a comparatively small space. The history of Oxfordshire is traced from pre-Roman times to the middle of last century. Oxford was an important town even in Norman times, for in the time of Domesday Book the King held twenty-five houses there. Henry I. did much for the good of Oxfordshire, which was promptly undone by Stephen. Richard I. was an Oxfordshire man, and upon his return from the Crusades the first publicly authorised tournaments were held within its borders. In the thirteenth century the different Orders of Friars came to the county, and soon after the University began to form itself. The growth of the University is interestingly described by the author. The scholars were first housed in halls, and it is mentioned that in the fifteenth century three new colleges were founded—Lincoln, All Souls, and Magdalen. We find no mention of an older college. The county suffered much during the Civil War, when Oxford was King Charles's capital. The author deals in great detail with the laws and regulations affecting the taking of degrees, etc. He also has something to say on Town and Gown Riots, and of important trials that have taken place at the Oxfordshire Assizes, such as the trial of Mary Blandy. The book will be found of the greatest interest not only to Oxfordshire men, but to Oxford men.

NOTES

We have also received the following:—"Peers or People?" by W. T. Stead. (Fisher Unwin.) "In the cause of Freedom," by A. W. Marchmont. (Ward Lock.) "Her Highnesses' Secretary," by Carlton Dawe. (Nash.) "Childe Harold, and Other Poems," by A. H. Haynes Bell. (Elliot Stock.) "The Coming of Spring, and Other Poems," by Rowe Lingston. (John Long.)

"The Poetry of Burns," is called a "centenary edition," edited by the late W. E. Henley and J. F. Henderson, and published by J. C. and E. C. Jack, in four charming volumes, with notes and portraits. It is a reprint of the two-guinea edition, with Henley's well-known essay. Burns, again, appears in the "Red Letter Library" of Blackie and Son, who also send us poems of Matthew Arnold and Hazlitt's Essays, in the same series.

Messrs. Longmans publish "Woman: Her Position and Influence in Ancient Greece and Rome, and Among the Early Christians," by James Donaldson, LL.D., Principal of St. Andrews University. Readers of the *Contemporary Review* will be already familiar with some of the chapters.

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WORLDLY WOMAN

FASHION is called fickle for more than alliteration's sake. She has all the feminine failings—or what are known as such. Inconsequence, love of change, lack of humour, all that goes to the making of the eternal feminine. Over these the world has theorised for ages past, and always will. Till the last day, both woman and fashion will be denounced for their whims and moods, for it is possible in life to live down everything, even a crime, but a theory—never.

Fashion out-herods Herod in feminine weakness, her latest and greatest being extravagance. Never before have such fortunes been spent on dress. Whose is the fault? For once we can reverse the eternal *cherchez la femme*. For all her apparent femininity fashion is man's handiwork, and he alone is to blame for the state of affairs he deplores. Her creators are a dozen or so of Paris *couturiers*, her much criticised vagaries their business speculations. We have Monsieur X.'s ideas of the Empire, Monsieur Y.'s reminiscences of the Directoire, Monsieur Z.'s impressions from the Japanese, each vainly striving to outshine the other, till we have hardly a leading idea in our modern Babel of clothes.

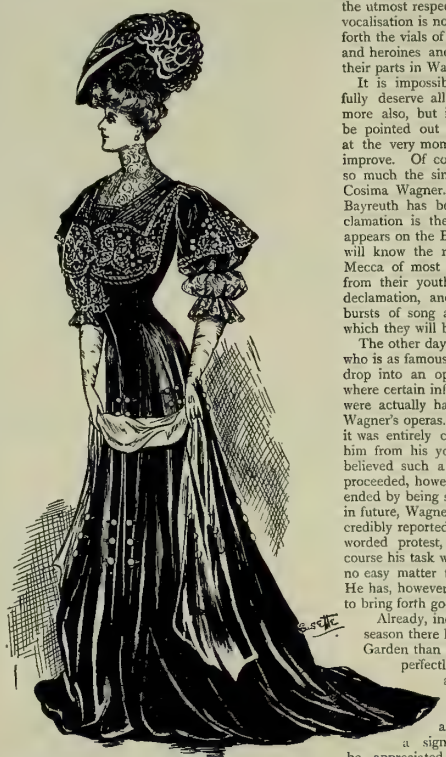
On the surface of things it looks feminine enough, and it is said, of course, that no one but a woman could be responsible for such inconsistencies. But, not at all. It is commercial competition and the struggle for survival that is to blame for our muddled Periods and our extravagances. Where there was one "Worth" some twenty years ago, there are to-day a dozen equally inspired creators, all vying with each other for that public favour, so hard to win nowadays, and harder still to keep. To become the fashion, the rage, *le succès fou*, the modern *couturier* must outshine someone else—he must beat a record. And in consequence they all beat the record in magnificence, and in price, too, of course, season after season. Hence our elaborated velvets, our embroidered chiffons. So that Monsieur can amass a fortune we wear his "painted lily" and "gilded gold." But these are facts that no one remembers when the bill comes in, least of all the victims who are blamed. It was always thus in an unjust world.

One good at least comes of much evil. There is so great a variety nowadays that there is a style for every type, and no one need wear unbecoming frocks. And yet, not even in a multitude of fashions is there wisdom for some of us. It is not entirely a question of taste, it is an extraordinary instinct which some women have for finding and wearing the one thing of all others they should avoid. There is the insignificant person of no complexion and less figure who invariably appears in undyed tussore, quite regardless of the fact that it demands a wealth of brilliant beauty and worlds of distinction to carry it off at all. Another melancholy example is the woman who insists on choosing alpaca for her home efforts, that treacherous material which has been responsible for the failures of many a good tailor. But ignorance is bliss. Apart from these misguided ones, there are many others whose indifference or laziness results in errors hardly less grievous. Pages might be written on the subject, and sermons preached in vain. They think and reason, these others, on everything except on dress. In that they never dream of exercising any discrimination or good taste they might possess, but follow blindly where the French model leads. And where exactly it can lead is a subject too tragic almost to be discussed. Alas, that there should be so little tact in dress!

But to talk of novelties. *Chiné* ribbons will be worn a good deal, and they are very pretty. There is some idea of reviving lace and ribbon gowns, which does not sound very new, but is charming at any rate, and is also expensive, and this may save it from the popularity that kills. The pinafore frock looks very nice with a Pompadour ribbon sash, its short kimono sleeve, and the line of its bodice outlined with the same. The soft *chiné* flowers are a pleasant change from the everlasting embroidery, and contrast delightfully with the lace blouse that inevitably accompanies such a frock.

I wonder that in these days of straining after originality no one has thought of the *empiècements* of our gowns, which have been "lacy" now for many a long year. What an original creation would be the frock that did not begin in filminess! It might, of course, be less becoming, but how strikingly new to have a yoke and collar that dared to be anything but lace! I believe it would be welcomed with joy even if it were less pretty; it would be such a relief from *toujours dentelle*.

Another novelty, and one that exists outside dreams, is the disappearance of the bandeau. Hats are actually to be worn on the head, not miles above it, and the elaborate *cache-peigne* of tulle and ribbon is no more. Not that hats have grown smaller by any means. On the contrary, their brims are wider and more undulating than ever, and more than ever are they decked with feathers that never grew on any bird. The consequence is that there must be more hair to support all this, and that means endless transformations, pads and curls. It is a good time for the hairdresser at any rate, if only he would condescend to dress our hair well. The art, as an art, is understood only in Paris, but then so much is possible over there. Only last month the *coiffeur* Lenthéric was made *Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur*. It is worth while to take pains in hairdressing when a grateful country recognises one's efforts! In London we have an army of Messieurs Henri and Auguste, but we are far from arriving at the right results. This threatens



PRINCESS GOWN IN BLACK CHIFFON VELVET AND JET

to become a serious problem in the spring, if we are to adopt the hat minus the bandeau that so obligingly covered a multitude of ill-dressed heads.

Now if the Channel Tunnel would allow us to visit the immortal Lenthéric in the course of the afternoon and grace our functions at home the same night, what an argument in its favour that would be! We have been positively flooded of late with discussions of drapers and the possible effect the Tunnel might have on West End trade. "Women," we are told, "will not shop here, but will prefer to run over to Paris for everything." With all due deference to expert opinion, I don't see the average Englishwoman dashing over to add the cost of her trip (evidently an unconsidered item) to the price of her fifteen-and-elevenpenny petticoat. Nor is she likely to prefer the *salons* of the Rue de la Paix to the dressmaker who has borne with her for years—tunnel or no tunnel.

But then we love discussions on paper, though they mean nothing and lead nowhere. As we don't shine in quick-witted retort, so we make up in printers' ink for the lost opportunities of speech.

L. S. R.

MUSICAL NOTES

If ever there was a case in which the sins of the fathers were visited upon the children, or perhaps it would be better to say the sins of the elder brethren upon the younger, it is surely that of the unfortunate singers now engaged at Covent Garden. For years and years Teutonic vocalists have tramped the boards at our opera house during the Grand Season, and have done serious damage to the drums of our ears by what they euphemistically termed their singing, and we have borne it with wonderful resignation. And now, suddenly, a large section of the Press, for which, be it said, we have the utmost respect, has awoken to the fact that Teutonic vocalisation is not all that it might be, and is pouring forth the vials of its wrath upon the unfortunate heroes and heroines and gods and goddesses who are playing their parts in Wagner's operas.

It is impossible to deny that a great many of them fully deserve all that has been said about them, and more also, but it is a little hard that their faults should be pointed out to them with such excessive candour at the very moment when they appear to be trying to improve. Of course, the chief person to blame is not so much the singers themselves as the imperious Frau Cosima Wagner. For years and years her influence at Bayreuth has been thrown against good singing. Declamation is the thing for her, and every singer who appears on the Bayreuth stage has got to declaim or she will know the reason why. Now, as Bayreuth is the Mecca of most German singers, it naturally follows that from their youth up they have been working hard at declamation, and have come to regard momentary outbursts of song as lapses from the path of rectitude, for which they will be punished in the hereafter.

The other day, however, a certain eminent conductor, who is as famous here as on the Continent, happened to drop into an opera house (not situated in Germany), where certain infidels who knew not the Bayreuth creed were actually having the impertinence to sing one of Wagner's operas. It gave him a sad shock at first, for it was entirely contrary to the traditions instilled into him from his youth up, and, moreover, he had not believed such a thing possible. As the performance proceeded, however, he began rather to like it, and he ended by being so impressed that he actually said that, in future, Wagner should be sung at his theatre. It is credibly reported that Frau Cosima sent him a strongly worded protest, which, however, had no effect. Of course his task was an uphill one, for in these days it is no easy matter to induce a Wagnerian singer to sing. He has, however, begun a work which is surely destined to bring forth good fruit.

Already, indeed, the tide is setting back, and this season there has been more good singing at Covent Garden than we have ever heard there before. It is perfectly true that many of the artists engaged are not Germans, among them being Frau Bosetti, Herr Naval and Mr. Hinckley, but these are engaged at German opera houses, and it is a sign of the times that they should be appreciated in Wagner's operas there. Of the Germans, Herr Krauss is an admirable vocalist, whatever some may say to the contrary. His voice may not be of a particularly sympathetic quality, but he uses it admirably, as witness his beautiful delivery of some of Lohengrin's music in the last performance of that opera. Frau von Westhoven, Frau Minnie Nast, Herr Feinhals, Herr von Krauss, and Herr Bussard, again, are all quite good singers, and all, so far as we are aware, are of German origin; while, of the non-Germans, we have had such splendid artists to rejoice our ears as Mme. Litvinne, Mme. von Krauss-Osborne, Mme. Agnes Nicholls, and Herr Herold. The performances, indeed, may not have been perfect; but it seems to us that it is a little hard that they should have been singled out for especial blame. The Germans, in particular, have obviously been doing their best, and ought, therefore, to be encouraged, just as we should encourage rather than criticise an aeroplanist who failed to win THE GRAPHIC prize at his first attempt.

J. D. H.

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THE GRAPHIC

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The Fight for London

An Interview by Wentworth Huyshe

THE MUNICIPAL REFORM LEADER, MR. R. A. ROBINSON, ON THE CAMPAIGN.

IT is a typical Yorkshireman who greets you as you enter his house in Brechin Place, South Kensington—Mr. R. A. Robinson, J.P., Leader of the Municipal Reform Party in the London County Council—tall and burly, and with the amiable, hearty manner which is often characteristic of big men who hail from the North. His father was a shipowner at Whitby, and he himself began to take a special interest in public life many years ago when he became a member of the Kensington vestry. Eleven years ago he was elected a member of the London County Council for South Kensington; he has served on the Council ever since, and is now up for election again to a seat which is safe as any seat can be. Recently the experience, tact, and judgment of Mr Robinson have brought him up to the forefront as the leader of the Municipal Reform Party on the Council. He used to be the Whip of that party a few years ago when it was known as the Moderate Party. Mr. Robinson was the Deputy-Chairman of the Council in 1903-4; he is a Justice of the Peace for the County of London. As a platform speaker—as everyone knows who has heard him—he is effective and practical, and not florid or rhetorical. In the present campaign he has made the best use of his gifts and has addressed many a meeting with great satisfaction to his audience, and with permanent advantage to his party.

I had called upon Mr. Robinson to hear what he, the leader of the Reformers, might please to tell me on the eve of the municipal battle which will be fraught with consequences for London. Mr. Robinson is a busy man, and so we plunged at once into our talk.

"What do you think are the prospects for March 2, Mr. Robinson?"

"Distinctly encouraging, if people will only make some effort and some self-sacrifice in their own interest and come to the poll. Surely the voice of the more reasonable people of London ought to have effect. It will be of no use whatever to grumble afterwards if ratepayers refuse to take any interest in making that voice heard."

"And your party is solid within its own ranks?"

"Yes, absolutely. We are a united party, and we have many new candidates of ability and promise, as well as others who are men of ripe experience in affairs."

"Slackness in exercising the voting right is always a trouble, is it not?"

"Yes, very much so. The most important consideration in the coming election is to see that the electors exercise that privilege. Do you know that at the last election only 46 per cent. of them did so? I fear that a very large proportion of those who abstained from voting are really those who have most to lose if the Progressive policy has full sway and a majority of that party is again returned."

"And how is it that the abstainers thus stand to lose?"

"Well, I cannot answer that question better than by stating that there is a real danger of Socialistic ideas being imposed upon the people of London. This means the crushing out of private enterprise, which I should regard as an enormous danger. Look, for instance, at this newspaper cutting from the address of a Socialist candidate, headed 'A Socialist's Comprehensive Programme.'"

Mr. Robinson handed me the cutting and I read as follows:—

Mr. W. Humphreys, the Socialist candidate for Battersea in the London County Council Election, issued his address this morning. He advocates: Municipal omnibuses, public bakeries, milk and coal depots, retail markets for fish, meat, and vegetables, the public ownership of hospitals and dispensaries, municipal pawnshops, a London County Council bank, municipal restaurants and public-houses, control of the police, a municipal theatre and opera house, work for the unemployed at trade union rates of wages, and a forty-eight hours week for all employees.

"You have decided views upon Municipal Trading, Mr. Robinson?"

"I have. I am in favour of proper and sensible enterprise in a municipality, such, for instance, as providing open spaces, parks, and such like advantages for the benefit of the community at large; but that is a different matter from actual competing in trading concerns with the ratepayers. The Council should govern and control, not trade. That is my opinion. I do not think it is a right thing to do, to use the ratepayers money against themselves, and this is what is done when the municipality competes with different sections of ratepayers. It is improper, and it often leads to heavy loss—in such cases as steamboats and building works, for example."

"And municipal trading hardly ever likes competition?"

"It generally opposes it. I know of country Corporations who own gasworks and who are opposed to the introduction of the electric light; and, *vice versâ*, I know of some who own electric light being extremely hostile to gas. Then, you know, if large sums of money have to be raised for trading purposes by the Municipality, other necessary work has to go by the board; proper municipal work is neglected when trading schemes are entered upon and much of the time and energies of members and officials taken up by them."



MR. R. A. ROBINSON, J.P.
Photo by THE GRAPHIC Photographer.

"But you do not entirely shut out municipalities, do you?"

"I think that in some cases, where, for instance, a monopoly is given by Parliament, or where a necessity is involved, such as a water supply, then it may be proper for the community to control or to undertake the work."

"Shall we now speak a little on the question of education?"

"Certainly. That is a question, of course, of great importance. For my part, I sincerely desire that no section of the community should have cause for grievance in our educational system. I would give equal regard to the just wishes of Nonconformists, Churchmen, and all other persons in the education of their children, with equal advantages to children, the same footing for all teachers of equal standing, and equal treatment of all schools. A more tolerant spirit should take the place of the unjust, and sometimes harsh, measures taken in the past. It is my contention, and I urged it three years ago, that the Education Committee should be open to the public and the Press. The so-called Progressive party opposed this until, not long ago, they found out—just on the eve of the election—how angry people were at such a betrayal of their wishes. It was a sort of deathbed repentance, and it is not likely to deceive the electors of the metropolis."

"There are endless difficulties in this matter of education, I suppose?"

"Well, I have had practical experience as a manager, both on Voluntary and Council Schools, and I see no insuperable difficulty in arranging fair and equitable treatment which should obtain the approval of the people."

"And the Progressives' proposed administration would not obtain that?"

"The Progressives are thoroughly hostile to the Voluntary schools, and desire central administration. For my part I would encourage local managers, and it is a cardinal principle with me that parents should have the opportunity of having their children educated according to their own faith. I would not banish from any of our schools the daily teaching of religious truth. Equally, of course, I would not compel children to be given religious instruction which was objected to by their parents. I shall be greatly pleased if the new party, which I hope is coming into being, will take up this question in a tolerant spirit, without bias, and bring it to a settlement without friction; and, you know, it is a fact, fortunately, that some of the business of the Council is conducted in a non-party spirit."

"The campaign is attended, I suppose, with the usual perversions of fact?"

"Our opponents are sending out most unfounded statements, both through the Press and in leaflets, as regards our policy. They state, for instance, that we are in favour of building over the parks of London. Nothing, of course, could be more unjustifiable."

"The issue of the election involves a great change in the policy of the Council?"

"It certainly does; it turns upon the overpowering necessity for a great change in dealing with questions of great importance, and especially as regards finance, including increasing rates and debt, which really dominate and affect everything else. It is quite certain that if the Progressive policy prevails, and that party is sent back to power, the rates will go up."

"Before I go will you let me have a brief statement as to the policy of the Municipal Reform party?"

"Certainly. These are the points:—

Preserving the independence of Borough Councils, and friendly co-operation with them;

More economy and more stringent financial control and limit to expenditure by the Council;

Proper municipal enterprise with a clear statement of accounts.

Electricity supplied by private enterprise and controlled by the Council.

Working and developing the tramways of the Council under business conditions;

Fair treatment to all schools, and the Education Committee open to Press and public;

More equitable equalisation of rates than the present, securing equal justice for all districts, and providing safeguards against extravagance.

Larger Imperial Exchequer grants for London, on a fair basis, to the relief of London ratepayers;

Reducing the heavy loss on steamboats; and, if found to be impossible, then disposing of them;

Encouraging home industries and giving our own people preference and employment;

Fair wages and fair conditions to all;

Healthy houses for the working classes;

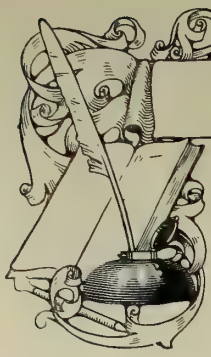
All measures for the improvement of London and for the recreation and health of the people, which can properly be undertaken by the municipality with due regard to the cost;

Economy, efficiency and publicity in all our work:

If Parliament can devise a more equitable system of taxation, including land values, vacant sites, etc., I should welcome and administer it in a fair and impartial spirit.

"That represents my views upon the subject of Municipal Reform, the watchword of our party. It is a new party, and I am sure that it will do its best to serve the interests—the real interests—of London if those whose interests are at stake will go to the poll."

W. H.



THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

WHATEVER else the present year of grace may or may not bring forth, it will certainly be remembered for the two great Conferences to be held in April and June next. The British Colonial Conference has grown in importance ever since its inception, twenty years ago, and this year's gathering may be destined to be a milestone on the road of our Imperial evolution of much more than its predecessors' significance. Thanks to the Government's somewhat tardy and grudging permission, the Conference will not be debarred from discussing the Fiscal policy of the Empire. That is as it should be; for, whether we be Tariff Reformers or not, we all want (or ought to want) to know what our Colonial brethren think of the question. Wherefore, to have forbidden its discussion would have been mere foolishness, and tyrannical foolishness into the bargain. Fortunately, Ministers have made up their minds that a policy of gag will hardly pay. One marvels whether they ever really imagined that it would.

* * * *

The promised presence of a delegate from India seems to suggest that the Conference is beginning to form the nucleus of a completely representative Imperial Council. May we not venture to hope that, on the next occasion, we shall find the West Indies and our great and growing Central African Protectorates duly represented? The process of the Empire's evolution is slow, but none the less sure, maybe, for that. Rome was not built in a day—or a Roman Empire either—and mushroom growths are but a sorry substitute for masonry.

* * * *

Besides the Colonial Conference we have in prospect the second Peace Conference at The Hague. Remembering that grim irony of the gods by which the first Peace Conference was the prelude to two tremendous wars—the South African and the Far Eastern—we can only hope that the omen of coincidence may be averted and that history may decline to repeat itself.

* * * *

But however that may be, it is also to be hoped that our humanitarian Government will not consider itself pledged to bring forward any proposals either of disarmament or limitation of armaments. The mere fact that M. de Martens has ascertained the unwillingness of Germany, France and Russia, to discuss anything of the sort should suffice to administer the cold *douche* of common sense to the dreams of sentimentality.

Ministers, by the way, have got themselves into a very pretty pickle over the question of "indentured" labour in the New Hebrides. Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, in a recent letter to the *Times*, has emphasised the fallacy of the Ministerial contention that the arrangement had to be sanctioned in order to please the French Government. As a matter of fact the terms of the arrangement were never mentioned to the French Government at all!

* * * *

One would have supposed that what was sauce for the Chinese goose would have been sauce for the New Hebridean gander, and that "slavery" was equally servile all the world over. But the Government are evidently of the opinion of Mme. Dubarry on morals generally: "*Tout cela est si purement géographique.*"

* * * *

Decidedly, there is a touch of what Thomas Hardy calls "the impishness of circumstance" about the coincidence by which the Duke of Devonshire happened to appeal for a cool million and a half on behalf of the University of Cambridge on the very day that the undergraduates of that seat of learning so severely "ragged" poor Mr. Keir Hardie. It must be reluctantly confessed that our "young Barbarians all at play" did no credit either to themselves or to their University.

* * * *

Their behaviour would have been amazingly "bad form" if it had been applied to a representative of any other political party than that of Labour. But, as coming from persons presumed to have received certain advantages of birth and breeding, it can only be stigmatised as singularly snobbish. "Manners makyth Man" is an old motto and a good one. And what is the good of a University education if it does not teach one to behave better than a graduate of Hooligan Hall? Cambridge owes Mr. Keir Hardie the *amende honorable*.

* * * *

If Londoners do not free themselves, once for all, of Progressive maladministration at the forthcoming County Council election, they will richly deserve to be fleeced for another generation. It can be done, as the late Borough elections conclusively proved; all that is needed is a "long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together" on the part of all who object to Tammany principles and methods.

* * * *

Complaint is made of the prevalence of apathy and indifference in the New York electorate. That blight operates quite as injuriously to the public interest in the British Metropolis. There must be thousands of electors—the computation would go close to the mark if made in tens of thousands—who take pride in never voting at municipal contests. They apparently imagine that their social status would be smirched by their doing so. Women voters are still worse offenders. Canvassers assert that not one out of a dozen can be relied on to go to the poll; they make the excuse that they would be crowded by dirty workmen and have their finery spoilt. It is an amusing excuse, considering that these self-same ladies make a practice of attending "alarming sacrifice" sales at drapers' shops.

* * * *

Away in South Africa a very different phase of electioneering comes into view. Instead of indifference, *trop de zèle* dominates the Transvaal, and it is a safe prediction that most of the constituencies will whip up almost every voter. Passions are rising, too, at Johannesburg, the wrath of the populace being directed against the Chamber of Mines on suspicion of its resorting to bribery and intimidation among the white miners. There is no sort of proof that the Chamber has ever done anything of the kind, but at times of popular excitement no tale is too wild for belief. As far as can be judged at present, Het Volk and its national allies look to be sure of a small but dangerously fluid majority.

* * * *

The whole civilised world owes a debt of gratitude to the Kaiser for coercing the Sultan into getting rid of that scandalous official, Fehim Pasha. The enormities perpetrated by this man since Abdul Hamid, in an evil hour, took him into high favour, would fill a bulky volume. There was hardly a crime, from murder downwards, with which his name was not associated in the Constantinople bazaars, but the victims of his brutalities feared to complain lest offence should be taken at the Palace.



COLONEL ARMIN MÜLLER
Inspector-General of the International Police in Morocco.



MR. HUGH CLIFFORD, C.M.G.
New Governor of Ceylon.
Photo by Elliott and Fry.



MR. ALDERMAN BORDER
New Lord Mayor of York.
Photo by Debenham, York.



THE RIGHT HON. J. L. WHARTON
New Chairman of the North Eastern Railway Company.
Photo by Davey, Harrogate.



LORD LONSDALE, THE NEW MASTER OF THE COTTESMORE FOXHOUNDS



Random Notes at the Carnival at Nice

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER

COURT AND SOCIETY

Princess Henry in Madrid

Nothing could have been more touching and hearty than Princess Henry of Battenberg's reception in Madrid, not only by the Spanish Royal Family, but also from the chivalrous and warm-hearted Spanish people. The "Princess Mother," as Princess Henry is called, has become extremely popular in her daughter's adopted country, where her maternal solicitude for the bright young Queen Victoria Eugénie has made a great impression. As for King Alfonso, his tenderly respectful devotion to his mother-in-law has always been most marked. Should an heir be born to their Spanish Majesties, the fortunate infant will bear the title of Prince of the Asturias, the title which is analogous to that of Prince of Wales in this country. Moreover, as the Salic law was abolished in Spain in 1830, any daughter that was born to their Spanish Majesties would succeed to the Throne in the absence of a male heir, and would bear the title of the Princess of the Asturias, as King Alfonso's elder sister did. It is interesting to learn, by the way, that His Most Catholic Majesty has assigned a noble chamber in one of his palaces, which has been fitted up as a private chapel for Princess Henry.



LADY DE BUNSEN
Wife of our Ambassador to Spain

Princess Henry's Suite

Princess Henry's suite in Madrid will consist of Lord and Lady William Cecil and Mr. Thomas and Miss Minnie Cochrane. Lord William Cecil, who has been Comptroller and Treasurer to Her Royal Highness for a good many years, is uncle of the present Lord Exeter, and is only distantly related to the Cecils of Hatfield House. He has a delightful old place, Hunmanby Hall, near Filey, and he married the brilliant and accomplished eldest daughter of Lord Amherst of Hackney, to whose title she will succeed by special remainder. Lady William Cecil inherited her father's love for antiquarian research in Egypt, and, indeed, she communicated her enthusiasm to her husband; what more natural than that this love of Egypt should also be communicated to Princess Henry of Battenberg, who has had some remarkable experiences while treasure-hunting in the land of the Pharaohs under the guidance of Professor Flinders Petrie. In her charming book, "Bird Notes from the Nile," Lady William's graphic pencil has reproduced for us not only sketches of birds on the Nile to-day, but also the ancient pictures which show that the natives use just the same methods of fowling as their ancestors did thousands of years ago. Lord and Lady William Cecil have four sons, the eldest of whom, the future Lord Amherst of Hackney, will come of age next June.

Mr. and Miss Cochrane

Mr. Thomas and Miss Minnie Cochrane are brother and sister; they are closely related to Lord Dundonald, whose eldest son, by the way, came of age on Thursday, and Lord Lamington, the Governor of Bombay, is their nephew. There is also a close connection with the Troubridge family. White hair has come to be a family characteristic, and Miss Minnie Cochrane, though she is by no means old, is most distinguished looking with her silver locks. Mr. Cochrane, who is Her Royal Highness's deputy as Governor of the Isle of Wight, is financially interested in Canada. He and his wife, Lady Adela, spent some years ranching at a place called Mitford, on the line to Vancouver, and it is understood that the venture was very successful. His mother, who was one of the old family of Wheeler-Cuffe, was honoured by the close friendship of Queen Victoria, who often visited her at Quarr Abbey. In this way, Miss Minnie Cochrane received her first introduction at Court; her brightness and charm won her the special favour of Queen Victoria, who was fond of playing duets with her.



PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG
Now on a visit to the King and Queen of Spain.

Lady de Bunsen

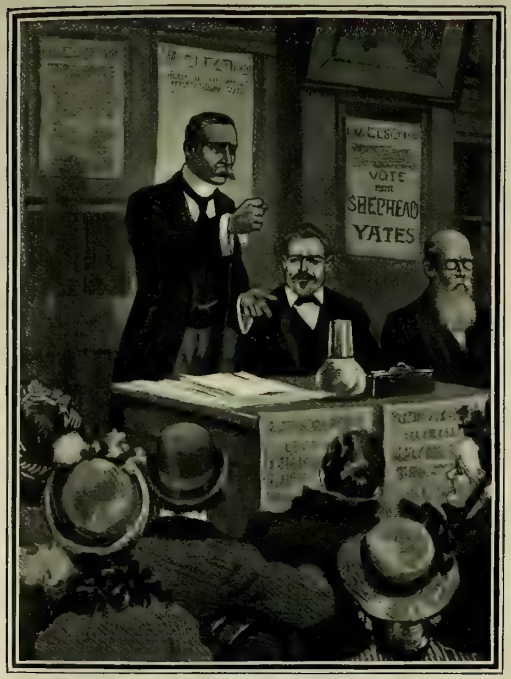
Lady de Bunsen, as the wife of the British Ambassador, is of course an important personage at the Court of Madrid. Her ladyship, who bears the pretty name of Berta, is the daughter of the late Mr. Armar Lowry Corry, and thus a niece of the late Lord Rowton. Lady de Bunsen had a twin brother, Mr. Oscar Henry Lowry-Corry, and his death a little more than two years ago was an inexpressible grief to her. Her marriage to his Excellency, who was then Mr. de Bunsen, took place in 1899, when he was Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople. Thence he was transferred to Paris, where both he and his charming wife made many friends. Before being appointed to Madrid, he served for a year or so as Minister in Lisbon, and while there they made close acquaintance with the beautiful scenery of Northern Portugal. They wandered far from the beaten track, and, disdaining hotels, they literally set up their tents at the end of each day's march, to the astonishment of the peasantry, who could not understand why people who might live in palaces should choose to live like gipsies. Their Excellencies have three daughters, the eldest of whom is seven years old.

Oxford's Chancellor

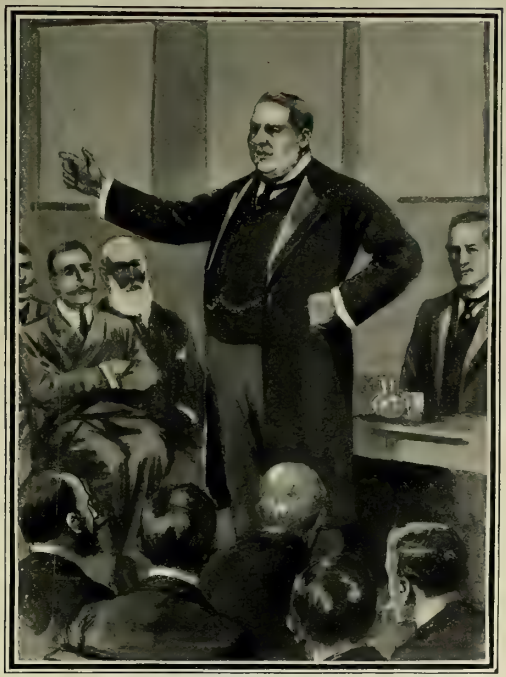
There seems little doubt that Lord St. Aldwyn will be chosen for the distinguished office of Chancellor of Oxford University, as it is understood that Lord Lansdowne is unwilling to be nominated. The electors consist of practically all Masters of Arts and Doctors of the various faculties, and any two electors may nominate a candidate. The office, which is now held for life, is of extreme antiquity, the first holder of whom there is authentic record having been Lewis de Chapirnay in 1220. The list of his successors contains many great names of statesmen and prelates, among them Oliver and Richard Cromwell, Dudley Earl of Leicester, and Sir Christopher Hatton, Queen Elizabeth's favourites, Cardinal Morton and Cardinal Pole, Archbishop Laud, the princely Ormondes, both the first and the second duke, the grave Clarendon, and, of course, the great Duke of Wellington. It is possible that Lord Rosebery will be put forward as a candidate, as he was on the occasion of the last vacancy when the late Lord Goschen was elected, and, in some quarters, the claims of Lord Curzon of Kedleston and Lord Milner will be urged. But the objection to Lord Rosebery is his lack of academical distinction, while Lord Curzon and Lord Milner are both rather too young for so high an office. It is evident that the choice of the electors ought to fall either on a great noble, like the Duke of Devonshire, who is Chancellor of the sister University of Cambridge, or else on a man of great intellectual distinction. The overwhelmingly clerical tone of the electorate rather suggests that the Archbishop of Canterbury might be considered a suitable choice, but it is understood at Oxford that his nomination would inevitably be opposed probably by Mr. John Morley, and it is always considered desirable to avoid a contest if possible.

Our portrait of Princess Henry of Battenberg is from a photograph by Ketturah Collings, and that of Lady de Bunsen is from a photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

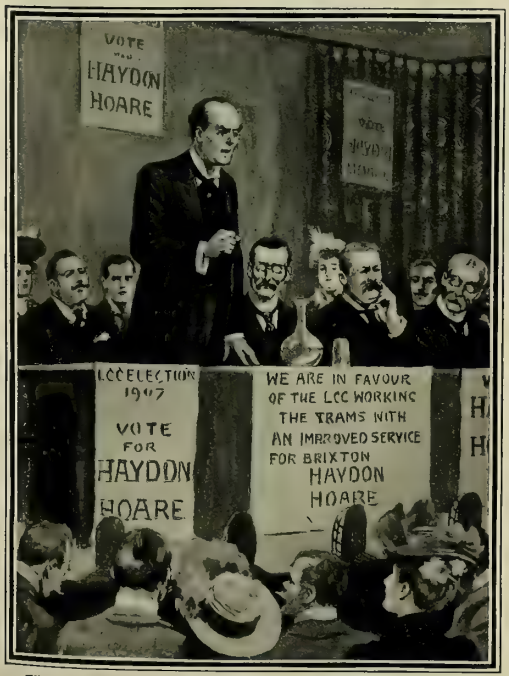
THE FIGHT FOR LONDON



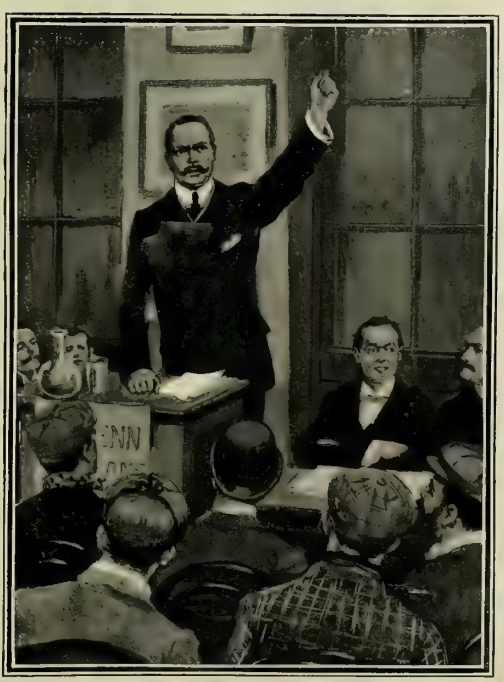
SIR EDWIN CORNWALL, M.P., AT THE COUNTY SCHOOL, HACKNEY



SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P., AT GREENWICH



THE RT. HON. A. LYTTELTON, M.P., AT THE AVONDALE HALL, STOCKWELL



MR. A. SHIRLEY BENN AT THE ETHELBURGA SCHOOLS, BATTERSEA

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE SUBURBS: SPEAKERS AT SOME RECENT MEETINGS

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

"PLACE AUX DAMES"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

We have all been carnivalling lately, here in the Sunny South, with that heartwhole zest which seems to characterise the childlike nations of the South. In England such antics would degenerate into horseplay or dulness. Here, on the contrary, good humour prevails, and the watchword of everyone is pleasure. Such simple heartwhole pleasure as it is too! You walk along a street, and round the corner comes a Red Indian, with headdress of feathers, riding barebacked on a quiet steed; behind him is a man in full armour. Anon come a gay little company of girls, some almost children, in scarlet tulle dresses with scarlet masks. Pierrots stalk along with dignity, and a few rowdy masks follow. Then come the processions, the cars, some of them really pretty, with poetical notions of mermaids, flowers, nymphs, and warriors. But these are the *pièce de resistance*, the concession to public dignity, the things to admire and look at. Ordinary folk prefer the fun, the personal interest in throwing and receiving confetti, the laughter, the jokes, the compliments, even the rude speeches uttered with an absence of ill-will, and in a spirit of hilarity which astonishes the matter-of-fact Englishman. Then the dancing in the street, performed with an absolute unselfconsciousness which is as charming as it is natural, the way the most grotesque and ridiculous figures perambulate in public places, proud of their grotesqueness and their oddity! Everyone joins in the fun; the poorest have a carnival dress of some sort. The work-girls, the shop-assistants, the clerks, the ladies and gentlemen, with one accord, communists for the nonce, mingle together, talk, laugh, dance, sup, and throw dull care to the winds. It is a lesson in careless and innocent frivolity that should not be lost on the more sedate foreigner. Laughter is good, and so long as a man can laugh he is young.

Nearly every flower seems to grow luxuriously in this favoured clime, where only the pine and the cactus are indigenous, oranges, lemons, palms, bamboos, olives, eucalyptus, and all the verdant foliages which make the beauty of this favoured spot, having been imported from other countries. The peasants have studied the art of horticulture to perfection. Every little bit of earth, every scrap of soil where plants will grow, is utilised, and the grass for the lawns sown yearly, and watered with scrupulous care. Cistus, myrtle, lavender, camellias and spring broom grow like weeds, and the delicate green of the willows marks the coming of the spring. The perfumery at Grasse drives a thriving trade, and the orange-blossoms fill the air with a delicious perfume. They are cultivated in large quantities for "neroli," which forms the base of eau-de-cologne. The annual value of the scents made here amounts to a quarter of a million sterling. Perfumes are not only objects of luxury, but of hygiene. Sweet-smelling flowers make the air salubrious, and it is said that people employed in the manufacture of scents remain wonderfully immune from infectious diseases and fevers.
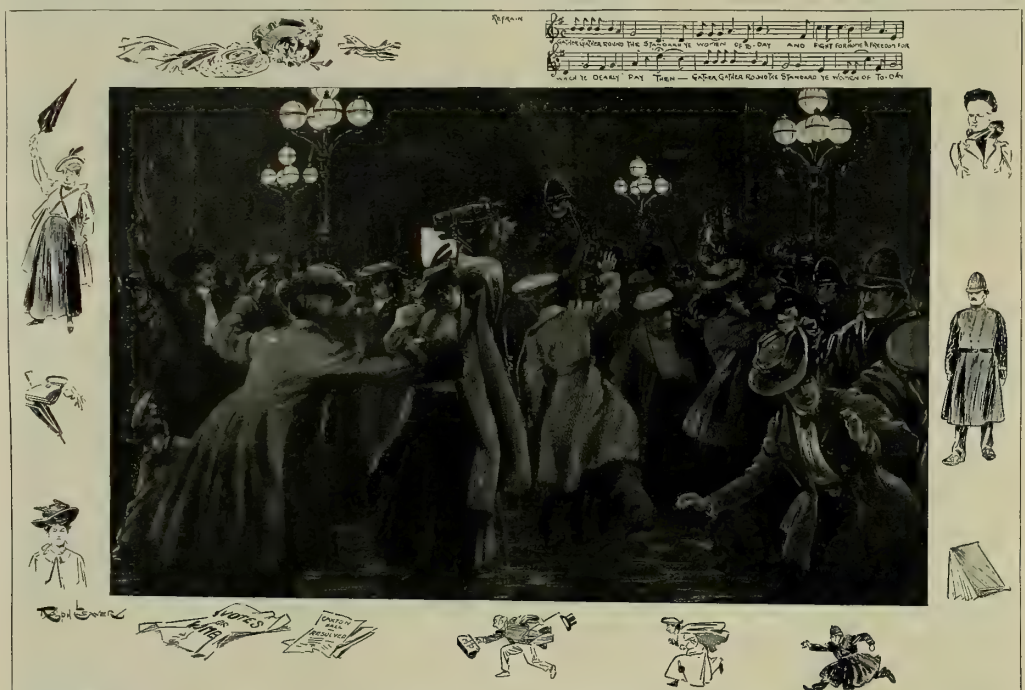


Queen Alexandra has contributed £5 towards the restoration of the quaint old thatch-roof church of Rockland St. Peter. The architecture of the church is mostly Early English, and its roof is one of the few remaining in England that are thatched. Over one of the doorways used to be the text, "This is the gate of Heaven." But the door was bricked up! The register contains an entry of a tragedy in 1608, when on Twelfth Night the Curate murdered the Rector, by the "impious and nefarious counsel" of the Rector's wife. The woman was burned to death and the man was hanged close by. The old church is now very ruinous, the tower arch has given way, and the tower has been shored up inside to prevent it falling upon the nave. The repairs will cost at least £1,440, and the Rector, the Rev. J. A. Bulman Fleming, appeals for help.

AN INTERESTING OLD THATCHED CHURCH IN DANGER

Italian travel just now seems fraught with difficulty for those tourists who are joyfully wending their way towards Rome. The unpunctuality and dilatory ways of the trains, the cold, the discomfort and want of food, which is very badly supplied at the railway stations, the inquisitiveness and rudeness of the Custom House officials, and the fact that every scrap of luggage must be paid for, render travelling in Italy very unpleasant. Some who have eschewed trains, and voyaged in their motors, complain of the hostility of the natives, and of the frequent stone-throwing and other inimical acts; but for these the scorching of motorists is, as a rule, answerable, in the past if not in the present. The tyranny of the Customs system is such that even the King of Italy pays duty, and that in some instances the very boxes of cigars for his own personal use have been opened and scrutinised.

The Crown Princess of Germany seems determined to introduce a new element of elegant society into the hitherto dull and decorous German Court. The American Minister recently gave a fancy dress ball, which was attended by her in a charming Pompadour dress, and she herself gave a *soupé* dance, which the Emperor attended. Many of the ladies wore pink, a graceful compliment to the Crown Princess, whose favourite colour it is, and who is noted for her charming taste. Her Parisian trousseau possessed a *chic* and a style which the Berlin dressmakers have not yet attained to, though the hitherto dowdy Court is now striving to compass the French elegance, and the presence of a pretty young Princess and of various smart Americans is inducing a spirit of rivalry and taste which is rapidly revolutionising society.



The Suffragists' attack on the House of Commons the other day was one of the most determined assaults of their campaign. The "deputation," some hundreds strong, were, however, met by the equally determined defenders of the Speaker's chair and person—the police, mounted and on foot. The raiders were repelled. Some, however, by a strategic movement, managed to get within the precincts of the House, and one nearly reached the Chamber itself. She was turned away. Outside the fight fared fast and furious. Policemen's helmets were knocked off, policemen themselves were knocked over, and policemen's faces were scratched. But a couple of charges by the mounted men (at the trot) and the men on foot (at the double) broke up the "demonstration," and the next scene was the police court.

THE SUFFRAGISTS' ASSAULT ON THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: SCENES DURING THE ATTACK
DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER



A Turn in a Paris Music Hall

This picture, representing a female acrobat descending from the trapeze after her performance, has just been added to the collection of the City of Paris, and will be exhibited at the Petit Palais, which is to be reopened shortly.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOUARD

THE F.O. BAG

By LUCIEN WOLF

All the biographers of the late Princess Clementine declare that she was a wonderful woman, but not one of them can say exactly what she did. She was one of the unadvertised forces of European politics. The influence of her powerful personality was felt everywhere. There can be no question that she made Bulgaria the stable State it is, and that had she been spared another ten years she would have placed a crown on her favourite son's head. What else she did in the political field with her keen intellect and strong will cannot be known. If she had only followed her brother Joinville's example and written her Memoirs! She had seen almost everything worth seeing in European history since the fall of Napoleon. She had her place in the Cathedral of St. Denis when Louis XVIII. was buried, and in the Cathedral of Rheims at the coronation of Charles X. As a girl of thirteen she saw her father realise the disloyal ambition of her grandfather, Philippe Egalité, and she witnessed his abdication in the Tuileries in 1848. It was, however, only late in life—somewhere in the eighties—that she took to statecraft. Precisely how she acted and what she accomplished the world never knew, but everybody was conscious of her power and her sleepless activity.

The Princess had a stately presence in old age, but in her youth she is said to have been simply bewitching. When quite a child "Mademoiselle de Beaujolais," as she was then called, was present at a fancy dress ball given by the Duchesse de Berri, and there she danced a minuet with her brother. In her powder and her looped-up dress she made a delightful picture which attracted the notice of the King. Charles X. went up to her and kissed her, and then for a long time gazed at her beautiful face, holding her hand the while. Finally, turning to her father, he said with a grave smile: "Monsieur, if I were forty years younger your daughter should be Queen of France," whereupon he kissed her tenderly again. The story is told by the Prince de Joinville, who was her partner in the minuet on that occasion.

Now that a *modus vivendi* between State and Church in France seems probable, the question has arisen whether the new understanding will extend to the Levant? Will it enable the Republic to retain the ancient Protectorate of France over the Christians and Latin Missions of Syria and Palestine, which has lately been slipping from its grasp? Even apart from the question of subventions this is not very likely. True, in 1880, when the last great wave of anti-Clericalism in France nearly wrecked the Protectorate, the Pope refused to act on the advice of the more bellicose Cardinals, who were desirous of terminating the Protectorate. But it has to be remembered, in the first place, that Pope Leo XIII. was not Pope Pius X., and in the second place, that, with all his goodwill, even Leo XIII. would not, or could not, have pursued a conciliatory policy in this respect had the Concordat been abolished and diplomatic relations between the Quai d'Orsay and the Vatican dissolved. In all its practical aspects, the question is essentially diplomatic. The Protectorate rests partly upon the Capitulations embodied in treaties with the Porte, and partly on the good-will of the Pope, embodied in diplomatic agreements and understandings with the French Government. The Capitulations are, however, useless without the Papal approval, for the Porte has no power to compel Italian, Austrian and German subjects who happen to be Roman Catholic priests to remain under French authority once the Pope permits them to abide by the protection of their respective flags. France having cut herself off diplomatically from the Pope, the technical means of negotiating an understanding no longer exist, and in these circumstances—so mortifying for the Papacy—we may be certain that the Protectorate will come to an end.

It is, indeed, already crumbling to pieces. The first hand outstretched to seize upon the derelict "patrimony" of France is curiously enough that of Italy. In spite of the *entente cordiale* which now links that country with the Republic, she has been the first to take advantage of the rupture between France and the Vatican to refuse to recognise any longer the jurisdiction of French consular authorities over Italian missions and priests in the Levant. In this attitude she has received the tacit support of the Holy See. Appearances have been saved by a diplomatic agreement duly negotiated by M. Barrère and Signor Tittoni, but none the less the action of Italy has not been relished in France. How the Italians themselves feel about it was strikingly illustrated the other day when, at a banquet given by Count Fani at Rome in honour of the new Patriarch of Jerusalem, Cardinal Agliardi congratulated the assembly on "the devolution of the French Protectorate on Italy, and the great advantages which would thereby accrue to the propagation of the Faith, and the over-sea interests of the Italian Kingdom." The speech is said to have been enthusiastically cheered.



HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY MOHAMMED ALI MIRZA, CROWNED ON JANUARY 19

PERSIA'S NEW RULER

Photo by A. Sevruguin, Teheran.

All of which shows that strongly rooted national aspirations are not to be suppressed or modified by understandings, however cordial, with rival nations. The Catholic Protectorate of France has always been gall and wormwood to Italy. Indeed, in 1536, the Sultan Suleiman only renewed the French Capitulations with the idea of playing off the Franks against each other—Francis I. against Venice. The result, as he astutely calculated, was a feud between the French Ambassador at Constantinople and the Venetian Bailio, which twice led to free fights in the Galata churches, but contributed materially to the tranquillity of the Porte. The envious passions thus kindled have continued to our own day. When France was at the mercy of Prussia in 1870 Italy made a strong effort to upset her Eastern Protectorate. In the following year she formally laid claim to it at Constantinople on the ground that her occupation of Rome gave her a right of protection over Pontifical subjects in Turkey. A similar claim was put forward by her as the heir of the Republic of Venice. The late Pope, however, continued to support France, not only against Italy, but also against Germany. It will be remembered how emphatically he expressed himself on the subject in a letter he addressed to Cardinal Langénieux in October, 1898, on the occasion of the German Emperor's sensational visit to Palestine.

With the termination of the Catholic Protectorate of France a fascinating chapter of the world's history will come to an end. The annalists trace its origin to the famous embassy of the Khalif Haroun al Raschid to Charlemagne. It played a great part in the Crusades, and right down to the Crimean War it was one of the chief ferments in the evolution of the Eastern Question. Though legalised by the Capitulations and enforced by the Papacy, it was, curiously enough, not until 1878 that it was officially recognised by Europe. In that year France refused to attend the Berlin Conference, unless her rights were acknowledged, and this was done by Paragraph 7 of Article LXII. of the Treaty of Berlin. Hitherto the maintenance of the Protectorate has not been a party question in France. The axiom of Gambetta that "Anti-Clericalism is not an article of exportation" has been admitted even by the extreme Radicals. When bishops and priests were being guillotined in France by the score, the National Convention, acting in virtue of the Protectorate, sent an agent to the Lebanon to protect the Maronites who had been prohibited from celebrating Mass by the Turkish authorities. Gambetta himself ardently believed in the Protectorate, and when he was President of the Budget Commission frequently obtained augmentations of the subventions for the Jesuits and other congregations of the Orient.

The changed situation in the Far East resulting from the abdication of France cannot but be regarded with some apprehension in this country. Owing to the *entente cordiale* we had a right to look to the French Protectorate as an important element in safeguarding the *status quo* in Asia Minor, more especially as our own influence in that region has lately been steadily declining. This reserve will now fail us. There can be no doubt that the example of Italy will be speedily followed by Germany and Austria, with the result that the Triple Alliance will become an active force in the Levant. Precisely how it will work is difficult to say at this moment, but in view of the Bagdad Railway scheme and the notorious aspirations of Germany in the Near East we cannot regard such a disturbance of the balance of power in the Eastern Mediterranean without misgiving.

Prince von Buelow's reiterated assurances that he has no intention of employing his majority in the new Reichstag for the purposes of an aggressive foreign policy are surely a little superfluous. It is no doubt flattering to him to be credited by foreign *gobemouches* with Napoleonic designs, but he must be a good deal puzzled to know how he would act upon them even if he desired to do so. The idea that the recent German elections constituted a victory for Pan-Germanism and the Navy League is a delusion. It was really a triumph for what the Navy League leader has called the *furor Protestanticus* and nothing more. Temporarily it obscured the deep discontent with the administration of domestic affairs which threatened to play the chief part in the elections. That discontent still exists, and Prince von Buelow will have his hands full in trying to placate it, and also in harmonising the incongruous elements of his slender majority.

Covent Garden Notes

Suddenly and unexpectedly the winter opera season collapsed at the end of last week, and on Monday morning those who were anticipating a pleasant week with Wagner found their hopes rudely shattered by the announcement that the doors of Covent Garden were closed to them. The decision of the management seems to have been due to circumstances over which no one had any control. As every one who has followed the season knows, Herr van Dyck has for some time past been indisposed, and it was found that the season could not possibly proceed any further without him, for not only was he manager-in-chief, but he was also first tenor. Tenors are, as they say on the Stock Exchange, very short just now, especially tenors of the type of Herr van Dyck. The syndicate secured a charming lyric tenor in the person of Herr Franz Naval, while no one is better qualified to fill such parts as Lohengrin and Walther than Herr Herold, but *Tannhäuser*, *Tristan* and *Die Walküre* were all to have been played during the week, and in these Herr van Dyck was indispensable, for his substitute, Herr Zeller, was not, truth to tell, a great success. No doubt he did very well according to the Bayreuth standard; but, as I pointed out last week, the Bayreuth and the London standards are totally different things, and, like parallel lines, be they produced never so far they cannot possibly meet. Consequently, with the chief tenor, who was also the manager, incapacitated, it is hard to see how the syndicate could have taken any other course than that which they actually adopted.

That we should have been compelled to forego a few performances of the more familiar Wagner operas is a matter which we can regard with comparative equanimity, for the grand opera season will begin in a couple of months or so, and we shall have plenty of opportunities of seeing them then. The abandonment of the revival of *Die Zauberflöte* is, however, a matter for far deeper regret, for it is only once in the proverbial blue moon that we are able to revel in the delights of Mozart's fascinating opera. It will be remembered that two revivals were promised during the additional fortnight to which the season was to have been extended, those of this opera and of Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Of these the latter took place on Saturday, and though it behoves us to be thankful for small mercies, it is impossible not to feel some regret that *Die Zauberflöte* was taken, and the *Merry Wives* left. Mozart's music was written for all time, that of Nicolai for a day which is now past beyond recall. Some of it is certainly pretty enough in a way, but, on the whole, the efforts of a Teuton of the 'forties to write like Rossini are a little pathetic. Moreover, there is a good deal in the opera that is nothing more or less than tedious. Played in English and at a small theatre it might pass muster, but to be compelled to listen for hours to long dialogues and everlasting recitatives spoken or sung in German in a theatre so large that one cannot hear them properly, is a Lenten penance to which one would not willingly condemn one's worst enemy. Fräulein Jenny Fischer, as Mistress Ford, Frau von Krauss Osborne, as Mistress Page, Frau Minnie Nast, as Anne, Herr Max Lohfing, as Falstaff, and Herr Naval, as Fenton, all sang and acted well, while the orchestra played splendidly under Herr Hugo Bryk; but in spite of their efforts, the performance was not particularly edifying.

There is to be no Bayreuth Festival this year, so Covent Garden has stepped heroically into the breach, and will give us Bayreuth in London on an even more extended scale than in previous years. Not only are we to have two complete cycles of the *Ring*, beginning on April 30, but we are also to have two performances of *Die Meistersinger*, given upon the Bayreuth plan. Everyone will surely welcome this arrangement, for there are few digestions strong enough to assimilate Wagner's great comic opera when it begins at seven and is not over until nearly midnight. According to the new arrangement, the opera will begin at five and will terminate at eleven, an hour and a half being allowed for dinner between the first and second acts. The plan has proved immensely successful in connection with the *Ring* performances of previous years, and the authorities are certainly to be congratulated on their decision to extend it.

J. D. H.



HER MAJESTY'S BORZOIS, "SANDRINGHAM MOSCOW" (3RD PRIZE)



HER MAJESTY'S BASSETT HOUND, "SANDRINGHAM DIDO" (2ND PRIZE)

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S PRIZE-WINNERS AT CRUFT'S SHOW



THE AMIR IS SEEN IN HIS CARRIAGE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE BUILDING

THE AMIR IN INDIA: HIS MAJESTY LEAVING THE JUMMA MASJID AT AGRA AFTER ATTENDING PRAYER

Photo by G. W. Lawrie, Lucknow.

THE NEW "OLD BAILEY"



AT THE TOP OF THE GREAT STAIRCASE



THE SCULPTURED DOORWAY



GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW SESSIONS HOUSE FROM THE HOLBORN END OF OLD BAILEY

THE FINE BUILDING TO BE OPENED BY KING EDWARD NEXT WEDNESDAY

Photographs by S. B. Bolas and Co., 68, Oxford Street, W.

THE NEW "OLD BAILEY"



THE DOME, WITH ITS FIGURE OF JUSTICE. ST. PAUL'S IN THE BACKGROUND



THE ENTRANCE HALL, FIRST FLOOR



THE GREAT STAIRCASE



THE CORRIDOR ON THE GROUND FLOOR

THE FINE BUILDING TO BE OPENED BY KING EDWARD NEXT WEDNESDAY

Photographs by S. B. Bolas and Co., 68, Oxford Street, W.

THE THEATRES

"THREE BLIND MICE"

Mr. Arthur Law's new comedy, *Three Blind Mice*, which is finding some favour at the CRITERION, is not in any way as excellent a piece of work as *A Country Mouse*, but it is an amusing little trifle which reveals throughout the skilled craftsman. It has an ingenuous atmosphere, and yet it is not amateurish. We know from the beginning what will happen, but we are quietly amused in watching the way in which it comes about. Miss May Palfrey plays with a certain pretty distinction the part of the young girl, Marjorie Lovel, after whom the three blind mice run. She encourages all three, perhaps with the idea of exciting the jealousy of her godfather, Mr. Frederick Kerr, who gives a most finished performance of a man of forty endowed with the philosophy which that age brings. The blind mice are all ineligibles or detrimentals. One is fat, silent, and devoted to the pleasures of the table; another is a conceited young cricketer; and a third is a timorous widower. This last of the trio is beautifully played by Mr. O. B. Clarence. They are a quaintly humorous collection, united only in their devotion to the girl, Marjorie, and their absurdities and ultimate discomfiture provide most of the humours of the play. *Three Blind Mice*, in brief, is not a play to criticise very seriously, but it is distinctly neat and entertaining.

ROYALTY AT THE ROYALTY

A brilliant charity performance was given at the ROYALTY Theatre last week, under the patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the French Ambassador. The programme was of the usual lengthy and varied character, and the house was packed from floor to ceiling with an audience which seemed to comprise all the most distinguished names in London. The stars who gave their services were both French and English, united in the common cause of furthering charity. Miss Ruth Vincent gave her now famous "Little Princess" song from *Amasis;* Mr. Harry Fragson sang twice, and Mr. Lewis Waller recited the stirring speech from *Henry V.*, with which he can always bring down any house, and also Owen Meredith's tragic poem, "The Portrait;" Mdlle. Jeanne Granier recited delightfully; Alfred de Musset's *La Nuit d'Octobre* was played with great effect by Mme. Jane Hading and M. Arnaud, and the afternoon concluded most enjoyably with that witty little absurdity, *L'Anglais tel qu'on le parle*, played by a mixed company, including Mr. Cyril Maude, M. Darcey, Miss Alexandra Carlisle, etc. The total receipts amounted to over £450—surely a record for the house—and of this amount, half, by express desire of the French Ambassador, was handed over to the Lord Mayor's Jamaica Earthquake Fund, while the remainder was given to the French Hospital and the French Benevolent Society of London.



It is the importance of this portrait that is the real—or supposed—discovery, not the portrait itself, which was exhibited some years ago at Stratford-on-Avon during the Shakepearean celebrations. It is now claimed to be a genuine portrait of Shakespeare at an early age—his first portrait, says this tale of a wayside inn. The portrait comes from the "Bridgewater Arms," a wayside inn at Winston, near Darlington. It shows the poet at twenty-four, with a slight moustache and head of thick, dark curly hair. He wears a slashed doublet of crimson velvet and lace collar. The panel is inscribed, "Æ SVÆ 24, 1588," and on the back are the initials, "W. X. S." Photo by Yeoman, Barnard Castle.

SHAKESPEARE'S FIRST PORTRAIT? THE PAINTING DISCOVERED IN A WAYSIDE INN NEAR DARLINGTON

A Plea for Flat Roofs

Mr. Ashby-Sterry writes:—"It must be a good many years since I wrote in THE GRAPHIC on the utilisation of London house-tops. In the course of that article I said:—'In any large town you get more air, more light, and have less noise the higher you ascend. There seems no reason whatever why the "leads" should not be converted into playrooms for children: it would certainly be a great boon if such glass-protected apartments could be added to the many overcrowded dwellings of the city. They could be filled with greenery and flowers, they would catch the faintest gleam of sunshine of the day, and altogether make such a nursery as a London child never dreamed of.' Since those lines were written the idea has been occasionally adopted, but not so generally as might be desired. Recently, I am glad to say, attention has once more been called to the matter in the *Lancet*, and the advantage of utilising the roofs of houses in towns for gardens and playgrounds has been warmly advocated. It is to be hoped this will have some effect. The waste that takes place in London by neglecting the sky-story is something enormous. The worst of it is too much space is devoted to high-pitched roofs, which are useful as a retreat for cats and nothing else, and it would require the expenditure of a considerable sum before they could be devoted to the welfare of their proprietors. If all houses in the future were constructed with flat roofs it would be an enormous advantage for the whole of London."

"The Royal Navy List and Naval Recorder" (Witherby and Co. 10s.) becomes more interesting and more indispensable with each quarterly issue. The first published this year has, in addition to thoroughly up-to-date directories, lists, and tables, articles on the policy of the Admiralty, and the redistribution of the Home Fleet, a chronological list of notable naval events, and a specially written narrative on the current history of the Navy. A new and noteworthy feature is the "Bibliography of Naval Literature," a list which must meet a great want in a country where there is such a wealth of naval literature. Perhaps the most conspicuous of improvements in the work is the arrangement in alphabetical order of the War Services, with a calico tab projecting from the leaves of the volume to facilitate reference.



CHARITY AND THE STAGE: THE MATINÉE AT THE NEW ROYALTY

DRAWN BY H. M. BROCK

Written by H. W. LUCY

This Week's Parliament

Sketches by RALPH CLEAVER

DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS

Since delivery of his speech on the night of the opening of Parliament, the Prime Minister has not revisited the glimpses of the Treasury Bench. Everyone regrets that the occasion of his absence is due to illness. He spoke with evident difficulty when, on the opening night of the Session, he followed Mr. Balfour in debate, and, by order of the doctor, has since kept his room. In his absence it is significant, in anticipation of things to come, that his place is taken by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was not always thus. When "C.-B." and his friends were in Opposition and had their little quarrels, it was not Mr. Asquith whom the Leader, temporarily absent, nominated as his *locum tenens*. To-day, according to all appearance, there is no happier family anywhere than that which dwells on the Treasury Bench, and loses no opportunity of acclaiming the merits of its Head.

One result of the arrangement indicated is that the House is occasionally treated to the spectacle of a brilliant bout at arms between Mr. Balfour and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Each feels an inspiration that the other is worthy of his steel. Now that Mr. Chamberlain is withdrawn from the scene, only temporarily, all hope, these two stand alone in supremacy of debating power. On the amendment to the Address, moved from the Front Opposition Bench by Earl Percy, raising the questions of Home Rule and the attack on the House of Lords, a crowded House listened for two hours to speeches worthy of its renown. Earl Percy worthily bore his part in the fight. He does not often interpose in debate, but is always listened to with pleasure. Heir to a dukedom, he won his way to Ministerial office by sheer capacity. His speech on Monday sustained his reputation as a hard hitter of excellent style.

Mr. Asquith paid the young ex-Minister the compliment of immediately following him, leaving Mr. Birrell to reply later on to the Leader of the Opposition. But a considerable measure of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech was directed to Mr. Balfour, and his speech delivered out of doors at the end of last week. When Mr. Asquith resumed his seat at the end of half an hour—it is one of his personal charms that he rarely exceeds that length of speech—the keenly attentive audience were left in doubt as to the details of Ministerial intention, alike with regard to the Irish question and to the House of Lords. This could not fairly be complained of, since it is an inviolable parliamentary tradition that Ministers should defer explanation of their measures until they actually present them. It was, nevertheless, possible to read between the lines of the carefully framed sentences that the Irish Bill will embody a complete system of devolution of the administration of local affairs in Ireland, and that the days of the domination of Dublin Castle are numbered.

Debate on the Address was brought to a conclusion on the Wednesday night with a division on an amendment raising the question of Tariff Reform. Much was made on the Ministerial side of the fact that, whilst the subjects of Home Rule and the Constitution of the House of Lords were raised from the Front Bench, the amendment being moved by an ex-Minister, the thorny question of Tariff Reform was relegated to the care of a private member on a back bench. A comical episode, varying the general dullness of debate, was the interposition of Mr. Roland Hunt, the Unionist member for Ludlow, who, rising from behind the Front Opposition Bench, declared that "the heaviest drag on the wheel, the man who really did more than anybody else to hold back the policy of Colonial Preference, was the Leader of the Opposition." It happened by one of those accidents which amuse the House of Commons more than doth their recital the outside public, that Mr. Balfour, returning from dinner, at this moment entered from behind the Speaker's Chair. He was startled and puzzled by the greeting of a burst of laughter and cheering from the Ministerial side.

Merriment was increased by the spectacle of Mr. Hunt evidently disconcerted, doubtful as to the expediency of continuing his remarks on the lines started. "I have got myself into hot water," he said, rubbing his cheek with his hand, and furtively gazing at the back of Mr. Balfour's head. After a pause he concluded that, being there, he might as well have a splash. So he went on reading from his notes, saying things about his esteemed Leader hitherto confined, as far as publicity is concerned, to certain journals.

It was at one time expected that the Lords, having no work to do, would adjourn for a week or ten days. They have met nightly during the week and have usually found something to talk about. Tuesday was set apart for discussion of the Channel Tunnel scheme from a national point of view. But Lord Rosebery, who was in charge of the subject, is suffering from the common lot of parliamentary mankind at the present season. He is confined to his room with a cold. Failing that, the sitting was devoted to discussion, which mainly took the form of reprobation, of the action of the Colonial Office in telegraphing a verbatim report of a speech made during the recess by the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, treating of the labour question in South Africa. Lord Lansdowne took the opportunity of saying a few caustic things about Mr. Winston Churchill's oratorical style, which were none the less effective by reason of the quietness of their utterance.



Sir R. Pullar (the new Member for Perth) is formally welcomed to the House by the Speaker



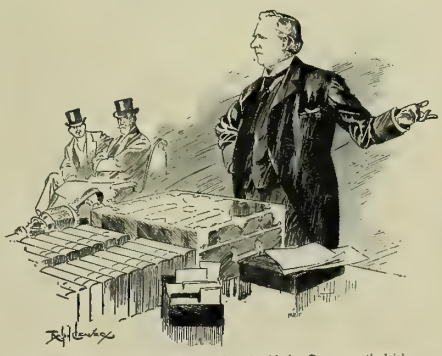
Earl Percy distinguishes himself by a speech indicting the Government on the questions of Home Rule and the Lords.

South Africans congratulate themselves upon the fact that the great Exhibition of Produce from their five States is to be the first exhibition to be opened by the King since he came to the Throne. All the Royal Family in Town have signified their intention of being present—the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Louise and Prince and Princess Christian. The public will be admitted to day after four p.m. The Exhibition will remain open until March 16, when it is to be sent over *en bloc* to Amsterdam.

The latest thing to ride in on the road is the Renard Road Train, which has just arrived at the "Arrow" 'bus headquarters at Walham Green from France. A train which went for a trial jaunt the other day was composed of a 70 h.p. locomotor, a first and second class passenger carriage, and a guard's and luggage van. It twisted and turned round bends and corners in the most satisfactory way possible.



Sir J. A. Jacoby's "Eyeglass"

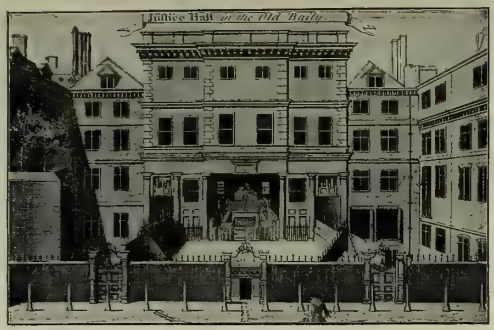


Mr. Asquith says he is prepared to resign should the Government's Irish proposals look too much like Home Rule.



Mr. Rees forgets his parliamentary manner and expresses his approval by clapping, instead of saying "Hear, hear!"

THE OLD BAILEY AND OLD NEWGATE



THE OLD SESSIONS HOUSE IN 1750



NEWGATE IN 1800



A VIEW OF THE INSIDE OF OLD NEWGATE



THE OLD GALLOWS



THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT IN 1840 DURING THE HEARING OF A CASE



MRS. FRY READING TO THE PRISONERS IN NEWGATE IN 1816,
AFTER THE PICTURE BY JERRY BARRATT

Strype describes the Old Sessions House of 1750 (shown in the top left-hand corner on this page) as a "fair and stately building," "which cost above £6,000." The Central Criminal Court, that has "echoed to more tales of the romance of crime than any other building in the kingdom," and the gaol, burnt down in the Gordon Riots in 1780, witnessed by Crabbe the poet, and whose ruins—"with the fire yet aglow"—Dr Johnson visited—what grim history hung round its grim walls! The public executions alone make a red page in the story of Old Newgate. The black, forbidding building seemed not to have lost its memories of these. And the memory of the awful "Press-yard" and the *peine forte et dure* seemed still to hang about it. The last public execution here was that of the Fenian Michael Barratt in 1868. The pillory had been abolished nearly forty years earlier. In Old Newgate, Penn, Muggleton, Ellwood, Milton's friend, were confined, and here, a prisoner, Defoe began his *Review*. Lord George Gordon died there of the gaol distemper. Among Old Bailey trials one thinks of the trial of the Regicides, of Beau Fielding in 1706, of Jonathan Wild in 1725, of Hadfield, for shooting at George III. in 1800, of Oxford and Francis, for shooting and attempting to shoot at Queen Victoria, in 1840 and 1843, of McNaughten, who shot Mr. Drummond in mistake for Sir Robert Peel, in 1843. Silas Told, the Wesleyan preacher to the prisoners, tells of how they would swear and curse at the preacher, and of the terrible state of the prison about 1774. Later, the Quakers formed a "Ladies' Prison Visiting Association," led by Mrs. Fry, who did great good among the women prisoners, who used to assemble, as shown in Barratt's picture, to hear her, and other visitors, read the Bible. A remark should be given to the dinners at one time held in a room over the Court House—dinners eaten by the Judges, the Recorder, the Common Serjeant, the City Pleaders, a few members of the Bar on occasion, and the Chaplain. In 1807-8 the dinners for three sessions—nineteen days—cost £35 a day—£665; 145 dozen of wine were consumed—costing another £450!

BYGONE SCENES ON THE SITE OF THE NEW SESSIONS HOUSE



SOUTH AFRICA IN LONDON: ONE OF MR. E. H. HOLDER'S PICTURES OF THE VICTORIA FALLS, NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE MENDOZA GALLERY

THE amazing beauty and stupendous impressiveness of the Victoria Falls, in Rhodesia, have been quite wonderfully shown in the series of five large pictures by Mr. E. H. Holder, and were mentioned in this journal when the Mendoza Gallery, in Bond Street, was under consideration. We return to the subject in order to reproduce in a worthy size the third picture of the series, showing the Falls from the west, with the "Boiling Pot" in the foreground. It cannot be said that this picture is more remarkable or picturesque than the rest, for in all of them Mr. Holder has chosen the most suitable points of view to represent what many have called the most astounding sight in the world; but it is chosen as a good example of the painter's felicity in representing the rush and volume of falling water, and his power of truthful realisation of a scene of mighty magnitude. A merit in the picture must be recognised, according to the testimony of many witnesses, picturesque though it is, it is an accurate and truthful transcript of the scene, with no concession to the demands of artistic composition. The beauty in the picture is the beauty in the natural landscape, the artist having done no more than select his point of view, and, having made his sketches under a blazing sky, he painted these vast canvases with a wonderful rapidity that secured vividness of impression and freshness of unteased colour. This achievement is the more remarkable when we consider what is usually the paralysing effect on an artist, however courageous, of tremendous effects in nature. Here we have a characteristic African sky, with a pretty play of light and cleverly handled masses of foliage.

Concerning the painting of the pictures the artist wrote to a friend: "While making sketches for an imposing picture of Table Mountain I was invited by a brother-in-law to join him in a trip to the Victoria Falls, and readily assented. It was towards the end of the year 1904, and on arriving, at about five in the afternoon, I lost no time in strolling down to the west bank of the chasm, and resolved to begin my first sketch early next morning. But when morning came the light was not right for this particular view, so away I went to the Gorge, and, after inquiry, managed to secure a passage over it in the 'cage' for the modest sum of ten shillings return, and proceeded to the eastern bank. There I secured my first sketch for the picture showing the Falls from the east. The temperature was 113 in the shade, and as the position from which the sketch was made was all rock, I had to work under the full blaze of Rhodesian sunlight, the rock not permitting the use of a sketching umbrella. Then I returned across the gorge to the western bank above the Devil's Cataract, when the afternoon light was brilliant, and the dark rock was covered with golden mosses and grasses, and the shadow of the trees and cliff opposite was thrown upon the rocks before us. The sketch was then made for picture No. 3" (*i.e.*, the picture before the reader) "Never will I forget the first jerk in the motion of the machinery for crossing the gorge at an elevation of about 450 feet above the roaring torrent and deep waters, where now the railway bridge throws its great span across.

"The wonder of the scene was so impressive, and the points of sight so numerous, that it told upon me, and at the close of the second day no sleep was possible to me all the night through. The question that kept presenting itself to me was: 'What am I to do with such a wonderful sight?' and the reply seemed to come that I must try to produce large pictures, the most truthful representations of which I was capable, for my fellow-countrymen to see who were less fortunate than I—to give the people of Great Britain some idea of this great sight in Africa; perhaps induce them to visit this wonderful and beautiful Africa of ours, the country of mighty possibilities, full of majesty and loveliness."

So the pictures were painted, "hot" from the sketches, in Cape Town, and were shown with great success in the chief cities of South Africa, with the applause of the official and social world. After leaving London these interesting pictures will be taken to the chief towns of the United Kingdom to bear to Englishman and Scot the Message of Wonderful Africa.

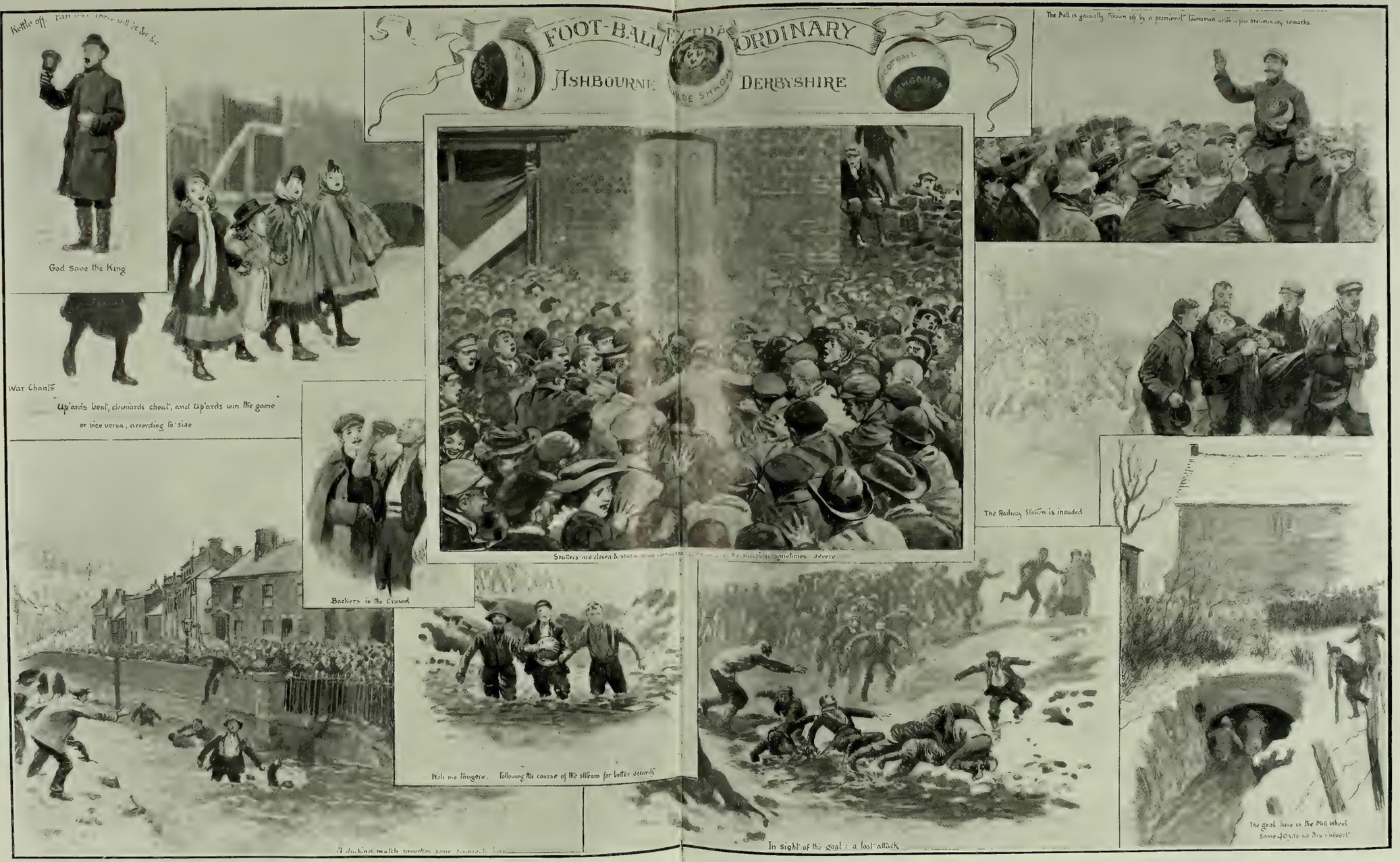
M. H. S.



"Uppards versus Downards": Scenes in the Strange Shrovetide Football Game at Ashbourne, Derbyshire

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

The Shrovetide Football at Ashbourne, Derbyshire, is a unique institution, and dates back for several hundreds of years. The game is played every season on Shrove Tuesday and Ash Wednesday, and the goals are the mill-wheels of Sturston and Clifton, three miles apart. The two teams are labelled respectively Uppards and Downards, the former, whose goal is Sturston Mill, comprising everyone born north of the line dividing the course, all born south of the line having to side with the Downards, or Cliftonians. The ball is turned off from a little knoll known as Shaw Croft at two o'clock, the rules being that the first ball must be goaled before the second is thrown up, and that no ball must be turned up after five o'clock. A stream, the Henmore, traverses the course, and much of the play takes place in its bed, the players plunging undaunted into the water in their efforts to secure the ball. This year the Uppards scored the first goal, and the second ball was torn to pieces. On Ash Wednesday the first goal was again scored by the Uppards, the Downards scoring a goal with the second ball though not until it was dusk.



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"Uppards versus Downards": Scenes in the Strange Shrovetide Football Game at Ashbourne, Derbyshire

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

The Art of Ski-ing: An Exhilarating Sport

THOSE who have recently spent winters among the mountains of Switzerland must have noticed the rapidly increasing popularity of ski-ing. A perfect rage for this exciting sport has taken hold of winter visitors, and the rinks and toboggan runs are in danger of being altogether forsaken. The real charm of ski-ing lies more in the sense of freedom it gives and the scope for individuality it allows. On skis a man is master of the mountains, and, with certain limitations, can go just where he pleases. Those who have no more than a nodding acquaintance with a pair of skis are often very mistaken about the difficulties and exertions of ski-ing: they compare it in their minds with skating, and think it must be learnt



TURNING ROUND: FIRST POSITION



FULL SPEED DOWN A SLOPE

when young. This is, however, quite a wrong idea, for it is really easily learnt. Unlike skating, one only needs a few useful hints from an old hand very quickly to pick it up, and as for the exertion, that is entirely non-existent as soon as one has learnt not to try and lift the skis off the snow.

The first lesson should be on level ground and entirely devoted to teaching the beginner to keep his balance and to walk. One has to realise that, as in skating, balance is the great thing, and as one has such a length of foot to stand on, it is not always quite easy to keep up. It is a good plan to allow the beginner, while he is on the flat, no poles at all; it is like riding without stirrups—he will learn to balance quicker and



HERRING-BONING

get his tumbles over sooner. One advantage of ski-ing is that tumbles are not things to be dreaded; they are very different from the hard, jarring bumps that one gets on the ice, and the snow feels like a feather bed. But getting up again is where the exertion of ski-ing comes in!

When beginning to walk on skis one must try to keep the skis as parallel as possible, not forgetting that the heel can be lifted while the ski still glides over the snow. Of course, the enjoyment begins when one gets on the slopes, but to ski downhill without knowledge or practice is foolish, and may result in a sprained ankle.

Directly one does a little ski-ing on the slope one finds it necessary to know how to break. The speed got up coming down even a quite gentle slope is surprising, and one very soon has had enough of stopping one's self in the instinctive manner—sitting down—because it entails getting up again! Double stemming, which consists of turning the toes of the skis in and getting on the edge, while the legs are held rather far apart, is an effectual way of breaking, and is a good deal easier than it looks. The pole also can serve as a break if used carefully, and, anyhow, one can turn with it and so check the speed, which often alarms the beginner. Coming downhill is altogether so exciting and pleasureable that one soon gets to the bottom, but it is uphill that unfortunately wants so much more learning and



ON THE LEVEL: KEEPING THE SKIS PARALLEL

practice. A ski-er can go straight up a fairly steep incline by turning out the toes in an exaggerated manner, and digging in his heels. This is called "herring-boning," probably from the curious-looking track it leaves. The French call it *pas des canards*. Herring-boning is, however, too arduous an exercise for any length of time, and the ski-er soon gives it up and takes to walking up in zig-zag fashion. Balance, of course, counts tremendously in climbing a slope: the body must lean well forward, and the nose be right above the knee. Then one comes to the difficulty—a bogey one of turning round. It looks quite a performance, when one watches it with envy and admira-



TURNING ROUND: SECOND POSITION



UPHILL WITH THE AID OF POLES

tion, but after all, it is a very simple matter. One foot is thrown well out and high up, and then turned right round, so that the skis are pointing in opposite directions. Then the other foot turns—an easier matter, as it need not be lifted off the snow.

The ski-er needs quickness of eye and quickness of action. He must not only be able to see just ahead of him, but his glance must have swept the landscape and taken in its possibilities and dangers and decided his route in far shorter time than it takes to say. Then he must have nerve and resource, for the natural formation of the mountains was not made for the ski-er, like a rink for the skater, and he is bound sometimes to find himself in tight places.

R. B. Cafferata.

WINTER DANGERS TO FAT PEOPLE.

A weak heart is one of the worst and one of the most frequent consequences of over-stoutness. When, as at the present time, a severe epidemic of influenza is on all sides attacking those who are not in a condition of health robust enough to wishstand the insidious influenza germ, the fat person with a weak heart is in deadly peril, as we shall proceed to show.

Health, stamina, and warmth are to a certain degree interdependent, but all are dependent on pure blood and a well-nourished system. As a necessity, therefore, the vital organs must act naturally and give no cause for trouble. The heart, the liver, the kidneys, must be in a normal condition. Now, how is this possible when accumulated masses of semi-diseased fatty matter impede the actions of those organs? The heart especially is dangerously affected by the fatty excess, the muscles being impregnated with adipose deposits, flabby and feeble. In this degenerated condition the heart is called upon to pump the vital fluid through a body largely increased in bulk by the excess of fatty matter; the circulation is defective, naturally, and the pulse feeble and intermittent; there are sudden heats and chills, palpitation, exhaustion after effort, and a general feeling of weakness and depression. The lungs also are incapable of free, normal expansion, and there is difficulty in breathing and a choking sensation. Oxygenisation of the blood is therefore defective, and the vital fluid is rendered impure.

In this condition the system is unable to repel the attacks of influenza; complications generally ensue, and the heart, enfeebled already, fails to respond to the call for normal action. The result is fatal.

Now, the obvious way of preventing this disaster is to get rid of the excessive fat and at the same time to renourish the whole system. This great and necessary work is safely performed by the simple and harmless Antipon treatment. The process is as pleasant as it is efficacious, and involves no trouble and but little expense as compared with the tedious special treatments sometimes gone through by those who can afford them. Antipon is a wonderful fat-absorbent, rapid in action, and at the same time the most beneficent of tonics. It expels the dangerous internal fatty deposits, and the surface accumulations which destroy all claims to personal beauty. It *overcomes the dangerous tendency* to "put on flesh" without apparent cause—the tendency which, in fact, constitutes the disease of obesity; so that as soon as the weight is reduced to normal the doses of Antipon may be discontinued with the assurance that the cure is complete and final. Antipon also promotes a keen appetite and perfects the digestive process. Now, the tendency to make too much fat having been conquered the subject is not precluded from eating heartily of good wholesome food. Thus health, strength, and vitality are restored as well as normal beauty of form and correct weight for height. Anyone in this enviable condition has little to fear from influenza or any other epidemic disease. He (or she) is a changed being, looking fresh and young and feeling full of vigour and energy—physically and mentally "fit," moving gracefully and in a condition to enjoy all the rational pleasures of life to the full.

The reduction in weight is surprising. Within a day and a night of first dose there is a decrease of 8oz. to 3lb. (according to the individual conditions), followed by a satisfactory diminution until complete and permanent cure.

Antipon is pleasing to the palate, and being a liquid, easy to take. It contains no trace of any mineral substance and is entirely harmless, causes no internal disturbance, and can be taken at any hour, and in the strictest privacy.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, &c., or should any difficulty arise, may be had (on sending amount), post free, privately packed, direct from the Sole Manufacturers—The Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

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The Late Princess Clementine

In the death of Princess Clementine of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha—"dearest Clementine," as her cousin by marriage, Queen Victoria, wrote of her—Europe loses its oldest Royalty, and a princess who, as a stateswoman, was a genius. It has been well said that she was the last of the women politicians of the old school—of the school of Madame Roland, Madame Necker, and Madame de Staël. The last surviving child of the "Citizen" King of the French, Louis Philippe, and a Princess of Orleans, she had all the brains of her family. She married one of the richest of the non-reigning German Princes, Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, a marriage by which she became related to our own Royal Family, For her husband was the son of Duke Ferdinand.



QUEEN MARIE AMÉLIE, MOTHER OF THE LATE PRINCESS
FROM THE PAINTING BY WINTERHALTER



THE LATE PRINCESS MARIE CLEMENTINE, BORN JUNE 3, 1817; DIED FEBRUARY 16, 1907
FROM THE EARLY PAINTING BY WINTERHALTER

brother of the Duchess of Kent, Queen Victoria's mother. Her cleverest feat was the piloting of her son Ferdinand to the throne—shaky as it might be—of distracted Bulgaria. It was really her work that he was elected to the throne in 1887, and it was certainly her statecraft which kept him there. She twisted everybody round her little finger; she was cleverer than a world of politicians and diplomats; her tact, her judgment, her powers of suasion, her money, made her an extraordinary force in the inner circle of European politics; and she used them all to perfection. It is said that she spent in the interests of her son Ferdinand—in making him Prince of Bulgaria—twenty millions of francs. For she found that such things as interest, friendship, even enthusiasm, were, in Bulgaria, commodities which differed only in kind from other marketable goods. And whenever necessary she bought them. "Like diamonds and rubies," she said once, "a good imitation will serve the purpose as well as the genuine thing; it must, when you have no choice!" She was the most devoted of mothers and the most inveterate of match-makers; she married her children excellently. It is true that she failed to marry her favourite, Prince Ferdinand, into a reigning House; but, instead, she married him to the wealthy Duke of Parma's eldest daughter. Her personality is well suggested by a writer who sketches her "as a little old woman with a fine, though rather hard face." For twenty-six years—since her husband's death in 1881—she wore her widow's weeds. She must be pictured also with a silver ear-trumpet, for, being very deaf, she always carried and used one. She leaves three sons and a daughter—Prince Philipp of Saxe-Coburg, born 1844; Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, born 1845; the Archduchess Joseph of Austria (*née* Princess Clothilde of Saxe-Coburg), widow of the late Archduke; and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria.



LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH, FATHER OF THE LATE PRINCESS
A LITHOGRAPH FROM THE PAINTING BY WINTERHALTER



THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LATE PRINCESS CLEMENTINE, WITH PRINCE PHILIPP OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA AND THE PRINCESSES EUDOXIE (ON THE RIGHT) AND NADEJDA (ON THE LEFT), THE DAUGHTERS OF PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA
Photo taken at Mentone by Van Ukkel, Cannes.

THE TABLE LIBRARY

Debrett's "House of Commons and Judicial Bench" (Dean and Son. 7s. 6d. net), is an admirable and simple guide to everyone and everything of importance connected with the making and enforcing of the Law. Thoroughly up to date, it contains the figures of the North East Derbyshire by-election—and easy of reference, it ranks with the "Peerage" in efficiency and accuracy, and has what few other guides have—a little encyclopædia of technical parliamentary expressions.

"Vickers's Newspaper Gazetteer" (Vickers and Co. 2s. 6d.), if somewhat brief, is one of the most concise of its class, and is carefully compiled. There are a general index, an alphabetical list of cities and towns, with their respective newspapers; an alphabetical list of magazines, reviews, and periodicals, and a list of Colonial and foreign papers.

"The Matriculation Directory" (University Tutorist Press. 1s. net.) for 1907 is a complete guide for students entering for this examination, and for all examinations connected with London University. It includes the papers set for matriculation in January, 1907, the solution to these, and a criticism of them.

The usefulness of "Dod's Parliamentary Companion" (Whittaker and Co. 3s. 6d. net) lies, of course, in its size and its neatness; but it has also the advantage of being brief, concise and well-arranged. The new year's number takes one as far as January 18, when the post of President of the Board of Education was still occupied by Mr. Birrell, though Mr. Bryce had been appointed to Washington. It must be supposed that competition necessitates the early appearance of "Dod," but it surely would be better for it to be published within a week of the opening of Parliament.

It must be taken as a sign of commercial prosperity that telegrams have increased in the past year by nearly a million. This and notable additions have had the effect of making "Sell's Telegraphic Addresses" increase in bulk, and the issue for 1907, corrected to the very end of December, 1906, is an imposing volume. Some twenty thousand Colonial and Foreign names and cable addresses have been added to the United Kingdom list of seventy thousand.

"Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack" (John Wisden. 1s.) for 1907 is thicker than ever With its usual contents every one is familiar. A good deal of space is appropriately devoted to the triumph of Kent last season. Mr. George Marsham has sketched the history of the club, Captain William McCanlis describes, in a short article, the method of teaching he carries on at the Tonbridge "nursery," while two of the five portraits are those of Kent cricketers—Mr. K. L. Hutchings and Fielder.

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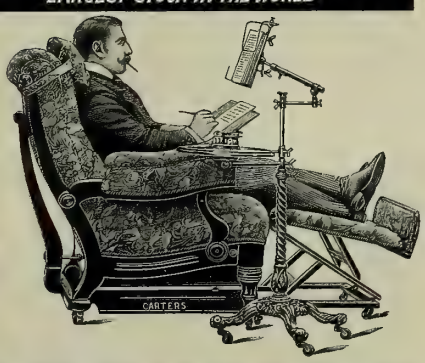
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THE SELLER OF HATE

A Complete Story

Written by ARTHUR MORRISON

Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM, R.W.S.



"'*Good evening, Mr. Hoddy,*' *said the visitor, pleasantly.* '*Gr-r-r-umph!*' *replied Luke.*"

There is an English county of which it is said that the devil never entered it for fear of being put into a pie. At the moment I cannot remember which county it is, and know no more of it than to be certain it was not Essex, for all Essex pies are filled with much care, and are excellent. Nevertheless, it is the fact that in the old days, before he began building cheap villas, the devil very rarely came into Essex, and even now seldom ventures beyond the parts that they sell, by auction, in building lots. For the old Essex men were too hard for him, and the county bore him no luck. Everybody knows of his historic defeat at Barn Hall, and here I have the tale of his bad bargain at Cock-a-Bevis Hill.

It was some little time ago—some might not call it a little time: at any rate, it was before all the improvements—that old Luke Hoddy lived in a cottage on the lower slope of Cock-a-Bevis Hill. It was so small a cottage that it might have been called a shed without slander, and a very lonely, sullen, smoky, frowning, ill-conditioned-looking shed it was, because it is the property of a house to proclaim its tenant's character, and Luke Hoddy was that sort of man. He was lonely, like his cottage, because he was sullen, and frowning, and ill-conditioned, like it also; and they both looked passing smoky because of neglect.

It might be venturing too far to say that Luke Hoddy was the most misanthropic man in the world, or even in all England. But certainly he must have been the most misanthropic man in all Essex, where men were all smiling, jolly, and pleasant together in the days when the devil feared their honest faces. Luke Hoddy not only hated his fellow-man, but he kept pigs, and hated them; he also kept fowls, and hated them too. He detested the poor cottage wherein his poverty condemned him to live. He loathed the people who bought eggs of him, and so enabled him to live there. He abominated the children who bought apples from the tree in the garden—abominated them to such an extent that I cannot guess what sentiments he had left for the boys who stole them in the dusk. He abhorred the whole world, and everything in it. He was poor, and ugly, and old, and he resented each misfortune as though it were the personal and individual crime of every creature but himself. When he sold a fowl or a dozen eggs he did it with so evil a grace that he had to sell cheaper than anybody else, or keep his wares; and this was another reason for hating his customer. He hated the money he took, because it wasn't more; the eggs he sold, because he couldn't keep them; the hen that laid them, because there weren't thrice as many; the rest of the fowls, because they didn't care; and he was only glad of an order for one because he could kill it without losing money. If he could have wrung his customer's neck as cheaply, he would have done it with joy. To hate everybody better off than himself was part of his nature; and he hated the rest because they were so cheerful, comparatively. If you had given him a sackful of sovereigns he would have been your enemy for life, because they weren't guineas; and you would have deserved much worse for being such a fool.

At the close of a warm autumn day, Luke Hoddy stood by his garden gate and scowled on all of the world that he could see. The sinking sun flung red gold along the fields and against the trees and hedges, and a little child sat to view the marvel, and to think wonderful things that it would long to recall in after life, and fail. But old Hoddy hated all the gold in the world that was not in his own pocket, where there was very little, and that little the only thing he loved. Children also he detested, for they were human beings. A stout, round-faced woman went down the path, with a

baby on one arm and a basket on the other, and as she passed she called "Good-night." Luke flung back a savage growl, for this woman was a great aversion of his, being always happy, and all her life persistently sending more children to play on Cock-a-Bevis Hill. Then a girl came, driving cows, and a brown lad with her, and neither of them saw Luke Hoddy at all, because they were looking at each other. Luke positively snarled; and such a villainous twist remained on his face when they had passed that a very small boy, who was coming hopefully up with a halfpenny gripped in his fist, greatly desiring an apple, turned and ran, and never stopped until he reached the goody-shop in the village; so that old Hoddy was the poorer by one halfpenny, and I am sorry it was no more.

The day waned, and people went on their way to rest from their work, old and young, men and women, and old Hoddy saw the world in little pass before his gate, and he hated it at large. Then there went the carrier, and after him Paigles, the farmer, on his cob.

Paigles was a notoriously poor farmer, and backward with his rent; it was more than believed, in fact, that his landlord would be glad to sell the farm, and that way be quit of him, since he shrank from turning Paigles away from the land his great-grandfather had farmed a hundred years before him. Luke Hoddy grinned savagely at Paigles's back as it merged in the shadows of the trees. If only he had the money he would buy the farm, sell up Paigles, and fling him out, neck and crop. He would buy other people's houses, too, and treat them likewise. They hated him now, and if he had money how he would grind their faces! He would grind their faces off their heads, if only he had the money.

It was at this favourable moment that the devil ventured out on Cock-a-Bevis Hill. He did not come flaming and raging, in a way to frighten folk, for to-night that was not his business; he came dressed very well and neatly, like a gentleman of those days, and it struck Luke Hoddy at the time that he looked rather like the lawyer at Witham. He wore trousers a little tighter than was usual—skin-tight, in fact—with straps. His full-skirted coat was pinched in very elegantly at the waist, and his beaver hat was broad in the crown and wide in the brim. He carried a quizzing-cane, and his black stock looked as though it must have gone a dozen times round his neck, on a collar that was half-way up his head behind. Still, notwithstanding this very respectable appearance, you must not suppose that Luke Hoddy mistook his visitor. Indeed, he recognised him at once; his beautifully varnished boots looked empty at the toes, and from time to time something vaguely disturbed the points of his elegant coat-tails; moreover, his eyes would have been enough, glowing there in the dark like dull coals.

"Good evening, Mr. Hoddy," said the visitor, pleasantly.

"Gr-r-r-umph!" replied Luke—as near as I can spell it. He was no great conversationalist, finding a growl express the most of what he had to say.

"I'm very glad to meet you," the visitor went on. "I think we should know each other, Mr. Hoddy."

"Gr-r-r-umph."

"It might lead to business, I think."

"Gr-r-r-umph?"

"Yes. You'll find me an excellent customer. My command of money is unlimited—I handle most of what exists, at some time or other—and expense is no consideration, so long as I get what I want. I am prepared to pay, Mr Hoddy, heavily."

"Gr-r-m." It was a slighty different growl this time. Old Hoddy was conscious of a possible opportunity. He did not care what he sold, if only it would fetch enough money. "I should want a lot," he said, "a plenshus lot. Money down."

"You shall have it."

"An' I won't sign—no, not nothin'—not till I get it, every farden."

The devil laughed—quite a gentlemanly laugh, with nothing offensive in it. "You are misunderstanding, Mr. Hoddy," he said. "I believe—I really do believe you have the absurd old notion I hear of so often. Do you think I want to buy your soul?"

"'Course," answered Luke. "What else?"

"Really really! I don't wish to say anything unkind, but is it likely? As I have told you, I have unlimited command of money, and I spend it freely for purposes of business. But I don't absolutely *pitch* it away, Mr. Hoddy! I don't pay for what is as good as mine already, for nothing! No, no. You are persisting in a very common and vulgar error. I may have entered into such a transaction as you indicate, now and again, but then the circumstances were exceptional. As a rule such an arrangement with anybody willing to enter into it is altogether unnecessary, as in your case. No; I come to buy something else!"

"What's that?" demanded Hoddy, with suspicion. For his wits were not quick, and he knew he was dealing with a cunning customer. "Gr-r-r-umph! What's that?"

"Hate! I want to buy hatred wholesale. I am the largest dealer in that line in existence, and I pay top prices. I do not ask lower terms in consideration of a big contract—I will even pay a specially high rate to a large producer like yourself; it saves trouble, and I want to have a substantial stock ready to hand. I saw it about all over the world, you see, and it is most annoying to find one's self in some happy, contented community, and the stock of hatred completely out. So I am here to buy all you can sell."

"How much?" asked Luke Hoddy, still suspicious.

"Oh! we shall never quarrel about terms, I promise you. You shall make a fortune out of it. Of course, there are plenty of people who throw their hate about, so that I could pick it up for nothing; but the quantities are comparatively small, and really, you know, a gentleman *can't* go raking about in gutters for remnants and scraps, like some starving blackguard after crusts. Wouldn't do at all, you know. So I prefer to buy wholesale, and you are a perfect quarry—a mine. I am ready to take your whole stock."

"How much?" asked Luke Hoddy again.

The visitor grinned quietly. "I do believe," he said, "that if I wished to drive a hard bargain, I could swindle you, Mr. Hoddy. You are so very anxious to know about the money, and I'm sure you don't really guess what a stock of goods you have in hand. I could make quite a bargain for the lot, I'm certain, and you'd be surprised at the amount you had sacrificed. But, as I have told you, money is no object with me, though I am not, at present, urgently needing the stock. I have been to a Philanthropic Congress lately, where everybody exuded it, wallowed in it, and pelted everybody else with it to such an extent that I couldn't resist the temptation to gather it in, though I really attended with the idea of sowing some I already had in hand. I am quite well provided for a time, but as a prudent man of business I like to look ahead and make engagements in advance. You want to know what I will pay. Well, I am ready to accept bills as often as you like to draw them, each for anything up to five thousand pounds. Will that suit you?"

Luke Hoddy gulped and gasped. This was tremendous. He had been thinking of fifties and hundreds, and here were thousands—and thousands over and over again, indefinitely. It was wonderful—too good to believe all at once. Perhaps it would turn out a swindle after all—a trick to rob him of the precious hate he had cherished so long, and which now seemed a more valuable possession than ever. Old Hoddy did not understand the acceptance of bills, and he resolved to question a little more.

"It seems a pretty good deal o' money," he admitted, grudgingly. "Anyhow a good deal for you to want to pay as can pick the stuff up. I should count there was plenty of hate about, too. It ain't a rare stuff."

"No, it isn't. But considering the plenteousness of the commodity, it's wonderful how little I get of it. People seem to want it for each other, you see. People talk a deal about hating me, but they hate each other so much more that it's very rarely I can get anybody's hatred without paying for it. And that is why I am here for yours."

"Gr-r-r-umph! Well, I'll sell. But none o' yer bills an' 'ceptances, an' that. I want money down. See?"

"You shall have the money before I receive the goods. Will that suit you?"

Luke thought that would do, and growled to indicate as much.

The devil stooped in the shadow of the fence, and produced a box, which old Hoddy had not noticed before. It was a chest of some hard wood, bound and cornered with iron, and as soon as it rested on the fence-rail Hoddy grabbed it eagerly. As a box it was heavy, but not so heavy as it should have been if it were full of money. In fact, old Hoddy judged it empty.

"There ain't no five thousand pun' in that!" he snarled.

"Quite so; I never thought of pretending it. This is a little arrangement of my own invention, which I will explain."

The night was full dark by now, but a dull red light fell on the chest wherever the devil pointed, and so Luke understood all he said.

"You perceive that the box is locked. I shall keep the key, and I advise you, for your own sake, not to meddle. It is a dangerous thing to open if you don't understand it. The lid, you see, is a deep one. That is because it contains a separate chamber, into which you slip your bills for acceptance. There is a narrow slot, you perceive, just under the upper edge. Whenever you wish to do business you will fill in one of the forms I shall leave you with the amount of hate you wish to sell in money up to five thousand pounds, and sign it. Then you will slip the paper in at the slot and go to bed. That is all. In the morning you will receive the money. But, meantime, you must sleep, otherwise the sale cannot be completed. Take the box, and remember what I say. I shall not call again till I want some of the goods. Then I shall take away the box and leave a fresh one. Do you know, I'm rather proud of the invention of that box. Some day, if I have time, I intend to adapt the idea to other purposes. It might be made to work with pennies for matches and lollipops and such things. Good notion, eh? But here are your bill-forms; if you want more you can copy one of them. And remember, no more than five thousand pounds at one time, if you please. That is the price of the largest quantity of hate the machine is able to compress in one day. That is all, I think. Good evening, Mr. Hoddy!"

And with that he was gone, vanishing in a very low and courtly bow, which somehow slid away backward into the shadows, leaving Luke Hoddy standing there with a bunch of papers in his right hand, while he balanced the box on the fence with his left.

Old Hoddy stared for a minute and a quarter, and then, convinced that he really was alone, he picked up the box and carried it indoors. He lit a candle, put on his spectacles, and began to spell out one of the papers. Thus it read:—

"*Date*——

On presentation pay to me the sum of £———— for hate received."

That seemed simple enough. Luke Hoddy sat in a chair, and stared now at the box. Having done that for a little while he turned to the paper again, and stared at that. And at last, when he found his faculties shaking down into their proper places, he got ink and pen, and filled in the topmost form. He filled it in for the full five thousand pounds, having a natural desire for as much as he could get. Then he signed it, slipped it into the slot, and went to bed.

In the morning he woke feeling particularly well—uncommonly well. As he got out of bed he caught sight of his face in the jaggy piece of looking-glass that stood on the mantel-piece, and saw a positive smile on it. He sat for a moment to wonder at this, and presently broke into a laugh. He remembered a ridiculous dream about the devil and a chest.

Sunlight came in at the poky little window, and the sound of a thousand birds. The light fell on the corner of a deal table, and there lay a little bundle of papers. There was no mistake—they were the blank bills. Luke Hoddy rubbed his fist over his head to clear his thoughts. The thing would seem to have been no dream after all. But as he pulled on his clothes he remembered the attorney at Witham. No doubt this was some joke of his—Luke had noticed the extraordinary likeness from the first. But why should he take all this trouble to put a sell on a stranger? Luke Hoddy floundered into the only other room of his cottage, and there saw the iron-strapped box standing against the wall. Truly it was no dream. There, along the slot in the lid, lay the white edge of the paper, which he had thought he had pushed well in. Or, at any rate, it was some paper, or papers. *What* was it? He reached and pulled out—not one paper, but five; and each was a thousand-pound bank-note!

It was true, then—quite true; neither dream nor sell, but simple fact. Here was the actual, indubitable money. Luke Hoddy sat for a while in the brownest of brown studies, and then began to chuckle. Chuckling, he went out into the open, and looked across the fields, lusty and sparkling in the fresh morning. A little child, carrying a basin in a blue handkerchief, stood in amaze to see old Hoddy so merry; whereupon he gave the child an apple for nothing, and sat down to laugh at the strangeness of things.

He sobered down after a little, and wondered at the impulse that had led to the gift. That apple was the first thing he had ever given away in his life, and it seemed a foolish thing to do. Especially—and the thought came like a grip at the throat—especially if the thing were a sell after all, and the notes spurious.

This was a matter that must be settled at once. So he watched for the carrier's cart that morning, and went by it to Witham, to the bank. Here his spirits rose again, for the cashier made no difficulty about the notes, but opened an account with them, and old Hoddy left the premises with a pass-book of his own containing an entry of five thousand pounds to his credit.

He resolved to see about Paigles's farm without delay, and to that end called on the attorney. Hoddy observed the lawyer pretty closely, and was relieved to find that, although he was smartly enough dressed, he was not so very much like the visitor of last night after all. The lawyer promised to make discreet inquiries as to the price of the farm, and Luke Hoddy left him.

That night he filled in another bill for the full five thousand, and in the morning drew out another bunch of notes. Then he went out and caught the children going to school and distributed apples among them till nothing remained on the tree but leaves; laughing so much at the fun that rumours arose that old Hoddy was gone mad. The bank cashier was a little surprised to see him again with precisely the same amount, and the lawyer was also a little surprised to have another visit, and instructions to look out for a few more freehold investments, in addition to Paigles's farm. But that mattered nothing, and the next day old Luke Hoddy banked five thousand more.

Paigles's farm was for sale, and at a moderate price; also there was a deal of other eligible property to be had in the neighbourhood, and as the money rolled in Hoddy took the first steps toward becoming a landed proprietor of no small consideration.

But lawyers have their fees to earn, and between the first steps and the last there are a great many more, and in those days there were more than there are now; and every step took time. So that it came to pass that before the last seal was pressed and the last fee earned, old Hoddy, rising one morning very merry, turned to pull out his customary notes from the box, but instead of five, found only one piece of paper, and that not a bank-note. It was, in fact, his own bill of exchange, just as he had drawn it the night before, except that there now appeared across it, in the blurred capitals of a roughly inked stamp, the words "REFERRED TO DRAWER."

Luke Hoddy had grown so used to drawing his money regularly, and making his daily trip to Witham, that he went through some minutes of dumb amazement before he realised that his stock of hate was at last absolutely exhausted, and no more bank-notes were to be expected from the box. At first his smile faded and his face lengthened; but it was not for long. Indeed, he was a very rich man, and he had of late begun to wonder what he should do with all his money. For the credit of human nature I shall not tell the precise figure of old Hoddy's riches; and very few would believe in the existence of such a stock of hate as it would imply if I did. But he was a very rich man, and was putting money into other securities besides land. So his face soon broadened again into the grin it had worn since he had stripped his apple tree. He would not need to go to Witham to-day, and he would have leisure to think things over.

He was still in the little cottage on Cock-a-Bevis Hill—indeed there had scarce been time for a change. He used to detest the place, but now that all his hate was sold, he rather liked the situation. He had a design of building a house close by, some day, but meantime the cottage did very well, and he resolved in any event to leave it standing, and use it sometimes.

He went out into his garden and beyond the fence, whistling. Presently he saw the girl coming, driving her cows out to the meadow, and the brown lad with her, just as they had passed in the opposite direction on the evening when Hoddy had received the Owner of the Box. But this time they could not help seeing him, for he called to them gaily, with questions about banns and a wedding-day, and a promise of a silver teapot when the day should come. And when they had passed, he was reminded to fill a basket with eggs and carry them down to the cottage of the round-faced woman who had so many children. After which, finding his experiences in generosity such novel fun, he got five shillingsworth of pennies at the Crown and Cushion and gave one to every child he could catch. Some of them wanted a deal of catching, for it was not easy for people to understand this change in old Hoddy's habits. The fact was that not only had he got rid of all his old hatred, but when he remembered it he felt a little ashamed, and had a great desire to make amends.

Paigles's farm was bought at last, and more than half the parish with it; the last fee was paid and the deeds were locked in the strong-room at the bank. Then, when the time came to sell up Paigles, old Hoddy lowered his rent instead. And as to the other tenants, he discovered a way of grinding their faces against platters and quart pots, giving them and their families the most enormous dinner, in three barns, that Cock-a-Bevis Hill had ever looked down on.

It was in the merriment that followed this dinner that the transactions began that revealed the sole drawback to Hoddy's extraordinary bargain. For in his sudden revulsion from misanthropy and misogyny he conceived an almost exaggerated opinion of the attractions of his tenants' daughters and sisters, and in some cases of their aunts and mothers. Nor did it stop there, for as the days went and the news of his wealth and amiability spread and multiplied, old Hoddy found himself involved in such a complication of entanglements that there was nothing for it but once again to call in the aid of the Witham attorney, by whose aid, and the payment of a good deal of money, actions for breach were compromised, bigamy averted, and safety found in the end by marriage with an active and respectable widow.

But these things came to a head later, and, in any case, they have little to do with the story. Meantime, the iron-strapped box stood in the corner of Luke Hoddy's keeping-room, full of compressed hate, waiting for the devil to come and fetch it.

Now, the report of old Hoddy's sudden wealth went about among the good folk of those parts, and not among the good folk only. It reached, also, two vagabond thieves, tramping through Witham from Springfield Gaol, after a narrow squeak for their

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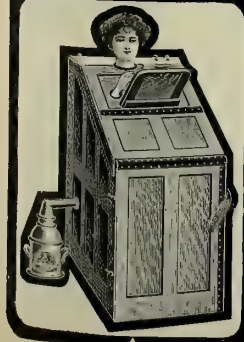
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RHEUMATISM



...ks at the assizes; and this was not the first time they had cheated the gallows. They turned aside from the main road because of the rumours, for a feeble old man of great wealth, living alone in a cottage of two rooms, offered singular attractions to their inquiring natures.

They came to Cock-a-Bevis Hill, and learned enough to make them very hopeful; and that night they took a lantern and two bludgeons, and lifted old Hoddy's simple latch with neither noise nor trouble. Old Hoddy was snoring sturdily in the other room, but, though they had come willing to stop his snore for ever, they checked at the sight of the iron-bound box in the corner. It stood very notable among the poor furniture about it, and here, they were well assured, was the best the place could yield, the end of their desires—the treasure chest. So they left old Hoddy to his snore, and carried the box quietly out, and up the breezy slope of Cock-a-Bevis Hill, under the stars. In a sheltered hollow near the top they set it down, and prized it open with a chisel; and that was the end of both of them.

In the morning Paigles's horseman found them lying dead in the hollow, contorted and black, something like men struck by lightning; and the box lay by them, plain and empty.

When Luke Hoddy learned the news in the morning he looked up the hill and at the clouds, and saw that the breeze held steady from the west, as it had done the day before; and he knew that all his hate had been carried away on the winds from off the earth. It had saved the hangman a double turn, and that was all it had done, good or bad; what became of it nobody could ever tell, though I have heard it conjectured that a good deal of it fell in Germany.

But the Owner of the Box was sadly vexed, as you would guess. Nevertheless, he dissembled his anger, and as soon as he heard of his misfortune (which he did by means of which I know nothing), he came to old Hoddy, polite as ever, with the idea of reducing his bad debt as far as possible. He went cautiously to work, being out of confidence with himself in the county of Essex, and remembering his ancient defeat at Barn Hall—of which I may tell another time.

"Well, Mr. Hoddy," he said, "we've had a little misfortune. It's no fault of yours, of course, and I shall make some very special arrangements for the guilty parties. But to prove my perfect and continued confidence in yourself, I've come to do business again, on very exceptional terms. I'm ready to enter into that other little transaction at which you hinted during our last interview. As I said then, it's a thing I very rarely do, in spite of vulgar opinion to the contrary; but in your case, an old and respected customer, I'm willing to stretch a point. You've found me treat you very well in our first deal, and I don't want to drop the connection. What do you say?"

Because, you see, now that all Hoddy's hate was quite gone, Hoddy himself was such a very different person, that he was a very desirable bargain, and the devil was ready to buy him forthwith.

Old Hoddy chuckled deep and long. "It do seem to me," he said, "as you'd do better in the shires. I count you make a poor trade in Essex. At Dedham an' Snoreham they he too wide awake for 'ee, an' too clever at Little Witham; you'd starve at Pinchpoles, an' you can't fob 'em at Fobbing. But a shire man allus was a fool, an' I count you'd do better right over across the Lea, at Much Hadham. What you're at now is to buy me, eh?"

"At a great price, Mr. Hoddy; a noble sum!"

Old Hoddy chuckled again. "Very kind, I'm sure. 'Fore I lost my hate I'd ha' talked it over longways, but ready meat's my victual. D'ye know the stile at the bottom o' t' hill?'

"Yes."

"Well, if ye go over that an' keep along by t' hedge you come to another. Know that?"

"Perfectly."

"Other side o' that there's a ditch."

"Just so."

"An' a meddy with a tree in the middle—oak. D'ye know the oak too?"

"Yes"

"Well, if you went along down there, now, all alone, an' ran round that there oak, who'd you be a-chasin'?"

"Myself."

Old Hoddy guffawed loud and long, with his thumb against his nose. "Go on!" he said. "That's my opinion, too!"

THE END.

The Toll of the Sea

The accompanying chart of the United Kingdom has been compiled by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution from statistics issued by the Board of Trade. A black dot shows where any serious casualty occurred during the year ending June 30, 1905, the exact spot being also indicated where each of the 280 lifeboats of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution are stationed.

The number of shipping casualties which occurred on the shores of Great Britain and Ireland during the years 1904-5 was 4,006—of which 1,509 were collisions—this total representing a decrease of 162 as compared with the previous twelve months, and the number of lives lost totalled 384, against 269 for 1903-4. During the same period the cases of total loss and serious casualties fell to 1,217, a decrease of 154 as compared with the previous year.

The cases of total loss, excluding collisions, amounted to 206. The localities of the 4,006 casualties, other than collisions, were as follows: East coast of England, 606, or 133 less than in the preceding year; south coast, 416, a large decrease of 115; west coast of England and Scotland and east coast of Ireland, 908, also a large decrease of 210; north coast of Scotland, 151, an increase of 26; east coast of Scotland, also 151, a decrease of 19; other parts, 265, or a falling off of 49; total, 2,497, or exactly 500 less than in 1903-4. Of the total number of casualties, 3,593 befell British and Colonial vessels, and 413 foreign vessels, being respectively a decrease of 617 and 45 on the figures for 1903-4.

The number of casualties in which life was lost was 91, an increase of only 3 compared with the preceding year. Of the 384 lives which perished, 292 were from British and Colonial vessels, and 92 from foreign vessels. Forty-five were in vessels which foundered, 87 in collisions, 98 in stranded vessels, 69 in missing vessels, and 85 in explosions, washed overboard, &c. Only 16 were passengers, the rest being officers or members of the crews of the shipwrecked vessels.

The Board of Trade statistics for the last 52 years show that during that time a total of 32,263 persons perished from shipwreck on our coasts. Terrible as that record is, it would have been more than doubled but for the noble work performed by the lifeboat crews of the Institution, who, during the same period, saved 35,682 lives. The Committee of Management expended £63,490 on its lifeboat establishments last year, and it issues an earnest appeal for funds to maintain the lifeboat service in its present high state of efficiency. Contributions will be thankfully received by the secretary, Charles Dibdin, Esq., at the Institution, 20, Charing Cross Road, and by all the bankers of the United Kingdom.

THE BYSTANDER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

It is difficult to understand why the pictorial invitations to private balls, dinners, at homes and assemblies are not more popular. For art-shows they have been long in vogue, and I have seen a book of these cards, put together in the course of some years, which makes a most charming and interesting collection. Why the custom has not yet been adopted for private functions I am unable to understand. Such things, no doubt, were in vogue formerly, as may be seen by the examples by Bartolozzi and others which are still in existence. But of late years they have been few and far between. There were several charming invitations to the Moray Minstrels' evenings, designed by Frederick Walker for Arthur Lewis; there was also the humorous invitation from Mr. J. C. Parkinson, with its apposite quotations, when he lived in Victoria Street, on which the ascent of an apparently interminable staircase was most graphically rendered by Mr. Linley Sambourne; and there was the admirable card for one of Mr. M. H. Spielmann's artistic gatherings so cleverly rendered by Mr. Harry Furniss. Doubtless there are others, but they are comparatively rare.



The new Bulgarian National Theatre, which has just been inaugurated, is situated near the Palace, Sofia, and occupies one of the best sites in the town. It cost £80,000 to construct, and is the work of two well-known Viennese architects, MM. Hellmer and Fellner. Our photograph is by Charles Trampus, Paris.

THE DRAMA IN THE BALKANS: THE NEW BULGARIAN NATIONAL THEATRE AT SOFIA

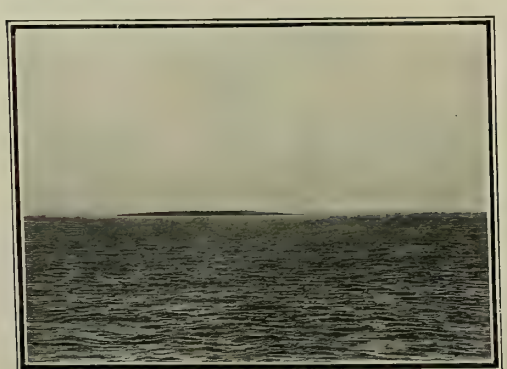
Of late years the Artists' Society in Langham Place, so well known to many of us as "The Langham," has devoted much time and attention to the artistic card, and every invitation to their most enjoyable conversazioni has been distinguished by novelty of design and originality of treatment. It is to be hoped a collection of these cards has been preserved, for such a variety of designs by the clever members of this artistic circle should never be allowed to lapse into oblivion. The latest effort in this direction is the card for the assembly on the day these lines appear, and represents the sketching club in its earliest days. I fancy the date is about 1836. It was evidently a very simple affair then, and is represented by ten men sitting round a table, most of them with their hats on, and all hard at work painting. It is a photogravure from a picture by J. D. Wingfield, and it would be interesting to learn the names of the people represented. J. D. Wingfield was a remarkable man. He painted a number of excellent pictures of the society's old rooms in Clipstone Street. He had a studio in the Clipstone Street yard, hard by one then occupied by Charles Keene, and he frequently figures in many of the latter's studies of artist life in *Punch*. I knew him slightly when I was a youth; he was quite a character, and the only man I ever met who cut his own hair.

It was only recently that I was writing in this column of "the inimitable Mackney," and it was but yesterday I heard this clever artist had just entered his eighty-third year. Though it comes rather late I have great pleasure in wishing Mr. E. W. Mackney many happy returns of the day. It must be a dozen years ago since I had the good fortune to see him on the stage—on the occasion of a benefit given to Mr. J. A. Cave at the Princess's Theatre—and then he seemed to be as amusing as ever. He sang his songs with the same spirit, he played the violin with the same skill, and he danced with the same grace and finish as when I first saw him in the days of my youth at the South London Music Hall. The fact of his being a thorough musician and an accomplished artist, and the good taste displayed in all his impersonations, no doubt caused him to occupy such a distinguished position on the music-hall stage.

At the recent dinner of the Boz Club I was glad to see a sensible reform introduced. The long table, the horse-shoe table, the snobbish upper table were altogether abolished, and the guests were seated in parties of eight and six at separate round tables. This made it very pleasant for everybody. You had your own party, there was plenty of room for your elbows, and ample space for the waiters, and there was no chance of your having melted butter turned over your head or soup tipped down your back. It is sincerely to be hoped this excellent innovation may be extensively followed at other dinners of a public and semi-public nature.

A GIFT FROM NEPTUNE

The new island which appeared suddenly on Dec. 15 of last year is situated in Lat. 19° 00′ 06″ N. and Long. 93° 24′ 20″ E., some miles to the north-westward of Cheduba Island, on the Arakan coast of Burma. Previously to the volcanic disturbance the sea had been 66ft. deep over the area now covered by the island. The island was visited on December 30 by the Royal Indian Marine ship Investigator and the officers of the Marine Survey of India, who found it entirely composed of mud. It was still very warm, the temperature 3ft. below the surface being 148° Fahrenheit, and at the northern end some small craters were actively exuding liquid mud. The island forms part of a long line of mud volcanoes lying off the coast of Burma on Cheduba and the neighbouring islands. The portion of the island above water is about a quarter of a mile in length, the main crater being 20ft. above high water.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ISLAND AT A DISTANCE OF THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILE



WATCHING THE MUD EXUDING FROM ONE OF THE SMALL CRATERS

AN UNEXPECTED ADDITION TO THE EMPIRE: THE NEW-BORN VOLCANIC ISLAND OFF THE BURMESE COAST

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A REMARKABLE BOOK ON *THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.*

Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., the distinguished authority on Hygienic Science and Health Questions, is evidently a believer in Thomas Carlyle's doctrine that there is no utility in pointing out misfortunes unless you at the same time indicate the remedy. In his remarkable little book, "The Art of Living," just issued from the press, Dr. Wilson not only points out that "Our first duty to ourselves is to check illness at the outset," but he follows up this admonition with the more welcome information how we are to do it. He, so to speak, says: "You have the evil of ill-health to fight. Now, here's the weapon to fight with. Strike for freedom." For example, he says: "Suppose a person has run down—feels languid and is easily tired. If he neglects this warning—for all such signs and symptoms are Nature's warning to us—the possibility is that he will pass further afield into the great lone land of disease. Can he do anything to save himself from such a disastrous result? In the vast majority of cases he can restore his vigour." How? Dr. Wilson tells his reader how without delay, adding at once this remarkable statement:—"Probably he will be advised to take a tonic. This in the main is good advice. Unfortunately the number of tonics is legion, but if there exists any preparation which can combine in itself the properties of a tonic and restorative, and which at the same time can contribute to the nourishment and building up of the enfeebled body, it is evident such an agent must prove of the utmost value to everybody. I have found such a tonic and restorative in the preparation known as Sanatogen." How the distinguished author found this tonic he tells us in an interesting bit of autobiography. "Recovering from an attack of Influenza," he says, "and suffering from the severe weakness incidental to that ailment, Sanatogen was brought under my notice. I gave it a fair trial, and the results were all that could have been desired. In a short time my appetite improved, the weakness was conquered, and without the use of any other medicine or preparation I was restored to health." It is easy to believe that this experience led the doctor to make a thorough investigation into this specific which had served him so well. Sanatogen, he tells us, "combines two distinct elements—one tonic and the other nutritive." Further, it is no "secret" remedy, for, as he pertinently observes, "Its composition is well known, otherwise medical men would not prescribe it." What the tonic and nutritive elements of Sanatogen are, and how they effect so much good, Dr. Wilson describes in simple, convincing terms. The whole passage is too long to quote, but one important remark of the writer may be given, namely, that one of the principal elements of Sanatogen "represents the substance which actually forms a very important, if not the most important, constituent of our brain and nervous system." How, through regenerating the nervous system, Sanatogen restores the functions of the digestive organs, and by rebuilding the whole body, compensates the wear and tear of latter-day life; how it does away with the need of stimulants, and cures the sick by the natural method of making the body strong enough to drive out disease—all this, in the delightful style of Dr. Wilson's language, makes engrossing and pleasant, as well as instructive, reading. This last contribution of Dr. Wilson to the literature of Health may certainly be calculated to carry joyful news to the ailing and weary. A limited number of complete specimen copies of the "Art of Living," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., are being distributed free of charge. To obtain one of these copies the applicant must mention THE GRAPHIC in sending his name and address to the publishers—F. WILLIAMS & Co., 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

MORE ABOUT SWITZERLAND

"Switzerland: The Country and Its People," written by Clarence Rook and painted by Effie Jardine (Chatto and Windus), is the latest addition to the list of colour books. The pictures compare unfavourably with those which Mr. A. D. McCormick contributed to the somewhat similar volume entitled "The Alps." So far as we can check them by personal observation, much of the colouring seems to us to be wrong. The deep blue of the Lake of Geneva is not adequately reproduced; whereas the Lutschine, which is made to appear blue, is thereby grossly flattered. In reality, save where it breaks into foam, it is muddy-coloured, like all the glacier streams. The views of Thun again—a town which we happen to know as well as we know the Strand—are more picturesque than faithful. They are pretty, however, and the volume is handsome; and the text is more ambitious, and better, than is usually the case with works of which the interest is intended to be primarily artistic. Perhaps Mr. Rook has attempted to cover too much ground, ranging, as he does, from the Referendum to the Cresta Run; but he has, at any rate, something interesting to say on all the various branches of his subject; and there are many topics which it might be profitable, if space permitted, to discuss with him. One of the objects of his special enthusiasm is the Swiss system of education. We would endorse his praises with one proviso — that the praise is only applicable to elementary education, and to education of which the purpose is utilitarian. The Swiss schools, academies, and universities turn out excellent watchmakers, excellent woodcarvers, excellent waiters; and also, on the higher intellectual plane, excellent engineers and doctors. Their alumni have also contributed their share to the work of scientific research. Such names as those of de Saussure and Agassiz are of world-wide celebrity. On the side of scholarship, and of the Arts, however, the Swiss educators have done next to nothing. They cannot even write either the French or the German language with any grace; while of the classical languages the average educated Switzer shows a perfectly deplorable ignorance. Hence it follows that the "literary associations" to which Mr. Rook devotes a chapter, are mainly associations with authors of foreign birth. The only really distinguished Swiss men of letters are Benjamin Constant, who was educated at Oxford and Edinburgh, and spent most of his life in France, and Rousseau, who ran away from Geneva at the age of sixteen. It will be noted that the work covers the whole of Switzerland—Romansch and Italian as well as French and German. One of the best illustrations—that which we reproduce—is of Lugano, a place which has latterly been coming more and more into vogue as a spring and winter residence for fugitives from the London fogs. It is a question, however, whether the book would not have been more satisfactory if the author and artist had concentrated their attention upon a portion only of a country so full of various beauties and interests. F. G.



A STREET SCENE IN LUGANO
From "Switzerland: The Country and Its People." By Clarence Rook. Painted by Effie Jardine. (Chatto and Windus.)

THE RENAISSANCE IN ROME

There is no higher authority on the history and topography of Rome, at all her ages, than Professor Rodolfo Lanciani. His important work, "The Golden Days of the Renaissance in Rome, from the Pontificate of Julius II. to that of Paul III. (Archibald Constable and Co.), does not, indeed, attempt to cover the whole of its immense subject, but deals with it in seven comprehensive monographs—"The City," "Life in the City," "Paul III."—the first maker of modern Rome, "Michelangelo," "Vittoria Colonna," "Raphael," and "Agostino Chigi," the banker in whom the spirit as well as the wealth of Mæcenas was revived. Nowhere else has there been known such a transformation as the Renaissance worked in Rome—the resurrection of the capital of the world from a chronically plague-stricken, inundated, pauperised refuse-heap of brigand-haunted ruins. The process, not achieved without the barbarous destruction of nearly all the architectural legacies of the earlier Middle Ages, may be called the dramatic motive of Professor Lanciani's treatise. When all is of so much interest, it is hardly possible to select features for special notice: Calvin's attempt, and failure, to render Rome herself the centre of the Reformation is but one among very many points receiving, for the first time, their due attention. Several popularly accepted traditions are demolished, such as the reputed use of the Coliseum as a quarry for the modern city. Thirty-two full-page plates, and over sixty illustrations incorporated with the text, add to the usefulness and value no less than to the attractiveness of the volume.

A BOOK OF QUOTATIONS

No collection of quotations can ever be complete or up to date for very long. Mr. W. Gurney Benham's "Book of Quotations, Proverbs, and Household Words" (Cassell and Company), the result, as the author tells us, of more than fifteen years of collection and research, is beyond question unequalled in point both of comprehensiveness and of modernity, as we have proved by all the tests reasonably applicable in actual practice to a book of reference that has more often than not to be used in a hurry. Its only weakness is in the department of quotations from modern foreign languages, which should either have been immensely extended or altogether omitted; and space might have been gained for the former process by omitting the large group of Scriptural passages to which Cruden's Concordance is surely an all-sufficient guide. For the rest, Mr. Benham's well-arranged work is made up of merits, of which by no means the least is a full verbal index, occupying 366 pages out of the volume's 1,256, or nearly a third of the whole.

A POPULAR MANUAL OF ELECTRICITY

Mr. Charles R. Gibson has followed up his admirable "Romance of Electricity" with a somewhat more advanced work, "Electricity of To-day, Its Work and Its Mysteries" (Seeley Brothers). In this he describes in plain, untechnical language, the various forms of machinery and appliances of which electricity is the active agent. The chief features of telephonic communication, of wireless telegraphy, of electric traction, of electric heating, etc., are plainly set forth; while the construction of the dynamo and the theory of electric measurements are explained with a praiseworthy lucidity that other writers on scientific subjects would do well to imitate. The book is appropriately illustrated, and, while well fitted for the perusal of the young, may be read with advantage by those elders who wish to know something of the power which is entering into our daily life more and more every year.

"THE FLIGHT OF MARIE ANTOINETTE"

M. Lenotre, i. "The Flight of Marie Antoinette," from the French of G. Lenotre, by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell (Heinemann) has a keen eye for dramatic situations. Often as the story of the flight of the French King, Queen and their children from Paris on the fateful night of June 20, 1791, has been told, never before has it appeared so touching, so truly dramatic, in the telling. And it loses nothing in the translation. We are first introduced to that gallant and handsome young Swede, Count Axel de Fersen, to whom alone the Queen confided all her sorrows, hopes and fears. That he loved her there can be no doubt, and he had sworn to himself to save her. He did his best, but he was not fated to succeed. He himself packed the huge *berline* which was to convey them to the frontier. Disguised as a cabman with his cab, he endured the dreary waiting outside the Tuileries. Inside all was in readiness. The Dauphin and his sister had been put to bed. At about ten o'clock they were awakened, and the Dauphin was dressed in girl's clothing. "We must be going to act a comedy, since we are dressed up," he said. Then they were hurried through dark passages into the street into Fersen's cab. He drove off, only to wait for the King and Queen. Madame Elizabeth he had already taken up. The King and Queen then went to bed. They soon arose and made their way out of the palace, found Fersen's cab, and drove off, calling on the way at a Mr. Crawford's house to see if the *berline* had started. Through the Barrier St. Martin they went, and shortly afterwards found the *berline* drawn up in a ditch. They hurriedly changed into this and started for the frontier. So far all had gone comparatively smoothly, but later came nothing but mishaps. The relays of horses were not forthcoming, and before they arrived at Clermont they had been recognised. They were received with cries of love and of hate. On they went to Varennes. But Postmaster Drouet and his man Guillaume were in pursuit, and eventually the Royal party were stopped at Varennes and ordered back to Paris. That is a bare outline of the story, but it is in the details that it is so touching and so well told.

VELASQUEZ

The principal object of an exceedingly important work, the "Velazquez" of Señor A. de Beruete, written in Spanish, first published in French, and now appearing, with its preface by M. Léon Bonnat (Methuen and Co.), is to answer the question "Which are the canvases as to whose authenticity there can be no doubt?"—a matter which, as the author states, has hitherto never been sufficiently elucidated. The result of his exhaustive investigations into all that relates to every work that has been attributed to the greatest of Spanish masters, is a list of ninety extant paintings of which the authenticity may be taken as established. All these are admirably reproduced among the ninety-four full-page plates illustrating the volume, which is accordingly a mine of pleasure and interest as well as of biographical and critical instruction. In this last, indeed, it must be pronounced invaluable. M. Bonnat speaks of it as a work "which is, and must be, the last word on the subject of the great Spanish painter." Last or not, it is unquestionably the best and fullest thus far. It may be interesting to note that of the ninety authentic works Spain possesses 49, Great Britain 15, Austria 7, Germany 5, France 4, Italy, Russia and the United States 3 each, and Switzerland 1.

"MALAKOFF"

"Malakoff" was the pen-name of the late Dr. William Edward Johnston, whose "Memoirs" (2 vols., with portrait: Hutchinson and Co.) are edited by his son, Mr. K. M. Johnston. Of a notable family of Ohio, he partly supported himself by working in a printing office in New York while studying for his medical degree; and in 1852, when nine-and-twenty years old, settled in Paris as

correspondent of the *New York Times*. Here he became a prominent member of the American colony, first as a journalist, and then as a physician, frequently employed to conduct inquiries and draw up reports for his home Government, till his death in 1886. The "Memoirs" consist almost entirely of his letters to his paper, with connecting notes by their present Editor, during the seventeen eventful years 1852—1869. They throw little or no fresh light on the history of the period: but it will be useful in time to come to learn from an evidently competent observer how public news affected the public mind before it had time to grow cold. Current gossip, also personal and otherwise, will be found to have acquired the interest that belongs to social pictures of long ago—for how remote has the Second Empire already grown! Dr. Johnston not only saw something of the Battle of Solferino, but the whole of the fight between Heenan, the "Benicia Boy," and Tom Sayers. An ode on the latter event is given from no less, or less likely, a pen than that of Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is not to be found, Mr. R. M. Johnston states, in any edition of its author's works No wonder, for sillier rubbish would be hard to find.

LESSONS FOR THE NATION

We are glad to welcome a second edition of Lieutenant-Colonel Tovey's work on strategy ("The Elements of Strategy," by the late Lieutenant-Colonel Tovey, R.E. Hugh Rees), which has been revised by Dr. T. Miller Maguire, whose teaching and writings on such topics have marked him out as an authority of exceptional weight. The new edition is dedicated, by permission, to the Emperor of Japan, "whose admirals and generals have recently displayed before an astonished world such striking illustrations, both by sea and land, of the principles enunciated in this book." Although the work is primarily one for young officers, we can heartily recommend it to civilian readers who are interested in the efficiency of our Army. Moreover a study of the book will greatly assist the reader in following the operations of armies in any war—operations not always easy to understand without a little knowledge of the broad principles that govern them. Above all, we wish that politicians of both parties would lay to heart the lessons here set forth, for "without this knowledge (*i.e.* of general history, geography, and the outlines of strategy) neither politician nor soldier is fit for any post of responsibility in any modern State." The simple truth that "neglect of the study and of the efficient practice of the art of war means national decay, swift and irretrievable," has been preached again and again, but mostly to deaf ears. It is one of the evils of party government in this country that questions of vital national importance are too often regarded solely from a party point of view. We have no space to notice the book in detail, and must content ourselves with saying that we wish, first that every one of our legislators would study it, and secondly that the "Elements of Strategy" were taught in every public school.



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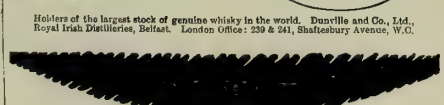




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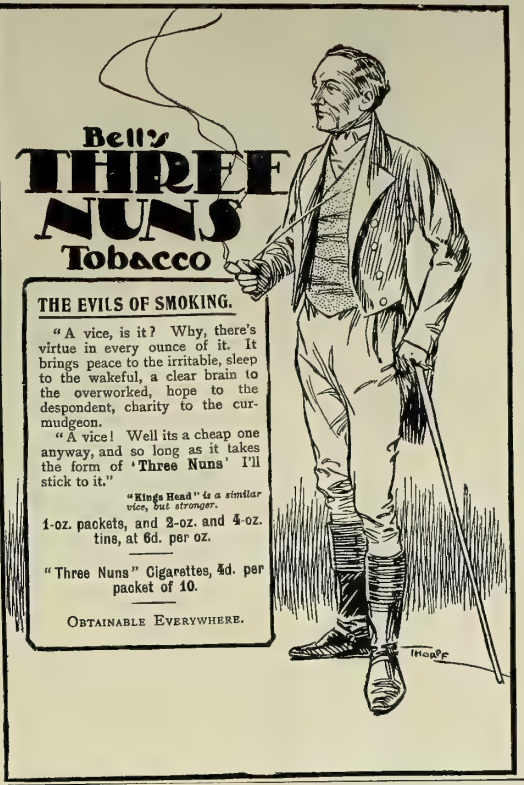
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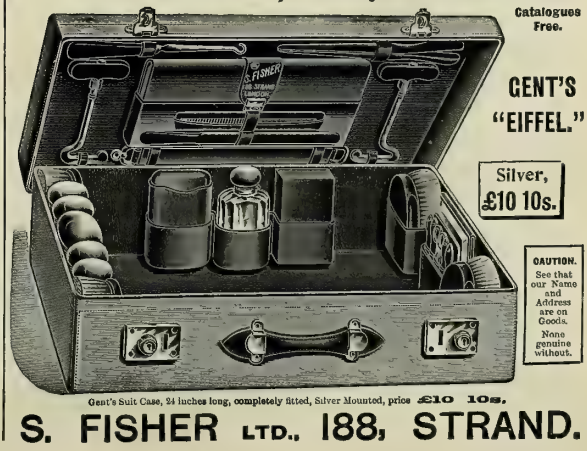
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CLUB COMMENTS

By "MARMADUKE"

Money in a hurry is a circumstance of the moment in England which is answerable for much that is generally deplored. The newly-rich here in the past were contented to climb the social ladder gradually; they attained some local celebrity, educated their children to occupy a higher position in life; these improved the prospects of the family, and, in three generations, it was established. The rich in England to-day are eager to reach the top rungs in their lifetime. The money has been made in a hurry; the position has to be attained in a hurry. From Suburbia to Belgravia they come at a bound. In the latter they become acquainted with some impecunious members of the "upper-class," who serve as stepping-stones to "Society," the House of Commons opens its doors, a baronetcy follows, and a peerage closes the chapter. The process of development, however, has not been an ennobling education. Old and tried friendships of the Suburbia period have been discontinued, the impecunious "upper-class" advisers have imbued them with worldliness of the worst kind, deep-rooted political principles have had to be abandoned to obtain a seat in the House of Commons, and the baronetcy and peerage have been received not only at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice, but at a serious loss of self-respect.

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It is a curious phenomenon that invariably in the development of circumstances there is a preconcerted plan of action, though those who are engaged in the process may be unable to perceive this. In our generation there are thousands who are greatly and rapidly improving their financial condition, and are, therefore, anxious to increase their social value. Circumstances have so arranged themselves that, opportunely, most of the members of the "upper class" in England are diminishing in prosperity, and many of them are eager to assist the newly-rich in the undertaking! Lady A. will open her door to them—for a consideration; Lord B. will use his influence in the constituency—for a consideration; Mr. C. will convince the members of the exclusive club he belongs to that Moneygrubb is a desirable candidate—for a consideration; and the Cabinet Minister will negotiate for the peerage—for a consideration! Money assumes many shapes. It may appear as cash occasionally, as shares frequently, as political support often, as philanthropic assistance sometimes, as a financial reserve-force in case of an emergency at other times; but money in a hurry always has to pay its footing at every rung on the social ladder!

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That brings us to the point it was necessary to reach. Money-in-a-hurry is sacrificing much that is morally valuable to attain its object; the falling "upper-class" much to acquire money. Is it then singular that "society" in this country is in a deplorable condition? The prominent and the rich are the example-giversamongst us, and if one-half of them are manifestiy lowering their moral standard to attain certain requirements, the rest of the community must inevitably be seriously affected.

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"Those who know the prominent talk less of them than do those who only read of them," recently said a well-known and observant woman. The London newspapers now almost always report the latest movements and doings of the socially prominent, and at suburban dinner-tables, in small provincial drawing-rooms, at village vicarages, and in the thousands of "granges," "manor houses" and "cottages" distributed throughout the country, the words "Lord" and "Lady" are being continually uttered most reverentially! There is an unprecedented eagerness throughout England now to convey the impression that each one is associated with "Society." In these circumstances the example of the prominent is especially great, and if it is so discreditable it must do grave harm.



An interesting event in hunting circles took place last week, when the Warwickshire Hounds met at the famous Banbury Cross, right in the centre of the town. Crowds flocked to the historic Cross to view a sight which had not been seen since 1871.

A MEET OF THE HOUNDS AT BANBURY CROSS

Memoranda for the Coming Week

TO-DAY

The King and Queen open the South African Products Exhibition, Royal Horticultural Hall, 12 (open to March 16).

Baron Kikuchi's second lecture on "Japanese Education," University College, 11.30.

Newspaper Press Fund: Annual meeting, 1.

Rugby Football: Scotland v. Ireland, in Scotland.

Association Football: Wales v. Ireland, Wrexham.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 25

Central Criminal Court: Opening of session.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26

Shire Horse Society: 28th Annual London Show, Royal Agricultural Hall (four days).

London City Mission: *Conversasione* at Mansion House, 8.

Adelphi Theatre: *The Prodigal Son.*

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27

The King and Queen open the new Sessions House, Old Bailey.

Lord Lansdowne receives the Honorary Freedom of the Grocers' Company.

Rugby Football: Officers of the Royal Navy v. Officers of the Army, Queen's Club, West Kensington.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28

The First Lord of the Admiralty opens the new Sailors' Home at Weymouth.

National Welsh Festival service, St. Paul's Cathedral.

Royal Society: Meeting, 4.30.

Philharmonic Society's Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.

His Majesty's Theatre: Matinée of *The Red Lamp*, in aid of St. Mary's Hospital for Women and Children, Plaistow, 2.15.

FRIDAY, MARCH 1

Their Majesties' Second Court, Buckingham Palace.

The Lord Mayor's Dinner to the Masters of the Livery Companies, Mansion House.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2

Loudon County Council Election: Polling.

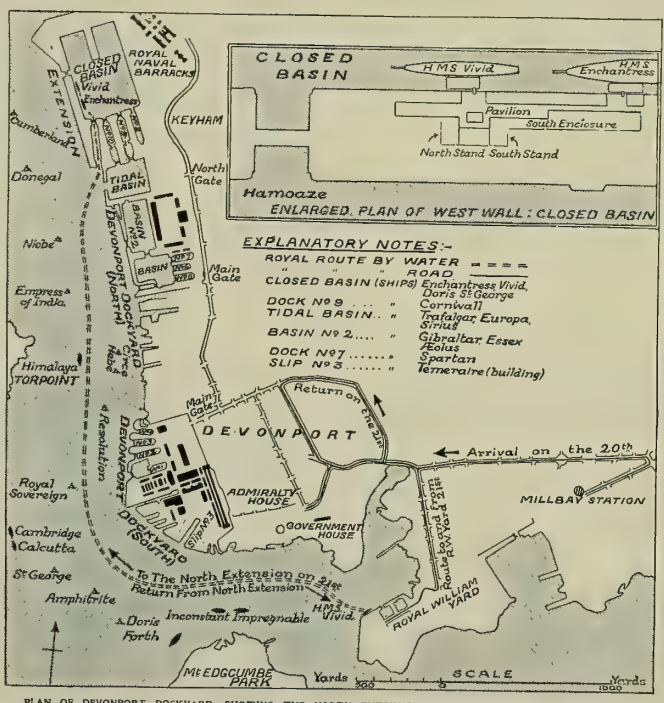
Sir Robert Ball's Lecture on "Earthquakes and Volcanoes," Town Hall, Ilford, 8.

OUR SUPPLEMENT

Among the work of GRAPHIC artists that of Mr. Frederic Whiting is not the least popular. Not everybody can draw a horse; some can draw only one sort of horse. But Mr. Whiting knows his hunter and his hack, and their different points, and his skill as a draughtsman of horseflesh is well shown in our coloured supplement.

THE NEW DOCKYARD AT DEVONPORT

The great new dockyard at Keyham, Devonport, opened by the Prince of Wales, has cost four and a quarter millions sterling. Practically speaking the new yard is a new base, and a very fine one, for our fleets, and it will make Devonport the largest and best war port in the world, with dock accommodation without a rival. The works include a tidal basin, with an area of ten acres, a closed basin of thirty-five and a half acres in extent, and the docks. The entrance lock is 730ft. long, and the three docks 480ft., 745ft., and 741ft. respectively, the entrances all being 95ft. wide.



PLAN OF DEVONPORT DOCKYARD, SHOWING THE NORTH EXTENSION, OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES

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DRAWN BY FREDERIC WHITING



A MORNING CANTER ON THE SANDS

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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1907

WITH SUPPLEMENT "The Wreck of the Berlin"

PRICE SIXPENCE By Post, 6½d.



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

Every tide washed numbers of bodies ashore, many of them being terribly mutilated. Only three showed any signs of life, but they expired soon afterwards. As they were recovered from the sea they were conveyed to the warehouses of the Holland-America Line, where they were laid out for identification.

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,, Continental	,, 110	,, Paris	,, 50
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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

In consequence of the numerous inquiries made upon the subject the Proprietors of this Journal beg to intimate that Applications for Advertisements to be printed upon Sheets entitled Interleaves or Leaflets, or bearing any other title, and said to be inserted in any portion of THE GRAPHIC, do not emanate from this Office, and such Insertions are in no way connected with the Paper.

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THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

IT is very small comfort to tell the British electors in the Transvaal that they richly deserved the crushing defeat inflicted upon them by Het Volk and its allies. There is no sort of question that the Nationalists and the Labour candidates drew off a material amount of electoral support from the Progressives even in those divisions where success was not attained. But there is little profit in crying over milk. If we look forward, there are not a few signs of coming disruption in the triumphant combination. A bit of a split set up even on such a comparatively unimportant matter as the choice of a Premier. Lord Selborne smoothed the fierce dispute, but when once a fissiparous tendency develops in any political organisation, it is pretty sure to widen until the breach becomes irreparable.

* * * *

The Government, as now constituted at Pretoria, will do as well as another. Although it does not contain a single member who has ever exhibited the least indication of statesmanship, it will, perhaps, suit the Boers all the better for that. At all events, in those exceedingly slim wire-pullers of Het Volk the predicants have good cause to rejoice that the Ministers they handle are not of the tough quality of Sir G. Farrar, Sir P. Fitzpatrick, Sir W. Sampson, or Mr. Abe Bailey. Snuffling dictation would not go far with such stalwarts.

* * * *

President Roosevelt has been taking the opportunity of a visit to Harvard to utter another note of defiance to that doctrine of "States' rights" which is causing trouble in America just now, in more ways than one. As the plain-speaking President very justly puts it, States' rights are well enough so long as they are "people's rights" and not "people's wrongs," which, he went on to say, they are in the case of some of the great railway corporations. He might have added that they cease to be "people's rights" when they override the treaties concluded with foreign Powers by the Federal Government, as in the case of the action of California in the matter of the Japanese school-children.

* * * *

But the whole subject is one which illustrates the growth and evolution of the American Union from a bunch of isolated quondam British colonies into a mighty world-Power, with close and intricate foreign relations. The time is, perhaps, coming when it may be necessary to contemplate even a revision and amendment of the American Constitution—for even the Ark of the Covenant may become worm-eaten with the lapse of years. But it will take a strong man to accomplish that task—stronger, perhaps, than even Mr. Roosevelt.

* * * *

Neither in ancient nor in modern history is there any finer record of human heroism than that of the rescue work on the ill-fated Berlin. It was a coruscation of valour and courage from first to last, and one knows not which to admire the more, the splendid pluck and resolution displayed by the lifeboat crew in returning after each failure to renew their endeavours, or the astonishing feat performed by Captain Sperling and his nephews. If monetary rewards were adequate in such an exceptional case as this, the British and Dutch peoples might be safely trusted to supply that sort of national recognition. But there is a general feeling here that there should be some more enduring form of appreciation, such as the Albert Medal or that of the Royal Humane Society, in addition to the customary *douceur*.

* * *

Even at the very last moment, when some of our readers may deem it too late to offer counsel, we earnestly urge all good citizens who do not desire to see London brought to ruin by municipal extravagance, to hurry to the poll and vote straight for the Reform candidate. If the Progressives were to obtain a fresh lease of the power they have exercised so tyrannously, they would be bound to administer the greatest city in the world on Communist principles—that is, plunder, confiscation, and then Tammany in an even uglier form than at New York.

* * * *

It is perhaps too early to criticise Mr. Haldane's scheme for the creation of a Territorial Army, an outline of which he gave in his speech in the House of Commons last Monday. We have had so many schemes of Army reform and reorganisation that it is only natural that we should pause a bit before giving an approval of the new method of procuring an efficient military force. One thing is to be earnestly hoped, and that is that in discussing the proposed drastic changes, members of both sides of the House will keep the subject free from party prejudice, remembering that Army reorganisation is a national rather than a political matter.

* * * *

No light has been thrown, at the time at which we are writing, on the mystery of the disappearance of Lieut. Tryon. Whatever the key to the riddle may ultimately be found (if it is found at all) to be, there is something uncanny about the affair which cannot fail to strike the imagination of the least imaginative of Londoners. After dining at his hotel and visiting a place of amusement, this young man, in excellent spirits and circumstances, with every conceivable cause to wish to live, and none whatever to desire to "go under" in any sense of the term, suddenly vanishes. For nearly a month nothing has been heard of him, and it is almost unimaginable that his silence is voluntary.

* * * *

Crime has, at all events, just scored one big win in the eternal game of skill in which its professors are engaged. The robbery of jewellery valued at £10,000 from a London lady staying in a hotel at Cannes reminds us what a perfect Witwatersrand, or Tom Tiddler's ground, the Riviera is for those who have "plenty brains, but no money." We really want an international force of high-class detectives to cope with these gentry in the hotels and the corridor trains of the *Côte d'Azur*.



SIR JOHN JACKSON
Constructor of the New Docks.
Photo by the Art Reproduction Company.



VICE-ADMIRAL C. J. BARLOW
Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard.
Photo by Russell and Sons.



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR LEWIS BEAUMONT
Commander-in-Chief at Devonport.
Photo by Maull and Fox.



MR. W. J. MOON
The Mayor of Devonport.
Photo by Russell and Sons.

MEN OF THE MOMENT AT DEVONPORT



The newest Knight, Sir Pieter Bam, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the South African Products Exhibition, presented these gifts from the people of South Africa to the King and Queen at the opening of the exhibition. The presents were purchased from a shilling collection. The fan presented to the Queen is composed of magnificent ostrich feathers, mounted in South African gold, and in the gold handle is set the letter "A" in diamonds surmounted by a crown. The walking-stick presented to the King is a rhinoceros horn 42in. long, cut from a single specimen, and brought from the interior forty years ago by Mr. Louis Solomon, to whom it was given by the old chief of the Bhangmanwoto Kaffirs, Secheli.

TO THE KING AND QUEEN FROM SOUTH AFRICA

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT DEVONPORT



With the Prince and Princess of Wales on board, the yacht Vivid reached the entrance to the new Devonport docks at noon. At the entrance was a barrier of red, white and blue ribbon, which the Vivid severed as she steamed slowly through the lock into the thirty-five-acre basin. On disembarking the Prince inspected a naval guard of honour, and then in a pavilion his Royal Highness made a speech and named the large basin Prince of Wales's Basin. The Prince and Princess subsequently reviewed the Royal Marine Light Infantry at Stonehouse Barracks, and watched at night a naval and military tattoo from Admiralty House. Owing to the differences between the Mayor of Devonport and the naval authorities, there were no decorations, and no civic visits. The Mayor, however, assured the Prince of Wales in a letter of his own and the borough of Devonport's loyalty and devotion.

Scenes and Incidents at the Opening of the New Docks

DRAWN BY D. MACPHERSON



The Prince of Wales opened the great new docks at Keyham, Devonport, with quite simple ceremony. With the Princess he made passage up the harbour in the Port Admiral's yacht Vivid, escorted by guard-boats, passing on the way to the entrance to the new dock battleships and cruisers of the Home Fleet, which were dressed with flags. The crews manned ship. The Vivid, steaming slowly, passed the training-ships Impregnable and Inconstant, the cruisers Forth, Dart-, Amphitrite, and St George, Niobe, Donegal and Cumberland, and the battleships Royal Sovereign, Resolution, and Empress of India.

The Prince and Princess of Wales at Devonport: The Yacht Vivid Steaming through the Harbour to the New Docks

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I.



The opening of the South African Products Exhibition at the Royal Horticultural Hall at Westminster by the King was a brilliant affair. Besides His Majesty, the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll, and the Earl of Elgin, Colonial Secretary, were present; and many notabilities, all in uniform or Levée dress, with decorations, medals and jewels. When the Royal party had ascended the scarlet dais, Sir Thomas Fuller, senior Agent-General, welcomed them in a speech, and Captain Van Bam, on whom the King just afterwards conferred—a surprise to all—the honour of knighthood, read an address. After His Majesty's reply and the presentation of the walking-stick to him and the ostrich-feather fan to the Queen, their Majesties inspected the stalls, and showed the greatest interest in the exhibits.

His Majesty and the Queen Inspecting the Exhibits at the South African Exhibition

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

CLUB COMMENTS

By "MARMADUKE"

"Gossip is our punishment; theirs the gaol. There are two classes in this community, the governing and the governed, and generally to punish the former as they do the latter would bring discredit on the governing element to the disadvantage of the whole community. So long as the class system exists respect must be maintained for the governing class, even at the expense of strict justice." Those are almost the exact words uttered by a well-known lady recently in a discussion as to the apparent immunity from legal punishment of the members of "Society." Part of the conversation that followed deserves to be repeated:—

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"Theoretically, the law is the same for the rich and the poor, the prominent and the obscure; but, as the effects of legal punishment are generally different in the two, it is only fair that the application of the law should generally differ. The system worked satisfactorily until recently, when 'Society' contrived to disarm gossip. Now, for all practical purposes, we escape punishment. There is grave danger in that condition."

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"Gossip" was a terrible tribunal in the past, and few who were guilty dared to face it. The divorced wife fled to the Continent; the dishonest gentleman retired to Boulogne; the man who had acted dishonourably disappeared; the one who had cheated at cards changed his name and became a wanderer in little-frequented parts; and "gossip" pursued them all to the remotest corners of the earth, and never relented until they died. Justice was not robbed of its legitimate victim; "Society" passed the necessary sentence and saw that the punishment was rigorously inflicted; and the "respect for the governing class" was maintained, for the details of the offence were not popularly known.

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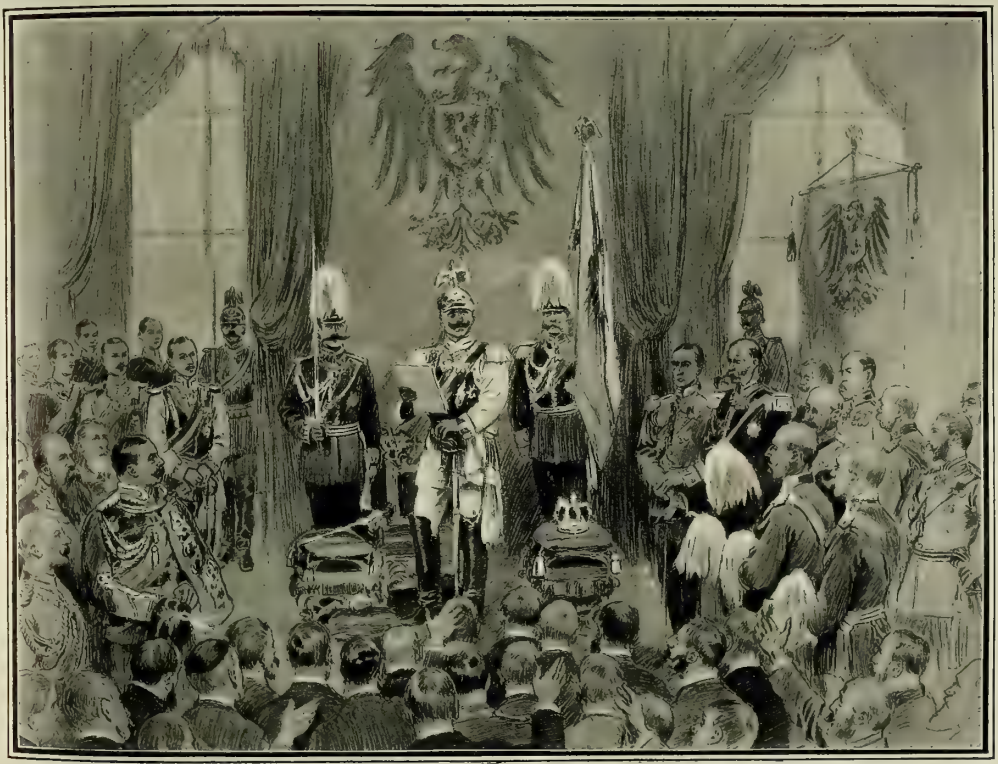
It is a little noticed circumstance of the time in England that gossip has become almost impotent. The divorced wife leaves the court after the verdict surrounded with friends, hurries to a fashionable retaurant to keep an engagement for luncheon, and retains most of the acquaintanceships she possessed before her dishonour was even suspected. The unscrupulous director contrives to escape legal punishment by employing the most able counsel, but the evidence has plainly proved his dishonesty. He dines that night at his club; receives the congratulations of his fellow-members—most of whom have expressed to each other their surprise at his escape from gaol—and is little the worse for the experience. Gossip, however, still retains some power; the unfortunate young man or woman who, through no criminal course, has lost his or her money, soon finds the world altogether altered! Old friends look another way when they pass; others address them with ill-concealed contempt, and few show them even the slightest civility!

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If "Society" has lost the power to control and punish its members, and has almost entirely lost the chivalrous and generous instincts which made gentlemen and gentlewomen respected, have its members any claim to be (*a*) part of the governing class, (*b*) to the comparative immunity from legal punishment they generally enjoy? It is a difficulty in arguing such matters that a hundred and one readers who are chivalrous, generous, high-principled, and imagine themselves to be more or less connected with "Society," at once contradict the chief statements made. "Society," they will say, "is not all bad alike; it is only a comparatively small group that is in this demoralised condition." That is true—with a reservation; that group is "Society," and, unfortunately, the amiable and high-principled objectors are generally only very unimportant and far-removed members of the body which enjoys all the prominence, influence, privileges, and much of the power.

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There is much good in England; there is far more than there was, for there is more education, experience, independence, and prosperity, and the Chur hes have been immeasurably more active during the last quarter of a century here than they were in the not distant past. But the centre of "gentlemanly" and "ladylike" characteristics appears to have shifted from the prominent amongst us to the provinces, from the well-connected to the well-educated. Those circumstances are not merely interesting matters to discuss; they are the rough material of history, from which great events develop in course of time.



The newly elected Reichstag was opened last week by the Emperor in the White Hall of the Royal Castle with much pomp and circumstance. The members of the Reichstag assembled in the Hall, facing the Throne, the members of the Federal Council being ranged on the left, while the Crown Prince stood on the lowest step of the Throne, with the other Princes on his right. The Kaiser, wearing his helmet, read the speech in a calm tone, the Deputies frequently interrupting with cries of "Bravo!" At the conclusion, the Imperial Chancellor declared the Reichstag open amid cheers for the Emperor.

THE OPENING OF THE GERMAN REICHSTAG: THE KAISER READING THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE IN THE ROYAL CASTLE

FROM A SKETCH BY F. KASKELINE

We have received from the Midland Railway Company the 1907 edition of their pocket-book of Shows, Fairs and Sporting Fixtures. This handy little volume contains a very complete list of agricultural and other shows, cattle and sheep fairs and sales, racing, cricket and other sporting fixtures arranged for 1907, supplemented by useful information relating to the various classes of traffic carried by the Company. Any Midland stationmaster or district superintendent will supply a copy free on application.

THE F.O. BAG

By Lucien Wolf

I DOUBT whether there ever was a more popular Ambassador in London than the late Baron de Staal. Men and women, young and old, all adored him. His appearance was not imposing, and his face was far from handsome; but nevertheless he was a great personage in diplomacy, and even in old age the centre of attraction in a drawing-room or at a dinner party. I remember a very good-looking young diplomatist once declaring to me rather ruefully, that "the old boy" monopolised all the pretty women. It was, however, refreshing to hear the vigour with which he added that he was "a brick all the same." He was a little man with a tanned face, great white whiskers, and a wealth of shrewdness and *malice* in his clear grey eyes. His manners were decidedly *ancien régime*, exquisitely courtly in an unaffected and unconventional way, and —if I remember rightly, or is it an illusion of his eighteenth-century courtliness?—he took snuff. He was a brilliant *causeur*, witty, sometimes audacious, but always good-natured.

Beneath these social graces was an exceptionally fine character, and this was the real secret of his success with men, and especially with statesmen. Throughout the vicissitudes of our relations with Russia during the last twenty years he retained the esteem and confidence of all our leading men. The reserve of the late Lord Salisbury melted before him. No Ambassador was on more intimate terms with Lord Rosebery. Queen Victoria had a special affection for him, and I believe it was largely in deference to her desire to have him by her that he refused twice the Russian Chancellorship, which the Tsar was ready to revive for his benefit. And all the time he was serving a Government whose bad faith caused him the utmost anxiety. He had perpetually to struggle against it, and few knew what it cost him. His superiors in St. Petersburg more than once made use of his unquestionable integrity to promote their tortuous policy, and I remember once there was a terrible hubbub about a deception which was practised in this way on Lord Rosebery. With it all he was exceedingly shrewd, and I doubt whether the *dessous des cartes* which were so disingenuously manipulated by his nominal masters in Russia, and sometimes by his own subordinates in Chesham Place, had any secrets for him.

"Poor dear de Staal!" exclaimed a Russian lady to me once, "he is quite a lady-bird in his simplicity." Still, the "lady-bird" could put his foot down sometimes, and he did it to good purpose during the Fashoda crisis. The full story of the double-dealing of Russia in that grave affair has yet to be narrated. It can be proved that the Russian Ministry of Foreign Affairs was a direct accomplice in the Marchand raid. There were men even in the Russian Embassy—the late M. Lessar, for example—who knew what was going on, and were employed to watch events in this country and report upon them without the Ambassador's cognisance. When Kitchener reached Khartoum, and Sir Edward Monson gave his first warning to M. Delcassé, the Russian Government encouraged France to resistance, stipulating only that, for military reasons, temporising tactics should be employed by the Quai d'Orsai. Of all this Baron de Staal was wisely kept in ignorance. With remarkable cleverness he availed himself of his ignorance and the assumed innocence of his Government to defeat the whole treacherous intrigue. He took upon himself to give assurances to Downing Street of so formal and outspoken a character that it would have been impossible to disavow them without risking a sensational *esclandre*. With the most energetic loyalty he co-operated with Lord Salisbury in bringing matters to a rapid crisis, and thus triumphantly defeated the incendiaries and secured peace. For his action on that occasion an immense debt of gratitude is owing to him.



THE LATE BARON DE STAAL
For sixteen years Russian Ambassador to Great Britain.
Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

There was another occasion on which he showed a like firmness. It was at the first Peace Conference at The Hague in 1899. Although he hated public meetings and public speaking, he had accepted the presidency of that famous assembly, for he was a *fervent de la paix*. He was the soul of the Conference. It was almost entirely his tact and his delightful persuasiveness behind the scenes which smoothed away most of the difficulties. Nevertheless, the Conference threatened at one moment to be a failure. Some of the delegates made reserves, and it was argued by them that in default of unanimity any formal Convention would be impossible, and the Conference would have to rest satisfied with a General Act and the *Procès-verbaux*. Baron de Staal interviewed the dissidents, but in vain. Then one day the old gentleman abruptly declared that he had come to The Hague for serious work, and that he would refuse to dissolve the Conference until a Convention was signed. Those of the delegates who had the necessary powers could add their signatures to his; the others were welcome to go home and sign when they could. There were expostulations and protests, but they were of no use—the Baron would not budge. The result was that he had his way. Not one but three Conventions were signed, besides three contractual Declarations, and the law of nations was enriched by binding decisions of inestimable value.

The new Duma—Duma *fils*, if I may be permitted a joke in the vein of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman—is now complete. Heredity is strong in the Russian legislative system, for, like the Duma *père* of martyred memory, the son is aggressively democratic—more democratic, indeed, than its parent, for quite 39 per cent. of its members are Revolutionary Socialists, or belong to groups of a like-hued complexion, while the Cadets form 22 per cent. This is the reply of the Russian people to the thousand and one illegalities with which the Government have endeavoured, as they phrase it, "to restore order," and to construct a new Duma in their own reactionary image. No manœuvre was left untried by the astute M. Stolypin to cajole or intimidate the country into voting for Reactionaries, and yet only a fifth of the members elected are vowed to the present system of Government, while two fifths are frankly for anarchy. Nothing could illustrate more strikingly the doggedness and desperation of the national discontent. The "red rain" of the Field Courts-Martial has made the inevitable harvest grow. Another dissolution, another electoral campaign with the Black Bands of the Patriotic Leagues, and the Revolutionary Socialists will claim half the nation.

What will the Government do? They are in a very awkward dilemma, for they want money, and without the sanction of the Duma it will not be easy to launch another loan in Western Europe. Even with that sanction, investors would, to my mind, be very ill-advised to risk another penny on the Tsar's signature; but that is another question. A dissolution is consequently not calculated to find too much sympathy even in the Cabinet, and yet in this present composition of the Duma it is impossible for the Government to carry out a reactionary policy or even a policy of mild Toryism. The balance of parties is held by the Cadets, who stand, a homogeneous and well-disciplined party, between the Monarchist groups on the one hand and the Socialist faction on the other, both, curiously enough, of equal strength. With the Socialists any compact is out of the question. However, the Government must work with the country or throw up the sponge altogether. The choice before them is no longer between Autocracy and Democracy, but between Constitutional Liberalism and Revolution. There is, of course, a third course—the suspension of the Constitution, which has brought such a bitter disillusion to the Tsar and his Councillors. But that way anarchy lies, and, with anarchy, bankruptcy and a whole host of tragic possibilities.



THE KAISER'S ONLY GRANDSON: THE EIGHT-MONTHS'-OLD PRINCE WILLIAM, SON OF THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS
Photo by Bieber, Berlin.

TO SAVE "CONSTABLE'S BRIDGE"

FLATFORD BRIDGE, with its surroundings, is so intimately associated with Constable that it becomes both the duty and privilege of English painters and art lovers to preserve the original design of this quaint structure with its beautiful setting. The bridge is getting very shaky, and is threatened with destruction. To-day we fully appreciate the importance of environment in the development of character, and Constable, who influenced European landscape-painting in so marked a manner, bears eloquent testimony in the pages of his biography to the lasting fascination of those scenes of his early boyhood which, as he said, "made him a painter."

Through the efforts of Mr. Hain Friswell, a fund is being raised for the purpose of rebuilding the bridge on the identical lines of the original, in order to prevent the chance of another design altering the character of what is a hallowed spot to men of taste. A modern iron bridge is unthinkable. Major A. H. Barthorp, of Woodcote, East Bergholt, Suffolk, is the honorary treasurer, and will gladly receive donations to the fund, and, that all may help, small amounts as well as large will be welcomed.



FLATFORD BRIDGE AND THE STOUR TO-DAY

Our photograph shows the bridge as it is, with the roof of the well-known cottage adjoining. The reproduction of Lucas's mezzotint from Constable's "English Landcape" series, gives an idea of how it appears in many of the great Suffolk landscapist's paintings.

The simple wooden structure of Flatford Bridge was built in 1705, and became the property by inheritance of Golding Constable, the painter's father, to whom Flatford Mill also belonged. Near by, at Bergholt, Constable was born, so that the bridge must have been among his earliest recollections. He must often have crossed it during the year—at eighteen—he worked in his father's mill. How he loved it, and all the Suffolk countryside, with its stretching meadows and the great moving sky of clouds above, he tells himself. "Painting," he said, "is with me but another word for feeling, and I associate my 'careless boyhood' with all that lies on the banks of the Stour. These scenes made me a painter, and I am grateful; that is, I had often thought of pictures of them before I ever touched a pencil." Not only did he paint the bridge, but the mill, the lock, the church, and the barges on the river. In the foreground of "Flatford Mill," the famous masterpiece in the National Gallery, a part of the old bridge—a glimpse of its picturesque rail—is introduced. At South Kensington there is a water-colour of the bridge, and it appears in many sketches. In the splendid mezzotints of David Lucas after the painter—"published by Mr. Constable, 35, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, 1831"—the bridge appears more than once. In addition to the plate we reproduce there is another very fine one, "A Lock on the Stour," with the bridge and cottage in the middle distance and a sky such as only Constable could paint and Lucas engrave. It would indeed be a pity if, for the sake of the few pounds necessary to securing the repair of this old bridge, so closely associated with the life and art of Constable, it should be allowed to disappear.

Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry writes:—"The other day a collection of nearly forty pictures of Old London by Canaletto, Samuel Scott, Boydell, Days, Hogarth, Pollard, D. Turner, Holland, Malton, and others, were sold at Christie's. It must have been a pleasant enough place to live in in those days, with its glimpses of green trees everywhere, with its moderate traffic, its sparse population, and its air of peace and comfort. The pictures showed how happy Londoners might be without railway stations, underground tubes, electric telegraphs, telephones, noisy mobuses, perpetual posts, everlasting newspapers and the County Council. And yet I daresay even in those delightful days there were plenty of grumblers."

The next Antarctic expedition, the British one under Mr. E. H. Shackleton, who was Captain Scott's third lieutenant in the Discovery, will make a dash for the South Magnetic Pole. The attack will be aided by a motor-car—a new thing in polar expeditions, and one which is considered quite feasible. The car will, of course, be specially constructed to make it suitable for travelling over ice, and this novel work is being done now by the Arrol-Johnston Company of Paisley.



PAINTED BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A. ENGRAVED BY DAVID LUCAS

"The River Stour, Suffolk," Showing Flatford Bridge

THE WRECK OF THE BERLIN



THE CROWD ON THE NORTH PIER WATCHING THE ATTEMPTS AT RESCUE



REMOVING A BOD. FROM THE MORTUARY FOR BURIAL



THE WAVE-SWEPT APPROACH TO THE WRECK SEEN FROM THE HOOK: THE WRECK IN THE DISTANCE



CONVEYING A BODY TO THE MORTUARY



CAPTAIN SPERLING (IN THE STERN) AND THE BOAT FROM WHICH HE MADE HIS RESCUE

SCENES AT THE HOOK AND NORTH PIER DURING AND AFTER THE RESCUES



DRAWN BY F. J. WAUGH

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY CAPTAIN DALE, OF THE CLACTON

The wreck broke in two some time after the Clacton arrived on the scene, and the crew of the latter could see the passengers and crew crowded together on the deck of the doomed ship. "There were about thirty or forty of them," said Captain Dale, the Commander of the Clacton, to the special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, "and some of them made a rush together to the aft part of the vessel. Just as the frightened creatures made their rush—I suppose they heard the cracking timbers—the Berlin fell in two. Then shortly afterwards the fore funnel crashed into the sea, and all I could see was the aft portion. In a few minutes more the aft funnel went over, and all that appeared to remain was the stern. One huge wave seemed to take all the persons aboard her in a mouthful, as it were. But there were still a number clinging about the stern. I could actually hear their cries, and I could see several of them clinging to bits of wreckage in the water." Over 100 persons perished when the forepart of the Berlin went down. This happened about an hour after the vessel struck.

The Berlin Breaking in Two and the Forepart Plunging Below the Waves Before the Eyes of the Clacton's Crew

A SOUTHDOWN HIGHWAYMAN

A Complete Story

Written by NORMAN INNES

Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON, R.I.

Nancy Drew had hidden herself in the small garret that was her bedroom and had burst into tearless sobbing. It must be owned that sorrow had but little to do with her outbreak, she herself had scornfully confessed as much; it was wounded pride and the sense of public humiliation that wrung her soul. What cared she, foundling though she was, for William Luker? The world was against her; she had her life to live, and who could blame her if she had snatched at the chance that fortune had offered? So when Will Luker, of Windlow Farm, with his lank face and gawky figure, had offered her his hand, the serving wench at the Red Lion, with little demur, had consented to be his bride. William Luker, blessed with an excellent opinion of his own worth, was not the man to let there be any doubt in the girl's mind as to the magnitude of the honour he had done her. With his neighbours, perhaps, his manner was less assured; the fact could not be blinked that his prospective bride had been publicly whipped as a thief. Though such a disgrace was not readily forgotten even in the middle of the eighteenth century, it was not irreparable, and the young farmer had not a doubt that his own virtues were ample cloak for any stigma that might attach to the girl.

Besides, other events of local importance had made the year 1755 memorable to Hevington folk. In the autumn Squire Bolton's two sons were carried away by the smallpox; and his nephew, Tom Bolton, who had lived all his life in the village, yet had never spoken a word with his uncle Sir Giles, became heir to the manor and the baronetcy.

Now it had happened that in the spring of the same year Master Tom, being some nineteen years old, had taken it into his head to disappear from his mother's cottage.

There was small doubt that the lad had gone to sea, he had written to his mother apprising her of the fact, and once or twice subsequently; but since her death not a soul in the village had had tidings of his whereabouts or doings. Within three years of the death of his sons and his nephew's disappearance old Sir Giles himself had died, and Hevington Manor was deserted save for the caretaker that Lawyer Simcoe, of Hailsham, had put in charge of the building pending further news of young Tom Bolton.

The sudden deaths of the Squire's sons, the disappearance of his nephew and heir, could not but throw into the shade the wholesome correction administered to Nancy Drew by the law of her country.

The facts were these. Accused of stealing two guineas from Sir Giles Bolton, by whom she was employed as kitchen-wench, circumstantial evidence alone had procured her conviction.

So Nancy was whipped for an example and warning to the young folk of Hevington, was forthwith dismissed from the Squire's service, and had it not been for the kind hearts of Thomas Keeping, the landlord of the village inn, and of Mary, his wife, the foundling's end might have been bad indeed.

Taunts enough and to spare she had to put up with as it was; an inn is not a place where old wounds can easily heal. For close on two years, despite the protection of her master and mistress, she was the butt of all and sundry who had any pretensions to wit in Hevington.

About that time Mistress Nancy put an end to open sarcasm in a manner as summary as had been her punishment. Old Gaffer Hawes, of Dittons, who had pointed a remonstrance at being slowly served with a reflection upon the efficacy of a whip in such cases, got a mug of ale in his face for his *jeu d'esprit*, and, to add to his astonishment, found the landlord obdurate in chalking up the wasted liquor against him. Joe Chell, for a kindred fault, had his manners improved by a swinging box on the ear; and another having dodged a quart pot with indifferent success, the local wits awoke to the fact that the exercise of their powers upon the wench was but an unprofitable form of enjoyment.

As the months slipped by, time worked a change in the shrinking girl. Her once pinched face had gained a beauty that was undeniable. The insignificant slip of eighteen had blossomed into a comely woman of twenty that woke envy in the heart of many a beauty on the Sussex downs.

Tall, deep-chested, of a bright, fresh complexion, with eyes the colour of the speedwell in the meadows and hair of a deep chestnut brown, she could hold her own with any serving-maid in the county.

Young farmers would pull up at the Red Lion for a jug of ale from Mistress Nancy's white hands, and the village jokels spent their last pennies at the shrine of the goddess they worshipped. Yet lovers, one and all, were treated with but thinly veiled disdain; even Master George Crabbe, the doctor's son, though he spent a whole crown in ribbons and gew-gaws in her behalf, got but the most formal thanks for his devotion. For not a man of them did she show a marked preference, and when of them all Will Luker, of Windlow, became her accepted lover the men said, "Who'd ha' thought it!" and the women, "that she was welcome to her choice and must make the best of it;" while both agreed that the wench had had her eye on the highest bidder all along.

So when three months after Susan Horne became a widow, with a few acres of freehold and a matter of a thousand pounds in the bank, and folk began to notice that Master Will had taken to denying himself the delights of the Red Lion that he might solace the bereaved in her affliction, Nancy Drew was the only soul in Hevington that appeared oblivious of the fact. When her faithless suitor at last definitely threw her over for her wealthy rival, it must be owned that tears of resentful humiliation coursed down her cherry cheeks; but her anger once mastered, she met the world with an impassive face, publicly congratulated Mistress Horne on her newly found swain, and returned to her accustomed duties at the inn.



"Jem the ostler stared; the nag was good, the man but indifferent—the combination, taking the pistols into account, could hardly be worse. As the rider glanced upward at the sign and produced a heavy watch from his fob the ostler whistled."

Even then, had she wanted a husband, she had but to choose; but the girl put it about that if the right man came her way and was pleased to ask her, well and good, but that till then she was content to wait.

"I thought to marry a rich man," she confided to her mistress, "and he has flouted me. Money goes to money they say, and my heart shall go to a true heart if ever I think of marriage again."

Now it happened upon a January evening in the year 1760, within ten days of Will Luker's wedding, that a stranger rode up to the door of the Red Lion. He had a patch over one eye and a short scrub of beard upon his chin, a couple of holsters from which the pistol butts protruded, and a horse of undeniable blood between his knees.

Jem the ostler stared; the nag was good, the man but indifferent—the combination, taking the pistols into account, could hardly be worse. As the rider glanced upward at the sign and produced a heavy watch from his fob the ostler whistled.

"What in the fiend's name art thou whistling for?" demanded the stranger irritably. "Dost thou know me, man?"

"No, master," stammered the servant, "indeed I don't. Shall I stall the nag for 'ee, maybe 'e won't be stopping for long?"

"A man may stay at an inn," growled the other, swinging himself from the saddle, "so long as the reckoning's paid, I suppose. Give the horse a feed and a rub down, I'll call for him when I want him, and ride when it suits my pleasure."

He chuckled as he unstrapped the holsters and broke into a peal of laughter as the scared face of the old helper caught his eye.

"Ye're inquisitive folk, ye Sussex lads," said he. "Mayhap ye would like to know my trade."

Not a doubt had Jem the ostler of the stranger's business, but he doubted the prudence of further inquiry.

Into the inn swaggered the horseman. Shaking the rain from his riding-cloak, he bade the landlord "good evening," and stared round upon the half-dozen countrymen gathered in the parlour.

"Can I have supper within the hour?" demanded he, flinging cloak and holsters upon the floor and seating himself in a chair before the fire. "Maybe I shall ride before moonrise, so bring me what thou hast, landlord, and I'll take my bit beside the fire."

With a keen glance at his guest, Tom Keeping turned to do his bidding. Strangers like to this spark were rare in the quiet Southdown country. As for the yokels, they sat and gaped open-mouthed, mug in hand, at the tall fellow in the rich if somewhat faded blue coat, buff breeches and high top-boots, that sat staring at the blazing logs.

He was scarcely a prepossessing individual, though much might be set down to his unshaven condition and a long ride in the south-westerly gale. He had been spattered with mire from top to toe, even the patch above his right eye had mud upon it, his face had a liberal supply, and his dark hair hung all rain-bedraggled about his stock.

The one eye that was visible was brown, his nose was slightly misshapen; his mouth, however, was good, and when parted in a smile, gave evidence of excellent teeth. His age might have been twenty, perhaps was nearer thirty. He might have passed for a gentleman, but 'twas more likely that his manners were but those of the ruffling adventurer. There was not an individual among the company that, had he dared to voice his opinion, would not have agreed in the general estimate of the man's calling—his reckless, swaggering air, his desire for a hurried meal, his anxiety to set forth when all honest folk should be thinking of their beds, confirmed their suspicions.

"What's the news in these parts?" cried the stranger, suddenly breaking the long silence that had followed his entrance. "What's the price of corn in Hailsham Market? Is the old squire married again by now? Come, what say ye, lads, to a gallon of ale? Trade's none too brisk at the inn, I'll lay a guinea."

With the coming of the ale their tongues were loosened, and every piece of news and bit of gossip of the past twelvemonth was at the strange gentleman's services. And a cheery one he was, too,



"'A round of beef, by my life, and as pretty a maid as there is in England to set it before one. Here's to thee, sweetheart, and thy cheeks red as Sussex apples.'"

despite his looks, and would have this or that tale told twice over, and ask of this one or that just as though he knew the county and the folk, till at length he became quite muddled with these Hevington affairs.

"Here comes my supper," cried he, chuckling; "I never thought to sup in a place when there's so much a-doing. Set me the table before the fire, landlord; I am wet to the bone, and while I eat I'll dry. No, no candles for me; I'm used to blind man's holiday; the lamp and fire between 'em are good enough. A round of beef, by my life, and as pretty a maid as there is in England to set it before one. Here's to thee, sweetheart, and thy cheeks red as Sussex apples."

He took a pull at the tankard and stared at Mistress Nancy, who dropped her eyes. In the dim light, with his hat on his head and a patch above his right eye, he had the advantage of her.

Then he fell to the beef and bread, eating with an appetite that told of the open air, and warming his feet at the fire, while the hum of conversation went on behind him.

Now just as the stranger had finished his meal and had called for a pipe and tobacco, who should come into the inn but William Luker. His arrival caused but little less sensation than that of the other; even these country folk thought his appearance at the Red Lion almost within a week of his wedding scarcely in good taste. But if silence greeted his entrance Will Luker went the right way to break it.

"Come, lads," cried he—his voice was a trifle thick, his steps unsteady—"we don't marry a rich widow twice in a lifetime—not most on us anyhow, so I'll give 'ee a gallon of the best to drink the health of the bride. Come, Nancy, lass, stir thee and don't pout. Draw us the liquor, and let bygones be bygones."

"Thou canst draw thy liquor thyself William Luker," answered the girl, flushing crimson—"at least, 'ee can wait till master comes in. I'll not trust 'ee with the tap."

Her eyes were bright, her arms akimbo, her chin cocked defiantly. The stranger had turned and was enjoying the scene, the company was in the best of humours, expectant of ale and sport besides.

"Hoity-toity," gasped Will Luker in astonishment at her refusal. "Not draw the ale for me? Why, what's come over thee, thou jade. A pretty one thou art to talk of trusting folks, thou that wast whipped for stealing old Squire's guineas."

Nancy's eyes were ablaze in a moment. To have the old tale raked up once more by Will Luker of all people, with the taproom full, and before a stranger too, it was more than she could bear. And this stranger, it seemed, had a mind to join in the quarrel,

"What I stole two guineas, sayest thou, Sir?" said he solemnly, though a twinkle lurked in the uncovered eye.

"Yes, I say it," cried Luker, pointing to the girl. "Stole two guineas from her master, old Sir Giles Bolton o' the Manor, the best two hundred acres of whose land I hope to lease come Lady Day."

Lank, rueful face and thick speech were too much for the other.

"Why, hang me, man," cried he laughing, "what were two guineas to old Sir Giles? If the girl stole 'em—and I doubt it, nor shall I believe it till those pretty lips confess the fact themselves—then let the man who never stole charge her with the theft. I'll not do it. 'Fore George, I have stolen a couple of guineas in my time."

The avowal was so frank, the fact so probable, that the whole room broke into a chuckle, save Will Luker alone. That worthy, despite his insobriety, was in a highly virtuous state of mind, if an unusually bold one.

"Then thou art a thief, I say," cried he, "a self-confessed thief. And now I come to look at 'ee, I wouldn't mind laying a crown that thou hast taken those guineas within the week. I saw a highwayman hanged at Lewes, and I'll take my oath that thou art a bird of his feather."

Blank silence fell upon the room, the man glanced about him, the suspicion of a smile upon his lips. It was the cause of all the bother that interposed.

"If thou wouldst stay in this house, thou hadst best keep a civil tongue in thy ugly head," cried Nancy, with a glance at her defender. "No ill names here, Will Luker. And I tell 'ee I'd as lief marry a highwayman, or anyone, rather than a ranting, treacherous hound as thou art."

Luker was about to reply, but as he reeled towards the girl the stranger pushed him aside.

"Taken at thy word, Mistress," cried he gallantly, with a bow and a flourish of the rain-sodden hat. "A highwayman, or anyone, thou sayest. Of a surety I am the one or the other, or perhaps both, as our friend here thinks. But to-night I have no time for courting," continued he, as he glanced at his watch. "Landlord, the reckoning. Tell the ostler to lead out my nag, and, sweetheart, thou shalt hold the stirrup for thy new lover, and these good folk shall drink to our healths in a gallon of my ale, since Master Luker may not be trusted with the tap."

If the stranger's coming had been in silence, a pretty hubbub his going occasioned. His health was drunk with enthusiasm, Mistress Nancy's followed, the jest being well received; and all the while Master Luker gave vent to his fury, threatening all present with the law, and the laughing stranger with the gibbet in particular. They crowded about the door to witness his going, the landlord and Will Luker alone being left in the room.

"Kiss him, lass," cried one, "highwayman though he be. Here's luck to him, say I."

Now whether Mistress Nancy did indeed follow the advice so freely given none saw for the darkness, but all could swear that when the stranger was in the saddle, he leaned downwards towards her and for the space of close on a minute whispered in her ear. What he said not a man of them could hear, the inn sign was creaking in the wind and the rain was falling, but when with a wave and a whoop the man disappeared into the night, it was a blushing, smiling Mistress Drew that tripped through the taproom and upstairs to her bed in the garret.

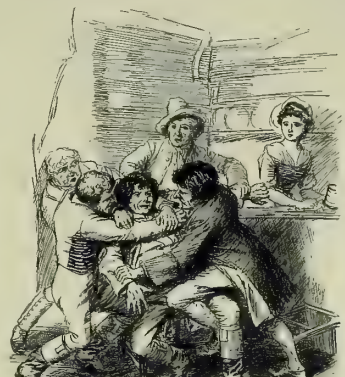
There was news in Hevington on the morrow, strange news for the quiet village. A highwayman was out upon the Lewes Road—some said old Squire Warner's coach had been stopped a mile from Wriston—one may be sure none doubted it at the Red Lion. Stranger still, old Lawyer Simcoe had sent word that he would ride over from Hailsham that very day, bringing with him none other than Sir Thomas Bolton, who had driven down from London and was coming to the Manor. The carrier had brought the tidings two hours before daylight, and before noon the countryside was agog with excitement.

With this double news abroad trade was brisk at the Red Lion. All day the long low-ceilinged taproom was crowded. Many a quart of ale were the events of the preceding evening worth to those who had been lucky enough to witness them, even the home-coming of young Tom Bolton, now Squire and Sir Thomas, had to yield pride of place in the conversation to the arrival of the far less welcome stranger.

"A fine lad, I tell 'ee, for all that he was a highwayman," old Hawes had assured a dozen different groups of listeners before noon. "Paid for two gallons o' the best and rode away like a gentleman, he did. Ask the wench Nancy here if he didn't."

So busy was Hevington in discussing the chances of the highwayman being brought to justice, that but a few saw young Sir Thomas with his attorney drive up to the Manor, and great was the astonishment at the inn when, about four o'clock in the afternoon, in came Lawyer Simcoe himself. Even then the company would scarce hear how their new Squire had for two years served as a midshipman in the King's fleet, and had only received the news of his accession to the Bolton estates after taking part in the victory of Admiral Hawke in Quiberon Bay. The highwayman alone would satisfy them, and the attorney, seeing that his ignorance of robber or robbery was neither credited nor accepted, beat a hasty retreat just as Master William Luker was enlarging on the part he had played at the inn on the preceding evening.

"The rogue will swing yet, mark my words," cried he an hour later as he stood in the midst of a group of admiring yokels in the taproom. "With young Sir Thomas—of whom I hope to get a lease o' the little Manor fields come Lady Day—on the bench, such rascals 'll have short shrift."



"Numbers told despite the desperado's stout resistance. With a cut upon his cheek and his dress all awry, half a dozen arms held him fast in the chair beside the chimney corner."

"Ah! but they'll have to catch he, I say," insisted Gaffer Hawes; "he's a pretty lad, he is. Gie us the gallon o' ale, Will Luker, that we never drank last night and we'll drink health to him with the patch o'er his eye, and to his bride, Mistress Nancy."

Strong marks of approval from the company followed the old man's proposal that Master Luker saw fit to check.

"That ye won't; no, none o' ye, not in ale o' mine. Drink a health to a highwayman and one who has been whipt herself for a thief, as all th——"

His speech died in a gasp; at his elbow stood none other than the highwayman himself. In top-boots, riding cloak and tarnished hat, he had entered the room as the other was speaking. In the dim light of the two oil-lamps, one of which the landlord was trimming, with a cloud of tobacco smoke filling the air, his sudden appearance was almost uncanny. Many another of the company echoed Will Luker's gasp of amazement, all eyes were suddenly bent upon the sanded floor. Master Keeping and the serving-wench alone betrayed no sheepish dismay. A strange silence held that room as he with the patch above his eye spoke.

"Good evening, landlord. Good evening all. Good evening, sweetheart; I scarce could see thee for the smoke. And thou, my good man" said he calmly, turning to the gaping Luker, "won't she serve thee with thy gallon of ale to-night?"

"Nay, master, I'll not ask her," growled the other, edging towards the door. "This inn is no place for honest folk. Mark me, Thomas Keeping, the Squire shall hear what company thou hast at thy inn, with one who was whipt as a thief and——"

"Whipt as a thief!" said the stranger in astonishment. "That girl yonder a thief? Surely you will call me a thief next."

"That I do," replied the other moodily.

"Aye, my man, and more than one of us," cried the landlord, springing forward; and in another moment the stranger was struggling with Keeping and three others, Will Luker lending a wary hand upon the outskirts of the fray.

Numbers told despite the desperado's stout resistance. With a cut upon his cheek and his dress all awry, half a dozen arms held him fast in the chair beside the chimney corner, as the news that the highwayman was taken spread like wildfire up the village.

"We have 'un, master," yelled a dozen voices as the door swung back and Lawyer Simcoe was borne into the room by the throng at his heels.

"Here he be, sure enough," cried Will Luker exultingly. "I knew 'un. What's the reward for taking him, that's what I want to know?"

The attorney stared round the room in astonishment till his eye rested on the helpless man who sat gasping in the chair, bleeding, fouled with dust, yet smiling.

A strange smile also was puckering the lawyer's face.

"That is he," said he deliberately, a twinkle in his eye, "and the reward? Well, 'tis hard to say. The landlord may lose his inn, some of you may have your rents raised, others may have to look for farms elsewhere; but, of course, the light in which your zeal for justice may appear depends largely upon Sir Thomas himself, who I scarce thought would have had a welcome such as this in Hevington."

He waved his hand towards their prisoner, who had suddenly become a free man again. Blank amazement was written on the faces of the company, the landlord had flushed, Will Luker was pale as any ghost, and as for Mistress Nancy, her face was now as red as her master's, now pale as her unfaithful swain's.

"'Fore George," blurted out Tom Keeping, "I ask thy pardon, Sir Thomas, but, sure enough, I took thee for the highwayman."

"Aye, that we did, Sir Thomas," said Luker, not to be outdone in penitence; "who'd ha' dared to lay hands on 'ee if we had known who it was, and none o' these would ha' called 'ee a thief."

His voice was little better than a whine. Abject contrition was written on his lank face.

Now Master Luker had best have rested content with the part he had played that evening and held his peace, for the Squire—who in the case of the others appeared to treat the matter as a jest—caught up the words of the unfortunate Will.

"Thy hands on me, man? Good care thou didst take to keep out of the reach of my arm. But a thief thou didst call me, last night as well as now. Now hark 'ee, knave, thou wouldst have had as sound a thrashing as ever mortal man had in his life if thy words had been false."

"But, no, lawyer, landlord and ye others," continued the Squire deliberately, turning slowly about to all in the room, "never truer word has this dog spoken in his life, though he knew it not. But he has also made false accusation a score of times, so I hear, 'gainst one who is as innocent of theft as I am guilty."

For a moment he paused. Every eye was upon that lithe upstanding form, every eye save Will Luker's; the wretch had sunk on his knees upon the ground, and was snivelling like an urchin caught robbing an orchard.

"Now, listen, men," continued Sir Thomas; his cheek had paled, his eyes were set. "This confession I owe to all present, though especially to one. When some five years ago I ran away to sea, I fled as a common thief with two guineas of my uncle's in my possession. One creature alone in Hevington knew my guilt, and that one, instead of betraying me to my uncle and bringing shame and probable punishment upon my head, was content to stand in my place. Heaven knows, it saved my mother a broken heart, what more this sacrifice averted I know not; that one fact is enough for me. The disgrace of a prison, the shame of the lash, years of taunt and scorn have been borne in my stead, borne unflinchingly, loyally, without hope of reward of any kind. 'Twas but yesterday I learned the truth, learned to whom it was I owed so much. And," cried the Squire—there was a flush on his cheeks, a brighter light in his eye—"last night I did all that lay in my power to mend this injury, to shift the burden that has been borne so long in silence upon those shoulders on which by right, or rather by wrong, it should have rested. Lawyer, allow me to present to thee my future wife, Mistress Nancy Drew."

The woman's hand was in his, she had shrunk to his side, while tears rolled down her face.

The Squire turned for a moment to a man who was slinking through the door. Mirth tempered the scorn in his voice.

"Mark 'ee, Master Luker, the highwayman and his bride," cried he. "The matter of the little Manor Farm must wait till my wedding, and be sure, I shall consult my Lady Bolton's wishes in the matter. Now, lads, to your Squire and his bride in the landlord's best."

THE END.

"Five Thousand Miles in a Balloon," written by Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, with contributions by the Princess di Teano, the Hon. Mrs. Assheton Harbord, Mrs. Hildi Nicholl, Lord Northcliffe, and others, and published by Horace Cox, is a shilling pamphlet full of articles of interest to balloonists and aeroplanists. It is illustrated with photographs and a map of the courses accomplished in the Gordon-Bennett race. The articles are on such subjects as "Ballooning for Ladies," "Alone in a Balloon," "Night Ballooning"—and they are all very interesting.

One of the best of newspaper directories, and, on account of its several articles, one of the most interesting, is "The Newspaper Press Directory" (Mitchell and Co. 2s.). Besides the exhaustive and well-classed lists of newspapers and other periodicals which comprise the bulk of the volume, this directory contains articles on "Newspaper Advertising," "The Legal Year in its Relation to the Press," "The Commercial Legislation of the Australian Commonwealth," "Australian Preference for British Trade," and "The Railway and Ocean Freight of South Africa." As a guide for advertisers it is invaluable and unique, for each place in the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and abroad which possesses a newspaper is summed up in a little descriptive paragraph.

THE WRECK OF THE BERLIN



These four men laboured ceaselessly night and day to rescue the survivors. Their names from left to right are: A. Boon, P. de Zeeuw, P. C. Hoogenraad and F. Seckle.

HEROES ALL: THE CREW OF THE HOOK OF HOLLAND LIFEBOAT, PRESIDENT VAN HEEL



As the bodies of the Berlin's crew were landed at Harwich they were conveyed to the temporary mortuary on Parkeston Quay, the bodies of the passengers being carried direct to the trains. The elm coffins of the square Dutch type were each covered with the Union flag.

THE SCENE ON SUNDAY EVENING IN THE TEMPORARY MORTUARY ON PARKESTON QUAY

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

Written by H. W. LUCY | # This Week's Parliament | Sketches by RALPH CLEAVER

FRESH ARMY REFORM

A crowded House awaited Mr. Haldane's exposition of the latest scheme of reform devised for the bewildered British Army. Every seat on the floor of the House was occupied, a thin black line running along the gallery facing the Treasury Bench representing the overflow. The Peers had gathered in unusually large numbers in their own House in expectation of hearing Lord Rosebery open what promised to be an interesting debate on the Channel Tunnel project. But Lord Rosebery had joined the army of martyrs stricken down by the influenza fiend that, since the Session opened, daily devastates the ranks of legislators. Having nothing to do, they hurried across the Lobbies, rapidly filling up the narrow limit of accommodation afforded them by the jealous Commons.

In point of interest the War Minister's speech suffered by reason of the fact that its main secret was already out in a memorandum circulated on Saturday. The Army Estimates are to be reduced by a sum of two millions, nearly approaching three when the projected scheme is in full operation. There remained to tell the story of the way in which this welcome saving was to be effected. To the task Mr. Haldane devoted three hours by Westminster Clock. That is a form of discipline to which Mr. Gladstone in days of old habitually subjected the House when explaining his Budget, but there is not given to every man ability to hold attention throughout an eighth portion of a full day, whilst intricate figures and technical facts are marshalled and deployed.

To record the fact that Mr. Haldane spoke for three hours does not fully represent the situation. There is varying pace of delivery of a speech. The Secretary of State for War is almost breathless in his speed, trying to the utmost the skill of stenographers in the Gallery. Compared with Mr. Asquith, for example, his three hours' speech was equal to the number of the spoken words of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, supposing him to have addressed the House for four hours—a crime of which he is happily incapable. It would be too much to say that the crowded audience which waited on the earliest utterances of the Minister was found in full force when he resumed his seat. But throughout, the discourse, with its clearness of vision, its mastery of intricacies, was closely followed.



Mr. Haldane explains his new Army Scheme.

THE CRYSTALLIZATIO I OF A YEAR'S "CLEAR THINKING"

In the main, opinion was favourable to the prodigious plan. At the outset Mr. Haldane was careful to make it clear that this is no civilian experiment. It is, he insisted, a soldier's budget. He had called into council veterans in the War Office and on service outside it. They had devoted time, thought, and practical experience to the settlement of the problem to which Mr. Haldane chiefly contributed elaborate explanation. Old parliamentary hands will not be led astray by this attitude of approval on the first hearing. Some remember how, when Mr. Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill, the provision most boisterously cheered on both sides was that which excluded Irish members from taking part in debate on legislative matters purely British. As it turned out, that was the very rock upon which the vessel broke up.

For closer parallel, it will be found on looking back to current records that Mr. Brodrick's scheme of the Six Army Corps was warmly cheered when first laid before the House. In course of time hostile attention was concentrated on this point. It was picked to pieces, leaving not a wrack behind save the unfinished barracks on Salisbury Plain, which, involving an expenditure of over a million, were built for the housing of the First Army Corps. Warned by these experiences, so wise a man as the Secretary of State for War will not halloa till he is out of the wood.

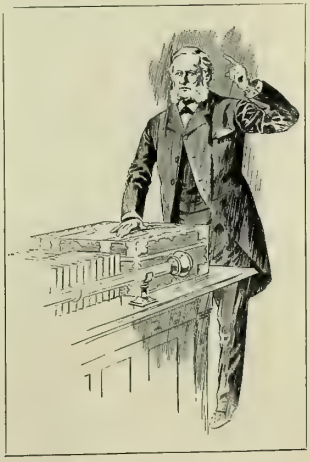
The Prime Minister, after long absence, returned to the Treasury Bench on Tuesday, and was welcomed by a hearty cheer not wholly contributed from the Ministerial side. The occasion for his turning up on this particular day was disclosed by one of those friendly questions based on private notice which are sometimes arranged by the Whips. Replying, "C.-B." read a telegram despatched on the previous day by Sir Edward Grey to the British Minister at The Hague. It was a request that to the Prince Consort and the Dutch lifeboat crew the Minister should convey assurance of His Majesty's Government's warm appreciation of their gallant rescue of the survivors from the wreck of the Berlin. That was graceful; what the House especially approved was the proposal to give "suitable rewards" to the lifeboat crews. A pleasant incident was closed by the formal announcement that the King had expressed desire to confer the Grand Cross of the Bath on the Prince Consort, an honour promptly accepted.



Lord Robert Cecil strongly opposed the Bill.



Sir W. B. Gurdon introduces again the time-worn Bill.



Mr. Jesse Collings cannot understand the opposition to it

THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER BILL BEFORE THE COMMONS



OCTROI EMPLOYEES ABOUT TO SEARCH A BOAT ON ITS WAY TO THE CITY



A FUNERAL WREATH WHICH HAS BEEN USED FOR SMUGGLING SPIRITS



A CURIOUS SMUGGLING DEVICE: A RECEPTACLE FOR SPIRITS WORN ROUND THE BODY LIKE A WAISTCOAT

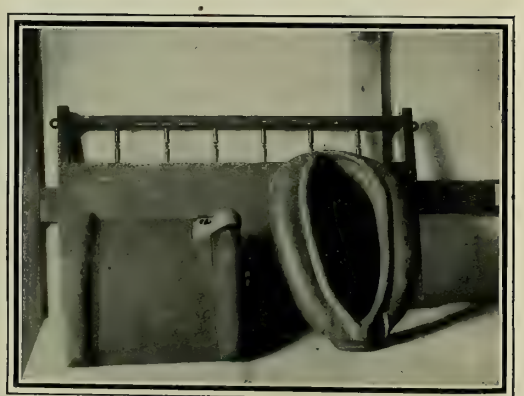


SCRUTINISING THE FURNITURE IN A REMOVAL VAN



SEARCHING A MOTOR-CAR FOR DUTIABLE GOODS





TRICKS OF THE SMUGGLING TRADE: SOME OF THE MANY INGENIOUS DEVICES USED FOR INTRODUCING CONTRABAND SPIRITS

The toll or tax known as the Octroi, levied on articles of food and drink which enter the gates of Paris, brings in over £4,000,000 annually, or about one-third of the entire revenue of the city of Paris. The Octroi system offers a splendid field for the smuggler, who is continually inventing fresh dodges to outwit the officials whose duty it is to search all individuals and vehicles entering the gates. As our illustrations show, such inoffensive articles as saddles, horse-collars or even funeral wreaths, may become receptacles for contraband spirits; oil-cans are sometimes partitioned off inside and the bottom half used for surreptitious purposes; even the harmless, necessary waistcoat may become a cloak for fraud. Not so very long ago a dummy dressed up as an aged and infirm person made a number of carriage excursions beyond the barriers before it was discovered that the interesting invalid was always brought home literally full of brandy.

How Paris Pays its Taxes: Sidelights on the Octroi System

From Photographs by Paul Geniaux, Paris.

THE WRECK OF THE BERLIN

For the third time in recent years a terrible shipping disaster has occurred in the cross-Channel traffic, resulting in the loss of a fine ship and 127 lives. The Great Eastern Company's mail-steamer Berlin—a first-class steel vessel of 1,775 tons and 5,000 h.p., built in 1894, and re-boilered and overhauled only a few months ago—left Harwich for Rotterdam on Wednesday night of last week. A heavy gale was blowing from the south-west, and she had a rough passage across the North Sea, but all went well till she was within a few yards of safety. At the entrance to the harbour of the Hook of Holland the vessel broached to in the heavy seas, and before she could recover herself she was dashed against the jetty. This happened about 5.30 on Thursday morning, and an hour or so later the vessel broke in two and the forepart sank, the people on it, numbering about one hundred, being hurled into the sea. Only one of these was saved, Captain Parkinson, of Belfast, who, after an hour's immersion in the icy cold water, was picked up by a lifeboat. On the after part the remnant of the crew and passengers collected waiting for rescue. Tremendous seas overwhelmed them at intervals, and one by one, exhausted by the struggle and benumbed with cold, the victims let go their hold and were swept away. All day on Thursday the President van Heel, a lifeboat with a record of nearly 350 lives saved, repeatedly made heroic efforts to reach the wreck, but failed on every occasion, the boiling seas at the entrance to the channel making an approach impossible. When morning broke on the Friday it was seen that several persons were still alive on board, in spite of the furious waves and the snow blizzard which raged throughout the night. Renewed attempts were made to succour them, Prince Henry of the Netherlands making several journeys in the tug Helvoetsluis, and declaring that he would not return to The Hague till the survivors were safe. It was not until the afternoon, however, that success crowned the efforts of the brave Dutchmen, a boat's crew finally reaching the iron light-tower at the end of the pier, from where a rope was thrown to the wreck and made fast. Eight men and three women passed along it to safety, in spite of a blinding snowstorm, and with all possible speed they were conveyed to the tug and taken ashore, having been exposed to the fury of the weather for nearly thirty-six hours without food or water.

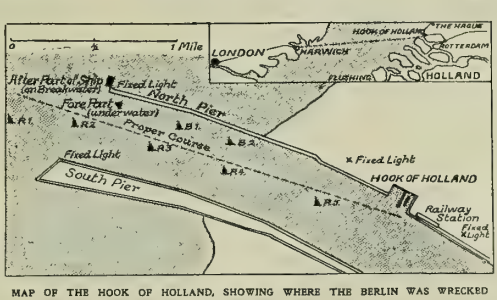
Unfortunately three women still remained on board—being too weak to face the perilous journey along the frail rope—and their rescue is entirely due to the bravery of Capt. Sperling, of Dordrecht, whose ship happened to be in the harbour. Early on Saturday morning he and three men were towed out in a flat to the beacon, where they made fast, and the captain climbed on board the wreck by the rope which had been used on the previous day. He found the women in a terrible plight, well-nigh frozen and unable to walk, but by means of a cradle they were landed in safety at the beacon, and by four o'clock in the morning, or nearly two whole days after the catastrophe, they were brought ashore. The total number of survivors is fifteen.

Captain Precious, the commander of the Berlin, was a most able seaman, and had spent his life in the service of the Company. He had been captain for over sixteen years, and had crossed the North Sea several thousands of times.

A relief fund has been started by the Mayor of Harwich, the Great Eastern Railway Company heading the subscription list with £500. Donations may be sent to the Mayor, Town Hall, or to the Capital and Counties Bank, Harwich.



CAPTAIN PRECIOUS, THE MASTER OF THE BERLIN WHO WENT DOWN WITH HIS SHIP



MAP OF THE HOOK OF HOLLAND, SHOWING WHERE THE BERLIN WAS WRECKED



The demonstration organised by the Municipal Reform Party in Trafalgar Square last Saturday was attended by some 10,000 persons, amongst whom were large numbers of Socialists, who did their best to break up the meeting. The principal speakers were Sir William Bull, M.P., Mr. Hayes Fisher, Mr. Shirley Benn, Sir Melville Beachcroft, and Mr. R. A. Robinson (the leader of the Municipal Reform Party), but so great was the uproar that little could be heard, and it was with difficulty that a resolution was carried pledging the meeting to do its best to turn out the "Wastrels" and to place the Reformers in power.

THE L.C.C. ELECTIONS: SIR W. BULL, M.P., ADDRESSING THE MEETING OF REFORMERS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE

MUSICAL NOTES

Perhaps the most tragic feature of the terrible fate which overtook those members of the German Opera Company who were returning to their native land by the doomed Berlin, was that, had the season run the full course designed for it, their lives would have been spared. The fact that no one was to blame, and that the syndicate, in view of the state of affairs which, unfortunately, seems to have prevailed at Covent Garden, adopted the only reasonable course in bringing the performances to an end, detracts no whit from the tragedy, and it is impossible not to feel the deepest regret that so many able artists should have been brought to an untimely end through our want of appreciation of their efforts. Of the principals engaged, only one, Fräulein Schöne, was involved in the calamity, and it is peculiarly sad that her career should have been cut off at such a moment. A London appearance is an honour eagerly desired by nearly every operatic singer in Germany, for it may very possibly be the first stepping-stone towards fame, and the foundations of many a world-wide reputation have been laid at Covent Garden. We can well imagine that such a singer as Fräulein Schöne, with her name yet to be made, would eagerly have welcomed the invitation to appear in London, and that her opportunity should have actually proved the end of all her artistic ambitions is tragic in the extreme.

The names of the members of the chorus who perished were, of course, unfamiliar to us, but their fate is no less to be deplored. For the most part, the chorus was composed of picked voices from the German singing schools and opera houses, and its excellence must have been manifest to all who attended the performances. The ambitions of these young singers may have been humbler, but they were no less sincere, and there can be little doubt that many of them hailed with delight the opportunity of appearing in London as being of the highest value to them in their professions.

Many members of the company came within an ace of sharing the fate of their fellows, but were saved by their decision not to face the journey on such a night. Chief among these were Fräulein Rosa Olitzka, so well known here both as an opera and as a concert singer, and Herr Hugo Bryk, who conducted the recent performance of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Miss Irene Sharrer is not, of course, an opera singer, but she, too, had a very narrow escape, for she was only prevented from sailing by the Berlin in order to fulfil engagements abroad by a slight accident to her hand.

For some years past the honour of opening the summer concert season has belonged to the Joachim Quartet, and the end of April will once more see this splendid combination attracting enormous audiences to the Bechstein Hall. Having exhausted the beauties of Brahms at their last series of concerts, Dr. Joachim and his colleagues will not include any of the music of that composer in the programmes of their forthcoming concerts, but will devote themselves entirely to Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. The series will begin on April 13, and will consist of six subscription concerts and an extra concert, at the last of which four Haydn quartets will be played. As Dr. Joachim's quartet is incomparable in the music of Haydn and Mozart, the series ought to be interesting.

The arrangements for the season of light German opera, which is to begin at the Adelphi Theatre at Easter, are now nearing completion, and if the present indications are fulfilled the venture ought to bring delight to the hearts of the many who have long regretted that this form of entertainment should be so neglected in England.

J. D. H.

COURT AND SOCIETY

Princess Alexander of Teck, who is to open the Royal Amateur Art Exhibition on Thursday—to which, by the way, the King has sent some rare and valuable engravings on loan — is deservedly popular in Society. As a girl she was naturally brought up by her mother, the Duchess of Albany, at Claremont, the noble old house near Esher which, it is said, will one day be hers.

The Royal Amateur Exhibition

Without being a great beauty, she developed into a singularly attractive-looking woman, her dark hair setting off a face full of animation, sweetness and good humour. She was adored by the good folk of Esher, especially by the poorest, while it is well known that she is a great favourite with both her British and her German Royal relations. King Edward is much attached to his young niece, and when she became engaged to Prince "Algie," the brave young soldier brother of the Princess of Wales, His Majesty decreed that the wedding should be celebrated with fitting splendour at Windsor, and himself gave the bride away. The King also assigned the young couple Henry III.'s Tower at Windsor Castle as a residence. The union has been blessed with a daughter. Princess Alexander, in addition to all housewifely accomplishments usual in German families of high degree, is extremely well educated. She is an excellent linguist, and is well acquainted with the best literature, both ancient and modern.



LADY NAYLOR-LEYLAND
Who is lending her House for the Amateur Art Exhibition on March 7.
FROM THE PAINTING BY EDWARD HUGHES.

Lady Naylor-Leyland

Lady Naylor-Leyland, at whose beautiful house in Albert Gate the Royal Amateur Art Exhibition is to be held, is an American. It is not so very long ago since, as the lovely Miss Jeanie Chamberlain, the daughter of an eminent citizen of Ohio, she took London Society by storm. Her marriage with the wealthy and cultivated Sir Herbert Naylor-Leyland, one of the most popular men in London, delighted everybody; but her husband's terribly sudden and premature death left her with two little boys, aged nine and seven, to whom she has been the best of mothers. The young baronet, Sir Albert Edward Naylor-Leyland, who is now almost old enough to leave Eton, is the King's godson, while his brother George had two Royal godfathers, the late Duke of Cambridge and the Prince of Wales. Lady Naylor-Leyand's jewels are famous. In addition to the usual diamond tiara, she has a highly original ornament of the finest brilliants in the form of a great arum lily.

Hyde Park House

Hyde Park House is one of the most notable of London's minor palaces. Both its beautiful mistress and her late husband had exquisite taste, of that real kind which leads instead of following the fashion. Never were wealth and *expertise* so happily united, and one is at a loss whether to admire most the wonderfully fine examples of Old Masters, or of such moderns as Rossetti, Whistler, and the contemporary French schools. The ballroom is with justice termed the finest in London. Divided into three parts by stately fluted columns, its originality consists in its being all in pure white, lighted by Venetian chandeliers in pale coloured glass. The portrait, a full length, of Lady Naylor-Leyland, by Mr. Edward Hughes, is of special interest, for it first attracted Queen Alexandra's attention to the work of that now famous artist, who has since painted so many great ladies, beginning with Her Majesty herself. Most interesting, too, are some fine old tapestries, which were found hidden away and neglected in Lady Naylor-Leyland's Welsh home in Ruthin. They are so arranged that a mere touch on a spring causes them to fall down and roll up. This is, of course, in case of fire, to ensure their easy removal.



PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK
Who will open the Amateur Art Exhibition at Hyde Park House.
Photograph by Thomson, New Bond Street.

"Winston"

Special interest attaches to the dinner at which the African Society are to entertain Mr. Winston Churchill on Wednesday, March 6, for the Chairman is to be Lord Onslow, who was Mr. Churchill's predecessor in the office of Under-Secretary for the Colonies. The occasion is, indeed, perfectly adapted for a display of that peculiar type of ironic, sub-acid oratory of which English politicians are usually masters. We may be sure, however, that "Winston" will give as good as he gets in this game of pointing barbed arrows at a political opponent with a bland appearance of innocence. The best of it is that these darts do not rankle, and a "palpable hit" is enjoyed almost as much by its victim as by its author. Mr. Churchill remains, perhaps, the most romantically interesting figure in the politics of to-day. The recent elevation of Mr. McKenna to Cabinet rank seemed a slight which many people expected him to avenge by resignation. But Mr. Churchill did not write his father's life for nothing; he is not likely to resign in a hurry. And undoubtedly his time will come, but whether he will so use it as to make history is another question.

A Scottish Engagement

Of great interest to the considerable section of Society who hail from North of the Tweed is the engagement of Mr. Dudley Gladstone Gordon, Lord and Lady Aberdeen's son, to Miss Cécile Drummond. Mr. Gordon is really very popular; his remarkable education—he has "ranched" in Canada and has done real hard work in a Scottish shipbuilding yard—has made him a most interesting and manly person, and when to this we add that he is a keen dancer, it is not surprising that the hostesses of the great world should regard him with affection. His bride belongs to the famous banking family of Drummond; her father, who is a partner in the bank, has a lovely place called Swaylands, in the Penshurst country.

The Oxford Chancellorship

Contrary to expectation, it is Lord Curzon of Kedleston and not Lord St. Aldwyn who carries the great bulk of Conservative support for the Chancellorship of Oxford University. Possibly Lord St. Aldwyn offended High Church feeling, always strong at Oxford, by his energetic chairmanship of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline; possibly a man with a distinguished past and a distinguished future is preferred to a distinguished past alone. Besides, Lord Curzon's father is actually a country parson! The old gibes about the most "superior person" are now empty of point; if he died to-morrow Lord Curzon would have his place among the greatest men of the age. He is now only forty-eight—six years younger than Mr. Balfour was when he became Prime Minister. It is no secret that he is anxious to re-enter the House of Commons, and if one of the members for Oxford University should decide to retire, there is no doubt that he would have the refusal of the seat. It would be without precedent that the Chancellor should also be one of the burgesses of the University, but Lord Curzon is the sort of man to make his own precedents.

No Royal Candidate

It is curious, by the way, that no one has suggested a Royal personage for the Oxford Chancellorship. Perhaps it is just as well, for no one wants the sort of struggle that preceded the election of the Prince Consort as Chancellor of Cambridge University to be repeated on the banks of the Isis. Besides, apart from the King himself, there is no member of our Royal Family of suitable age who has "been to Oxford;" while the interest which the German Emperor annually displays in the Dark Blue crew at the Boat Race is hardly enough, perhaps, to entitle him to become the official head of the University. Yet who knows what might have happened if we had had an *entente cordiale* with Germany instead of with France?



After the Carnival: Merrymakers Leaving Nice by the Special Train

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT



PRESENTED TO THEIR MAJESTIES: A DEBUTANTE AT COURT

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.



PRESENTED TO THEIR MAJESTIES: A DEBUTANTE AT COURT

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

THE FATAL TOBOGGAN RUN

THE BYSTANDER

'*Stand by.*"—Captain Cuttle

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

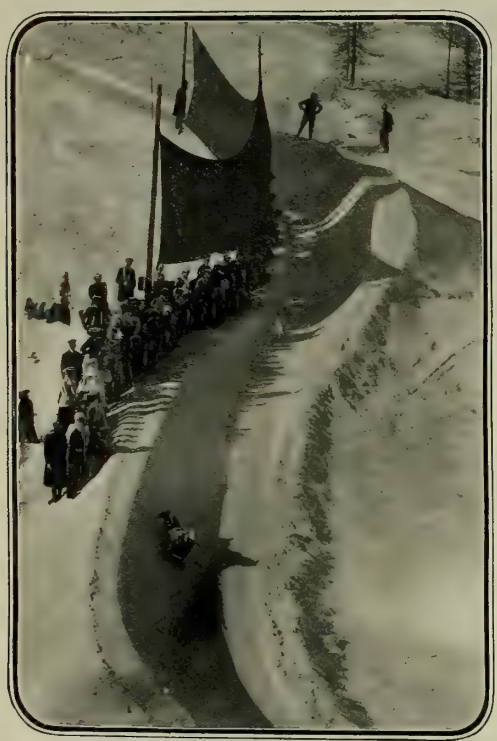
In the present day we have a number of clubs and societies devoted to the admiration and elucidation of sundry and various notable authors. Among these we may mention those devoted to Samuel Pepys, to Charles Dickens, to William Makepeace Thackeray, to Robert Browning, to Edward Fitzgerald, and, among many others, to Dr. Samuel Johnson. Now, though many of us may think that Dr. Samuel Johnson was not a particularly engaging man, and that his literary ability was not of the highest order, there is no doubt that he was one of a notable circle, and that he flourished in a particularly interesting period. He probably would not have been a Boswell Club I might possibly discover him and reward him with—my gratitude. In these days of profuse and universal booming such a society should be established without delay, not only as a compliment to the memory of the Great James and to show how thoroughly the principles that he enunciated one hundred and sixteen years ago are carried out at the present moment, but to place the art of booming on a firm basis and have it duly carried out on sound commercial principles. By all means let us have a Boswell Club without further delay.

From various letters received, and from numerous notices in the London and provincial Press, it would appear that my suggestion for a Society for the Simplification of Addresses is likely to be well received. The *Daily News* thinks it is quite possible that such a society might "succeed in training the G.P.O.—in time—to deliver letters addressed on this principle without any delay or difficulty." It then proceeds to go one better. It says: "Our own private solution of the problem is one for which, we fear, the times are not yet ripe. It is that everybody living in the country should have a letter and a number, and every dwelling-house a number and a letter." In explanation of this idea, it gives an example thus:—"A letter addressed, say, to 'B 5,627, 43,061 K would go without delay to Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Everard Fitz-Wygram, V.C., C.S.I., care of the Right Hon. the Earl of Hornbeam, Castle Varnish, County Antrim, Ireland." I fear it might be some time before this delightful system got into full working order. Meantime we might all of us help in the reform by leaving out the usual affix wherever it is prudent or possible. We none of us write Strand Street or Pall Mall Street, so why cannot we also be content with Bond and Regent? The great trouble would be where a square, a street, and a place bear the same name. But I think this might easily be overcome in time.

In speaking the other day of the ghosts that have been let loose at Chelsea by the disestablishment of Paradise Row, I opined that the recent wholesale demolition of old buildings throughout London would render a number of old-established and respectable ghosts homeless, and that they would probably be wandering about the country in search of a home. My prediction has not been long in being realised. For we are told that a policeman at Hampton Court the other night saw eleven ghosts all at once. Now as the spook in a usual way only appears singly, this large quantity points to so much esteemed had he lived in the present day, nor would people be disposed to take him so much at his own valuation in the twentieth century. And, after all, how little should we have known of Samuel Johnson had it not been for the fascinating and monumental biography by James Boswell.

James Boswell may be said to have invented booming, and I don't think any author in the present time—which is a great period for the exercise of this profitable art—has ever been boomed so persistently, so elaborately or so successfully as Samuel Johnson was boomed by James Boswell. Then why not, may I ask, start a Boswell Club? It is a matter in which we are all interested. For it is said every man has his Boswell, though he may not be conscious of the fact. I am not aware of having such a valuable ally, but he may be in existence somewhere lurking round an unsuspected corner. If we had the fact that there must be an extraordinary number now homeless. If some charitable person does not at once organise a Ghosts Asylum and Home for Decayed Spirits we may have sleepless nights throughout the whole of England.

In Charing Cross Station, the other day, I was glad to find the new glass roof was progressing famously. It is a vast improvement, and gives the place an air of light, warmth and comfort that it never previously possessed. It is to be hoped that the roof of vast span for such buildings is a thing of the past, and we shall see no more of such useless and very ugly constructions. The old roof rendered the place terribly draughty, and in winter time imprisoned the fog and kept it there all day. Moreover, it was a fearful disfigurement to the embankment, along with its companion at Cannon Street. Let us hope it may not be long before the latter is removed.



COUNT DE BYLANDT AT THE SPOT WHERE CAPTAIN PENNELL, V.C., MET HIS DEATH



THE BARRIER INTO WHICH COUNT DE BYLANDT DASHED

The death of Count de Bylandt on the Cresta Run, the famous toboggan course at St. Moritz, has once more drawn attention to the dangers of the sport, so loved by English visitors to the Engadine. It is remarkable that this fatal accident, and that of the late Captain Pennell, V.C., recently, are the only ones which have ever taken place on the Cresta Run. There is a spot on the Run called the Junction, and here a wooden barrier always lies across the course at night. By a deplorable oversight this was not removed on the morning when Count de Bylandt started his run, with the result that he crashed into it at full speed—forty miles an hour—and was instantly killed. The official inquiry into the accident found it to be caused by three officials of the toboggan club who omitted to remove the barrier. The photograph on the left shows the Count racing for the Ashbourne Cup, and that on the right the barrier at which he met his death. The screens shown in the former are to prevent the sun melting the ice and snow. Photos by Ballance, St. Moritz Dorf.

THE LATE COUNT DE BYLANDT ON THE CRESTA RUN, AND THE SPOT WHERE HE MET HIS DEATH

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Celebrities in Every Sphere

are all agreed on one subject. Look at this picture, or rather at the reproduction of the photographs selected from a large and varied collection. They represent men and women in many walks of life — eminent statesmen, famous Generals, popular Members of Parliament, writers, actresses and actors. They

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The cuts on the face of the rock show where the chimneys once were.

NANNY ROCK, NOW UNINHABITED, FORMERLY A FAMOUS ROBBERS' DEN



This cave was inhabited until a few years ago. The view is taken from the interior.

ONE OF THE DESERTED CAVES IN NANNY ROCK



The rock is inhabited by several families.

THE WELL WHICH SUPPLIES THE HOLY AUSTIN ROCK



The stable is on the top of Holy Austin Rock.

THE STRANGEST STABLE IN ENGLAND



The rooms are all hollowed out of the sandstone.

ANOTHER OF THE HOUSES AT HOLY AUSTIN ROCK



This is the spot round which the Rev. S. Baring-Gould wrote his novel, "Bladys"

HOLY AUSTIN ROCK, THE HOME OF THE BRITISH CAVE DWELLERS



Mrs. Chance is shown sitting in her garden in front of her dwelling.

MRS. CHANCE, THE OLDEST ROCK-DWELLER AT KINVER

Troglodytes of To-Day: Among the Cave-Dwellers of Kinver, Staffordshire

From Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.



COUNT UDO VON STOLBERG-WERNIGERODE
New President of the Reichstag.
He was First Vice-President in the last Reichstag, and is in his sixty-sixth year. He is a life member of the Upper House of the Prussian Diet. Photo by E. Frankl.



THE LATE MR. H. M. BIRDWOOD, C.S.I.
Distinguished Indian Civil Servant.
Filled many important positions in Bombay, from Assistant Collector and Magistrate to Judge and acting Governor. He wrote much, and was awarded the Society of Arts silver medal.



THE REV. GEORGE EDWARD JELF
New Master of the Charterhouse.
He is brother of Mr. Justice Jelf and Major-General Jelf. He was educated at Charterhouse School, and has been Canon Residentiary of Rochester since 1880.
Photo by Russell and Sons.



MR. PERCIVAL HUGHES
New Chief Agent of the Conservative Party.
Mr. Hughes has for many years interested himself in politics. He is an authority on electoral law, and has had a successful career at the Bar.

The Theatres

SIGNS OF THE RENAISSANCE

That there is a growing public for the drama must be apparent to every one who gives much thought to the subject, for on all sides handsome new playhouses are springing into existence, and London has supported companies of French players for several months in each year for several years past; besides which there exist two or three private societies, whose aim is the improvement or enlargement of the sphere of the drama. Of these, the prosperous Stage Society is the best known, but it is turning out somewhat of a disappointment to those people who looked to it to have a real influence on British playwrights. The reason of this is, I think, that the council of the Stage Society is composed too exclusively of people who are interested in the drama more as an instrument for preaching than as an art. If this were not so, why has the Stage Society elected to produce only the plays of Brieux out of all the modern French dramatists, when the work of Alfred Capus is so immensely superior as dramatic art to the work of any other living French dramatist? It may be answered that Capus' *L'Adversaire* and *La Chatelaine* have been seen in London as adapted for Mr. George Alexander and Sir Charles Wyndham. My reply is that these adaptations were so far from the originals that it is the special duty of a private society to make a great effort to show the English public and English dramatists, not perfectly familiar with French, the real qualities of M. Capus' work, by giving a performance of one of his plays carefully done into English, and not adapted. If it is impossible to get permission to do this with *La Châtelaine* or *L'Adversaire*, surely it would not be impossible to get permission to do *Notre Jeunesse*, which is in some respects his finest work. Surely people really interested in the art of play-writing would do this, for M. Capus' technique is extraordinarily perfect, delicate, subtle, and modern, and his character-drawing marvellous and wonderful in the manner of its apparently spontaneous and natural revealment. The mixture of his humour and his insight into the deepest questions of life is as wonderful and unstrained as life itself, and his wit poignant without being obtrusively pointed. Yet all these qualities, at which critics, dramatists, and amateurs of the drama marvel, are a sealed book to those who do not understand French well enough—and they are many—to appreciate his plays when they are played here occasionally by one French company or another. The Stage Society and the COURT Theatre concern themselves mainly with presenting the morbid plays of Ibsen, Hauptmann, Maxim Gorki, and Brieux, which deal with subjects that happily do not concern the world at large as a whole, while they count Capus a negligible quantity. Yet his delicately deft art is concerned with many of the most usual problems of the day common to the middle and upper classes, who should be naturally more interested in them than in the woes of Gorki's criminals, Hauptmann's starving weavers of a past age, Ibsen's victims of vice and immorality, or Brieux' revolting young women whose plain speaking on physical subjects is unsuited to any mixed audience of men and women. If the Stage Society cannot get permission to present a Capus play in English for two performances, at any rate it should be possible for the COURT Theatre management to show that it is not devoted exclusively to Mr. Shaw and the crank drama by procuring the rights of *Notre Jeunesse*, or even *La Veine* or *Les Deux Ecoles*, and giving as close a translation of them as possible, so that Londoners might have the chance of becoming acquainted with the furthest development of play-writing now known to Paris. But for the enterprise of the managers who have brought over French companies to London with so much frequency during the last two or three years, with the result that London may be said to be the best served city in the world, few of us would have had any knowledge of M. Capus, and it is just because it is so well served that I make this argument. He is one of the few factors with whom all who are concerned with the arts of acting and play-writing must reckon.

"DRAMATICUS."



Members of the London County Council subscribed for this portrait of Sir Edwin Cornwall, an ex-Chairman, and presented it to him at a meeting at the County Council Hall the other day. Sir Edwin received the felicitations of both parties in the Council. The portrait was painted by the Hon. John Collier, the brother of another ex-Chairman of the Council, Lord Monkswell. Photo by Haines.

A PRESENT TO SIR EDWIN CORNWALL: HIS PORTRAIT SUBSCRIBED FOR BY MEMBERS OF THE L.C.C.



FIRST PRIZE—"A NATIONAL TEMPLE"



SECOND PRIZE—"A SWISS CASTLE"



THIRD PRIZE—"A CHÂTEAU"

Switzerland has not had so much snow for thirty years as fell this winter. Many Swiss towns resemble Siberian cities. At Chaux-de-Fonds six feet of snow fell, resulting in the suspension of the tram and train services and the closing of the schools. To give occupation to the school children three prizes were given for snow buildings erected by children under fifteen years of age. Our photographs show the houses that won the prizes. There were sixty competitors. Photos by F. Statzer, Chaux-de-Fonds.

SWISS CHILDREN AS ARCHITECTS: SNOW BUILDINGS AT CHAUX-DE-FONDS



1—Miss MAY DE SOUSA.
2—Miss FLORENCE SMITHSON.
3—Miss EDNA MAY.
4—Miss PAULINE CHASE
5—Miss DORIS STOCKER.
6—Miss BILLIE BURKE.
7—Miss GABY DESLYS.
8—Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER
9—Miss DENISE ORME.
10—Miss CAMILLE CLIFFORD.
11—Miss ZENA DARE.

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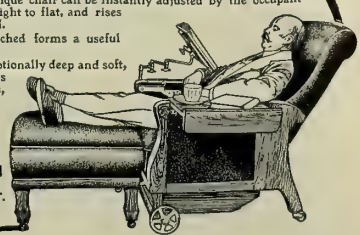
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Our Portraits

The act of gallantry for which Lieut. Noble was awarded, by the Royal Humane Society, the Stanhope Trust medal was as follows: On March 12 a seaman was washed overboard from the cruiser Leviathan in the Gulf of Lyons. A heavy sea was running, and it was nearly dark at the time. Lieut. Noble jumped from the quarter-deck, but could not reach the man, and was himself rescued with the utmost difficulty. Photo by Evans, Kensington.

Captain P. C. Van Blommestein Bam and Mr. C. du P. Chiappini are prominent just now over here in connection with the South African Products Exhibition in London. Captain Bam, the Chairman of the Executive Committee, is one of the Cape Town members of the Legislative Assembly, and belongs to one of the oldest Dutch families at the Cape. Like Mr. Chiappini, he is taking a prominent part in a work which is generally recognised as being the first practical step towards the federation of South Africa. Mr. Chiappini has been appointed Trade Commissioner for Cape Colony in England. Photo of Mr. Chiappini by Elliott and Fry.

The late Lord Allendale, who was born in 1829, was first returned to Parliament in 1852, as a Liberal for South Northumberland. He represented that constituency till 1885. From 1886 to 1892 he sat for the Tyneside Division of Northumberland as a Gladstonian Liberal, and from 1895 to 1905 for the Hexham Division. He was among the Peers created by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman when he became Prime Minister.

The late Vice-Admiral William des Vœux Hamilton was promoted to that position only recently on the retirement of Vice-Admiral Sir Francis Powell. He was born in 1852, and saw a good deal of service. Subsequently he was appointed to the Royal Yacht, was an A.D.C. to the King, and attended His Majesty at the Coronation. He was Rear-Admiral in the Mediterranean Fleet in 1903-4. Photo by Russell and Sons.

Signor Giosue Carducci, Italy's greatest contemporary poet, has not lived long to enjoy the fruits of the Nobel Prize for Literature, which he was awarded last year.

British Cave-Dwellers of To-day

Undoubtedly the most ancient uninhabited houses in England are the rock dwellings of Kinver. The name of Kinver, or Chenevare, as it is called in the Doomsday Book, is derived from the old English words, Keun Vaur, which signify great ridge, referring to the long abrupt ridge of sandstone which, rising to a height of 540ft., overlooks the valley of the Stour. It is at various points along this ridge that the rock-dwellings have been hewn out. The only rock-houses at present inhabited are situated in the huge isolated rock at the end of Kinver Edge, known as the Holy Austin Rock. The whole of this vast natural fortress is literally honeycombed with rock-dwellings, which have been constructed at three different altitudes. The method of construction has been to hew out the rooms and cut small apertures in the rock face for windows, in which the modern dwellers have inserted glass. The chimneys are particularly curious structures, being formed of a groove cut in the face of the rock, supplemented with brickwork. This quaint method of chimney architecture can plainly be seen in our photograph of the "Nanny Rock," which has been uninhabited for so long that all traces of the brickwork have long since disappeared. This cave is known locally as Meg-a-Fox Hole, and it is credited with having been in the early part of the last century the stronghold and hiding-place of a notorious band of highwaymen. The oldest inhabitant of the Holy Austin Rock is the venerable Mrs. Chance, who dwells in one of the houses on the first floor, as it might be termed, and dispenses tea and light refreshments to visitors. Upon the third, or top story, is to be seen the most curious stable in England, perched high up in the rock, the only approach being by a narrow pathway running round the face of the rock itself. The animal who occupies this unique stable is quite a local celebrity, as he makes a weekly journey into Stourbridge to bring out supplies to the rock-dwellers. The cave in which the pony is housed is part of the rock-house which figures in Baring Gould's novel, "Bladys." This part of the rock is honeycombed through from side to side, and it was through these rooms that the novelist makes the girl flee before being thrown from the rock on the other side at the point marked by a tree which can be seen growing out of the rock. C. H.



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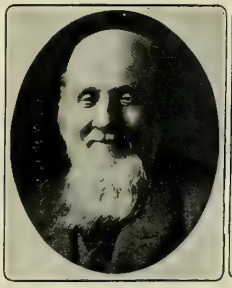
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THE LATE DR. JAMES GALE
Blind Inventor and Physician.



THE LATE M. HENRI MOISSAN
Famous French Chemist.



THE LATE SIGNOR CARDUCCI
Famous Italian Poet.

The late Lord Davey was born in 1833, was called to the Bar in 1861, and took silk in 1875. He was one of the most successful men at the Chancery Bar, and it is said that in ten years—between 1883 and 1893—his fees amounted to £250,000. He was appointed Solicitor-General in 1886, six years after he had entered Parliament as Liberal member for Christchurch, Hampshire. In 1888 he was elected for Stockton, but he was not a success in Parliament. He was appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal in 1893. It will be remembered that he delivered judgment in the Kempton Park betting case, and that he was indirectly responsible for the new Street Betting Act. Photo by Russell and Sons.

The late Dr. James Gale, who was seventy-three, had been blind since he was seventeen, but the calamity did not prevent him from living a very remarkable life or from doing many remarkable things. He made a voltaic battery which cured a millionaire, and the millionaire presented him with the remarkable fee of £50,000. Later, he discovered a way of making gunpowder temporarily inexplosive by means of powdered glass. His discovery was adopted by the War Office. He conducted the experiment not only before the Prince and Princess of Wales (now the King and Queen), but before Queen Victoria. Photo by Mills.

He has died at seventy-two, honoured by his country, and famous throughout the world. Italy's new, national renaissance owes to his prose and poetry a great debt. His famous and scandal-provoking "Hymn to Satan" appeared thirty years ago, and is perhaps the widest known of his works. Photo by Adolfo Croce, Milan.

The late M. Henri Moissan is another of last year's Nobel Prize winners who has passed away. He will be remembered by many as the discoverer of a method of making artificial diamonds—though only very small ones. He was Professor of the Faculty of Science at the University of Paris. Photo by Branger.

The late Rear-Admiral H. J. Raby, who was seventy-nine, had a very distinguished career in the Navy, and was one of the first to win the Victoria Cross. He was landed with the Naval Brigade in the Crimea, and served through the war. It was during the attack on the Redan that he won the Victoria Cross—for bringing a wounded man from under fire. He retired with the rank of rear-admiral in 1877. Photo by Russell and Sons.

A DAY WITH THE WOOLMER DRAGHOUNDS

By "POMPONIUS EGO"



IN THE VALE



THE FATHER AND SON OF A FALL

SOME little time ago I was fortunate enough to receive a card of the meets of the Woolmer Draghounds, and a cordial invitation to be present when next they met within reach. Nothing loth, I put myself into the train with my best horse (one wants the best, I find), and eventually arrived at the fixture.

The village clock strikes two, and soon round the corner come the hounds, a fit and level-looking lot, with the Hunt staff well mounted, and neatly turned out in workmanlike grey coats.

A word as to the origin of this pack will not be out of place here.

The Hunt was founded in 1903 by Colonel Alec Godley (who at that time commanded the Mounted Infantry School of Instruction at Longmoor Camp), with a view to providing additional sport, combined with useful training, for the M.I. officers. What finer training can there be for the British officer than riding to hounds? Colonel Godley's efforts were crowned with success, and, thanks to the sporting spirit invariably shown by the farmers, the Woolmer Draghounds are now welcomed over a large tract of country.

But the fifteen minutes' "law" is up, and the Master moves off, followed by a hard-riding looking field, mounted for the most part on sporting-looking ponies. There are a few cavalrymen from Aldershot on "long-tails;" also, I think I recognise a well-known hard-riding general officer.

Hounds are "held" over a few fields till they pick up the line, and stream away on a burning scent, with fifty or sixty determined sportsmen thundering in their wake.

"Hold hard a minute, please, and let them settle to it!"—and the Master's caution is loyally obeyed. I notice that riding to the "leading dog" is discouraged with this pack, and rightly too.



THE HUNTED FOX

The line leads us over a grand hunting country, and it is a blessing to feel that one need not give a thought to the wire.

Several hairy banks are negotiated, and here I am not surprised to see the mounted infantry cobs hold their own; but soon the chase bears down upon an uncompromising-looking obstacle—very blind, and strengthened with ditch and rail—and to see these rats of ponies, averaging, I suppose, about 14·3, sailing over this, and shortly afterwards over a gate in the corner of the next field, is nothing short of marvellous!

But this is the check—and we are most of us glad of it. Would that I had brought out a second horse! Fifteen minutes' breather, and hounds are laid on again. A flight of forbidding-looking rails to start with empties not a few saddles; but the pioneers have made some welcome holes. "Look sharp up, and come along; we may want you again, presently!" is the encouraging remark I hear shouted at one of them, who has taken "the father and son of a fall," to use his own description of it.

A variety of obstacles have now in turn to be negotiated, and hounds are stringing out and running very fast. At last I catch sight of a draggled pedestrian three fields ahead, toiling along with something trailing behind him. It is our hunted fox. He struggles gamely on; but at last they race up to him—"Who-whoop!"

My profuse thanks to the Master for a capital ride, and so off to catch my train, feeling on the best of terms with my horse, myself, and all mankind.

"P. E."



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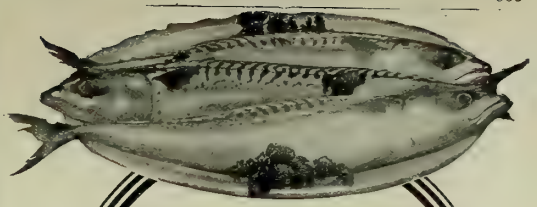
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Sold by chemists, hairdressers and perfumers all over the world, or mailed to any address on receipt of price in stamps.
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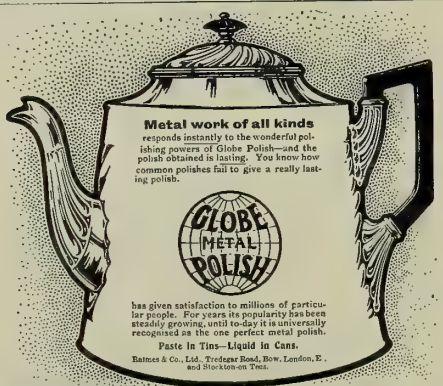
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Snow fell at Oxford on the first day of the Torpids, and the races were rowed in bitterly cold weather. Thirty-one crews put in an appearance this year, being two more than last year. In the third division of boats Hertford pressed Worcester from the start and made the bump under the Willows. Jesus, after a hard race, finished a quarter of a length in front of Brasenose 2. St. Catherine's overtook Keble 2 before reaching the Long Bridges, and Trinity 2 bumped Wadham at the boathouse.

THE TORPIDS AT OXFORD: THE THIRD DIVISION AT THE END OF THE FIRST DAY



Of late years the Zebra, once regarded as the most fiery and untameable of all the *genus equus*, has been frequently broken to harness, but the experiment has not been attended with much success owing to the wear and tear of coach work proving too much for it. The Germans in their East African colony are trying to train the Zebra for riding, and the animal has adapted itself to its new rôle; but it is notoriously soft and wanting in stamina, and it is hardly likely that the Zebra will ever be of much practical use.

A STRANGE MOUNT: SOLDIERS RIDING ZEBRAS IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA

Memoranda for the Coming Week

TO-DAY

London County Council Elections: Polling.
Queen's Hall Symphony Concert, 3.
Bechstein Hall: Godowsky's recital, 3.

MONDAY, MARCH 4

Royal Institution: General monthly meeting, 5.
British Constitutional Association: General meeting, Lord Hugh Cecil presiding, Whitehall Rooms, 4.
Royal Temple Yacht Club: Fiftieth anniversary dinner, Hotel Cecil, 7.
Racquets: The Military Doubles Championship begins, Prince's Club, Knightsbridge.
Duke of York's Theatre: *La Belle Marseillaise.*

TUESDAY, MARCH 5

Associated Chambers of Commerce: Annual meeting, Whitehall Rooms (three days).
Society of Arts: Sir W. H. Treacher on "British Malaya," 4.30.
Royal Horticultural Society: Exhibition of Flowers and Fruit, 1—6.
Ragged School Union and Shaftesbury Society; Sale of work opened by Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein, 79, Harley Street, 2.30 (two days).



SIR ROBERT JARDINE'S "LONG SPAN," THE WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP AT ALTCAR

THE BLUE RIBAND OF THE LEASH

Drury Lane Theatre: *Matinée* in aid of the Lord Mayor's Cripples' Fund.
Lacrosse: Oxford v. Cambridge, Oxford.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6

Society of Arts: Professor W. Boyd Dawkins on "The Discovery of the South-Eastern Coal Field," 8.
The Lady Mayoress's Reception: Mansion House, 3—5.

THURSDAY, MARCH 7

Royal Amateur Society: Annual exhibition, Hyde Park House, opened by Princess Alexander of Teck (four days).
Commercial Vehicle and Motor-Boat Exhibition: Opening by the Lord Mayor in state.
Royal Society: Meeting, 4.30.

FRIDAY, MARCH 8

Mrs. Lowther's Reception, Speaker's House.
South African Products Exhibition: *Soirée* of Princess Christian and the members of the Victoria League Committee, Royal Horticultural Hall.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9

Lord Tweedmouth at Oxford.
Association Football: The Sheriff of London Charity Shield Match (Corinthians v. Newcastle United), Fulham.



IN POSITION FOR A DRIVE



A CAREFUL PUTT ON THE GREEN

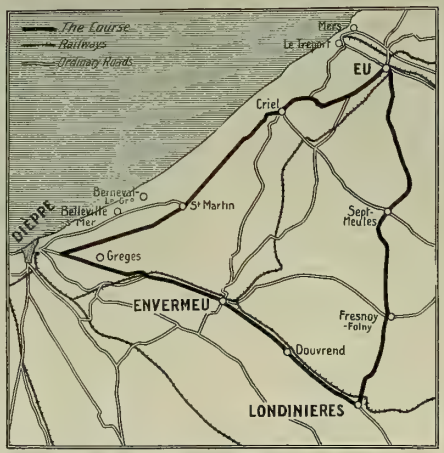
The Royal and ancient game has well-nigh conquered the world, and the cry of the golfer may be heard in such strange places as Bagdad, Crete, Zanzibar, Bangkok and Honolulu. Spain is the latest European country to fall under the fatal spell. King Alfonso has taken up the game with enthusiasm, and already plays well. It will be observed that he plays left-handed.

THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME IN SPAIN: KING ALFONSO PLAYING A ROUND OF GOLF ON HIS PRIVATE LINKS

MOTOR NOTES

The Grand Prix

The course for the Grand Prix has now been decided, and the race will take place probably early in July over what is called the Seine Inférieure Circuit. As regards speed it does not compare with the Eure, but the gradients are more frequent, and it is generally a more sporting course. I am glad the enterprise of the Mayor of Dieppe has met with reward. He guaranteed £4,000 towards the organisation of the race, and also that the roads throughout would be put into racing condition. About £1,600 are offered from other sources, and it is expected that more will be forthcoming. Certainly the course chosen will attract visitors from England viâ Newhaven. The total length of the circuit is a trifle under forty-eight miles, and the start and finish will be close to Dieppe. Nasty corners, unfortunately, are much in evidence, but no doubt alterations will be made before the date of the race. It is difficult to move houses, however, for a one-day race, and this difficulty may result in temporary roads being made. The entries total thirty-four, from six different countries, and the number may be regarded as distinctly satisfactory, especially in these days when many manufacturers consider that speed contests are no longer of use to them.



SKETCH MAP OF THE SEINE INFÉRIEURE CIRCUIT, THE COURSE FOR THE RACE FOR THE GRAND PRIX

Four or Six

How weary every one must be of the subject. I only hope my readers will not think I am going to reopen the question in this column. I am not, but I hope a word from the lay Press may tend to stop the continual discussion in every motor paper. Four cylinders or six; which shall it be? There are so many points on each side that we shall never get any further. Undoubtedly, a six-cylinder engine runs better, and if some one were going to make me a present of either I should select one of this type. The principle is superior; the dead centre is overcome; but the four-cyclinder is quite good enough for anyone. It is entirely a question of price, and the four will always be relatively cheaper than the six. I don't believe there is any saving in the tyre bill, although I certainly think the six-cylinder engine will have a longer life before requiring renewals, always provided that the weight of pistons, crank-shafts, &c., is not sacrificed. No! The chief and real advantage is in principle and the dead centre. In theory this must be better, but in practice the four-cylinder is good enough. Let us bury the hatchet!

L.C.C. Elections

I don't know whether I am justified in alluding to such a subject, but the candidates on each side so often allude to the L.C.C. tramways, first to prove that they are a profit, and then to prove that they are a loss, that the motor-'bus run by a private company would seem to be the happy mean. Lord Montagu, in his lecture a short time ago at the Society of Arts, certainly proved that there was no reason why we should support the tramways at the expense of the ratepayers as a public boon, for he clearly demonstrated that the motor-'buses carried 184 millions of passengers last year, against the 180 millions carried by the L.C.C. trams. Why I refer to this particularly is that all these passengers were carried without any expenditure on laying lines or cables, etc., and I should say the wear on the roads is less than with the horse-drawn 'buses. Certainly, with the growing traffic and congestion of vehicles in London streets, the 'bus is superior to the tram.

The Price of Petrol

Whenever I am courageous enough to ride in a motor-'bus, and, after witnessing the Club side-slip trials, I only do it on a dry day. I am intensely annoyed to think the petrol bill is at the rate of about 8½d. when I am paying 1s. 3d. I was ratber jeered at when, many months ago, I stated in this column that we should suffer for the cheap rates given to the London omnibus companies, but such is the case now. There are rumours of 1s. 6d. in the spring, and with the powerful cars one has to drive nowadays to keep up with the times, it is getting serious. The matter should be met in some way, and I think the Club might do something to help in organising a carburettor trial. The twenty-five miles to the gallon met with under the "Tourist Trophy" conditions, seems scarcely enough on the road, and fifteen miles to the gallon is much nearer the average consumption. If a sufficient reward were offered to inventors a paraffin carburettor would soon be forthcoming. There are one or two on the market, but not in general use.

Motor Legislation

I was recently informed that a very influential deputation of motorists is approaching the President of the Local Government Board in the near future with a view to new legislation either this or next session. Much as we owe to many of the gentlemen who will form part of the deputation, I cannot but think it would be much wiser to leave matters as they are. We have nothing to gain, in my opinion, and a very great deal to lose. Any new laws suggested at the present moment will probably be discussed in the House in a cloud of dust, and it would suit our purpose better to have the arguments put forward in the muddy season. I well remember last Easter. Wha a storm of abuse hurled itself on every individual fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to own a car. No! By all means let us legislate in November, and drive motors in July, and when legislation comes, let everyone remember that motorists are not millionaires, although millionaires may be motorists, and let us not encourage our law-makers to saddle us with heavy taxes.

"GRAPHICUS."

To promote the comfort of travellers arriving at Southampton and bound for the North of England, the Midland Railway Co. have arranged a through carriage from St. Pancras to Whitehaven by their 1-30 p.m. express. The London and South Western Co. convey these passengers by boat train from Southampton to Waterloo, where a special omnibus is in waiting to convey them to St. Pancras Station.

DISTINGUISHED MOTORISTS AT THE HAGUE.—The King of Siam has been seen aboard an Argyll car at The Hague, where other distinguished visitors are using this famous British make, including the third son of the German Emperor, Madame Réjane, and one of the Duke of Mecklenburg's sons.



RUNNING AT THIRTEEN KNOTS



A VIEW OF THE CABIN

Sir Thomas Lipton, in the interval between building America Cup Challengers, has purchased one of the biggest and finest cruising motor launches yet constructed in this country. The Britannia I., as she is named, is 55 ft. in length and 7½ ft. in beam. Her speed is thirteen knots. She is propelled by two 6-cylinder motors of 45 h.-p., actuating twin screws. Messrs. White Bros., of Southampton, are the builders, and the motors were constructed by the Britannia Engineering Company, of Colchester.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S NEW CRUISING MOTOR LAUNCH BRITANNIA I.

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Preserve your Teeth
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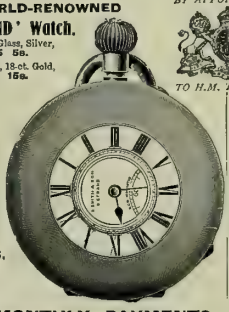
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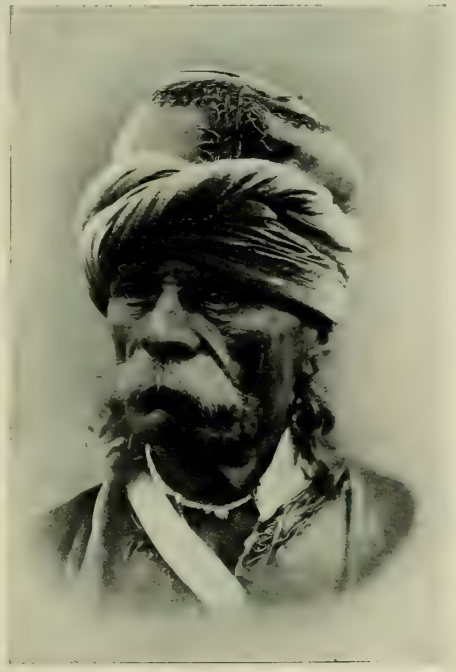
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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

THE ROMANTIC BALKANS

Mr. Harry de Windt has travelled far and wide, and has written many books on the subjects of his travels. It is almost superfluous, therefore, to remind our readers how full of interest are his works, how trenchant his remarks, and of his happy gift of seizing upon anecdotes at once piquant, amusing, and characteristic of the persons and peoples of whom he writes. His latest journey, of which he gives so fascinating an account in his "Through Savage Europe" (Unwin), took him through Montenegro, Herzegovina, Bosnia, Servia, Bulgaria, and part of Russia. He finished his journey, as far as his book is concerned, at Warsaw, which seems to have been about the most "savage" place he passed through. He was awakened one morning by a tremendous crash which made the hotel shake. "But almost simultaneously a German waiter enters, cool and imperturbable, with the morning roll and *café au lait*. 'Another bomb, Monsieur,' he remarks, as unconcernedly as though he were criticising the weather. 'It sounds as if this one were in the Jewish quarter. That makes the third this week, and there will probably be more to-day.'" Montenegro is, perhaps, the most picturesque country in Europe. The inhabitants are tremendously patriotic and recklessly brave. "During the last war Prince Nicholas forbade an old man of eighty to join the ranks, which caused him such grief and disappointment that he promptly drew his revolver and shot himself." Within the last years Belgrade has made tremendous strides in the way of civilization. From a dirty unpaved town, innocent even of a hired conveyance, it has become a miniature Paris, well-paved, lighted by electricity, full of shops, cafés, and all the necessaries of modern town life. The author learnt many details of the Royal tragedy, even from some of the assassins themselves. But the country has benefited little by the murders of the King and Queen. King Peter is neither a popular nor an efficient ruler, and his family are equally disliked. There is rebellion in the air, and a future tragedy is always possible, if not probable. German emigrants have found the Balkan provinces a land of promise, but few Englishmen are to be found in "this land of plenty." An Austrian said to the writer, "You are always pondering in England what to do with your sons. Why not send them to Servia with a capital of, say, £300, and I will guarantee that they will double it within three years." The book is most entertaining and full of information.



A BOSNIAN SMUGGLER
From "Through Savage Europe." By Harry de Windt. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
Photo by Ballance.

"RECOLLECTIONS OF A HUMORIST"

"It will be seen by those who have done me the honour to read the pages that have preceded the present one under perusal," says Mr. Arthur William á Beckett, in the course of his "Recollections of a Humorist: Grave and Gay" (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons), "that my career has had its changes. First intended for the Church, then a Civil Servant, then an editor, then a secretary, private and public, then a journalist, dramatist, and novelist," he has also practised, not without success or promise of distinction, at the Bar, and, as a Captain of Militia, enjoyed the avocation of "amateur soldier" noted as his "recreation" in "Who's Who." But it is the title of humorist that he, with modest self-knowledge, claims as his proper designation; and it is as "assistant Editor of *Punch* for more than twenty years" that, with a just pride, he describes himself on the front of his volume. Presenting such numerous and such various sides to—literally—all sorts and conditions of men, and being so prominently before, as well as so intimately behind, so many scenes of the Victorian stage, his recollections could not well have failed to be as entertaining as in fact they are.

It is not that they will be of much use to the collector of good stories. The good story is always open to the suspicion, to say the least, of artificial pointing. Mr. á Beckett's anecdotes are obviously outside any suspicion, and are consequently of the utmost value as throwing uncoloured light upon the persons of whom they are told. Such persons are of nearly the same number as those who—in a phrase of Sir Walter Besant that seems especially to have struck a humorous chord in Mr. á Beckett's memory—were "honoured in various branches of intellectual achievement" during the Victorian age. Unaware of having a single enemy—as indeed how could he be aware of anything so palpably absurd?—he rejoices in prefixing "my friend" to every name of note, and in that combination of truth and kindness which is well-nigh the definition of humour in its final form.

The news of the Jamaican catastrophe arrived, we are told, while the proofs of the volume were under the author's hand. This may account for some otherwise unaccountable variants of friends' surnames, of which "Fetchter" (twice over) is a rather sad example; and for a yet more unlucky passage identifying Henry, Lord James of Hereford, with—of all men—*Edwin* James.

"WOMAN"

A treatise on "Woman" (Longmans, Green, and Co.), by a Principal of the University of St. Andrews, might be thought to prove more learned than amusing. As written by Dr. James Donaldson it is both. Inasmuch as the author restricts himself to woman's "Position and influence in Ancient Greece and Rome, and among the Early Christians," his volume is very far from corresponding to the immensity of its title. Within its prescribed limits, however, it is accordingly all the more complete. Its profusion of learning, moreover, is successfully popularised, thus providing excellent entertainment for the general reader, as well as judicious encouragement for advocates of more extended equality between woman and her master, or servant; whichever he may with equal sense, or equal nonsense, be called.

Dr. Donaldson is invariably sensible. We are glad to find him at reasonable variance with the view, acquired from satirists and other dealers in picturesque history with a purpose, that Imperial Rome was more socially corrupt than any great Empire has been or is likely to be. Nor is he afraid of facing the fact that during the first centuries of the Church the tendency of Christianity was distinctly to throw woman, who had won under the more ancient system a more than modern importance, again into the background—except in the capacity of Martyr. As to other matters, it is curious to read how one German pedant ascribed the invention of the sentiment of Love to Euripides, and another to Antimachus of Colophon. In like manner has appreciation of the beauty or grandeur of earth, sky, and sea been regarded as a quite recent æsthetic evolution—as if it had been impossible for a man to love a woman or admire a landscape until he had learned to substitute the language of sentiment for the silence of passion.

A bibliography of 195 "works consulted" is some slight evidence of the extent to which Woman has always and everywhere been regarded as "the proper study of mankind."

MR. S. R. CROCKETT'S NEW NOVEL

Mr. Crockett's "Little Esson" (illustrated by F. H. Townsend: Ward, Lock and Co.) belongs to a lighter growth of fiction than he has taught his readers to associate with the soil of Galloway. The colony of painters at Creelpoint on Dee, with "Little" Esson for its genius and "Myn"—that is to say, Mina—Hilliard for its queen of the studios, is so modern in manner and spirit as to revive a by no means remote recollection of a similar state of things elsewhere. The after lives and fates, however, of Myn and Little Esson are, happily, in no respect akin to those of Trilby and Little Billee. Their story resolves itself into that of a beneficent fairy in the person of Min, who, compelled by the terms of a prudently eccentric will to pass for a poor widow instead of a rich one, employs her actual wealth in secretly averting the troubles and misfortunes of her neighbours, friends and foes alike, so far as money may. A very pathetic scene, in which the reader will learn how closely akin are laughter and tears, is where the good old minister of Creelport and his sister find themselves suddenly relieved from total ruin through a bank failure without guessing how. There is much, moreover, in the novel that provokes undiluted laughter—and how rare a pleasure that is readers of current fiction know but too well—especially in the humours of the painters' colony, and pre-eminently in the delightful nonsense talked by Calvinus McCron; a personage who, we gather, may not improbably turn up again some day, and who will be sure of a welcome whenever that may be.

The faithful old servant of every Scottish story is necessarily well to the fore—this time in duplicate, and in each case with quaintnesses that differentiate her from any previous pattern. Students of mannerisms will be interested by hearing no more than a single cry from a single "whaup" throughout an entire novel from Mr. Crockett's pen, which seems to have gained freshness from a season of repose.

A NOVEL OF CHILDHOOD

Mary E. Mann has handled a difficult subject—difficult both in matter and in form—with distinguished success in her narrative of "The Memories of Ronald Love" (Methuen and Co.). An old man is supposed to be endeavouring, not in words, but in thought—

> To regain, where possible, his early impressions of people and events concerning them. He would fain capture such, and keep them distinct in his mind from those his later knowledge or more mature perception recorded; but the task is a difficult one, and the object too often beyond even his careful effort to retain.

The character of such recollections, so familiar to all to whom childhood has not become a more than half-forgotten dream, is admirably preserved, both in the events which, be they great or small, stand out more vividly than any of yesterday, and in the intervening blurs. Ronald, from the age of five—perhaps a rather early starting point—to what we make about seven, has his more than mature poignancies of happiness and suffering. The worst part of the latter is likely to inspire any tender-hearted reader, to whom the suffering of childhood is a horror, with an indignant sympathy which we trust may not be emphasised in many cases by personal experience: though we fear it may. Such schools as those of Mrs. Priestley and Miss Pergaman, conducted on no principle but that of stupid cruelty, were by no means peculiar to Norwich sixty years ago—a fact on which we may pride ourselves on our progress, even had we no other cause for pride. All this part of the story is given from the pathetic standpoint of the

little child who could feel, but could not understand. Indeed, one is apt to forget at times that the whole story is made up of far-away memories, and but fancies even at that, until we also remember how keen all such memories are, and realise the skill with which Mrs. Mann has made Ronald Love's as keen as our very own.

ANIMALS, INSECTS AND HUMAN NATURE

The late C. J. Cornish, F.Z.S., was a born observer of the habits of birds, beasts and insects, and his early death was a sad loss to naturalists and to lovers of nature. These admirably written papers, contributed mostly to the *Spectator* and *Country Life*, and now published in book form, under the title "Animal Artisans, and other Studies of Birds and Beasts" (Longmans), will show how deep was his knowledge—the result of his own keen observation—of the fauna of England. In a simple, touching little Memoir his widow tells how, even as a child in petticoats, Cornish knew all about the habits and nesting-places of the inhabitants of his father's garden, and at Charterhouse, where he was educated, the natural history specimens he collected around Godalming became the nucleus of the school museum. The papers in this volume deal with many birds, insects, etc., and they are all interesting. For instance, he first treats of "Minor Masons," of which the most characteristic is the black wheatear, which builds itself a kind of miniature fort, surrounded by a stone sangar, in which to nest. Next we read of "Carpenter Birds," such as the woodpecker, which cuts out its habitation in a tree. Animals which have benefited by the advent of railways are amusingly discussed. These include monkeys, who, in Mauritius, lie in wait for the trains carrying sugar-canes, and bodily bear off the succulent stalks to such an extent that a special guard has to be put along the line. "The Mind of a Gardening Ant" is a most entertaining article, in which the author describes how a certain kind of ant makes a garden which produces a fungus upon which it feeds. Another most readable paper is that on "The Sense of Direction," in which the writer tells many extraordinary anecdotes of this wonderful instinct in animals.



The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, which fell on February 27, was celebrated in many places, but in America especially at Craigie House, Cambridge, Mass., where he lived from 1837 till his death in 1882. Here he wrote "The Psalm of Life," "The Old Clock on the Stairs," and, of course, very many more poems. It was at Craigie House that Washington organised the rebellion against us into a revolution. Longfellow's wife died there of burns from sealing wax

LONGFELLOW'S CENTENARY: CRAIGIE HOUSE, HIS HOME AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE AWAKENING EAST

"Signs and Portents in the Far East," by Everard Cotes (Methuen), is a series of impressions gathered last year on a journey through China, Manchuria, Korea and Japan, and while the writer's somewhat disconnected narrative has nothing particularly new to tell us, it certainly confirms the prevalent opinion that a great change has come over the Far East since the Russo-Japanese War, which, in the author's words, has stirred up a new spirit of unrest as far as Persia. "There was a time," he says, "when the problem of the Far East was a question of quarrels amongst European Powers over the apportionment of rights to exploit the inheritance of the Yellow Race. It wears a very different aspect now." The European nations have ceased helping themselves to slices of China, and the Middle Kingdom is now drilling and arming itself in earnest. On the Yangtsze Mr. Cotes found the river-bank at frequent intervals bristling with nine-inch Krupp guns, and everywhere are training colleges in which smart Japanese officers lecture to Chinese cadets in black uniforms, with queues curled up inside their forage-caps.

The training colleges are connected with the modern arsenals, rifle factories and gun foundries which Chinese Viceroys are industriously erecting. They are turning out officers as different from the mandarins of the past as the modern Mauser rifles and cartridges which the factories are producing by the hundred thousand and the million are different from the ancient blunderbusses with which the Chinese forces of yesterday were armed.

All this is somewhat alarming, but the author is inclined to believe that the Japanisation of China is proceeding very much more slowly than is generally supposed, and though the Japanese are rapidly dispensing with the aid of the white man he seems to doubt whether they are justified by the results achieved.

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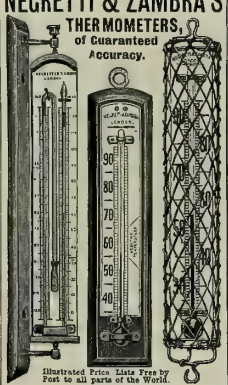
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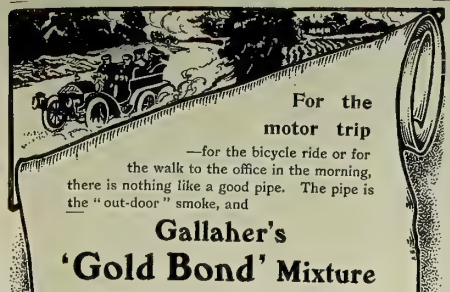
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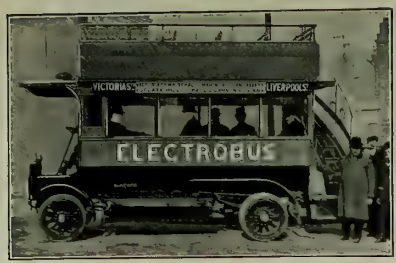
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THE CONQUEST OF THE ROAD: THE NEW "ELECTROBUS"

"PLACE AUX DAMES"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

During the past winter French ladies have shown their English sisters a good example in the matter of dress. The most *chic* have worn simple coats and skirts of a dark colour, carefully cut to clear the ground, and eschewed the exaggerated trimmings and white lace decorations which in London were the fashion. The blouse was made simply, and finished with a white washing collar. This is the ideal dress for a London winter, and far more suitable than the transparent blouses, short sleeves, white furs, delicate hats and trailing gowns which are seen so often in London this year. With the spring more flimsy materials will be introduced, but in our changeable climate the woman who must walk, and does not possess a carriage, will do well, even in summer, to cling to the light tweeds and serges. The clothes worn by some people in trams and omnibuses are absurd and extravagant, and probably account for the heavy bills incurred by many women who are afterwards unable to pay them. The dress of the average woman is far too elaborate and costly for her means, and as it is not men that care for fine feathers, but women who dress to outvie each other, they might well take example by the well-dressed Frenchwoman.

The lady cabdrivers who have succeeded in passing their examinations in Paris are exciting a good deal of interest, and certainly any woman who can drive ought to be able to compete with the French *cocher*, a type of splendid incapacity. But the profession of cab-driving means more than ability to handle the reins; it means long hours of work, exposure to the inclement elements and to trying changes of temperature, hardships which so often lead to intemperate habits. Whether women will be able to withstand the temptations and the hard conditions necessitated by the mode of life is, I should imagine, a very doubtful question. Life in the streets is, any way, rough, and the strain on the nervous system of women very exacting, and I cannot believe it to be an ideal occupation for women.

All sorts of queer superstitions used to be practised by Scottish maidens on Halloween and on the occasion of their weddings. Just as in Germany the Polter Abend became a scene of wild revelry, so the old-fashioned practice of bathing the bride's feet, and dropping a gold ring in the tub, was the signal for great hilarity among the bridesmaids. Whoever found the gold ring was sure to be married before the end of the year, and the lucky maiden rejoiced exceedingly, for marriage was then the principal aim of the young girl. The bride's garter, too, as is still done in Germany, was distributed among her friends. People were not so squeamish as they are now, when garters are a thing of the past, and they are also more addicted to bathing. It is fortunate that we do not always see ourselves as others, and especially our servants, see us, for the eye of the English servant is not always as merciful as that of the attached foreigner, who knows his master's little ways and foibles, and loves him as a mother does her child.



Two automatic machines for the supply of penny stamps and sixpenny packets of postcards have been placed in the portico of the General Post Office at St. Martin's-le-Grand. They are to have a public trial. It is proposed to add two further machines for the supply of halfpenny stamps and of packets of three postcards for twopence. Should these be successful they will be widely adopted.

STAMPS FROM THE SLOT: THE NEW AUTOMATIC MACHINES

I see that a doctor is advocating a walk and a talk as a hygienic remedy. Walking is rapidly becoming obsolete. The rich motor and the poor go in 'buses or trains. Men no longer walk to business or home from the House of Commons, as was the invariable habit of Mr. Gladstone. Bicycling gave the first check to walking, and now it is only the very young who toddle and the very rich who crawl and still use their own legs. And yet a walk is within the reach of all, and is, perhaps, the most healthy exercise possible; while a walk and a talk with a friend has been prized as an immense privilege since the days of Socrates. No rattling noise distracts the thoughts, no muscular exertion fatigues the body abnormally; quiet movement seems to accelerate thought and to induce a lively intellectual activity. Lovers used to walk, girls used to walk with their arms linked, philosophers used to walk and indulge their trains of thought as they went; but now we neither walk nor talk. It is a pity, for we have lost a distinct enjoyment, cheap and easily obtained.

The flower market on the Riviera has suffered much owing to the cold. Violets are scarce and dear, carnations, well guarded from the frost, scarcely as fine as usual, and the lovely crimson Bougainvollier creeper, which used to form one of the most beautiful features of the picturesque villas at Monte Carlo, appears discoloured and shabby. Roses bloom all the winter, and are cut down and kept without water in the summer.

I read in a contemporary journal that a lady reader in selecting books from the circulating library, declared she always chooses those that smell of tobacco rather than of scent, as the first were perused by men, the latter by women, and men generally preferred the best novels. The test would, I fear, now hardly be satisfactory, as so many women smoke, and many men use scent. But the idea is good. The taste of men is less morbid in the matter of fiction than that of women, especially of modern women, to whom the plain, direct telling of a story does not appeal, but who prefer the psychology of the soul and the infinite dissection of recondite motives and feelings to dramatic movement. This is an acquired taste, for the young like action and a plot, while the more sophisticated require their realism mixed with emotion.





The service of silver-gilt plate presented to the Amir by the Indian Government, which has been designed and manufactured by Elkington and Company, Limited, of London and Birmingham, through Messrs. Dickeson and Stewart, the well-known Indian merchants, includes a round dish, a Warwick vase, a plinth, a pair of Pilgrim bottles, a Hadrian bowl, four compotiers, a rosewater dish and jug, fifty silver Russian teacups and saucers, and a pair of silver candelabra. The grandfather's clock, which is in a mahogany case and has handsome gilt mounts, chimes the Whittington and Westminster chimes. Its elaborate gilt and silvered dial shows the phases of the moon. The three lady's gem pendant watches and brooches are set in pearls, diamonds and enamel, and the man's gold keyless watch is in a heavy hunting case, and has minute repeater, perpetual calendar, and minute and seconds chronograph movement. These were manufactured and supplied by Sir John Bennett, Ltd., 65, Cheapside, London, E.C.

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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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When King Edward opened the new Sessions House the other day, the hall was thronged with brilliantly uniformed civic personages, members of the Court of Aldermen, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Judges of the King's Bench, and others; but naturally those who were on the dais with the King and Queen as his Majesty made his speech and declared the building open—his words being followed by a fanfare blown by the State trumpeters—were the observed of all observers. Here stood the Lord Chief Justice, the Archbishop of Canterbury next to the Queen, and on the right of the King Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who acted as Minister in attendance, and Lord Carrington. Before the dais were the Lord Mayor, the Mace and Sword Bearers, the Recorder, Aldermen and Sheriffs, and behind them the Town Clerk, the Common Serjeant, Judge Lumley Smith and Judge Rentoul.

Their Majesties at the New Sessions House: The King Declaring the Building Open

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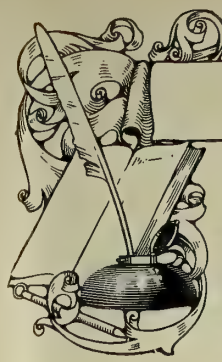
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THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

AT neither extremity of the African Continent is Britain's path of Empire precisely strewn with roses: the north, like the south, has its problems and its perils. At the present time, as we understand, Society in Cairo, both European and Egyptian, is absorbed in discussion of Mr. Edward Dicey's new book, "The Egypt of the Future." Already the work has been done into Arabic, and it is being eagerly read by educated natives. Rightly or wrongly, Mr. Dicey is considered to have made a covert attack upon Lord Cromer, his methods and his achievements. The British agent would be the last man to resent criticism; but others must feel strongly that, in view of the prevailing Moslem unrest, as well as the Denshawi affair last year, this is not a time at which criticism can be regarded as opportune. Mr. Dicey—who knew his Egypt well—should, surely, know that.

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There is not, perhaps, any problem of domestic politics—even in the "distressful country" itself—that is more thorny than that of University education for the Roman Catholics of Ireland. Apparently, however, almost everybody, in Ireland and in Great Britain alike, is shaking the head of disapproval over the scheme that has been outlined by Mr. Bryce. The latest protest is that formulated by the influential meeting recently held at Cambridge. The eminent University men present held that the Ministerial scheme would result in the ruin of Trinity College, Dublin, with all its venerable past traditions and valuable present work, while only satisfying very imperfectly—if it satisfied at all—the Roman Catholic demand. That the Catholics should have a University of their own is one thing; that the granting of their demand should involve the transformation of Trinity into something which it is not, and does not wish to be, is quite another. Ministers must try again—even at the risk of a quarrel with the Nonconformist conscience.

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Most people, we imagine, will sympathise with Lord Rosebery's appeal to the L.C.C. to cease from treating Epsom as a sort of dust-heap upon which to shoot the intellectual rubbish of the metropolis in the persons of London's lunatics. Already Epsom, with its 10,000 presumably sane inhabitants, has a population of more than half that number of insane patients. Of course, the poor creatures must be housed somewhere; but it is hardly fair that the charming little Surrey town should have to accommodate so many of them. A little judicious distribution would certainly seem to be indicated.

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From an international standpoint, the extraordinary victory of the Municipal Reformers carries even greater consequences than to London. Coupled with other patent signs, notably the collapse of Ultra Socialism in Germany and Russia, it clearly indicates a quick dying down of that revolutionary fire. The Continental members of the fraternity looked to Great Britain not only to endorse the electoral judgment it pronounced at the beginning of last year, but to improve upon it by sweeping out the whole of their opponents at the London County Council. Ministers, too, evidently believed that this would occur; for the past twelve months they have exhibited more and more of a disposition to accept Socialistic dictation. Mr. John Burns—by the way, his former seat at Battersea is now held by a Municipal Reformer—Mr. Crooks and the other "advanced Liberals," to whom all property represents merely something to be confiscated, pegged away merrily on that theme, and never ceased to boast of the subordination of the Government to their behests. And what has come of this bellowing and bragging? It can be told in a single sentence: The erst Progressive majority has, in a single day, given place to a Municipal Reform majority of precisely equal magnitude. May we not hope, then, that Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman and his colleagues will, for the future, refuse to bid for Socialistic support with such egregious humbleness?



This tablet, which commemorates the foundation of the Rhodes Scholarships, is to be unveiled by Lord Rosebery.

THE RHODES MEMORIAL AT OXFORD

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The victors also have a matter of great importance to remember. They won the big fight mainly on the issue of economy *versus* extravagance, and the ratepayers have every right to look for the fulfilment of that undertaking. In cases where contracts have come into legal being, there will be nothing for it but to put up with the loss, whatever it may amount to. But there are many instances in which the negotiations between buyer and seller have not gone so far, and these provisional arrangements should be subjected to the most searching investigation before ratification. That process should be also applied to any past transactions which, on inquiry, present a dubious appearance; tales are rife about higher prices having been paid for this or that piece of land than would have sufficed if the bargaining had fallen into less maladroit hands. But the most pressing affair is the securing tenants for the many immensely valuable vacant spaces which the new Council takes over.

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Like Major Bagstock, the Prime Minister can be "devilish sly" when he gives himself to the job. There is the Continent convulsed with a mingling of mirth and wrath at his having ventured to preach the excellence of international disarmament as a preliminary to the millennium. The French, German, and even the Russian papers scout the idea as utterly foolish, and even let drop some expressions smacking of disrespect for Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's statesmanship. But we make very sure that he has enjoyed many a quiet snigger since the article appeared in print. His real purpose was not to induce the great Powers to stack their innumerable rifles or sink their guns full fifty fathoms deep. What he had in his shrewd brain was to convince his Radical anti-militarist followers of his being in complete touch with them in that noble sentiment. Some of the "thoroughs" had been growling that the reductions in the fighting services should have been twice or thrice as large, and their humble, obedient servant goes one better by proposing universal disarmament.

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After travelling from Peking to Hanoi, the capital of French Indo-China, that keen-sighted observer, the *Times* correspondent, bears witness to some surprising changes in the Chinese. The anti-foreign feeling, so fierce and savage at one time, has entirely vanished even from Kwang-si province, formerly so notorious for its hatred of the "outer barbarians." The police have largely improved in efficiency, and that is still more the case with the troops. Education is making continuous progress, and so much in earnest are the Celestials in getting schooling for their children that they raise no objection to the use of sacred edifices for the purpose. And here comes into view a surprise eminently flattering to our *amour propre*. "Everywhere," reports our contemporary's able representative, "was noticeable the desire to learn English." At one city he came upon large school classes taught by a Frenchman "and singing English glees to the music of a Japanese harmonium."



On Saturday last a miniature rifle range was opened on the roof of the Savings Bank building, West Kensington, for the use of the Post Office Officials' Rifle Club, which consists of nearly 500 members. The range was formally opened by Lord Granard, who fired the first shot and scored a bull's-eye.

A NEW USE FOR ROOFS: OPENING THE MINIATURE RIFLE RANGE ON THE POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANK

L.C.C. ELECTION SKETCHES

CLUB COMMENTS

By "MARMADUKE"

"The Savages of Society" is an alluring title; there are readers who may imagine at the outset that it will be difficult to justify the use of it. Is civilisation a condition of character, brain, surface circumstances, or a combination of the three? Were a man or woman to be altogether unrestrained by moral considerations, of little intelligence, but dressed in the latest Parisian fashion, and behaving precisely as the most notorious men and women of the day elect for the moment to do, would he or she be civilised? Were a hypothetical King Ju-Ju, the naked ruler of a cannibal tribe, to visit London, dress as our tailors enjoin, dine at the fashionable restaurants, and frequent the theatres, would those circumstances be sufficient to entitle him to be regarded as a civilised man?

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"Unrestrained by moral considerations" is a description which at first sight some will think cannot be applied to any members of "Society." It can to many. The morals of Mayfair are unceasingly changing: they are controlled not by the Ten but the Upper-Ten Commandments. To enable that to be easily perceived it is necessary to provide a few instances. In the early Victorian period fashionable women wore dresses in the evening which showed the shoulders, the neck, and a trifle of the chest. Towards the close of the reign of the late Queen the "low-body" was cut square down on the chest and the back, and to uncover an atom more of either than was customary was considered so improper that many women who disregarded this condition at the time are still shunned by those who were then their contemporaries. These contemporaries, however, have now adopted the latest fashion, which displays much of the chest, most of the back and all the arms, and do not for an instant imagine that what was improper thirty years ago is anything but proper now! The morality of Mayfair, then, is not a matter of morals, but of fashion. It is unnecessary to develop this part of the argument further here, but all will admit that much that occurs in the West End to-day is plainly contrary to the rules of right conduct, which are independent of fashion.

The matter of intelligence is even more easily dealt with. The "Upper Class" in England is no longer the educated class. The sons and daughters of the upper-lower and middle classes in this country are now, generally, most highly educated. They are trained at colleges where the chief purpose is to impart information, and they strain every nerve to acquire that knowledge which will provide them with opportunities in after life to improve their condition. Most of the sons of upper-class parents go to institutions where it is not considered becoming to devote much energy to work, and many only go there to become acquainted with boys whose social position is more important than is their own. The education of many of the girls is almost non-existent.

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A man or woman, then, who is "unrestrained by moral considerations," and is "of little intelligence," but is dressed according to the very latest fashions, and conforms precisely to the latest rule of conduct adopted by the most notorious men and women in "Society" at the moment, is in little better a condition than was the hypothetical King Ju-Ju, whose case was mentioned in a preceding paragraph! Add to those circumstances that these men and women are frequently almost heartless, that they lose their dearest friends without a pang, that they are unable to make any sacrifice for a principle or for each other, and that their whole interest is centred in dress, appearances, the acquisition of money, and amusement, and there is every excuse for describing such persons as "The Savages of 'Society'"!

It is a peculiarly unfortunate circumstance of our time that many of these "Savages" are the example-givers amongst us. They are frequently socially prominent; have position, money and influence; and their every action is recorded in the newspapers. Their presentation at Court, the gossip about their flirtations, the dresses they wear, their engagement, their marriage, the [illegible] andal connected with them, the proceedings at their divorce, their re-marriage—and throughout their career pictures are published showing them in their various costumes! Their more obscure brothers and sisters throughout the country cannot easily help being influenced by their example, and an enormous amount of mischief spreads in every direction from those centres. Every generation has the conscience that it deserves; ours has one which is almost imperceptible.



The streets of London were sufficiently lively when the Municipal Reformers were engaged in the congenial task of routing the Progressives. Good humour was for the most part the order of the day. Perhaps the most popular candidate was Mr. George Alexander, who headed the poll in South St. Pancras. But with ladies voting——! The only other actor returned was Mr. Reynolds (for Hampstead). The ladies, of course, were seen often, and they all voted early. Motor-cars played an important part in the campaign in hunting down voters who didn't want to vote.

SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO ROUTED THE PROGRESSIVES: A FEW TYPES OF LONDON'S VOTERS

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY A. GASCOIGNE WILDEY, R.N.

A Correspondent writes:—"The officers luncheon on board a warship which is coaling is a curious sight. An extraordinary effect is produced by the officers having washed only the lower half of their faces. This, with a clean patch on the forehead, which has been protected from the black dust by a cap, gives the appearance of men disguised by crape masks. Frequently the only clean officer present is the surgeon, who presents a striking contrast in the wardroom to his grimy messmates. During coaling there is, of course, very little time for lunch, and the most officers can do in the way of making themselves clean is to wash their hands and the lower part of their faces"

Grimy British Officers: Lunch in the Wardroom of a Battleship During Coaling

COURT AND SOCIETY



THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA
Now on a visit to England.
Photo by Pasetti.

The Empress Alexander, who has come to visit the Queen in London and at Sandringham, is said to be the cleverest of the three beautiful daughters born to the late King Christian and Queen Louise of Denmark. Certainly the three sisters, our own Queen Alexandra, the Empress Dagmar, as she is often (wrongly) called, and the Duchess of Cumberland were and are curiously alike in personal appearance and personal charm. Our present illustrious visitor has always been most tenderly attached to her elder sister, and it will be remembered that after King Christian's death they bought a villa in an ideal spot near Copenhagen, where our Queen has placed many most interesting and touching family memorials. The Empress Alexander was married before she was nineteen to the then Tsarevitch, and for years before the assassination of the Emperor Alexander II., which raised her husband and herself to the throne, her life was overshadowed by the Nihilist terror. Her own husband, Alexander III., died of consumption at Livadia after a reign of thirteen years. The Empress is said to have always exercised a great influence on her son, the present Tsar, and so indirectly on the tangled skein of Russian politics. There is reason to believe, however, that her Imperial Majesty's political influence has been greatly exaggerated; she has more taste for music and art than for politics.

The Queen's Sister

Lady Ripon

The death of Lady Ripon was a great grief to the Queen, with whom her friendship was of old standing. It was in 1863 that the Countess de Grey and of Ripon, as she was then, was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales, who visited Studley Royal in that year and planted a Wellingtonia, now grown to a noble size. Since then there have been many Royal visits, each producing its commemorative tree. Lady Ripon was a most charming and picturesque old lady, and at one time she had quite a political *salon* at 9, Chelsea Embankment. In India, where her husband had a difficult time with a brand-new policy, she was excepted from the unpopularity which he incurred among the Anglo-Indians. Lady Ripon, who was one of the ancient family of Vyner of Gautby and Newby Hall, was her husband's cousin, and it would take a professional genealogist to understand clearly the complicated "successions" to peerages of the Robinsons. Lord Ripon, at the time of his marriage in the year of the Great Exhibition, was Viscount Goderich, and a few years afterwards he succeeded to four peerages and a baronetcy in the course of eleven months!

A Story of Newby

Mention of Newby Hall recalls the story that an enthusiastic guest once inscribed in the book for visitors the lines:—

What a blessing at Newby
There isn't a booby!

obviously modelled on the late Lord Bennet's famous couplet written at Raby Castle in the days of the childless Duke of Cleveland:—

What a pity at Raby
There isn't a baby!

Ministers' Bereavements

The superstitiously inclined have not failed to note, in connection with Lady Ripon's death, that three of his Majesty's Ministers have lost their wives since the formation of the present Government, namely, the Prime Minister himself, the Foreign Secretary, and now the Lord Privy Seal. Moreover, the Lord Chamberlain (Lord Althorp) has suffered the same sad bereavement, as has also the Queen's Chamberlain (Lord Howe). The untimely death of Lady Curzon of Kedleston will likewise be remembered. Not long before the present Government was formed, Lord Tweedmouth and Sir Robert Reid, destined to become First Lord of the Admiralty and Lord Chancellor respectively, lost their wives, while since its formation Mr. Asquith has lost his father-in-law, and Mr. Lloyd-George his mother.



LADY GREY-EGERTON
Married last week to Mr. Richard McCreery.
Photo by Thomson.

Lady Grey-Egerton

The marriage of Lady Grey-Egerton to Mr. Richard McCreery, a well-known New Yorker, took place very quietly last week, and they have gone to the South of France for their honeymoon. On their return they will live at Warfield Park, Berkshire, which they have taken from Lord Ormathwaite. Lady Grey-Egerton is one of the most beautiful and *chic* of the many delightful Americans who have married into the great English world. She was Miss May Cuyler, daughter of a distinguished citizen of Baltimore, and a direct descendant of the revolutionary General Wayne, known as "Mad Anthony," who captured Stonypoint with a few dozen recruits. Both English and Americans agreed in calling her a "lovely" person, and as the adjective has a slightly different meaning on this and on that side of the Atlantic, the fact may be taken as a testimony that she is equally charming in person and in disposition. She became the belle of Dinard, as she had been the belle of Boston; she is an accomplished swimmer and the happy owner of a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice. By her first husband, Sir Philip Grey-Egerton, she has twin sons and a daughter.

The County Council

The results of the London County Council Elections confirm the anticipations we made after the Moderate victories in the Borough Councils. Politics apart, there can be no doubt that the band of Municipal Reformers now returned to the County Council are a more practical, businesslike set of people than their predecessors. It is a most gratifying thing that well-known men of substance and position, like Lord Cheylesmore, Lord Duncannon, Lord Elcho, Lord Kerry, Lord Lewisham, Mr. Willie Peel, the brothers Guinness, Mr. Lygon, Lord Alexander Thynne, and Lord Henry Bentinck, have secured election, some of them for the first time. The Progressives did some things well, but they were most conspicuously lacking in knowledge of the world and a saving sense of humour, which would have prevented their worst escapades. The new Council's *personnel* shows that it will not be carried off its feet by wild visionary schemes, or by theories of well-meaning "cranks." For one thing, we may expect to see the excessively Puritanical licensing policy of the old Council at once altered. What has been aptly called the "smack-you-and-put-you-to bed" arrangement, which compels the unfortunate Londoner almost to gobble his supper after the theatre, must be abandoned. Another hour, or even three-quarters of an hour, would make all the difference.

In connection with the Keats-Shelley Memorial, Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, has given her patronage to a concert which will be held on March 20 at Stafford House, by permission of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. An exhibition of relics of the two poets will also be on view. The programme of the concert will consist entirely of settings of verses by Keats and Shelley. The honorary secretary, is Mr. Arthur G. Ferard, of 38, Montagu Square, W.



CAMBRIDGE ROWING THE FULL COURSE



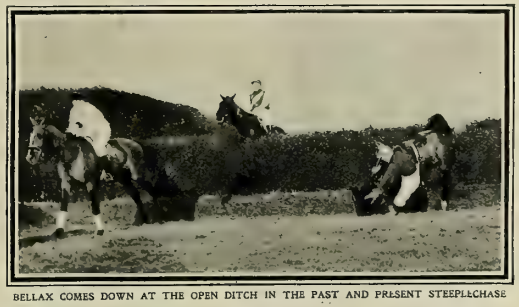
A PULL BY OXFORD ON THE FLOOD TIDE

The Oxford and Cambridge eights have been hard at it practising for next Saturday's race. As far as can be judged at present Cambridge seem to be rather the better crew, but they still have a good deal to do in the matter of precision and steadiness. Oxford's chief fault is in leg work. There is very little difference in the weights of the rival crews, and, on the whole, we may look forward to a good race.

PREPARING FOR THE GREAT RACE: THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE EIGHTS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE



RELENTA FALLS AT THE LAST FENCE IN THE PAST AND PRESENT STEEPLECHASE



BELLAX COMES DOWN AT THE OPEN DITCH IN THE PAST AND PRESENT STEEPLECHASE



CAVENDISH COMES A CROPPER IN THE MAIDEN STEEPLECHASE



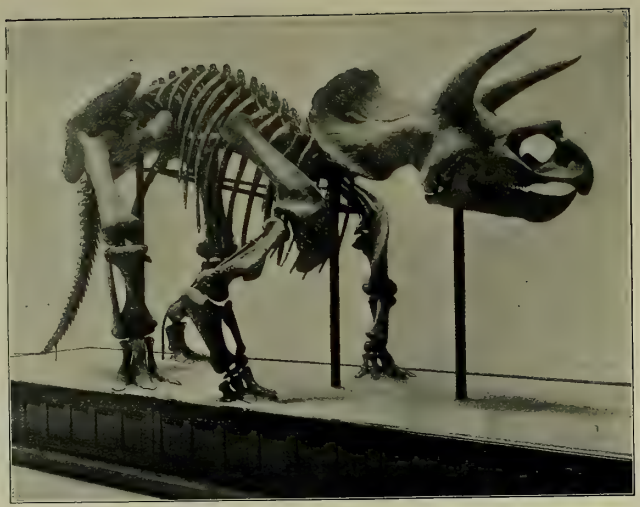
IRISH WISDOM COMES TO GRIEF IN THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP

The Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park was a brilliant success, most of the events yielding capital sport, and the weather being all that could be desired. Though there were the usual number of falls only one rider was hurt, Mr. A. Fitzgerald dislocating a knee in the Past and Present Steeplechase. However, he rode on and came in first on All Aboard.

STUDIES IN STUMBLES: SNAPSHOTS AT THE GRAND MILITARY MEETING AT SANDOWN PARK

A Companion for Diplodocus

America's mighty dead, or at least plaster casts of them, are becoming a regular article of importation into the United Kingdom. Less than a couple of years ago we welcomed to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington a model of the huge dinosaur Diplodocus Carnegiei, and already, thanks to the kindness of the United States National Museum at Washington, it has been followed by a distant relation—Triceratops Prorsus—a cast of whose skeleton is now being set up in the same place. The American passion for record-making, as every palæontologist knows, dates back to very ancient times, and both these reptiles suffered badly from this New World weakness. But whereas Diplodocus went in for length—its record of 84ft. 9in., though made away back in Jurassic times, has never yet been beaten—Triceratops backed itself against all comers for size of head, which remains, indeed, the largest of any known land animal, either living or extinct.



A GIFT FROM THE UNITED STATES: THE GREAT HORNED DINOSAUR TRICERATOPS, A REPLICA OF WHICH IS BEING SET UP IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON

REPRODUCED FROM THE MARCH NUMBER OF "KNOWLEDGE"

Diplodocus, for all its bulk, was a frail creature, with a head no larger than a horse's. Triceratops has a skull like a battering ram, with a length of 6ft., or nearly one-third the total length of the entire animal. The skeleton, as mounted, measures 19ft. 8in. from the point of the beak to the tip of the tail, and the height at the loins is 8ft. 2in. As the name indicates, Triceratops in life possessed three horns, one in front and two behind, but this feature was omitted in the restoration as it was not found possible to determine the exact proportions. Another curious feature about the reptile is the cutting beak, formed by a separate bone in each jaw; but strangest of all is the great bony frill overhanging the neck, which served as a counterpoise to the weight of the fore part of the skull.

Our latest visitor can best be described as a composite animal. As Mr. Henry R. Knipe sings in his "Nebula to Man:"—

> No creature of to-day can call to mind
> A form like his. Perchance if we could find
> A turtle, crocodile, and horned rhinoceros
> Rolled into one, his like we might possess.

Mr. Knipe's entertaining book contains, by the way, a most interesting restoration of the animal as it appeared in life.

The remains of this strange monster were discovered in the Upper Cretaceous beds in Wyoming, where they are so plentiful that bones belonging to forty distinct individuals were found by a single collector. The particular beds in which the bones were found are of fresh-water or brackish origin, resting on marine strata. Diplodocus had passed away long before Triceratops appeared on the scene, and the latter was the largest animal of its time. Though built for fighting, it was so much more powerful than any of its contemporaries that they can hardly have had the temerity to challenge its supremacy; and Professor F. A. Lucas thinks, therefore, that it fought mainly with its own kind, the subject of dispute being some fair female upon whom rival suitors had cast covetous eyes. "What a sight it would have been," he says, "to have seen two of these big brutes in mortal combat as they charged upon each other with all the impetus to be derived from ten tons of infuriate flesh! We may picture to ourselves horn clashing upon horn, or glancing from each bony shield until some skilful stroke or unlucky slip placed one combatant at the mercy of his adversary."

In spite of its formidable appearance Triceratops was a vegetarian, and, like all the other Dinosauria, it had one other terrible failing. Though the bony and muscular part of its head was so huge, its brain was incredibly small, being, indeed, in proportion to bulk, only one-tenth of that of the crocodile. So in the struggle for existence, where the larger brain invariably wins, the three-horned Dinosaur, in spite of its brute strength, cut but a sorry figure, and before the Mesozoic gave place to the Tertiary, millions of years ere man made his first appearance on earth, it dropped out of the scheme of things like the rest of its order, and joined the ranks of Nature's failures, that great division of extinct animals which have left no descendants. W. K. C.

The Opera at Home.—It is difficult to realise what this phrase signifies until one has heard a good gramophone, when incredulity gives place to wonder that the voice of a great singer can be reproduced so perfectly. The gramophones of the present day, supplied by the Gramophone and Typewriter Company, Limited, are free from the mechanical imperfections of inferior machines. By merely adjusting a record we can now listen to the opera and hear Madame Melba in the "mad scene" from *Lucia di Lammermuir*, or Signor Caruso in *I Pagliacci*, and all the best singers of the day in whatever opera we happen to prefer. The discs cost very little, and can be used time after time.



A SNOW-SHOE CLUB'S RUN IN CANADA: OUT FOR A DAY'S SPORT AFTER A HEAVY FALL OF SNOW



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM STEREOGRAPHS BY THE H. C. WHITE CO., LONDON

Naturally, the coloured refugees from earthquake-stricken Kingston were camped together, and hundreds of black families made themselves as comfortable as possible in Paradise Gardens, a place of trees under whose shade they sheltered themselves from the sun, and in whose fountains they washed themselves and their belongings. Washing-day was quite a picturesque spectacle, and a scene which afforded little evidence of the horrors of earthquake and fire.

After the Kingston Earthquake: Washing Day Among the Coloured Refugees Encamped in Paradise Gardens

THE F.O. BAG

By LUCIEN WOLF

I AM writing these notes on the railway between Cologne and Frankfort. If Londoners are still shivering in the raw fog I left behind me a day or two ago, they will hear with envy that the atmosphere in the Rhine Valley is warm and fragrant with spring sunshine, and that a glistening drapery of young grass is beginning to creep up the German hillsides. At Coblenz, a few moments ago, I supplied myself with a budget of morning papers. Therein I read for the first time of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's article in the *Nation*. It is clear that the German Press does not like it, for although the comments are few, and for the most part restrained, there is a significant elation in the prominence they give to the adverse criticism of the Paris journals. One Jingo paper is frankly scornful in an article entitled *Friedens Donquichotterie*. One feels all the force of the clumsy epithet as one looks at the noble river on which the Kaiser's legions keep their restless watch, and yet the article is not altogether Quixotic. Our excellent Premier is too canny for that. "Peace on Earth" may still be a dream, but, like many other mirages, it masquerades as practical politics in the new Radical programme, and a forlorn hope for its attainment has, at any rate, the advantage of a party advertisement. I congratulate Mr. Massingham on his substantial share in this *réclame*.

Beyond this, however, nothing is to be gained by bringing the question before The Hague Conference. I gather from the summaries of Sir Henry's article that he has no practical plan to submit to the Conference, and that all he contemplates is an exploratory discussion. But this was done exhaustively at the last Conference, and to-day the prospects of a practical issue are even less favourable than they were in 1899. Some weeks ago I enumerated in this place the fresh obstacles to a limitation of armaments which had grown up during the last eight years, and I need not repeat them now. But apart from these obstacles the fundamental difficulties are as formidable as ever. A uniform limitation of armaments must mean the perpetuation of the present relative military strength of the Powers, and with it the consecration of the existing distribution of territory. No nation of spirit and historic consciousness can consent to this unless, like ourselves, it is supreme and satiated. When we have satisfied all the historic aspirations of the Powers we may, perhaps, begin to reason with them on the vanity of a mere race for military and naval supremacy. Then, perhaps, an obligatory Arbitration Convention of universal and unreserved application may be possible. When this is done—but not till then—the question of disarmament will enter the field of practical politics.

In reference to some observations on journalists who have entered the Diplomatic Service which appeared in this place a few weeks ago, a correspondent writes to ask me whether it is not a fact that diplomacy has discharged its debt in this respect by transforming a good many of its men into journalists. I am not sure that "a good many" is strictly accurate. I can only call to mind four in this country. There is, in the first place, Mr. Labouchere, who served the F.O. for ten years, rising to be a second secretary, and resigned just forty-four years ago, after a characteristic quarrel with Lord John Russell. Then there is Mr. Valentine Chirol, who gave up Downing Street in 1876 to migrate to Printing House Square. By the side of these veterans are two younger men—Mr. Maurice Baring, now of the *Morning Post*, and Mr. Robert Vernon Harcourt, younger son of "Historicus," who resigned his clerkship last year to join the staff of the *Tribune*. My correspondent mentions Mr. Marvin, but he was not of the permanent F.O. staff, and the circumstances under which he gave himself to journalism showed that he lacked the elementary qualifications of a diplomatist.

The other men I have named are an encouragement to Fleet Street to cultivate the F.O. as a recruiting-ground for the higher branches of the journalistic profession. Mr. Labouchere has been one of the most brilliant and enterprising journalists of our time. His work on the *Daily News*, the *World*, and *Truth* will always hold a considerable place in the history of the Newspaper Press. Mr. Chirol is of the few journalists who have helped to make serious history. During his tenure of the *Times'* embassy in Berlin there was a quarrel between him and the famous Baron Holstein, the sinister "Eminence Grise" of the Wilhelmstrasse, which was, perhaps, a turning point in British Foreign policy. In the foreign editorship of the *Times*, which he inherited from the genial and accomplished hands of Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, his work has been admirable. I am speaking now, of course, professionally, and not by any means as sharing all his opinions. Mr. Baring has won distinction as a war correspondent in Manchuria, and a special correspondent in St. Petersburg. Of Mr. Harcourt's career in Fleet Street I am afraid I know little. The son of his father and the grandson of Motley ought, however, to be able to do a great deal towards making Mr. Franklin Thomasson's courageous venture a success.



PRINCE ALEXANDER OF SERVIA, THE SECOND SON OF KING PETER



A FUTURE SHAH OF PERSIA: THE CROWN PRINCE HUSSEIN ALI MIRZA ITEZAD ES SALTANEH, SON OF THE NEW SHAH

Photo by E. Frankl, Berlin.

On the Continent, I am told, examples of the diplomatist turned journalist are more numerous. The transformation is easier than in this country, owing to the close relations which exist between the Governments and the Press. There was, for example, the Chevalier de Newlinsky, who oscillated for some years between the Austrian Foreign Office and the editorial bureau of the *Fremdenblatt*, and finished up as a confidential political adviser to the Sultan. One of the most interesting personalities of this kind was the late M. de Valfrey, whose diplomatic *causeries*, signed "Whist," were for so many years a popular feature in the Paris *Figaro*. He began his official life as an archivist at the Quai d'Orsay, and, besides being a journalist, was a diplomatic historian of the first rank. His journalistic laurels have descended to André Tardieu, another ex-servant of the Quai d'Orsay, whose "*Propos Diplomatiques*" in the *Temps*—signed "Georges Villiers"—are the best-informed articles on international politics now appearing in Europe. Dr. Zimmermann, the enterprising editor of the Berlin *Tag* and manager of the *Tag* Newspaper Syndicate, was formerly Colonial Councillor to the German Embassy in London. I believe, too, that Dr. Brandt, late German Minister in Peking, is devoting his declining years to journalism, chiefly as a writer on Far Eastern politics.

Only one of the foreign newspaper correspondents in London is, I believe, an ex-diplomatist, but he is a very considerable personage. I refer to M. Wesselitsky, the special correspondent of the *Novoye Vremya* and President of the Association of Foreign Journalists. While in the Russian Foreign Office he acted as Secretary to Jomini, and I remember him once telling me that it fell to him to examine the late Count Muravieff when in the late sixties that statesman proposed to enter the Diplomatic Service. M. Wesselitsky is a stormy petrel of international politics. He enjoys the distinction of having been expelled from Berlin by Prince Bismarck, and it is firmly believed in the Wilhelmstrasse that he is the author of all the articles distasteful to Germany which appear in the *Times*, *National Review*, and *Spectator*. He is a singular mixture of acumen and *naïveté*. I feel tempted to add to his name that of a lady who has been a brilliant journalist in her day, and has also been closely associated with diplomacy—Madame Olga Novikoff. Of course, she is not of the *carrière*—I do not believe she is even a Suffragette—but many years ago she served a practical apprenticeship to diplomacy in the Russian Embassy at Vienna, then presided over by her distinguished brother-in-law, Eugene Petrovitch Novikoff. The Ambassador had so much confidence in her that not only did he give her full access to the *expedition diplomatique*, but even dictated his despatches to her. I do not doubt that Monsieur Novikoff's despatches gained much from this collaboration.

The two young princes whose portraits appear on this page will have plenty of opportunity of showing their mettle in their respective countries, for Persia is in a state of turbulent transition, and Servia is a perennial hotbed of political surprises. Of the Crown Prince of Persia we know little except that his name is Hussein Ali Mirza Itezad es Saltaneh, and that he is the son of the new Shah by his wife and cousin, a daughter of Prince Naïeb Saltaneh, Persian Minister of War. Prince Alexander of Servia, however, already has something of a biography. He is the second son of King Peter, and is in his nineteenth year. In the company of his elder brother he spent his infancy at St. Petersburg as a pupil of the "Pravovedenie," the Civil school of the Prince of Oldenburg. He is a pet of his maternal aunts, the Grand Duchess Militza and the Princess Stana of Leuchtenberg. Finally, he is coming to England for his military education—a very delicate compliment from King Peter to Mr. Haldane.

THE FIRST TRANSVAAL CABINET



MR. J. C. SMUTS
Colonial Secretary.



GENERAL BOTHA
Premier and Minister of Agriculture.
Photo by permission of *South Africa*.



MR. RISSIK
Minister of Lands and Native Affairs.

The first Ministry of the Transvaal has been definitely formed, and has been sworn in by the High Commissioner. To say that the occasion is momentous is merely to utter a commonplace; it is more than momentous, it is unprecedented. Less than five years have elapsed since the Treaty of Vereeniging put an end to a war in which General Botha commanded his countrymen in arms against British troops on such stricken fields as Colenso and Spion Kop. And now he is Prime Minister of a free and self-governing British Colony. History can offer no parallel to such a cleaning of the slate as this country has effected in the former Boer Republic. Whether such magnificent magnanimity was wise or not we need not ask now. Time, which tries all, will try the new-born loyalty of our Dutch fellow-subjects. What we have done, we have done; and let us hope that the day may never come when we shall have to say, "It was magnificent—but it was not peace."

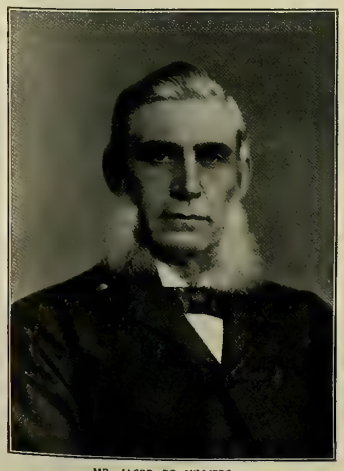
General Botha has not done as he might have done; he has not formed an all-Boer Government, for his Ministry includes two Englishmen, Messrs. Solomon and Hull. As to the other Solomon—Sir Richard—his refusal of office and a Het Volk seat is becoming, and he should yet live to do the State some service in the future. What pleases us best about the new Ministry is that not one of its members formed part of, or liked, the old gang of the corrupt Boer oligarchy in Oom Paul's time. These Boers were men of moderate and enlightened views then; and we hope that they will prove true to their own record in the future. And, with that, let us bid Boer and Briton alike Godspeed on their journey into the times that are to be.

General Louis Botha's personality is sufficiently well known through his achievements as Commander-in-Chief of the Boer forces in succession to General Joubert, and as victor at Colenso and Spion Kop. A man in the prime of life (he was born in 1863, at Greytown, Natal), the first Premier of the Transvaal may justly be described as its first citizen. Ever since the signing of the Treaty of Vereeniging he has displayed a discretion and moderation of conduct which have won the hearts of Britons as well as Boers. General Botha is a typical Boer of the very best type, a lover of the simple life of the man of flocks and herds. Born before the discovery of gold in the Transvaal he is one of those whom its glitter has never dazzled. He married Miss Emmett, who is a descendant of the famous Irishman of that name.

Mr.—or General—J. C. Smuts, the Colonial Secretary, is the son of a distinguished member of the Cape Parliament, and was born in 1870. After a brilliant career at Cambridge he practised at the Bar at Cape Town and Johannesburg, became Kruger's Attorney-General, and served with distinction during the War. Since then he has been active in perfecting the Boer political organisation, and his influence in the Cabinet will probably be very considerable.

Mr. Jacob de Villiers is by birth a Free Stater. Born in 1868 he studied at the University of Amsterdam, was "called" at the Middle Temple, became Attorney-General of the Orange Free State, and was wounded, captured, and sent to Bermuda during the war. Mr. Rissik is another Boer of the moderate type, and one who enjoys the confidence of the British. Mr. Edward Solomon, the leader of the Nationalists, and Mr. Hull, who left them to join Het Volk quite recently, stand for that element among the British-born Transvaalers which, for various reasons, is making common cause with the Dutchmen.

Our portraits, with the exception of General Botha's and Mr. Solomon's, are from photographs by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.



MR. JACOB DE VILLIERS
Attorney-General and Minister for Mines.



MR. EDWARD SOLOMON
Minister of Public Works.
Photo by permission of *South Africa*.



MR. HULL
Treasurer.

A DEFERRED HONEYMOON

Written by S. Baring-Gould. **Illustrated by Reginald Cleaver.**



"*This is a pretty go!*"

Mr. William Rathbone, and Bertha, his recently acquired wife, left England on their honeymoon. Their first stage had been to the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover, whence they had crossed to Calais, and had arrived safely in Paris, thus completing the second stage satisfactorily, and at once despatched a telegram to Bertha's home to announce the fact. From Paris they purposed travelling to Biarritz. Neither was very efficient in French, but Bertha's father, Mr. Passenger, had drawn out a scheme of route for them to facilitate matters and to obviate difficulties. As the season was winter, Mr. Passenger had pointed out that it would not do for them to go to Wales or the Lakes, or to the Rhine, for their spooning. They must seek the sun in the South. As to their lack of fluency in the Gallic tongue, that would not matter. Railway officials, hotel-keepers and waiters could speak, or at least understand, sufficient English to enable the couple to pursue their way without hindrance. Mr. Passenger had further advised that they should not make a stay of more than a night in Paris, but push on at once to their destination. It would be far better that they should see Paris thoroughly on their return journey, when the days would be longer, and the weather less inclement.

Accordingly, the young couple started from the Gare d'Orléans on the Quai d'Orsay with the utmost confidence, and in superior spirits. Thus far no great demands had been made upon their powers of expressing their requirements in a foreign tongue.

When the express train in which they travelled drew up at Les Aubrais, the junction for Orléans that lies a very short way to the East, Bertha said to her husband: "Willy, dear, that was a very thin breakfast we had off coffee and bread-and-butter. I shall not be able to hold out all day upon it. Do you not think you could get me a luncheon-basket?"

"Certainly, darling. But what is a luncheon-basket in French?"

"Basket—let me see." She turned up the word in a pocket dictionary. "Oh! corbeille; luncheons I do not think they have in France; but say 'manger, manger-corbeille,' and they will understand you. 'Manger' means 'to eat.' The French are an intelligent people, and remarkably quick in grasping your meaning."

Accordingly, Mr. Rathbone left the carriage and hurried to the buffet, where he pointed to a *panier*, and said "Manger." The waitress then inquired whether he desired to have in it white wine—or red, but he was wholly unable to understand the words addressed to him, so he contented himself with replying "Oui, oui."

Some further delay was occasioned by his paying for the *panier*. He was doubtful about the value of French coins; however, he produced a five-franc cart-wheel, and was gratified and surprised when he received some pieces in change.

Then, tucking the luncheon-basket under his arm, and refusing the offers of the waitress to take it to his carriage, he ran out upon the platform, and seeing before him a train, with a carriage-door open, and obtaining a glimpse of a lady within, he scrambled in, to exclamations of the guard, "Dépêchez-vous, Monsieur!" and the call of the station-master's pipe—much like the voice of Punch in the show. By the time he had seated himself, the train was in motion.

"There, Bertha," said he, "I hope this will content you. I got on famously with my French. Halloo! Good heavens, where am I? I have got into the wrong carriage. However, it does not matter much, I will change at the next station. Poor Bertha, how scared she will be."

The fact was that, in leaving the buffet, Mr. Rathbone had run to the wrong side of the platform—that on the left is for the main trains, that on the right for those that run into Orléans; and in his hurry he had got into the wrong train. But of this, at the time, he was unaware. He unbuckled the strap of the basket, peeped in, and was much gratified at the sight of the contents.

"How pleased Bertha will be," said he.

In less than five minutes the train drew up at a large station.

"Well, this is odd," said Mr. Rathbone. "They call our train an express, and yet it stops every few minutes. This is a large station, too. Oh, I see the name written up, 'Orléans.' I know that's where Joan of Arc came from. They are sure to remain here five minutes; I shall have plenty of time in which to find Bertha."

He descended from the carriage, hugging the *panier*, and ran along the train vainly looking for his wife. He put the basket down, and scrambled up into every carriage to search each compartment. There was no Bertha there.

"Où est mong femme?" he asked of every official. He was becoming seriously alarmed. Every carriage was emptied of its occupants; the train was evidently not journeying further.

The station-master came up and inquired what he wanted.



"'*Precious pet!*' *sighed the husband.* '*How she would have enjoyed this—and she is starving!*'"

"Où est mong femme?" he repeated. The official asked to see his ticket, and Mr. Rathbone produced it.

"Mais—c'est pour Bordeaux. Il vous faut retourner aux Aubrais."

"But I want my wife—*femme*—you understand. Where is she?"

"Entrez le wagon, Monsieur—vite—pour Les Aubrais."

"But I don't see Bertha anywhere?"

Again something was said to him about Les Aubrais.

"Confound it. What do you mean by braying at me so?"

He was thrust into a carriage. His luncheon-basket was passed in to him through the window, and in a very few minutes he found himself at the junction where he had missed Bertha.

"Where can she be?" he asked himself, as he descended from the carriage, carrying his luncheon-basket. "She would never dream of going on in the train without me. I wonder whether she be in one of the waiting-rooms?"

But though he sought everywhere, he could not find her.

"What can she have done? She has probably left the train at the next station, and is pacing the platform waiting for me. If I take the next train I am certain to spy her if I keep my eye open, and then all will be well."

The next train into which Mr. Rathbone mounted was an "omnibus," that drew up at every insignificant station, and put in no pace between them. At none of these did the distressed husband see his wife.

"What the thunder am I to do?" asked he. "She has undoubtedly gone on; but they will never let her out of a station, for I have got the tickets. Besides, she has not got a *sou* of French money. Poor girl! poor girl! she is in desperate straits, and must be almost off her head with despair."

Meanwhile, Mr. Rathbone became hungry, so he opened the *panier* and made a good lunch off chicken and ham, a slab of veal, cress, bread and cheese, all washed down with Medoc.

"Precious pet!" sighed the husband. "How she would have enjoyed this—and she is starving. She has no French money."

He had hardly completed his repast before the train drew up at Châteauroux, and he became dimly aware that it was likely to remain there for half an hour, whilst the passengers lunched at the buffet.

"I don't understand this Châteauroux," said Mr. Rathbone. "It is not down in the programme that Mr. Passenger drew up for us."

After a long interval, the bell rang, the pipe called, and the refreshed travellers swarmed out of the restaurant and resumed their places in the carriages. The train went on, and finally, when it was dark, Mr. Rathbone was deposited at Limoges.

"Limoges," said he; "I don't remember anything about the place. I am sure it is not down on Passenger's paper. I ought to be at Bordeaux now, and here I am at this other place."

He got out his railway map, and with some difficulty discovered where he was. Instead of going the direct way, by Tours, he had taken that somewhat less direct by Limoges.

"Great Scot!" exclaimed he; "no wonder that I have missed Bertha. She has gone by one route, and I by the other. Well, we shall meet in Bordeaux. She cannot get lost, as I have the tickets, and she will not be allowed to leave the station till I arrive and produce them."

Mr. Rathbone found that it was not possible for him to proceed on his journey that night. Some difficulty was experienced with the ticket collector; but he was finally suffered to pass out into the town, and he went to a good hotel, where he dined well and was given a comfortable bed, with a *bouillotte*, or hot-water bottle, in it.

"And Bertha is walking the platform all night," sighed he; "and on an empty stomach too. She has had nothing to eat since the morning, and then only a hard roll washed down with coffee. Really, I have had quite a nice little dinner—soup, fish, tough mutton, chicken, caramel pudding, cheese and dessert. I'll have a cup of coffee, and tumble into bed. Poor—poor—poor Bertha!"

He slept very soundly. He was tired, and the strain on his nerves had been almost more than the man could bear; so that it was well for him that nature came to his aid and gave him refreshing slumbers.

Next morning he rose, had his *café-au-lait*, bread-and-butter, and started from Limoges for Bordeaux, *viâ* Perigueux.

"I see clearly how Bertha travelled," said he, as he traced the route on his map. "She went to Tours, then to Poitiers, where a great battle was fought by the Black Prince, then to Angoulême, and so to Bordeaux. She will have reached that place before now. I should think she will hardly be alive, what with having had no bed to sleep in, and no food for forty-eight hours. I must get myself another luncheon-basket to-day, as I do not reach Bordeaux till late."

When, at length, he did arrive at his destination, he hunted the platforms, the waiting-rooms, the buffets, but could not see Bertha.

"This is a pretty go!" exclaimed he. "I see it all as clear as daylight now. She got out of the train at Tours, and remained there, looking at every train as it arrived, expecting to see my face at a carriage window, and to hear my joyous cry on beholding her. Well, if she be not here, at all events the trunks are, for I have the ticket for the luggage. It will be something to obtain a change of linen, a clean collar, and a shave. I feel disgustingly dirty."

It was as he surmised. The luggage had arrived, and was *en dépôt*. He took it out and had it mounted on the omnibus of the Hotel des Deux Pigeons.

"Of course," said he, "the poor darling, if she had come here, could never have got at the boxes, not having the ticket. Well, I'll have a change, and make myself comfortable, eat my dinner, and consider the whole situation."

On reaching his inn, his own trunk was carried up to the chamber allotted to him. That of his wife he left below. Then he unlocked his trunk. On the top lay his mandoline. Mr. Rathbone had a pleasant baritone voice, but uncultivated. He was wont to sing at evening parties after dinner, and to amuse himself when his day's work was done. He had brought the instrument with him, with which he was accustomed to accompany himself. He had thought how soothing and yet refreshing it might prove to Bertha, to have him sing and play to her in the evening, even during the day at Biarritz, sitting on the rocks and looking out over the sea.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Rathbone has been whisked away in the express from Les Aubrais, in the direction of Tours. She had been seriously alarmed when left alone in the carriage, and at each station she appealed to the guard: "J'ai perdu ma mari!"

But she resolved to sit tight till she reached Bordeaux. Occasionally she was asked for her *billet*, and then she would reply: "J'ai perdu Monsieur Rathbone, ma mari." To herself she said: "Really, these French are very familiar, or they would not speak of my dear William as my 'Billy.' But it all comes of their Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. It is astonishing to me that with this profession of equality they still have first, second and third class carriages. It is against their principles and professions."

At Tours, Mrs. Rathbone was so hungry that she went to the refreshment rooms, and discovering that the train tarried to allow the passengers to have a meal, sat down to a three-franc *déjeûner* of oysters, omelette, two meats, and dessert, all washed down with half a bottle of light wine. She had no French money, she intimated by signs and broken words to the waiter, and must pay him in English shillings, and he was content to receive three such in place of three francs, and a sixpence for himself.

Then she resumed her place in the train and travelled on to Bordeaux, which she reached that same evening.

There some difficulty arose, owing to her having no ticket; but she explained "J'ai perdu ma mari;" and after much discussion among the officials, one was detailed to convey her to the British Consulate, where the Consul and his wife received her with much kindness. He took her to a suitable hotel, and undertook to wire up the line to inquire after a strayed and lost husband of the name of Rathbone.

Nothing, however, could be heard of him at any station short of Les Aubrais; and thence came the reply, that an Englishman had been seen there running about with a *panier* under his arm, but that he was gone, and the station-master could not say by what train or whither, but he thought he was in Orleans.

Happily, Bertha had sufficient articles of toilette in her handbag, from which she had not been parted, to make her comfortable for the night. Mr. Passenger had enjoined on her to take soap, because it is an article not supplied in Continental hotels. As she took the soap-box out of the bag, her eyes filled with tears. "Poor, dear Willy!" said she; "how dirty he must be, as I have the soap; and, by the way, I have his razors and tooth-brush as well. He has not got even his comb and brush with him. What a frousy, tousled state he must be in! I wish, however, I could get at my trunk, so as to change my gown."

She went to the station next day with the Consul's wife, to plead for her trunk to be given up to her. But on this point the officials were obdurate; not till the ticket was produced could it be surrendered.

But Bertha was a persistent little body; she laid the matter before the Consul himself, and entreated him to interfere and obtain the trunk for her. She represented herself as reduced to pitiable extremities for the want of garments which were in the box.

Accordingly, in the evening, His Britannic Majesty's Consul went with her to the station, where, to their surprise, they learned that a gentleman—an English Monsieur—had produced the ticket and had gone off with both trunks to his inn.

"Oh! my Willy has arrived. Let me find him!" exclaimed Bertha, in wild delight.

The Consul inquired of the drivers of the various hotel omnibuses, and finally ascertained that the English gentleman, with two trunks, had gone to Les Deux Pigeons.

Mr. Rathbone had maturely considered what his wife's course would in all likelihood have been. He endeavoured to put himself in her position. "Of course," said he, "she would be absolutely helpless without me. She would get out of the carriage at Tours, to a dead certainty, and await me there, and there I should have picked her up if I had not gone round by that place called Limoges. Dear girl, I can picture her to myself running up and down the platform looking out for me, and then bursting into tears when I did not appear. And she was so hungry, and that was yesterday! But these people, though French, are civilised and Christian, and will not suffer her actually to starve. There is sure to be broken meat and scraps from the restaurant at the station that they will give her. Why, even rabbits and pea-fowls are sent by train long distances, and are fed and watered on the way by the porters; how much more surely Bertha. And then, how cold at night! They would not allow her outside the station, having no ticket; but I presume they would suffer her to sleep on the table, or in a chair in the waiting-room. I wonder whether they kept the fire up in the stove all night. When we meet—absence will lend raptures. There is, however, one consideration that makes me uneasy. These French are very gallant to ladies, but their gallantry may be carried just a trifle too far, and may cause Bertha embarrassment, as I am not by to protect her. She needs my manly arm to defend her. Well, it is cold up here; I will take my mandoline down to the *café* and string it there; if there be no one in the place, I will thrum a bit. It will help to dispel the vapours. My feet and fingers here are like ice."

Accordingly, Mr. Rathbone descended, and sought the *café* attached to the inn. He entered and called for coffee and cognac. Then he tuned his instrument and ran his fingers lightly over the strings, at the same time softly humming to himself "She is gone from my gaze like a beau-ti-ful dream."

One of the waiters spoke to him. He could not understand precisely what he said, but supposed that the man inquired whether he could play. "Ung peu!" replied Mr. Rathbone, bashfully. Thereupon the waiter went on apparently to urge him to indulge the company with an example of his powers. Mr. Rathbone showed a suitable diffidence, and explained that he was a very imperfect player, an unqualified singer—a mere amateur. However, finally he allowed himself to be persuaded, and he struck up: "She is gone"—twang, twang—"from my gaze"—twang, twang—"like a beautiful dream"—twang, twang.

Several of those present drew near, among them some officers and two or three ladies. Mr. Rathbone was flattered. His fresh English voice was so unlike the tone of the French vocal organ that it excited interest. He looked about him with a gratified smile on his lips. His song was applauded, and he was encouraged to give a second.

After a moment's consideration, he sang Mazzinghi's "The Wreath." This, it is true, is a glee for three voices, a solo with a chorus, but he was accustomed to perform it alone, the chorus being, so far as the words went, a repetition.

He ran his fingers over the chords, as a prelude, and then began: "Ye shepherds, tell me"—twang—"tell me, have you seen"—twang, twang—"Have you seen"—twang—"My Flora pass this way?"—twang, twang, twang. "In shape and feature beauty's queen"—twiddle, twiddle, twang. "In pastoral"—twang—"in pastoral array. Shepherds——." This being the chorus, he thundered it forth, with full power of his lungs, and with full force of his instrument:—"Shepherds, tell me, tell me, tell me have you seen, have you seen, my Flora pass this way? Have you seen, tell me, shepherds, have you seen"—twang—"Tell me, have you seen my Flora pass this way?"

All at once he saw before him, looking over the shoulder of the officers, the face of his Bertha, who was attended by a gentleman.

He stopped his song, and stared.

"Why, William!" exclaimed she, "what is the meaning of this?—tootling for coppers in a *café*, when you had given me the slip and run away?"

"I—I—I was inquiring of these shepherds if they had seen my Bertha pass this way. I had lost you—and as Blondel with his harp sought Richard Cœur de Lion, so I thought to find you—and I have succeeded. But, Bertha, this needs explanation. What is the meaning of this—your rambling about Bordeaux and frequenting *cafés* on the arm of a strange gentleman?"



"'Poor, dear Willy!' said she; 'how dirty he must be, as I have the soap!'"

"I am the British Consul," said the person referred to. "Your wife, Mr. Rathbone, was lost here, and was brought as a strayed sheep to the Consulate. She has been inquiring everywhere for you, saying "J'ai perdu mon mari."

"No, indeed!" said Bertha, "my French is not so bad as that. I am more grammatical; I said '*ma* mari,' for I am feminine, whereas he is masculine."

"And I," said Mr. Rathbone, "have not ceased from crying out after '*mon* femme,' for I am masculine, and she fem nine."

"I have no doubt that you have," said the Consul. "Take my advice, and allow me to engage berths for you in a steamer from Bordeaux to Southampton, and do not revisit France till you are better acquainted with the language of the country, or till the French have become generally masters of the English tongue."

"And," threw in Mr. Rathbone, "Bertha, no more about tootling to my mandoline, or there will be domestic discords in future."

THE END

A club is being formed to play on the Harewood Downs Golf Links, which are situated on a spur of the Chiltern Hills, between 400 ft. and 500 ft. above the sea level, facing south-west. The course comprises eighteen holes, extending to a length of 6,300 yards. To meet the expenses which have been incurred in laying out the course, and to build a comfortable club-house, etc., it has been resolved to issue 9,000 First Mortgage Debentures. It is expected that the course will be quite ready for play early next year.

"PLACE AUX DAMES"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

An old lady showed me recently some beautiful lace she was making, and also a very delicate white handkerchief of silk tulle, bordered with lace made by her mother. These little articles of dress are now extremely fashionable, and, of course, proportionately dear, so that the woman who can make them herself possesses a great advantage. I asked her young niece if she also did this beautiful work, but she replied that she had no time. That is the universal cry now—no time! How was it that the last generation had more time? They read, painted, made music as much as we do; spent many more hours in looking after their children and households, conducted a voluminous correspondence, and went into Society. Yet they had time for intricate and skilful needlework. I fancy the explanation may be found in the waste of time of the present generation. Games, for instance, occupy far too much of a girl's life. Instead of being used as recreations they are the end and aim of existence. Then the constant travelling, packing and unpacking, and want of order in the arrangement of the day counts for much. Unpunctuality and non-keeping of engagements, and the fact that no part of the day is set apart for a special purpose, such as reading, which cannot be encroached upon, explains the curious result.

What to man is the habit of a quiet meditative smoke, alone, or in the company of a few very intimate friends, the rest, the repose to mind and nerves, that is needlework to the excitable and over-strained woman. Nearly all clever women have acknowledged a fondness for it, or for painting, another method of studious leisure, engrossing and refreshing. Photography has to some extent displaced sketching in the popular estimation, but it can never take its place. The quiet station in some lovely spot, the campstool under a spreading tree, the sound of bubbling water, the hum of the bees and insects, the undisturbed contemplation of nature in its most glorious aspect—all these things acted like a sedative and a tonic to the woman who spent such delightful hours and returned home happy and invigorated. The value of the sketch might be nil; it probably was; but the value to her moral and physical well-being proved incalculable.

Spring is close at hand, and with spring, while the young man's fancy turns to love, the young woman's turns to dress and millinery. Dresses and hats are lifted from their winter hibernation and critically regarded. The wise woman who has only put away what was really worth keeping, finds her things almost renovated by their seclusion from air and usage. The colours are fresher, they have an indescribable air of novelty; with the addition of a little ribbon or lace, some fresh adjustment or curtailing of sleeve, the dresses are easily rejuvenated. Then comes the delight of buying new articles, especially hats. It is a mistake to keep these over from last year; like a rouged and made-up woman they always show their age, and seem apologetically antiquated. In fact, the common mistake of buying too many clothes must now be expiated. Have a few and wear them is but an axiom of experience. Some women can wear anything. I have seen one go into a French hat-shop and try on one after the other, and each one suited her better than the last; but this is not a universal quality. On the contrary, some women find it very difficult to find a becoming headgear. This year the variety in hats, shapes, and colourings ought to make it easy for all.

We have heard so much of the Suffragettes' insistent demands, their case has been pleaded so eloquently, so passionately, and so earnestly, that it is refreshing to hear the other side of the question from the woman's point of view. Miss Caroline Stephen writes an admirably impartial paper, I see, in the *Nineteenth Century*, in which she points out the danger to the sex of the wholesale plunging into political life, a life of strenuous anxiety, hurry, agitation, and lowering of ideals which exhausts even the strongest man. She remarks that "by the keenness, and especially the detachment of feminine judgment, many a man is kept from sinking to the level of worldly or professional or business codes of conventional morality. While home is a sanctuary, the world of business and politics is continually open to purifying and elevating influence." These are grave words, and should be well considered, as also her further plea "that such readjustment should not be made on any but the broadest grounds of national expediency, and with the hearty concurrence" of all the women concerned.

With the first Court the London season may fairly be said to begin. Some beautiful dresses were worn. The new colour, a mixture of periwinkle blue and turquoise, made its appearance, and was much admired. *Débutantes* are usually presented at the first Court, and on this occasion several young ladies attracted the interest of the spectators. Lady Rosemary Cairns is very tall and graceful—divinely tall as are so many of the younger generation. Miss Louise Fitzgerald inherits her mother's good looks, and Miss Curzon, in a simple white gown, looked like a Greuze picture. Nearly all the dresses are picture-dresses this year, and are either modifications of the Empire, the Louis XV., or the Gainsborough periods. So much latitude is allowed that each lady can choose the style best suited to her own beauty.

The terrible wreck of the Berlin, within sight of shore and of help that could not be rendered, has filled everyone with the deepest horror and pity. What sufferings the survivors endured can scarcely be imagined, and that any women should have endured the terrible ordeal and remained alive seems almost incredible. They are most of them singers, and one wonders whether the strength and the fine physique required for an opera singer had anything to do with their endurance. The death of Mr. Arthur Herbert, the King's Messenger, leaves a large circle of mourning friends and relations. He was much beloved and very popular, a fine linguist, an agreeable companion, and one who enjoyed the constant travel, and the glimpses of foreign countries and interesting people he met in his profession, a profession which entails much fatigue and great exercise of prudence and tact. If a King's Messenger is not absolutely to be trusted in his confidential missions he is of no use to the Government who employs him. Mr. Herbert's untimely death, under such sad circumstances, commands universal regret and sympathy.



THE LATE SIR F. TRESS-BARRY
Baron of Portugal.



THE LATE SIR FRANCIS WIGAN
Well-known Merchant and Benefactor.



THE LATE ROSINA BRANDRAM
Famous Savoyard.



THE LATE SIR H. M. HOZIER
Soldier, Attaché, and Lloyd's Secretary.



THE LATE SIR FRANCIS PLUNKETT
Distinguished Diplomatist.

Our Portraits

Unionists have been congratulating themselves on Sir Berkeley Sheffield's victory at Brigg, for long a Lincolnshire Radical stronghold. Sir Berkeley, the sixth baronet, of Normanby Park, near Doncaster, is a North Lincolnshire man, and is only thirty-one.

Of the two Knights created in connection with the Royal opening of the new "Old Bailey," Sir Frederick Albert Bosanquet has been Common Serjeant since 1900. He was called to the Bar in 1863, and became Q.C. in 1882. Sir Charles Willie Mathews, the other new Knight, is son of the great comedian, Charles Mathews. He has been for twenty years Treasury counsel. He is counsel to the Jockey Club.

The late Sir Francis Tress-Barry was for a time in the Consular Service, and afterwards established himself as a merchant at Bilbao. He joined his brother-in-law, Mr. James Mason, in the exploitation of the famous San Domingo copper mines in Portugal, and received the decoration of the Order of Christ from the King of Portugal in 1863, and was created Baron Barry of Portugal in 1876. He was a Conservative, and sat for Windsor from 1890 down to the last General Election. Sir Francis and Lady Barry celebrated their golden wedding in 1901. He was in his eighty-second year.

The late Sir Francis R. Plunkett, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., and G.C.V.O., youngest son of the Earl of Fingall, was born in 1835. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1855, and after much service was appointed Minister at Tokio in 1883, serving successively in the same capacity at Stockholm and Brussels. He became Ambassador at Vienna in 1900.

The late Colonel Sir Henry Montague Hozier, K.C.B., who was well known as Secretary of Lloyd's, was in his sixty-ninth year. He had a distinguished career in the army, and saw service in the Far East in 1860-61 in the Royal Artillery, when the British and French expedition captured the Taku Forts and advanced to Peking. Later, he was *Times* correspondent during the war between Denmark and Germany and in the Austro-Prussian campaign He was Lord Napier's Assistant Military Secretary during the Abyssinian expedition, and in the war of 1870 was appointed Assistant Military Attaché at the German headquarters, having just previously been appointed Controller at Aldershot, with the honorary rank of Lieut.-Colonel. He became Secretary of Lloyd's in 1874, and retired from that post last October after thirty-two years' service.

Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson has not been much in the public eye during his half-century's service in the Navy. His new "special" promotion as Admiral of the Fleet, however, will be no matter for surprise to anybody, for he is recognised as the Navy's first strategist and tactician. He won his V.C. at El Teb, where he knocked the enemy right and left with his fists, after he had broken his sword, in defending a gap in a square.

Mr. E. W. Mountford, the architect of the New Central Criminal Court, has designed many other public buildings. The Sheffield and Battersea Town Halls, Battersea Polytechnic, St. Olave's Grammar School, Southwark, the Northampton Institute at Clerkenwell, and the Museum and Technical School at Liverpool, were all built from his designs.

The death of Lord Davey has brought about four law promotions. He is succeeded as a Lord of Appeal-in-Ordinary by the Right Hon. Sir R. Henn Collins, who was born in 1842, was called to the Bar in 1867, and became Q.C. in 1883. In 1883 he became a Judge of the High Court, in 1897 Lord Justice of Appeal, becoming Master of the Rolls in 1901. Lord Justice Cozens-Hardy, who succeeds him as Master of the Rolls, was born in 1838, sat in Parliament for North Norfolk from 1885 to 1899, when he was appointed a Judge of the High Court in the Chancery Division, and was promoted to Lord Justice of Appeal in 1901. Mr. Justice Kennedy, who now succeeds him in that office, is the eldest son of a country parson, was born in 1846, was called to the Bar in 1871, took silk in 1885, and since 1892 has been a Judge of the King's Bench Division. As a Gladstonian he has contested Birkenhead and St. Helens, but was unsuccessful. The successor to Mr. Justice Kennedy as a Judge of the King's Bench Division is Mr. William Pickford, K.C., who has been Recorder of Liverpool since 1904. He was educated at Liverpool College and Exeter College, Oxford. He joined the Northern Circuit in 1875, took silk in 1893, and was Recorder of Oldham from 1901 to 1904.



THE LATE SIR AUGUST MANNS
Famous Conductor.



THE LATE MR. CHARLES BERTRAM
Well-known Conjurer.



MR. WILLIAM PICKFORD, K.C.
New Judge of the King's Bench.



SIR W. R. KENNEDY
New Lord Justice of Appeal.



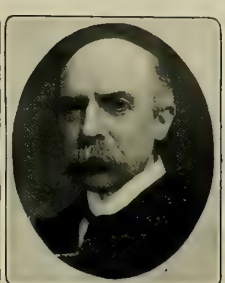
SIR BERKELEY SHEFFIELD
New M.P. for Brigg.



SIR CHARLES MATHEWS
New Knight.



SIR FREDERICK BOSANQUET
New Knight.



MR. E. W. MOUNTFORD
Architect of the New Sessions House.



THE REV. EDGAR SHEPPARD
New Canon of Windsor.



ADMIRAL SIR ARTHUR WILSON
Promoted Admiral of the Fleet.

Sir Francis Wigan, who had come to town specially to vote at the L.C.C. election, and who died—he was in his eightieth year—shortly after being seized with sudden illness in a polling-booth in Southwark, was a hop merchant and a man of family in Kent. He was knighted in 1894, and created a baronet in 1898. He played a very important part in the restoration of Southwark Cathedral.

The Rev. Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, Deputy Clerk of the Closet, Sub-Almoner and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the King, is now appointed a Canon of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in succession to the Marquess of Normanby, who recently resigned.

The late Mr. Charles Bertram was probably the only man who ever gave up the idea of becoming a Wesleyan minister to devote himself to conjuring. The feats of a French waiter, however, took his thoughts from a career in the ministry, and he joined the confraternity of wizards. He was one of the pleasantest of conjurers, and several times entertained the King at private parties. He had great skill in card tricks, and his sleight-of-hand may be summed up in the title of his book of reminiscences, "Isn't It Wonderful?" Mr. Bertram's loss—he was only fifty-three—makes a gap that will be felt in the ranks of entertainers.

THE THEATRES

"THE GREAT CONSPIRACY" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S

The chief interest attaching to the brilliant production of Madeline Lucette Ryley's adaptation of Pierre Berton's play lies in the fact that we see Mr. John Hare as Napoleon. It is a clever, finished piece of acting, but, nevertheless, more like John Hare than Napoleon. This dapper, trim, slender little man is not quite the Napoleon of one's imaginings, and, moreover, the play is not wholly a success. It is wonderfully and most lavishly produced, and how the gay crowds get on to the stage of the Duke of York's is a matter for marvel; but very early in the drama we rather lose interest in the girl-wife (though most ably played by Miss Irene Vanbrugh), whose husband is the central figure in certain historic plotting against the Emperor, though she herself is much in love with a gallant A.D.C. who is heart and soul for Napoleon. There is a truly magnificent explosion in the first act, and there are clever character sketches by Mr. Aubrey Smith as the plotting Marquis, by Mr. Henry Ainley as the earnest young lover, and by a host of other clever actors, but very few besides these three have any opportunities worth mentioning.

There was the same old horror of the masculine persuasion who had never told his wife the truth for twenty-five years; the joke about the "lady" taking off her hair when she went to bed; the "business" of holding up a pair of masculine nether garments—in the melodrama where I first met this it was done by a drunken old fishwoman in a pawnshop, which was much funnier and not so obvious, because nearer to life—there was the wicked Frenchwoman (Miss Beryl Faber) who held compromising letters from the hero, for which she wanted a huge price, but which she afterwards surrendered to the girlish heroine (Miss Marie Studholme) for nothing at all—and then asked for the pure young girl's kiss as a recompense. There was the young man who wished to take every young woman on to his knee, and something more, "which he would like, he would like, oh! he didn't know what he would like to do." Only in Mr. Hicks's version he is a foreigner, after the style of Mr. Maurice Farkoa—very much after. I could not help feeling that this item would have been too much for the robust, healthy instincts of the colliery audience, but it did not appear to disgust Saturday night's West-Enders. Then there was a patriotic song, with an old Chelsea pensioner to sing the last verse, which was done with a perfection of art and delicate pathos that should have brought



For more than twenty years Rosina Brandram had been associated with the Savoy, and with the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. Her first important part was Lady Blanche in *Princess Ida*, in 1882. Afterwards she played Katesha in *The Mikado*, and created the parts of Dame Hannah in *Ruddigore*, Dame Carruthers in *The Yeomen of the Guard*, and the Duchess of Plaza-Toro in *The Gondoliers*.

The late Sir August Manns had been prominent in English musical matters for half a century. He came to the Crystal Palace in 1855 with a reputation as conductor, composer, and player, already high in Germany. He was a Pomeranian, humbly born eighty-two years ago. A "village musician" was his first master, and next a "town musician." At Cologne in 1852 he made the regimental band he then conducted the best military orchestra in Germany. The work he did at the Crystal Palace is familiar to all.

Our portraits of Sir C. Mathews, the Rev. E. Sheppard, Sir B. Sheffield, Sir A. Manns and Sir F. Tress-Barry are by Russell and Sons; Sir F. Plunket, Sir F. Wigan, Sir W. R. Kennedy, Mr. W. Pickford, and Mr. E. Mountford by Elliott and Fry; Sir F. Bosanquet by Whitlock; Sir H. Hozier by Window and Grove; Miss Brandram by Ellis and Walery, and Mr. C. Bertram by Campbell-Gray.

MANUFACTURE VERSUS ART

Some twenty years ago the late James McNeill Whistler said that "where the artist trembled the manufacturer rushed in." Mr. Seymour Hicks has not hesitated to declare that he is not an artist, and certainly has not hesitated to "rush in" to the manufacture of musical "plays." What he has not realised is that even manufacture demands a certain dexterity and surface novelty, or he would scarcely have had the audacity to offer the London public such a poor thing as *My Darling*. Working for a mere money success it was bad business not to give clever lyrics and passably fresh music to support the stale vulgarities which he has culled from old farces and fifth-rate melodramas, for the foundation of his "new" musical play, for of a certainty Mr. Hicks's dialogue and knowledge of writing needs all the bolstering up possible to make it passable. I confess that half way through the piece I looked round with curious eyes to discover what manner of people were sitting in Mr. Frohman's beautiful new playhouse in the heart of London accepting, without any evident signs of dissatisfaction, most of the old "wheezes" which I had first become acquainted with in a playhouse in a poor colliery town ten years ago. down the house, but that Mr. Hicks killed the effect by letting the chorus take up the refrain before there was time for the applause to be expressed. The name of the actor who impersonated the Chelsea pensioner is not on the programme, so I regret that I am unable to give it, for his was the one finely artistic performance of the evening. The piece began to show signs of getting a bad reception, in spite of Miss Marie Studholme's pretty singing of a topical song rendered in the Elaline Terriss manner), and the bid for patriotic sentiment of Miss Barbara Deane, who sang a verse of "Killarney" and of "Home, Sweet Home," but it was saved by a music-hall "turn" This consisted of a series of imitations of contemporary actors and actresses by Miss Gladys Marsden and Mr. Cyril Clensy which were really clever. After which came an adroit exhibition of dancing of the clog-dance *genre* by Mr. Will Bishop, so that when, at the finish, a rain of coloured paper fell upon the crowded stage the reception was favourable. The composer, the lyric writer, and Mr. Hicks, the manufacturer, took a call, looking satisfied, and I left reflecting that the provincial actors are right when they say that a London audience is the easiest audience in the kingdom to satisfy. "Dramaticus."

INSURING THE SAFETY OF OCEAN TRAVEL



THE LIFEBELTS ARE SCRUTINISED WITH CARE



THE GAUGES IN THE ENGINE-ROOM ARE MINUTELY EXAMINED



THE SIGNALLING APPARATUS IS TRIED



THE STANDARD COMPASS IS ADJUSTED, IF NECESSARY



THE GEAR OF THE LIFEBOATS IS THOROUGHLY OVERHAULED



THE FLARELIGHTS OF THE LIFEBUOYS ARE TESTED

How the Board of Trade Inspects a Liner Before Every Outward Voyage

Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.

INSURING THE SAFETY OF OCEAN TRAVEL



THE WHOLE SHIP'S COMPANY IS MUSTERED AND INSPECTED



THE PASSENGERS' TICKETS ARE CHECKED BY THE CLERKS



THEN, AND ONLY THEN, IS THE PASSENGER CERTIFICATE GRANTED



AND THE CHIEF INSPECTOR BIDS THE CAPTAIN FAREWELL



THE PROPELLER SHAFT, OF COURSE, IS NOT FORGOTTEN



AND THE GOOD SHIP IS FINALLY AT LIBERTY TO PROCEED TO SEA

How the Board of Trade Inspects a Liner Before Every Outward Voyage

Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.



Paris has taken its cabwomen to its heart. There are six of them, duly examined, certificated, and authorised, and Paris is asking for more. Philosophers are inquiring of this new "conquest of feminism" whether it is the beginning of a social revolution, or merely the normal evolution of modern progress. *Savants*, linguists, and Academicians are busy deciding the philology of the case: *Cochère*, *cochette*, *cochesse*, or *cocherelle?* In short, there has not been such a *succès de curiosité* in Paris for at least a month.

COCHÈRE, COCHETTE, COCHESSE, OR COCHERELLE? THE CABWOMEN OF PARIS

The Board of Trade Inspection of a Liner

When one hears of a great maritime disaster, the landsman is inevitably prompted to inquire what precautions and facilities were available to ensure the safety and preserve the lives of the passengers in cases of emergency. As a matter of fact, no British vessel is permitted to leave port without a "Passenger Certificate," in order to obtain which the vessel must undergo a most searching examination at the hands of experts. The inspection of passenger-ships is a department of the work carried on by the Board of Trade, and the photographs, on another page, of the inspection of the American Line's well-known Atlantic liner, the New York, carried out under the personal supervision of Captain Clarke, R.N.R., F.R.S., the Chief Inspector at Southampton, will give some idea of the exhaustive nature of the examination to which every ship is subjected. The final official inspection is conducted just previously to the sailing of a vessel. Every member of the ship's company, from captain to cabin-boy, must be in his appointed place to answer to his name at muster, and as the inspection-party pass down the long lines, each section makes an imposing array.

Passengers, of course, are not actually mustered in person, but a number of clerks may be seen busy in one of the saloons, examining and checking the tickets and documents that relate to them which are to be included in the ship's papers. After the inspection of the members of the ship's company, a tour of inspection of the vessel is made, but this is more or less formal, as obviously work of such vital importance could not possibly be left till the last minute. The inspection, in reality, continues from the time the vessel enters port until the Chief Inspector finally hands the complete "Passenger Certificate" to the captain, upon the receipt of which he is at liberty to give the first signal from the bridge to the engine-room. All the time she has been lying in port taking in stores, and preparing for the forthcoming passage, various inspectors will have been coming on board demanding to see this and that, to have something renewed or alterations made, and every item of the ship's equipment from stem to stern-post, and from masthead to keelson, will have undergone careful examination. The power of the Board of Trade inspectors is absolute, and should anything, great or small, fail to meet with their approval, it must immediately be altered or replaced. Moreover, the survey is by no means a superficial one. At times large quantities of iron plating are ordered to be removed, or portions of the deck torn up, in order that some otherwise inaccessible part of the leviathan's anatomy may be revealed, or it may be that for some technical reason it is found necessary to discover how the plates and rivets or other metalwork themselves are standing the strain of continual use. Then grimy, overalled experts crawl into the gloomy interior of the boiler and other strange places, lamp and tools in hand, and search for any sign of possible defect. All food and drinking water must be passed as approved, and the sanitary arrangements demonstrated to be in satisfactory working order before the authorities upon these subjects hand in their report to that effect to the Chief Inspector.

Naturally all the life-saving appliances come in for a large share of attention, and great care is taken that an ample supply of lifebelts and boats is provided, and that the latter are replete with a store of water and provisions and all the necessary equipments to enable them to make an independent journey in case of emergency. A great point is made of the number and quality of the cork lifebelts, and also that they are placed where they are easy of access. Everything possible is done to render a liner what actual death-rate certificates prove her to be—viz., the safest place on earth.



"Pioneers to Glory"

FROM THE PICTURE BY BERNARD F. GRIBBLE, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY

A Central African Honeymoon

The adventurous young couple who began married life by a year's excursion into the depths of the Dark Continent have done much more than initiate what is certainly an absolutely fresh line in honeymoons. Major Powell-Cotton and his wife penetrated into the least-known part of Central Africa, and their expedition has been most fruitful in scientific results, their contributions to natural history alone including six new animals, namely, the dusky African tiger cat, a new animal about the size of a leopard, the honey badger, or black Ituri ratel, the elephant shrew, an antelope armed with tusks which dives under the water, a new black and white monkey, and a huge red buffalo. Unfortunately, Major Powell-Cotton did not succeed in adding an okapi to his bag, but he succeeded in getting from the natives the skin and complete skeleton of an adult male.



MRS. POWELL-COTTON
Photo by Lafayette.



MAJOR POWELL-COTTON
Photo by Vandyck.

Major Powell-Cotton travelled up the Nile to the Lado Enclave over two years ago with the intention of pushing his way southward to the Zambesi. South of Lado he secured a splendid specimen of the rare white rhinoceros, and he actually explored the whole country as far as Lake Albert Edward; but the fascinations of the Ituri Forest proved too strong for him. He lingered among the pygmies and other strange tribes, and the end of 1905 found him at Mombasa, awaiting the arrival of his *fiancée* from England. The pair were married at Nairobi, and they immediately set out again for the Congo Forest, in whose sunless and well-nigh impenetrable depths they spent many weeks, collecting information relating to the forest people, including photographs and even phonograph records. The forest is described by the explorer as lonely and weird beyond description. Bands of elephants and buffaloes roamed the twilight solitude, and in all his travels he had never seen so many of their tracks before. Of their experiences with the pygmies he says: "The excitement of these little people when they first saw my wife was extraordinary, for they had, of course, never previously beheld a white woman. Perhaps the chief source of wonder was her long hair, which, for the special benefit of the dwarfs, she would let down while they crowded round our tent in speechless wonder. During our many months' stay we never had the least difficulty with the forest tribes, some of whom I employed as hunters. Occasionally when away I would leave my wife alone. She had learnt a little of their language, and did excellent medical work among them. In my absence she took charge of the caravan, and was always treated with the greatest respect by the people."

In their wanderings in the forest they came across curious little dwellings, which they were told were ghost houses, built for the shades of departed chiefs, who were apt to make themselves troublesome until provided with this accommodation. They learnt, too, that in some spot in the inmost recesses of the forest an imposing religious rite takes place on certain occasions. In these an altar is erected, whereon offerings are laid while the pygmies arrange themselves in a semicircle and perform their devotions.

On leaving the forest the expedition proceeded to Lake Albert Edward, where they discovered a tribe of lake-dwellers, a community who spend their whole lives upon the water. Their houses are built on floating platforms anchored to long piles, the main floating village consisting of thirty huts, while two others contain ten and seven huts respectively. Some of the grass huts are built round a small square platform, about 25ft. by 10ft., which forms the playground of the children.

Major Powell-Cotton had many exciting adventures, but his narrowest escape was from a lion on the banks of the Sassa River, near Lake Albert Edward, in October. The country was infested by lions, who played round the camp every night, and always disappeared before daybreak; but one morning the explorer saw a very large solitary male making his way back to the jungle, and, cutting him off, fired, wounding the beast badly. The animal managed to get into the brushwood, where it was almost hidden, and an hour and a half later Major Powell-Cotton, thinking the lion too badly wounded to move, approached, accompanied by some of his men, who threw mud at the beast. Suddenly the lion gave a loud roar, and charged, open-mouthed, at Major Powell-Cotton, who was only a few yards distant. The latter instantly fired both barrels, but failed to stop the lion, and turning to his bearer for another gun, found that he had bolted. There was no time to re-load, so Major Powell-Cotton hurled the gun into the lion's face and turned to run. As he did so the wounded animal sprang, and, digging its claws into Major Powell-Cotton's back and legs, bore him to the ground. There it tore its victim's coat to shreds, and after vainly endeavouring to raise his head and get at the eyes, the infuriated beast attempted to tear open the abdomen, but owing to a folded copy of *Punch* which Major Powell-Cotton had in his pocket the brute's claws were unable to penetrate to the flesh. While the explorer lay almost crushed under the animal, one of the porters rushed at the lion and hit him on the head with a stick, the Waganda headman slashing the animal across the eyes with a whip. This diverted the beast's attention, and at that moment an Askari shot him dead. It was then found that Major Powell-Cotton had received seventeen wounds. He, however, managed to ride to the nearest Belgian camp, where he was nursed back to health.

By a curious coincidence, another young married couple were wandering through Central Africa at the same time as the Powell-Cottons, namely, the Belgian officer, Commandant Cabra, and his wife, some photographs of whose travels appeared in THE GRAPHIC a few weeks ago. Like Mrs. Powell-Cotton, Madame Cabra found the natives well disposed and friendly wherever she passed, and, never having seen a white woman before, they regarded her with considerable awe and admiration.



DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I. — FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A NAVAL OFFICER

When the Channel Fleet and First Cruiser Squadron met at Lagos recently there was a regatta for a cup offered to the fleets by the King of Portugal. About fifty boats competed, and the cup was won by a boat belonging to the cruiser Argyll. "The meeting of the fleets at Lagos," writes a Correspondent, "is the occasion of very keen sailing and much enthusiasm amongst the boats' crews." The larger drawing shows the start of the cutters, and the smaller one the boats of H.M.S. Prince of Wales being towed to the starting point. After the racing King Carlos and Queen Amelia attended an "At Home" on board the flagship Cæsar, when His Majesty presented the cup to the crew of the winning boat.

BRITISH FLEETS AT LAGOS: THE RACING FOR THE KING OF PORTUGAL'S CUP

Telegraphic Address:
"SYBARITE, LONDON."

Telephone Number:
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DINER DU JOUR at 10/6

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No charge for Couvert.

ORCHESTRA DAILY DURING LUNCHEON and DINNER.

Manager: T. KROELL.



The engine repair shop at the Doncaster locomotive works of the Great Northern Railway is able to accommodate 120 engines, and here are brought the locomotives suffering from nervous debility, temporary breakdown, and the other ailments caused by the pace at which they live. Our photograph shows a locomotive being lifted by a 35-ton travelling crane preparatory to being stripped and having its component parts thoroughly cleaned.

IN HOSPITAL: A G.N.R ENGINE READY FOR REPAIRS AT THE DONCASTER WORKS



Most men have their hobby. The hobby of the young Duke of Saragossa is driving engines. This wealthy grandee, indeed, rides his hobby-horse so enthusiastically that twice a week he drives the express from Madrid to San Sebastian.

AN ENGINE-DRIVING DUKE: A SPANISH GRANDEE'S HOBBY

Splendours of the Renaissance

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN ROME

During the past year important investigations have been made in Rome in order to define the exact topography of the huge "Mole Adriano," or Hadrian's Mole, and the Castle of St. Angelo. To this end excavations were pushed as far as the Avenue of Boniface IX; and as the mural remains are exceedingly interesting, the chambers have been left uncovered and are accessible to the public. It appears with certainty that Hadrian's Mausoleum, for such in its origin the Castle is, was constructed in two epochs, and it can be affirmed that it was built without an interruption, although with two different conceptions. The Emperor Hadrian founded and began the construction of the Mausoleum, which was to be a tomb for himself and for the Empress Sabina. Circular in form, it is decorated with precious marbles, and with the finest statues that he brought from his travels in Greece and Egypt. But Hadrian died before his sepulchre was completed; and his successor, Antoninus Pius, as everything leads us to suppose, altered the original conception of his predecessor, and enlarged it, in the desire that the monument should serve as the sepulchre of successive Emperors, and of all the members of the Imperial families. Beyond the threshold of the principal entrance gate and the outer enclosure, a majestic spiral way comes into view. It leads to the upper part of the building, and still bears here and there traces of the fine mosaics that once adorned its floor. On the upper floor, close to the ancient Elio Bridge, is the principal sepulchral chamber, that still preserves some traces of the ancient coating of rich yellow paint; and the spaces where the sarcophagus of the Emperor Hadrian and that of his wife once lay are to be seen. A special passage leads across drawbridges and passes over the principal crypt. Following it for some fifty or sixty yards the visitor reaches the so-called courtyard "delle Palle," at the further end of which is the exquisite architecture of the façade of the small chapel. In the middle of the "Cortile delle Palle" has lately been set up the marble Angel fashioned by Montelupo out of an ancient Roman statue, a figure which remained on the large tower of the Castle from 1530 to the middle of the eighteenth century. Around the Angel have been heaped marble and wrought-iron balls, which formed the ammunition of the ancient Castle. The greater part of the stone balls are of Grecian marble, taken from fragments of statues and decorations of the ancient Roman monument. One unfinished ball, still bearing traces of ears and eyes, is kept as a proof that it was unquestionably made out of a head.

The visitor is, perhaps, most deeply struck when he reaches the so-called "Corte dell 'Olio" (courtyard of the oil), in which a fine marble well was brought to light, with the entrances to the oil reservoirs and the prisons. The oil reservoirs in their vastness remind one of the depôts at Ostia, constructed by the Romans. Alexander VI built them with a view to collecting in the Castle, in great clay vases, something like 30,000 litres of oil, a part of which was to be used by the garrison for its own needs, and the rest utilised in defence, by setting fire to it as it was poured over the assailants. It was in one of the cells of the Castle, which the visitor enters on all-fours, and where air and light hardly penetrate, that Beatrice Cenci waited for death, and the indomitable Benvenuto Cellini waited for an opportunity of escape. Great is the contrast between the solitude of these four bare walls that have seen so much suffering and misery, and "Sala Paolina" above them, where the Farnese Pope planned that the artists of his time should by their work bear witness of his splendour to succeeding ages.

The frescoes and other decorations, some of which are described under our reproductions, are partly the work of pupils of Raphael—or by painters of his school—by Giulio da Romano, Piero del Vaga, and Luzio Luzzi. A good idea of them may be obtained from our photographs. All the wall paintings were covered with whitewash, which was carefully removed.



THE BOOM BEFORE IT IS THROWN ACROSS THE HARBOUR

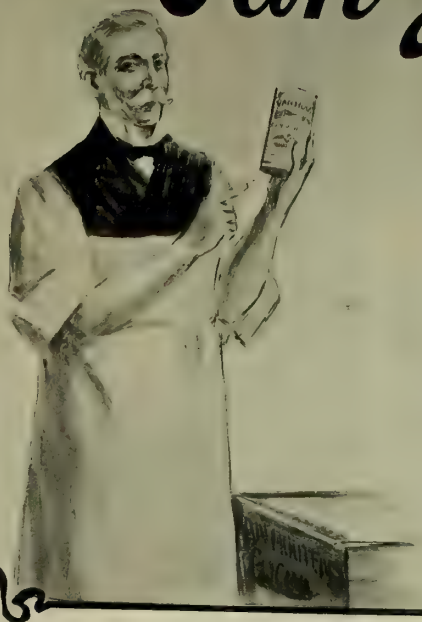


THE BOOM AFTER BEING TOWED INTO POSITION

The boom consists of a series of heavy rafts, which, when drawn across the harbour and secured to each side, form an effective barrier both above and below the water, the torpedo-nets hung from the projecting timbers reaching down nearly to the bottom. The boom is always ready, and can be placed in position in an hour, the windlass on each raft serving to close them together again when not wanted. Photos by R. A. Silk, Portsmouth.

TO PROTECT GIBRALTAR: THE GREAT BOOM DEFENCE WHICH CLOSES UP THE HARBOUR

Van Houten's



No carping critic
interrupts his praise
No rival strives
but for a second place.
Granville.

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Gems from the Poets. No 5.



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'No Voice, however feeble, lifted up for Truth ever Dies.'

THE GENIUS OF THIS LIFE, COMMON SENSE!

'We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on,
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;

We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.'—WHITTIER.

Nothing happens by Chance. We have Eyes and see not.

THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH THAN ARE DREAMT OF IN OUR PHILOSOPHY.

It is for you to find out why your ears are boxed.

AN IMAGE OF HUMAN LIFE. INCAPACITY MEETS WITH THE SAME PUNISHMENT AS CRIME.

NATURE'S LAWS.

'Nor love thy life nor hate; but whilst thou livest live well.'—MILTON.

'Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon us winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to *learn at least* the names and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allows his sons, or the State which allows its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us—*and, more or less, of those who are connected with us*—do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are *what we call the laws of Nature*. The player on the one side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, *just* and *patient*. But also we know, *to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake*, or makes the smallest *allowance for ignorance*. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of



overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And who plays ill is checkmated—*without haste, but without remorse.*

'My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather *lose than win*. And *I should accept it as an image of human life.*

'The great mass of mankind are the 'Poll,' who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. *Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again.* Nature's pluck means *extermination.*

'Ignorance is visited as sharply as *wilful* disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the *blow without* the word. It *is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.*"—HUXLEY

'*Nature's Laws*, I must repeat, are eternal; her small still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No man can depart from the truth without damage to himself.'—T. CARLYLE.

'Into man's hands is placed the rudder of his frail barque that he may not allow the waves to work their will.'—*Goethe.*

SUBSTANCES IN THE BLOOD THAT ARE HURTFUL AND INJURIOUS TO HEALTH AND LONGEVITY

We quote the following from a well-known writer on Pathology:—

'Now, a word on the importance of the regular and proper action of these excretory organs and of the intestinal canal. The former separate substances from the blood that are hurtful if they are kept in the blood. The waste substances that are got rid of by the intestinal canal include the parts of the food that are not digested and certain secretions from the intestinal canal, especially from the large part of the intestine. These substances are injurious if left in the body, as certain portions of them are reabsorbed into the blood, especially the foul organic matter in them, so that if these various excretory organs do not perform their functions in a proper manner, waste substances are either not separated from the blood or are reabsorbed into it and poison it, and as the blood is distributed to the various tissues of the body they are not properly nourished and they become degenerated, weak, and incapable of performing their proper functions, so that the regular action of these excretory organs of the body is of the greatest importance with regard to health, for not a single tissue of the body can be kept in a proper condition if the waste substances are not got rid of in the manner they should.'

Were we to mention the many and various diseases caused or produced by blood poisoning, it would require more space than we have at command. To hinder the poison from gaining admission, you must sustain the vital powers by adding to the blood what is continually being lost from various circumstances, and by that means you prevent the poison being retained in the body. The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is to take away all morbid poisons and supply that which promotes healthy secretions only by natural means. The chemical nature or antidotal power of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is to expel the foreign substance or render it inert (by natural means only). If we could maintain sufficient vital power we could keep the poison from doing any harm. That power is best attained by following the Rules for Life (see page 10 in Pamphlet) and using, according to directions, Eno's 'Fruit Salt,' which by its healthy action keeps the secretions in perfect order only by soothing and natural laws, or in other words it is impossible to overstate its great power in preventing unnecessary suffering and disease.

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

IT IS NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, AND AN UNSURPASSED ONE.

A GENTLEMAN WRITES:—**'After 25 years' use I have found a cup of hot tea, taken in the morning about a quarter of an hour after a dose of 'FRUIT SALT,' a great boon.'**

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RECENT DISCOVERIES IN ROME



This drawbridge, one of several, leads from a passage into the principal courtyard of the castle.

ONE OF THE DRAWBRIDGES



This room, which, with others, formed the apartment of the Popes, was painted by pupils of Raphael. The paintings were covered with whitewash.

"APOLLO'S ROOM" IN THE APARTMENT OF THE POPES



In his biography Cellini tells of his flight from the Castle. He speaks of a cell with seven steps and a door.

"BENVENUTO CELLINI'S CELL"

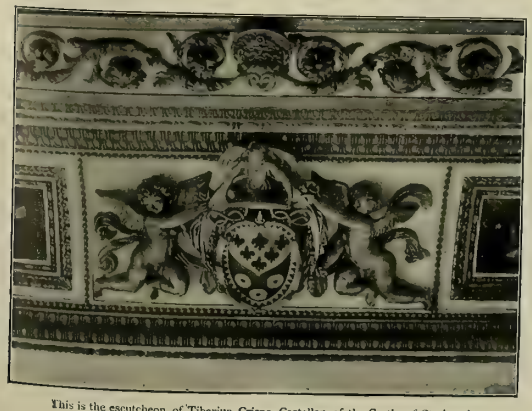


The room decorated with these frescoes was found to be in excellent condition. The fresco represents a battle between the Athenians and the Epirotes.



The frescoes in this room tell the story of Cupid and Psyche. The fresco here reproduced represents the banquet of the gods at the arrival of Psyche on Olympus.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY FRESCOES IN THE "THRONE ROOM" AND THE ROOM CALLED "CUPID AND PSYCHE"



This is the escutcheon of Tiberius Crispo, Castellan of the Castle of St. Angelo, in the time of Paolo III. It is the work of Gerolamo da Sermoneta.

THE ESCUTCHEON OF A CASTELLAN OF THE CASTLE



The splendour of Roman victories is represented in this fresco. Like the fresco with the elephants, it is the work of Giulio da Romano.

A FRESCO IN THE "THRONE ROOM"

SPLENDOURS OF THE RENAISSANCE: SOME FRUITS OF THE EXCAVATIONS AT THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO

Photographs by Adolfo Croce, Milan.

Written by H. W. LUCY

This Week's Parliament

Sketches by RALPH CLEAVER

The Army, the Navy and The Hague Conference

The Prince of Wales, with the honours of full Admiral rank fresh upon him, sat in the Peers' Gallery of the Commons, an attentive listener to Mr. Robertson's statement on the present condition of the Navy. Lord Tweedmouth, First Lord of the Admiralty, and his predecessor in the office (Lord Cawdor) sat on the back bench. Contrary to his Royal father's habit when he visited the Commons, the Heir Apparent does not seat himself in the recess immediately over the clock, a position that brings him in close contact with any Foreign Minister who may be in the Diplomatic Gallery. On Tuesday H.R.H. sat lower down on the front bench, which he had all to himself.

It was mute testimony to the reverence that hedges about the Throne, that none of the peers in attendance on debate presumed to sit on the same bench with Royalty. In the House of Lords this etiquette is occasionally varied. There the Prince of Wales has come into reversion of his Royal father's place at the corner of the Front Bench. His present Majesty was seated there on the memorable night when the Earl of Wemyss, holding forth from the second Cross Bench, in the fervour of oratorical passion, brought his clenched fist down on His Majesty's hat. Not unfrequently, when the Prince is seated at the right-hand corner of the Bench, other peers, notably Lord Rosebery and Earl Roberts, take their place beside him.

The statement made by the Financial Secretary to the Admiralty was of a character calculated to give pleasure to the latest Admiral and to all concerned for the fortunes of the British Navy. It was known in advance that a saving of two millions sterling had been made on the estimates of last year. Compared with those operating three years ago, there was a reduction of eight millions. This was pleasant for the taxpayer. But were the parings stored up at the expense of efficiency? Facts and figures set forth by Mr. Robertson relieved apprehension on this score. At no period of history was the Navy readier or more powerful than to-day. Not only was the two-Power standard maintained, but for three years and a half ahead it will be exceeded. In the autumn of 1910 Great Britain will have completed and afloat eight, probably nine, battleships of the new type and three cruisers. At that date France will have completed only two battleships, Germany, forging ahead, will have added to her fleet four battleships and two cruisers.

British predominance of another kind was testified to by an interesting table of comparison cited by Mr. Robertson. England not only builds more ships than foreign Powers, turning them out at a speed limit unattainable elsewhere, but their cost is materially less. Whilst for new construction Russia pays £93 a ton, Germany £97, and France £124, Great Britain turns out the finest type of battleship afloat at a cost of £88 per ton.

This was excellent news, welcomed on the Opposition benches with fulness of satisfaction not exceeded in the Ministerial camp. But the quick eye of Mr. Balfour discerned, and his logical mind resented, a striking anomaly. Only a day or two earlier the Prime Minister had assisted at the launching of a new weekly paper by contribution of an article bearing on the forthcoming Hague Conference and urging on Continental Powers the propriety, desirability, and safety of reducing armaments. "We," he added, speaking on behalf of Great Britain, "have already given earnest of our sincerity by the considerable reductions that have been effected in our naval and military expenditure." That was incontestable. The real question was not what the Army and Navy cost, but whether they severally and collectively are weaker for offensive purposes than they were.

Mr. Haldane, expounding the Army Estimates, whilst showing material reduction in money cost, claimed that the Army was actually increased in strength and efficiency. The Financial Secretary of the Admiralty, also boasting material saving, had made, had indeed demonstrated, the existence of similar augmentation of strength. In these circumstances, what would The Hague Conference say to the Prime Minister coming to it with assurance of reduced expenditure on Army and Navy, and his injunction that Continental nations should go and do likewise?

This placed the Premier in a tight place and stirred the Committee into a state of unwonted excitement. "C.-B." angrily suggested that the Leader of the Opposition was unpatriotically coaching foreign diplomatists. "A very unworthy interruption," Mr. Balfour, with equal anger, retorted. Recovering his coolness, and conscious of an unassailable position, he smilingly chaffed the irate Premier on assuming that foreigners would be too stupid to discover for themselves the obvious dilemma indicated.

In spite of the imminence of The Hague Conference, the week at Westminster has been chiefly occupied with preparation for war. On Monday the Army marched in and took possession. In a speech, short by comparison with that of the previous week, Mr. Haldane explained the details of his scheme for creating a Territorial Army. It was on the whole favourably received, the Opposition being patriotically desirous of not hampering Ministers upon points vital to the safety of the Empire. It is now clear that no large financial measure will be introduced before Easter, the House being fully employed in winding up the business of the financial year. This delay is not encouraging for the hope of passing in a single Session measures dealing with two such ticklish subjects as the Government of Ireland and the supervision of the Liquor Trade.



Mr. Robertson introduces the Navy Estimates.



Sir Charles Dilke, "The Animated Encyclopædia."



Mr. M'Kenna, the new Minister for Education, is pugnacious.

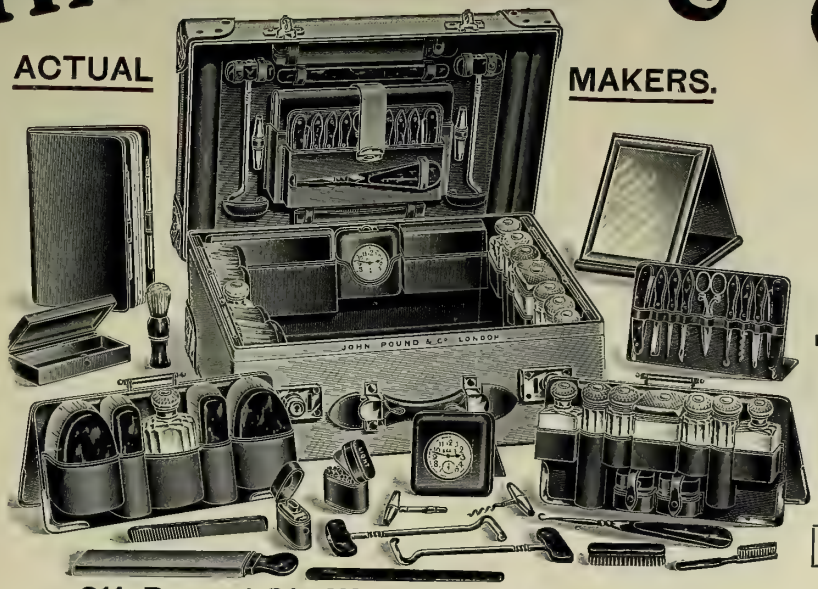


Mr. W. Redmond agitates for a postbag for Ballyalla, County Clare.

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¶ Possibly the canvas in the cover may have deteriorated, owing to damp; or the tube may have been exposed to light and thus have lost its elasticity.

¶ Do not omit to have the rim painted. If this is not done, rust will soon appear, very quickly destroying the bead of the tyre.

SEND EARLY IN ORDER TO BE PREPARED FOR THE FINE WEATHER.

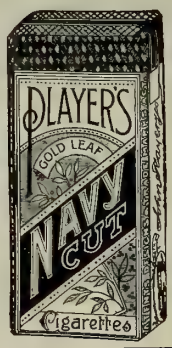
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—Navy Cut—

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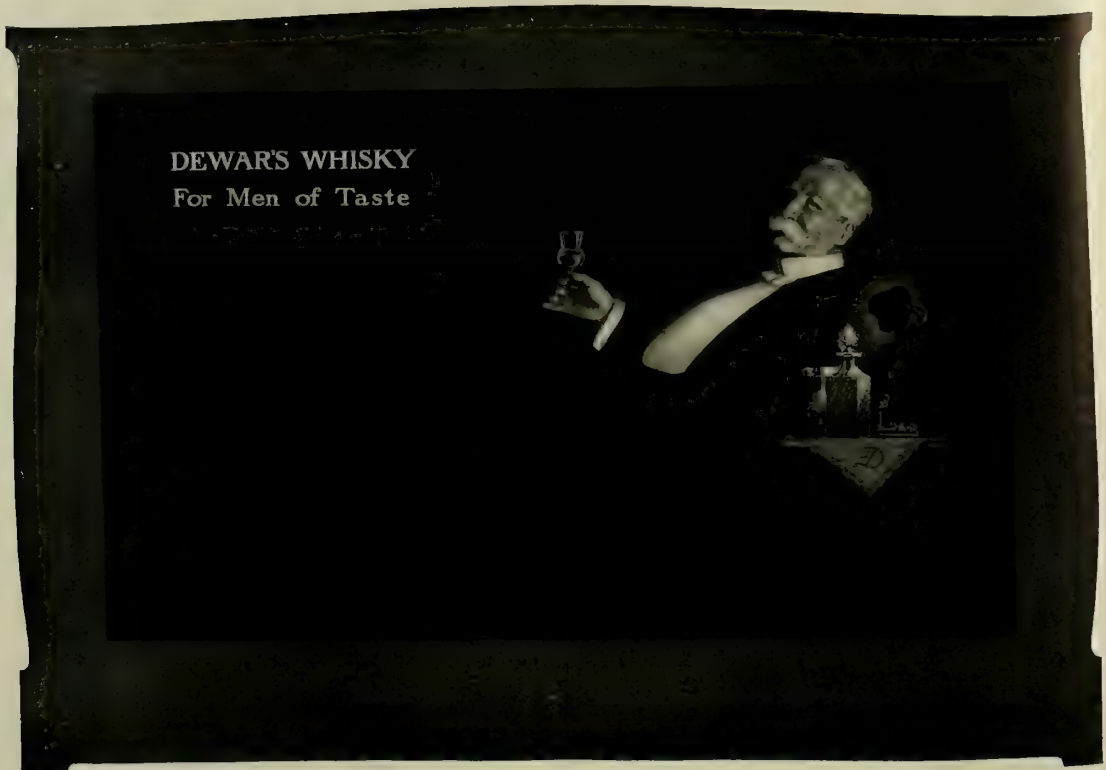
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THE BYSTANDER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

IF it be true that the ghosts of Gough Square, the spooks of Hampton Court, the spirits of Chelsea, the wraiths of Woburn Square and other uncomfortable apparitions have combined to form a Ghosts Protection Society and to agitate for Ghosts' Rights, I fear we shall have a very troublesome time. The Prime Minister, I fancy, will find this new combination even more difficult to manage than the Suffragettes. For no strength of mounted police, no number of active and intelligent officers will keep our friends out of the House of Commons if they have a mind to come in. They will sneak in through the ventilators; they will creep through keyholes; they will wriggle through door-cracks, and present themselves at the Bar of the House and utterly upset an important debate should they be inclined. Nay! They might do more than this. They might sit on the Treasury Bench; they might hang in clusters round the Speaker's chair; they might even hide in the hat of Mr. Asquith, or sit on the shoulders of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Let us sincerely trust that something may be done speedily to nip this threatened agitation in the bud.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, the other day, spoke of the fine old house in Lancaster, "where Prince Charlie stayed during his descent on England," which is now the home of the Conservative Club, and alluded to the ornate ironwork which decorates its entrance. The exterior of the mansion is not particularly remarkable, but within you will discover one of the finest old houses in the town. It is throughout panelled in beautiful mahogany, so old and so dark that it is almost black, with that beautiful inner glow that this most genial of woods always retains, and all the doors, and there are a good many of them, are of solid mahogany. I don't suppose there is a square foot of veneer throughout the building, and the place abounds in beautiful carvings, massive hand-rails and twisted balusters. Before the mansion alluded to was occupied by the Conservative Club it was, I believe, the home of a girls' school, and it was pleasant to think of the young damsels tripping up those ancient staircases, pattering along those sombre corridors, and having their pretty faces mirrored in the genial polish of those massive, rubicund doors.

Some years ago I was fortunate enough to be allowed to thoroughly inspect this building, also another fine house, the County Club, as well as the Judge's Lodgings built by Thomas Covell—six times mayor of Lancaster—two centuries and a quarter ago. The whole town abounds in fine old houses in which solid mahogany is lavishly used. For, it should be remembered, Lancaster was the mahogany port long before Liverpool was a going concern, and here it was that the far-famed furniture factory of Gillow was originally established. When I first visited Lancaster the King's Arms was pretty much the same as it was when visited by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins, whose experiences of the good old hostelry are so graphically rendered in "The Lazy Tour of the Two Idle Apprentices." The place then was a perfect magazine of antique furniture, ancient bedsteads, and curiosities. I knew the genial landlord, Mr. Sly, and I recollect his being greatly interested on my telling him that I had dined with Wilkie Collins just before leaving town.

The proposal by Mr. Colcutt, the President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, that shops shall enter into the new scheme for the reconstruction of Southwark Bridge, is certainly a novel one in the present day, though it was by no means uncommon in days gone by. We have evidence of this in buildings remaining upon some of the ancient structures on the Thames, in the Ponte Vecchio at Florence, and in other Continental bridges. Though Mr. Colcutt advances a good many excellent reasons in favour of his scheme, I am inclined to think a shopless bridge is somewhat of a blessing. It makes a pleasant hiatus in the everlasting streetiness of London, it gives us a pause in the perpetual din and traffic, it affords us a sense of space, a glimpse of sunshine and a breath of fresh air. Besides this, I think we are getting overshopped everywhere. All those rows of pleasant houses with their front gardens about Kensington and elsewhere—notably those pleasant mansions in the Terrace—have been sacrificed to shops, and it is to be hoped our bridges will not be given over to the tradesmen. What we want is covered bridges—as I suggested at the time that pleasant and picturesque temporary wooden structure crossed the Thames at London Bridge. A bridge is naturally a breathing place, a spot for rest and recreation, for lounging and meditation, and if it is protected from the weather, so much the better. If we had a roofed bridge like the Kappellbrücke at Lucerne it would be indeed a boon.

It would appear we are likely to have too much of pageants, and Lord Ebury's letter on the subject is undoubtedly well timed. We are apt in England, if we get hold of a good thing, to overdo it till it becomes an absolute nuisance. An occasional pageant is not a bad thing, but when every little country town clamours for a pageant the whole thing becomes as much a bore as the perpetual free library. The hint that Lord Ebury gives that the money expended on these spectacles might be more profitably and wisely expended in other directions should by no means be overlooked.

It is to be hoped Mr. Bernard Partridge's cartoon, "The Mammoth Din City," which recently appeared in *Punch*, will awaken the authorities—whoever they may be—to the tortures inflicted on the whole of London by the mobus and the mocar. These evils have never for one moment been exaggerated. The other morning, at half-past one—A.M., mind you—a mobus passed my house emitting violent explosions every second. They were so like musketry fire that I looked out of window to see who was being shot, and, if so, how many. These explosions continued till the vehicle was out of hearing, and, I suppose, occurred during the length of its journey. Possibly they were protests on behalf of the mobus against being kept out so late; but that is no reason why I should be robbed of my beauty-sleep. Is it?



A HARD-RIDING DIANA CHANGING HORSES

DRAWN BY FREDERIC WHITING

A New Symphony

Up to the present, our dear old friend the Philharmonic Society has always been regarded as the very epitome of everything that is respectable. Its members represent all that is weighty and learned in the London musical world, and in its programmes the classical traditions have almost invariably been fully maintained. Every now and then it has given us a new work, but, as a rule, that work is by a musician of the old school to whom Strauss and other moderns are anathema maranatha, and who would almost rather die than pen a series of those weird compositions in which the younger writers take so keen a delight. As one casts one's eye over a Philharmonic audience one recognises the same old faces that have occupied the same places for years past and are but rarely to be seen at any other concerts in the metropolis. Here, at any rate, their owners know that their tenderest susceptibilities will not be shocked, that they will, for the most part, be regaled with their familiar friends, that, if a novelty is set before them, it is practically certain to be written strictly in accordance with the rules and regulations laid down in the standard works on harmony, and that the drums of their ears will not be offended by startling discords and rough-and-ready modulations. In fact, the Philharmonic Society has come to be regarded as one of the most conservative institutions in the length and breadth of this conservative land.

And now suddenly the Society has launched out, and at its last concert it produced a work so startling that many members of the audience deemed it necessary to walk out of the hall during its progress as a sort of protest against this regrettable departure from the highest traditions. And, upon the whole, I do not know that those who took the extreme course are entirely to be blamed, for even to ears which are accustomed to and do not mind modernity M. Georges Enesco's Symphony in E flat is not a little astonishing. How the Society discovered this symphony, or what induced them to produce it when they had discovered it, it is impossible to say; but it is hardly to be denied that if they wished to throw traditions to the winds and to make a sudden excursion into the fields of modernity, they might have selected a rather more promising composition with which to start their new life.

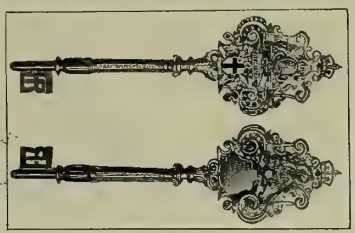
That M. Enesco belongs to the most advanced school was obvious from the moment when the orchestra, under Dr. Cowen, attacked the opening bars. Apparently determined to leave no doubt whatever on the subject of his attitude towards his art, he started off with some discords which must have made those who are not accustomed to this sort of thing shiver down their spines. These, however, were nothing to what was to follow. There was not a page in the score which did not contain something that was ear-splitting or nerve-racking, or both simultaneously, and if ever M. Enesco lapsed into momentary beauty he made instant amends for it by hammering on the drums or insisting on his muted brass performing passages which irresistibly suggested a draper tearing up calico.

Now there is no objection whatever to ugliness in music provided that it is intended to express some definite and ugly idea. Strauss can be ugly and fantastic enough when the mood is on him, but there is always some method in his madness, and he holds, rightly enough, that the composer who wishes to convey some dark or unpleasant thought cannot do so with music that is studiously beautiful. M. Enesco, however, seems to have adopted Strauss's manners without digesting them thoroughly. His music is hideous enough, in all conscience, but it conveys nothing whatsoever. His symphony is nothing but a gross example of the art of making much ado about nothing, and it is more likely to bring the modern methods into disrepute than all the eccentricities of Strauss, Debussy, and Max Reger rolled into one. J. D. H.



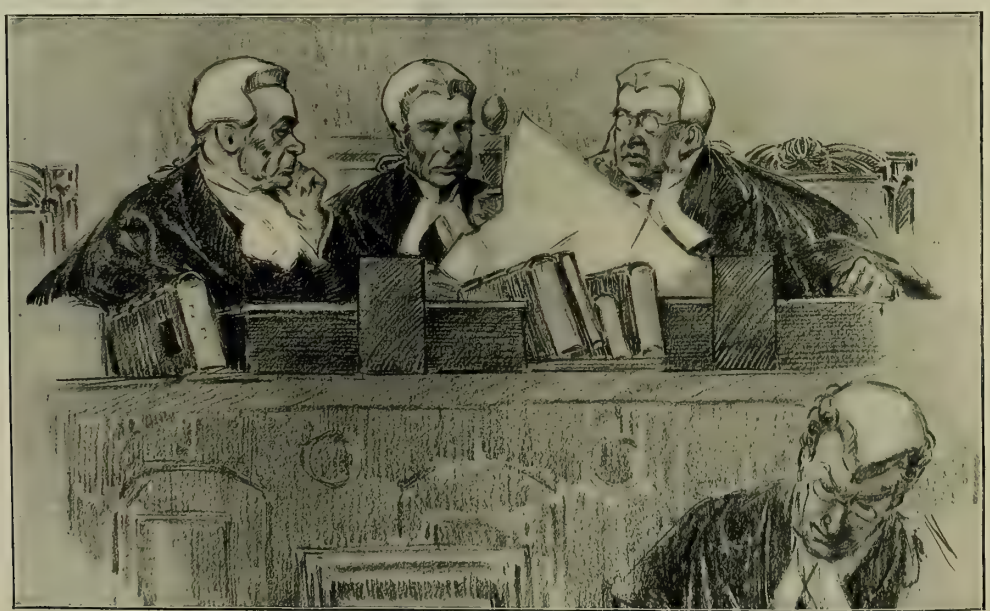
The programme for the matinée in aid of the Lord Mayor's Cripples' Fund, given at Drury Lane last Tuesday, was as entertaining as it was varied, and most of the prominent figures in stageland were there to assist. Our genial Lord Mayor himself made a brief appearance behind the footlights, being led on by Lady Bancroft, who announced that the performance had brought in over £1,000 to the Fund. The most novel item was "A Prehistoric Lord Mayor's Show," arranged by Mr. E. T. Reed and Mr. Edmund Payne, the final tableau, representing the Lord Mayor's coach of that dim and distant era, bringing down the house.

A PALÆOLITHIC PAGEANT: ONE OF MR. E. T. REED'S SKETCHES FOR THE PREHISTORIC LORD MAYOR'S SHOW AT THE DRURY LANE MATINÉE IN AID OF THE LORD MAYOR'S CRIPPLES' FUND



During the proceedings at the opening of the new Sessions House the King was presented with this golden key of the building. It is richly adorned with gems, the Royal Crown, which is a feature of the design, being in diamonds. Sapphires and rubies combine to make, with the diamonds, the three national colours, red, white and blue. The key was designed and made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.

A MEMENTO FOR THE KING: THE GOLDEN KEY OF THE NEW SESSIONS HOUSE



SIR HERBERT COZENS-HARDY — SIR RICHARD HENN COLLINS — SIR GEORGE FARWELL

These are the Judges who sat in Appeal Court Number 1 before the new promotions. Sir Herbert Cozens-Hardy now succeeds Sir Richard Henn Collins as Master of the Rolls, and will preside in Court Number 1. Sir R. Henn Collins succeeds the late Lord Davey as Lord of Appeal. Sir George Farwell has been Lord Justice since last year.

MY LORDS OF APPEAL: A SKETCH IN COURT NUMBER 1 BEFORE THE NEW PROMOTIONS

SKETCHED BY FRANK GILLETT



ADVANCED MUSICAL TASTES

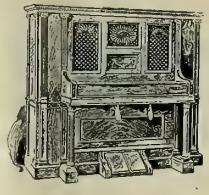
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The "Allenburys" Foods are alike suitable for the robust and delicate, and children thrive upon them as on no other diet.

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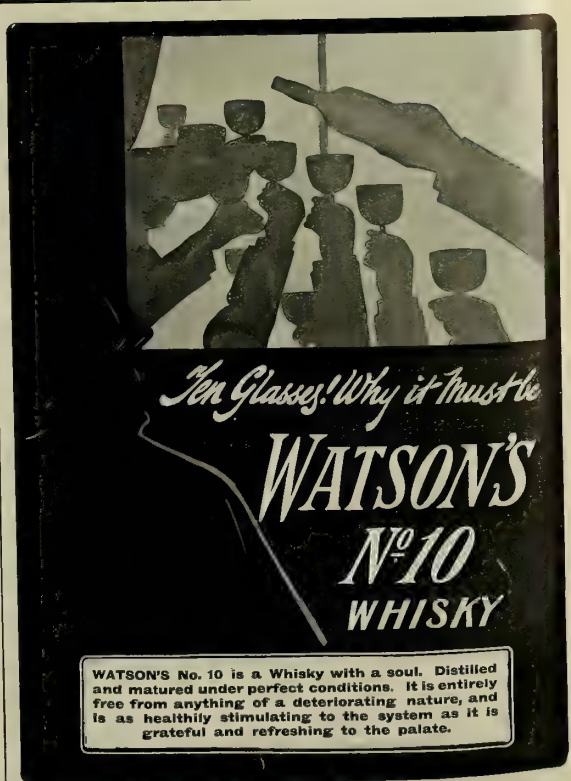
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(Signed) CHARLES BERESFORD, Admiral.



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MOTOR NOTES

Motor Finance

The boom in motor shares seems at a standstill for the present, but the extraordinary demand for this class of security seems entirely speculative. The £1 Daimler shares stood as low as 50s. last year, and the present price is £7. Darracq £1 shares ordinary are about £3. Humber £1 have risen to £2 6s. These are large rises, and many other shares in motor construction companies have gone up in sympathy. The future seems to be full of promise as far as new users are concerned, but at the same time we should do all we can to secure Continental markets. Despite the hold foreign cars had in the United Kingdom, the British manufacturers have done much in the last twelve months to undermine it.

Aerial Navigation

The Aero Club have, after considerable preparation, made definite arrangements for conducting a series of experiments in connection with the above subject. They will consist of the following classes:—Propellers, aeroplanes, and engines. Professor Waynforth, the honorary technical adviser to the Aero Club, will carry out the experiments as to propeller, and the King's College Laboratory has been placed at his disposal for this purpose. Subscriptions are invited, as necessarily the expenditure will be large. Lord Howard de Walden heads the list with £100, and the following members have also promised subscriptions:—F. H. Butler, E. Bucknall, Martin Dale, P. Alexander, Colonel Capper, Professor Huntingdon, J. T. C. Moore Brabazon, S. Spooner, Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, G.C.B., Hon. C. S Rolls and Roger Wallace, K.C. It has been decided to invite further subscriptions, which may be sent to the Aero Club, 166, Piccadilly, London, W.

London Traffic

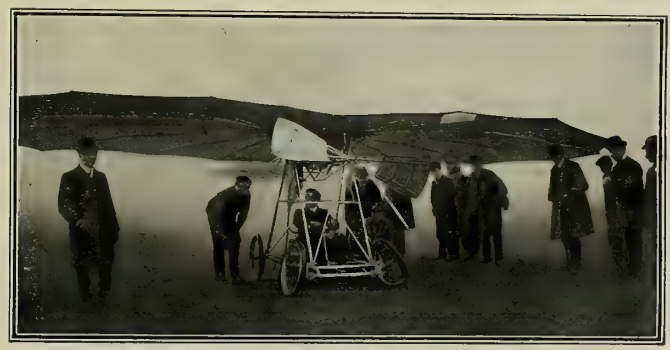
I noticed in last week's *Car* that Lord Ribblesdale has put down a notice of motion calling attention to the recommendations of the Royal Commission on London Traffic. His Lordship winds up with these words: "And to ask His Majesty's Government whether, as is alleged, the attitude of the London County Council on this matter is a factor in the case." The Royal Commission came to the conclusion that the Council is far too wedded to the trams to give impartial consideration to their recommendations. This is the result of municipal trading. In the provinces especially it is becoming almost an impossibility for a private company to obtain the necessary licenses to run a motor-bus service, solely because it may diminish the receipts of the trams. At a recent meeting called for the purpose one councillor openly stated that *he* was not going to examine a motor-bus which would compete with the Municipal tramway. I do not know if the trams at Cardiff belong to the municipality, but I see that several applications have been refused in that town recently.

The Automobile Club

The annual report of the Automobile Club is just out, and although it is too voluminous to summarise, it is interesting to note that the Club is the largest motoring organisation in the world, not excepting America or France. The membership is over 3,000, and including the members of affiliated clubs it is, of course, far greater. I think perhaps few of us motorists realise what we owe to this institution, especially in the pioneer days of automobilism, although there may not be so wide a scope for its usefulness at the present time. Owing to the necessity of going to press I am unable to do more than mention the important resolution to be brought forward by Mr. Frederic Coleman, himself a prominent member of the trade. It is practically to the effect that no member of the trade shall vote on any committee in which trade questions come in. The pros and cons are many. The Automobile Club membership is, I should think, quite unique, including, as it does, all classes, from princes to traders, but, at the same time, all united for the good of the "cause." If there was no motorphobia, I would venture to say that the Club would not be the success it undoubtedly is. Apropos of the trade element, I notice that a "Junior Automobile Club" is in course of formation, and one of its leading objects is to do away with trade membership. The membership will be limited to five hundred for the present, and the subscription will be one guinea.

A Fat Spark

The thanks of every motorist are due to Dr. Watson for his very excellent paper on the "Phenomena of Electric Ignition" and the results he has obtained from his exhaustive experiments. The whole paper is worthy of the most careful study, but the conclusion come to is that one can get just as successful results with the use of the smallest amount of current in the primary of the coil as with a lavish expenditure of the same. That is to say, that when the current is reduced as far as is safe, and always provided that it is not reduced so much that no spark takes place in the cylinder, firing will be a little late, and this can be rectified by advancing the time lever. This, of course, means economy of current. I gather, rightly or wrongly, that a fat spark or a weak spark are only relatively important to the power of the engine in the time they take to explode the mixture and the rapidity of combustion. I am glad to say I have done with accumulators; but in my early days I often obtained as good a result with a weak battery and spark lever advanced as with a well-charged one and spark-lever in its normal position.



Some successful aeroplane experiments were made by the young Austrian inventor, Trojan Vuia, last Saturday. A fog hung over the field at Bagatelle, but there was no wind, and in two out of three attempts the machine flew short distances. At the first trial the front wheels only left the ground; at the second the whole machine rose to a height of two feet and flew thirty feet, and at the third a distance of nearly fifty feet was covered at a height of four feet. The machine is in butterfly form, and has a Serpollet motor fed with carbonic acid gas.

SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF FLIGHT: THE VUIA AEROPLANE ON THE BAGATELLE TRAINING GROUND, NEUILLY

Two-Stroke Motors

I notice that a company has recently been registered to take over the valveless motor invented by Mr. Lucas. Many experts are convinced that there is a future for a two-cycle motor as applied to cars, and it is interesting to note that one has now reached the "company" stage. In America the difficulties seem to have been overcome to some extent, as there are already cars in existence with this type of engine. The chief difficulty lies in keeping the exhaust and induction gases quite separate, and, naturally, this is no easy matter. Once overcome, the revolution will be great, and the car for the man of moderate means may yet be an actual fact.

Motor v. Horse Omnibus

The dividends of the London General Omnibus Company and the Road Car Company prove the popularity of the mechanically propelled vehicles. The comparisons of the half-years ending December 31 given below are interesting:—

LONDON GENERAL.

December 31, 1904: Dividend...	...	8 per cent.
,, 1905: ,, ...	...	6 ,,
* ,, 1906: ,, ...	...	5 ,,

* The 1906 dividend is assisted from reserve.

LONDON ROAD CAR.

December 31, 1904: Dividend...	...	6½ per cent.
,, 1905: ,, ...	...	5 ,,
,, 1906: ,, ...	...	nil.

In the case of these two companies the idea was to make the necessary change by degrees, but it ended in having to be done in a great hurry, and even then the motor-bus companies must have made serious inroads into the *clientèle* of their rivals. At the same time, it is a question whether some of the motor-bus companies will last when our old friends mentioned above have caught them up. The earlier companies had the advantage of attracting passengers, but the great disadvantage of using a type of chassis which has since been much improved upon.

It is somewhat of a novelty to charge a motor with going too slowly, but that was the cause of a motor-bus driver at Lambeth Police Court being fined 5s. and costs. Presumably, it was for "loitering," but the police evidence termed it "driving very slowly."

"GRAPHICUS."

Memoranda for the Coming Week

TO-DAY

Lord Tweedmouth at Oxford.

Association Football: The Sheriff of London Charity Shield match (Corinthians *v.* Newcastle United), Fulham.

Lyric Theatre: *The Little Admiral.*

Bechstein Hall: Barnes-Phillips Chamber Concert, 3.

MONDAY, MARCH 11

Racquets: The Military Singles Championship begins, Prince's Club, Knightsbridge.

Royal Geographical Society: Mr. Mark Sykes on "Journeys in Northern Mesopotamia," 8.30.

TUESDAY, MARCH 12

Meeting of the newly elected London County Council.

Liverpool Colonial Products Exhibition, St. George's Hall, open to March 26.

Hunters' Improvement Society: Annual London Show, Agricultural Hall (three days).

The Playhouse: First matinée of *Her Son.*

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13

The Prince of Wales and the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House lunch with the Lord Mayor.

Japan Society: Mr. John Carey on "Early Feudal Law in Japan," 8.30.

Winter Flowering Carnation Society: Exhibition, Royal Botanic Gardens, 1—5.

Institute of Printers and Kindred Trades: The Lord Mayor presides at the seventh annual dinner, Hotel Cecil.

Philharmonic Society's Concert: Queen's Hall, 8.

THURSDAY, MARCH 14

Convocation of the University of Oxford for the election of a Chancellor.

Ladies in Reduced Circumstances: Sale of Work, Hampstead Conservatoire, 12 (two days).

Royal Society: Meeting, 4.30.

Society of Arts: Sir James Thomson on "The City of Madras," 4.30.

FRIDAY, MARCH 15

Institution of Mechanical Engineers: General meeting, 8.

Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, City Road: Annual Court, the Lord Mayor presiding, 3.

Lord Alverstone presents the prizes at the South-Western Polytechnic, Chelsea, 8.

Dinner to Dr. Macnamara, M.P., Criterion.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16

The University Boat Race.

Mr. Lloyd-George, M.P., at Cardiff.

Rugby Football: England v. Scotland, Blackheath.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

A MAN OF METTLE

Alike as soldier and civilian, Sir Owen Burne has had a distinguished career. He is old enough to remember the hard fighting of the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny. In the first he won his spurs, and in the second he stood revealed as an exceptionally gallant soldier. During the Mutiny, he was under fire on more than a score of occasions, and he bore his share in the capture of Lucknow. When peace came to India he proved himself an adjutant with ideas; in fact, the 20th Regiment had never perhaps better reason to congratulate itself than when young Burne looked after the health and welfare of the rank and file. He was only four-and-twenty when Sir Hugh Rose, then Commander-in-Chief in India, gave him quite unexpectedly the coveted post of military secretary. There was a good deal of amazement at the Horse Guards at such a jump in promotion; but Sir Hugh stood by his man, and had no reason to regret his decision. In 1868 Lord Mayo, on his appointment as Viceroy, singled him out for the confidential and difficult post of private secretary. He served in this capacity until the lamented assassination of the Viceroy in 1872, and he then returned to England. He was immediately summoned to Osborne to tell the Queen about a tragedy of which he was an eye-witness, and was ever afterwards to a significant degree a *persona grata* at Court. He was next appointed political A.D.C. to the Secretary of State for India, and in that capacity had some amusing experiences in attendance on the late Shah of Persia during his visit to this country. But his career in the East was by no means ended. He became private secretary to another Viceroy, Lord Lytton, and finally served for ten years as a member of the Council of India.

So much for the outward aspects of a memorable and honourable career. The shining qualities of Sir Owen Burne leap artlessly to light in his modest, genial autobiography. He rose to authority not merely because he was distinguished for valour, but also for what is sometimes called the better part of it—discretion. He possessed tact, judgment, and, for a public servant to whom official secrets are committed, what is imperative, the saving grace of silence. Sir Owen is the sort of man who would sooner break stones than break confidences. We can well imagine that this book was not easy to write, but there is not an indiscreet, much less an ungenerous, page in it from first to last. But there are plenty of capital stories, and some of them are racy enough. Citation is impossible at the space at our disposal. We are therefore content to assure the prospective reader that if he loves humour, he will not go unrewarded. All sorts of famous people cross the pages, from that extraordinary potentate, the late Shah, at a time when his curiosity was boundless and often distinctly embarrassing, to a brilliant group of soldiers and civilians at home and abroad. We get personal impressions and in some cases shrewd verdicts on statesmen like the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Randolph Churchill, and amusing glimpses of affairs great and small. Sir Owen Burne has written a lively, kindly, picturesque book—a record of memorable incidents in our Indian Empire interwoven with personal experiences well worth the telling. ("Memories." By Major-General Sir Owen Tudor Burne, K.C.S.I. Illustrated. Edward Arnold, London. 15s.)



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR OWEN BURNE
From the Frontispiece to his "Memories." (Edward Arnold.)
AFTER THE PAINTING BY MRS. LESLIE MELVILLE.

A MASTER OF RIDICULE

Jean Baptiste Molière ("Molière: A Biography," by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, with an Introduction by T. F. Crane. Illustrated. Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d. net.) belongs to the great order of men. He is the most illustrious dramatist of France—one of the most illustrious, in an exclusive sense, in the literature of the world. His reputation is therefore classic; it has been accepted, to borrow a splendid phrase, with the cheers of mankind. There is truth in the assertion that what Dante did for the Catholic traditions of the Middle Ages Molière accomplished for the universal precepts of common sense. "He has seized everywhere the features which serve to form a complete picture of human life." He died in 1673, at the age of fifty-one, an excommunicated playwright, denied in consequence a Christian burial. He had a superlative knowledge of men and of the motives which animate them. He had a wholesome and invincible contempt for hypocrisy; he was, in fact, a fearless moralist and used his gift of satire in social comedies, which are still the masterpieces of the French stage, for ends that were honourable. Molière only wrote one tragedy and it was a failure; the tragedy was in his own life, for, in spite of brilliant triumphs, his lot was not easy, especially after he married a wife much younger than himself. Pedants and fribbles, as well as hypocrites and sycophants, to say nothing of lewd fellows of the baser sort, many of whom were in high places, cordially disliked him, whilst the clerics could not forgive *Tartuffe*—the Abbé de Roquette was a speaking likeness of too many of them.

A great literature, especially in France, has naturally arisen round the magic personality of Molière. It would be easy to fill a column with memoirs in which he is portrayed more or less successfully, to say nothing of appreciations and aids to the interpretation of his art. That is too big a subject, however, for our present limits. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor is a young American scholar who has made a special and prolonged study of Molière as man, actor and dramatist. He has left no stone unturned in the task of research, and the book in that respect is a welcome contrast to many showy, superficial deliverances to which in these days we are only too well accustomed. In other words, it could only have been written by a scholar not merely of Molière, but of the French drama in the great days of Racine and Corneille. But this is not all that can be said on behalf of his book. Research is one thing, but style is another. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor possesses, what many scholars lack, the gift of picturesque and vivid writing. When Louis XIV. asked Boileau what great writer had shed most lustre in his reign, the critic replied instantly "Molière, sire," and though the Grand Monarque had his misgivings at such a verdict, the distinguished poet and critic who paid that generous tribute was right. Molière in private life stands practically without reproach. He was a gentleman as well as a genius.



MOLIÈRE AS MASCARILLE
From "Molière: A Biography." By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. (Chatto and Wind"

The book is admirably illustrated, and its value to students is enhanced by a copious bibliography. S. J. R.

"THE EXPENSIVE MISS DU CANE"

Whether with intention or not, "The Expensive Miss Du Cane," by S. Macnaughtan (William Heinemann), represents to a remarkable degree the characteristic construction of the best examples of French fiction. Everything at once leads up to and depends upon a single point, the slightest irrelevance being rigidly excluded; incidents and characters are left to explain themselves, and a good half of the effect is obtained by a studied restraint of style. The central point in question is the failure of a good enough young fellow to sacrifice, for love's sake, such of life as he has learned to think indispensable, but which a lover of romance would have thrown to the winds. The situation must not be thought slight, seeing what it means to a girl who passes through a week of hope and happiness back into a desolation all the more tragically impressive for being suggested rather than described. The seven days comprising the whole of the action are spent in a country house, where the host and guests provide a brightly coloured veil of humorous comedy for the drama that it at first hides and then gradually reveals.

"AMAZEMENT"

The final word of the marriage service is used by Mr. James Blyth for a story (John Long) with which the procedure of the Court for matrimonial causes is much more concerned than the ceremonial of the Book of Common Prayer. Its topics are the confused relations of a number of vulgar and unwholesome folk, whom an author with a pinch of humour in him would have strangled at their birth, and who are as unable to interest as to amuse.

"HER HIGHNESS'S SECRETARY"

Everybody by this time knows the little German or Danubian State—it matters not which—whose beautiful young Queen or Grand Duchess is troubled with an objectionable

A REMARKABLE BOOK ON *THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.*

Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., the distinguished authority on Hygienic Science and Health Que tions, is evidently a believer in Thomas Carlyle's doctrine that there is no utility in pointing out misfortunes unless you at the same time indicate the remedy. In his remarkable little book, "The Art of Living," just issued from the press, Dr. Wilson not only points out that "Our first duty to ourselves is to check illness at the outset," but he follows up this admonition with the more welcome information how we are to do it. He, so to speak, says: "You have the evil of ill-health to fight. Now, here's the weapon to fight with. Strike for freedom." For example, he says: "Suppose a person has run down—feels languid and is easily tired. If he neglects this warning—for all such signs and symptoms are Nature's warning to us—the possibility is that he will pass further afield into the great lone land of disease. Can he do anything to save himself from such a disastrous result? In the vast majority of cases he can restore his vigour." How? Dr. Wilson tells his reader how without delay, adding at once this remarkable statement:—"Probably he will be advised to take a tonic. This in the main is good advice. Unfortunately the number of tonics is legion, but if there exists any preparation which can combine in itself the properties of a tonic and restorative, and which at the same time can contribute to the nourishment and building up of the enfeebled body, it is evident such an agent must prove of the utmost value to everybody. I have found such a tonic and restorative in the preparation known as Sanatogen." How the distinguished author found this tonic he tells us in an interesting bit of autobiography. "Recovering from an attack of Influenza," he says, "and suffering from the severe weakness incidental to that ailment, Sanatogen was brought under my notice. I gave it a fair trial, and the results were all that could have been desired. In a short time my appetite improved, the weakness was conquered, and without the use of any other medicine or preparation I was restored to health." It is easy to believe that this experience led the doctor to make a thorough investigation into this specific which had served him so well. Sanatogen, he tells us, "combines two distinct elements—one tonic and the other nutritive." Further, it is no "secret" remedy, for, as he pertinently observes, "Its composition is well known, otherwise medical men would not prescribe it." What the tonic and nutritive elements of Sanatogen are, and how they effect so much good, Dr. Wilson describes in simple, convincing terms. The whole passage is too long to quote, but one important remark of the writer may be given, namely, that one of the principal elements of Sanatogen "represents the substance which actually forms a very important, if not the most important, constituent of our brain and nervous system." How, through regenerating the nervous system, Sanatogen restores the functions of the digestive organs, and by rebuilding the whole body, compensates the wear and tear of latter-day life; how it does away with the need of stimulants, and cures the sick by the natural method of making the body strong enough to drive out disease—all this, in the delightful style of Dr. Wilson's language, makes engrossing and pleasant, as well as instructive, reading. This last contribution of Dr. Wilson to the literature of Health may certainly be calculated to carry joyful news to the ailing and weary. A limited number of complete specimen copies of the "Art of Living," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., are being distributed free of charge. To obtain one of these copies the applicant must mention THE GRAPHIC in sending his name and address to the publishers—F. WILLIAMS & Co., 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.

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Chancellor, and is saved from matrimonial and other sensational perils by a fine young Briton who treats her tangles like cobwebs and their spinners like skittles. Mr. Carlton Dawe's version of the old, old story (Eveleigh Nash), is quite as good as most of the others, except that he allows his fine young Briton—we can scarcely bring ourselves to write the word— to *fail*. That is not playing the game, which, up to its end, has been all so fair and square.

A NOVELIST AND MRS. GRUNDY

Miss Angelica Jenour, the middle-aged heroine of "The Yoke," by Hubert Wales (John Long), appears to be strongly and practically of Lord Chesterfield's opinion that what that mirror of manners and morals termed an "arrangement" with a real lady, is a young's man's best preservative from vulgar perils. For the rest, the fact that the novel is written with a purpose is much clearer than what the purpose may be. The common way of regarding most things seems made out to be mostly wrong, but getting Mrs. Grundy to see it is quite another affair. Indeed, there is something pathetically Quixotic in scolding a despotic old lady who, under one name or another, has always held her own, and—vastly to the general advantage—always will.

"THE DIAMOND SHIP"

Mr. Max Pemberton's new story (Cassell and Company) introduces his youthful readers to a detective by intuition—obviously of a much superior order to that of such mere reasoners as the Chevalier Dupin or Mr. Sherlock Holmes. The wild work that results outstrips, so far as our experience extends, anything previously inspired by world-wide leagues of crime, or even by such fiction-beating jewel histories as that of the Koh-i-Noor. What becomes of all the jewels that have been lost or stolen? Mr. Pemberton answers the question once for all. And now, with such a detective as Dr. Fabos in his service, perhaps he will proceed to solve the yet more baffling perplexity—what becomes of all the pins?

"ADAM'S CLAY"

Lady Clara Vere de Vere in a modern flat, married to a naval officer on the China station, and spending the time she could spare from her flirtations in writing compromising accounts of them to a confidante who left them lying about—that is the story of "Adam's Clay," by Cosmo Hamilton (Hutchinson and Co.). It is a lively story on the whole; but the liveliness is less due to plot or portraiture than to cudgel-play on all sorts of current heads—the Government of London, the political, social, and Imperial outlook, the manners and customs of *the* Profession—anything, in short, that occurs to anybody *à propos* of anything else, or even of nothing. Those who agree with the opinions expressed will have an exceedingly good time; and we certainly will not warn off possible readers of another way of thinking by letting out what the opinions are.



The new docks at Devonport have not taken long to get into working order. One of the new dry docks is already accommodating H.M.S. Hibernia, and work will soon be in full swing.

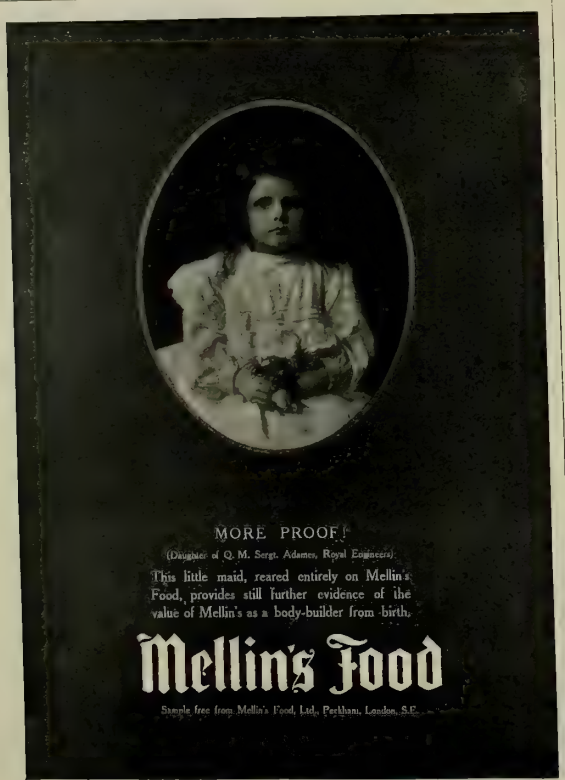
THE FIRST SHIP IN THE NEW DEVONPORT DOCK: H.M.S. HIBERNIA

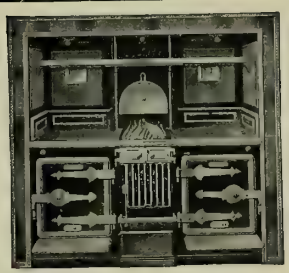
STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE

It is not easy to see what useful purpose is served by the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning's "Shakespeare Studied in Six Plays" (T. Fisher Unwin). The studies, in continuation of a former volume, are of *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *King John*, *Richard the Second*, *Henry the Fourth*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; their plan is to follow the story and action of each play, scene by scene and speech by speech, translating Shakespeare's language into Mr. Canning's, with occasional obvious explanations of obvious meanings. In the way either of lucidity or of fresh suggestion nothing appears to be gained. The same process, in a less elaborate form, was recently applied to the Waverley Novels, with the like result of making us wonder why. Scott himself is the best teller of Scott's stories, and Shakespeare the best guide to the plots of Shakespeare's plays. Nobody of any degree of intelligence who has read Scott or Shakespeare will need to read Mr. Canning's decidedly flat dilutions; we can only just stop short of adding that few who begin with Mr. Canning will be attracted to Scott or Shakespeare.

We are sorry to speak thus of a book that bears evidence of the bestowal of much time and labour, and, moreover, keeps healthily clear of the besetting faults of commentators—such as seeing more in a passage than it contains, or striving after originality of interpretation. Mr. Canning's solitary lapse into the latter is his opinion that not Desdemona but Emilia is the real heroine of *Othello*—rather reminding one of the theory (made, it need not be said, in Germany) that not Hamlet, but Fortinbras, was the real hero of the tragedy merely named after the former. In other respects it is almost irritatingly impossible to disagree with him—unless it be with his finding improbability in Shakespeare's acquaintance with foreign vocal music, or incomprehensibility in the conduct of Iago. It is to his personal but not to his critical credit that the nature and effects of Envy are too monstrous for his imagination to apprehend.

R. E. F.





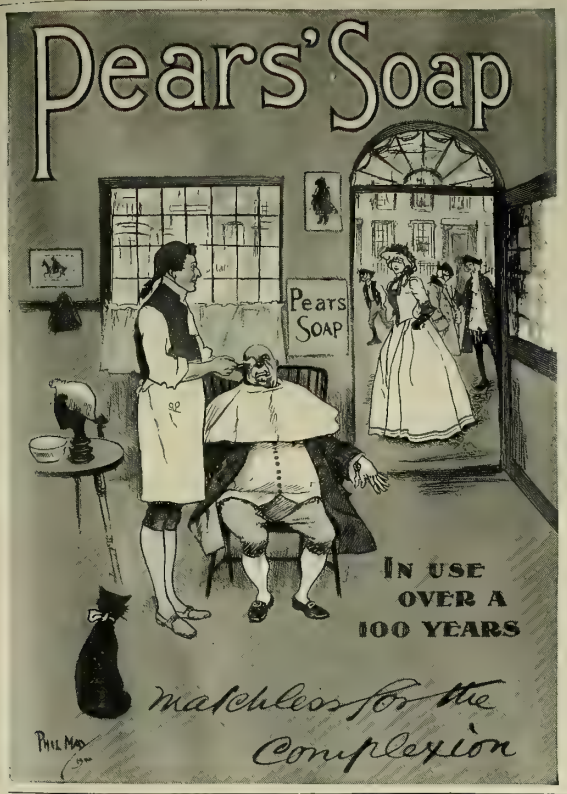
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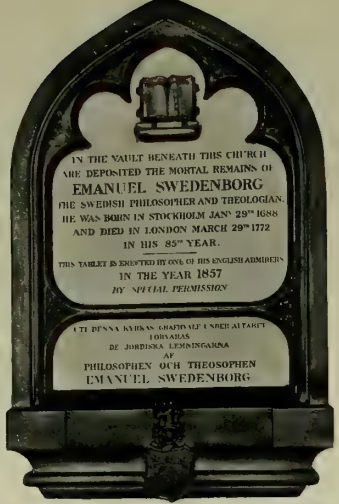
VASARI RETOLD

Vasari, besides being a celebrated architect and painter, was a biographer and art-critic of considerable note. Moreover, he was a contemporary of those artists of whom he wrote, and a pupil of Michael Angelo. Although he has the reputation of being frequently inaccurate, yet his writings must necessarily convey a better idea of the lives of artists of his time than works written since their death ("Stories of the Italian Artists from Vasari." Arranged and Translated by E. L. Seeley. Chatto and Windus). The stories here given are exceedingly well chosen and translated, and the illustrations excellent both in selection and reproduction. The artists of whom the stories are related number over forty, amongst them being Cimabue, Giotto, Fra Angelico, Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian and Michael Angelo. In one story the author tells of the concoction of varnish made of nut oil and linseed by Johann van Eyck, another of how Luca della Robbia discovered a glaze which would make his clay modellings endure almost for ever. Then there is the anecdote of Michael Angelo, of how, when he had finished his "Young David," Piero Soderini told him that the nose was too thick, and the sculptor, taking up his chisel and a little marble dust, tapped the former and gradually dropped the dust; the critic was quite satisfied. In speaking of the celebrated bronze gate of S. Giovanne, at Florence, made by Lorenzo Ghiberti, the author says:—

> And that Lorenzo merits praise we know, for one day Michael Angelo Buonarrotti stopped to look at the work, and some asked him what he thought of it, and if these gates were beautiful; and he answered, "They are so beautiful that they might well be the gates of Paradise." Praise truly just, and given by one who could judge.

Evidently the Old Masters were as fond of a joke as painters of the present day. Here is one of Giotto:—

> It is said that when Giotto was only a boy with Cimabue he once painted a fly on the nose of a face that Cimabue had drawn, so naturally that the master, returning to his work, tried more than once to drive it away with his hand, thinking it was real.



Sweden is anxious that the body of her great philosopher, Emanuel Swedenborg, should rest in Swedish soil, and the Swedish Academy of Sciences has petitioned our Government to allow the remains to be conveyed to Stockholm for burial. Swedenborg died in London in 1772, and his body was embalmed and buried in the crypt of the Protestant Swedish Church, Prince's Square, St. George's-in-the-East.

SWEDEN'S CLAIM TO SWEDENBORG'S BODY: THE TABLET MARKING HIS RESTING-PLACE IN THE EAST END OF LONDON

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

One of the ablest of newspaper directories, and, on account of its several articles, one of the most interesting, is "The Newspaper Press Directory" (Mitchell and Co., 2s.). Besides the exhaustive and well-classed lists of newspapers and other periodicals which comprise the bulk of the volume, this directory contains articles on "Newspaper Advertising," "The Legal Year in its Relation to the Press," "The Commercial Legislation of the Australian Commonwealth," "Australian Preference for British Trade," and "The Railway and Ocean Freight of South Africa." As a guide for advertisers it is invaluable and unique, for each place in the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and abroad which possesses a newspaper is summed up in a little descriptive paragraph.

The 1907 edition of "Burdett's Hospitals and Charities" (Scientific Press: 7s. 6d. net), records the developments which have occurred in the philanthropic and hospital world in the past year. The King's Fund has upwards of one million pounds invested, and in its third statistical report is able to show that economies effected in sixteen London hospitals represent a saving of £20,000 a year. The one hundred divisions in London and the Home Counties of the League of Mercy have collectively raised nearly £20,000 during the year 1906, and the work of the League is progressing most favourably. One need not enlarge on the merits of "Burdett" as a guide; it speaks eloquently for itself.

We have also received "Three Vagabonds in Friesland," by H. F. Tomalin, illustrated with good photographs by Arthur Marshall (Simpkin Marshall); George Eliot's "Middlemarch" and "Felix Holt" in the new "Popular Edition" (Blackwood); "The Naples Riviera," by H. M. Vaughan, illustrated in colours by Maurice Greiffenhagen (Methuen); "Alpine Plants," by W. A. Clark (L. Upcott Gill); and a "History of Suffolk," by the Rev. John James Raven (cheap edition. Elliot Stock.)

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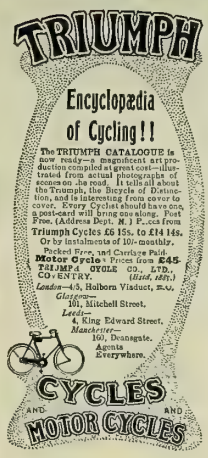


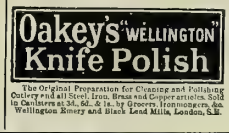
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WORLDLY WOMAN

SOONER or later, we shall be threatened with a very real "Yellow Peril." I trust, without being too optimistic, it may be later. Plots, no doubt, are being hatched in Berlin even now, with results that will appear in the fulness of time in the Edgware Road, and elsewhere. All of which means that the manufacturer of cheap clothing will seize the happiest inspiration of the season—the Kimono sleeve—and make it hideously his own. Little imagination is needed to conjure up a nightmare of the future. I can see our cherished long-shouldered, wide-sleeved effect in check tweed, of the fearful and wonderful kind one never meets elsewhere. It will come to pass, sure enough. The Japanese idea is too alluring in its simplicity of cut to escape; its gift of beauty must prove fatal. The only thing left to hope for is that the fall from greatness will not come soon, nor in that particular tweed. In anything else it would be more bearable.

Let us make the most of the picturesqueness of the Kimono sleeve before we have to share it with the million. I trust there will have been time to weary of it in muslin and in linen, before the coming of the evil days. It is an open secret that the authorities that count intend to run it hard all the summer. From all sides, from the Rue de la Paix, or the Place Vendôme, though they may differ on every other subject with their rival *Empire* or *Pompadour*, they all agree on the Japanese sleeve. The reason of this perfect concord is not far to seek. No high ideal of Oriental art is responsible, I am afraid, but an unkind determination that we must be prevented at all costs from wearing last season's frocks, for it is obviously impossible to attempt adaptations in the face of this revolution of outline. Not to be Japanese is to be hopelessly *démodée*, and one has to be very brave nowadays to have the courage of unfashionable clothes.

In spite of all predictions to the contrary, the Empire back is still with us, only the front has also grown shorter to correspond. It is a very little thing, a matter of an inch or two at the most; but how much does that little inch count in the way of *cachet!* One wonders whether the waist is still short because of the Empire influence or short again thanks to our Kimono worship; but, after all, it matters little to which we owe its becomingness. Given a slim figure, it is delightful. Everyone is slim nowadays, goodness only knows how, and the end presumably justifies the means; of the means themselves perhaps the less said the better.

Our illustration is a good example of the gown of the moment. It is a simple affair in a subdued shade of old rose cloth, with embroideries of dull beaver brown and antique gold. Its charm depends on simplicity of line and softness of colour. A hat of cream felt—the last felt of winter—is worn with this. It is swathed in pink tulle and surmounted by a sumptuous Paradise.

Grey is always fashionable in Paris during Lent, and this year it is a perfect revelation. There is every kind, from the melancholy moleskin, the heavy elephant grey down to the lightest cloud and pearl. In fact, their name is legion, and their colourings exquisite. One exception is a yellowish shade called *Brouillard de Londres*, hideous enough to suggest such sad things as a London fog and Lenten penances. When we consider how often the climate of the *Ville Lumière* belies its name, this comes as an unnecessary insult. But one is afraid of raising objections, as they are quite capable over there of altering the name to "*Spleen à l'anglaise*"!

The true *élégante* will always love her harmonies in grey. They are subtly beautiful, especially in transparencies, such as chiffon and tulle. The grey frock can be a work of art, much in the same way as a black gown can achieve greatness. It is a question of diversity of material, combined into a harmonious whole. Grey chiffon or tulle, for instance, grey lace, and dull silver can be made into a poem—only never, never be tempted to brighten up your poem with that splash of colour so dear to some Englishwomen. Except in the case of moleskin it is an unpardonable error. I have known a perfect symphony in a minor key of greys jarred by a discordant note of cerise. No doubt the wearer thought it "cheerful." I pity the authors of these "poems" who are condemned to cast their pearls before such ignorance as this.



THE LATEST PHASE OF THE KIMONO GOWN

One of the arts we have yet to learn is how to walk in the new skirts, so long and soft and wide are they. In theory, it is charming to trail long statuesque folds, in practice, it is distinctly awkward, and in the street an impossibility. Fortunately, common sense steps in when all else fails. Often the thorny path of fashion is smoothed by compromise, and it becomes possible to combine smartness and comfort. I remember one notable exception—the sudden pocketless condition that arose out of the tightness of the eel skirt some ten years ago. Anarchy was the immediate result, then indignation simmered down, and the world of women divided into two camps—the *élégante* who cheerfully sacrificed her comfort and her little square of fine linen, and her strong-minded sister who took to pockets badly concealed in placket fastenings, much under protest of the dressmaker.

It was all a question of the pocket. One might have asked in those days, "Tell me of your pocket, and I will tell you your views." One might ask it still. The Woman's Question, it appears to me, began in the pocket and, as we know, led to the Police Court. It is a pity, by the way, the pocket is not more *en évidence* considering the infallibility of the test. It might be a guide in times of stress, and would prevent "regrettable incidents." In Germany the sisterhood wears what it calls the *Reform Kleid*, a short-waisted sack of no shape, with *Art nouveau* meanderings all over it. This is supposed to suggest high thinking, heaven only knows why. Life is immensely simplified by such means as these. Here the Cause has no distinguishing features, unless we except impossible umbrellas and huge feet—especially huge feet—according to some illustrated papers. But not even they are infallible, I believe.

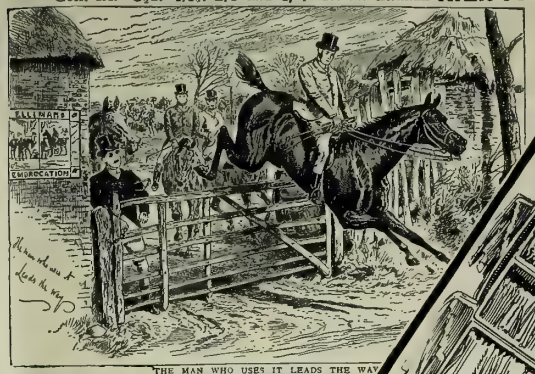
L. S. R.

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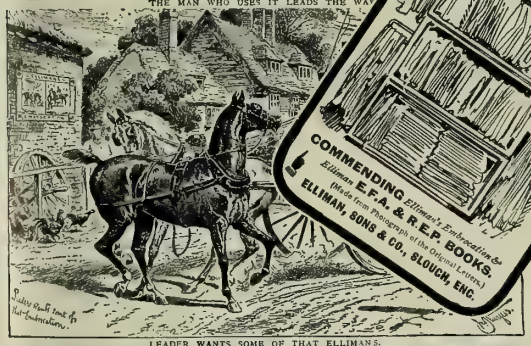
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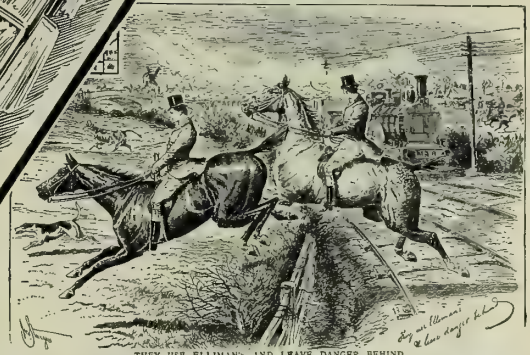
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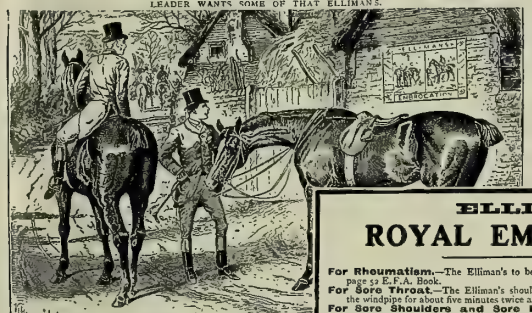
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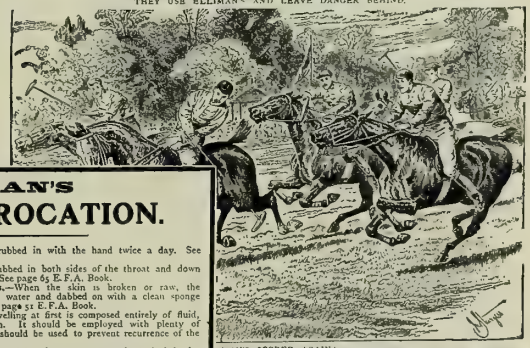
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OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

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FOR

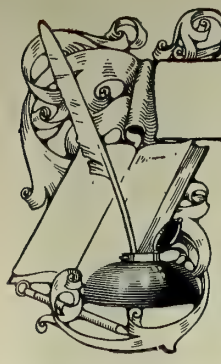
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THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

IS science really about to add one more to the existing terrors of modern warfare by the introduction of the aeroplane? Professor Huntingdon and the authorities of King's College, London, are evidently of that opinion, for the College has made arrangements with the Aero Club for systematic experiments in the construction of these possible battleships of the future. Naturally, we wish these enthusiastic scientists all success in their enterprise, though we must confess that our imagination will hardly allow us to believe in it. Mr. Stead is inclined to think that the aeroplane will do more to abolish war than all the peace congresses in the world. He, at least, believes in the possibility of aerial warfare in the future.

* * * *

Now that the London ratepayers have routed the Progressive Plunderbund one may, perhaps, venture timidly to ask whether there is the slightest chance that the Municipal Reformers will consider the propriety of compelling (don't be afraid of the word) the boys of London to learn simple military drill and the use of the rifle. We can hear, of course, the howl of horror in certain quarters at a suggestion which savours of "militarism." Do not our Progressives regard even the Union Jack as an eyesore not to be tolerated? Is it not an offence to them that an English lad should learn how to strike a blow for England in the hour of her need? There would be a fearful outcry if the Reformers were to do what Lord Roberts is spending his well-earned leisure in preaching as absolutely necessary to the national safety.

* * * *

And yet, can any sane person believe that a lad will develop a consuming thirst for foreign blood merely because he has been taught the valuable lessons of discipline, and has learned to use a rifle as he learns to use a cricket bat or a hockey stick? If we English folk do not want compulsory service in a much more serious sense of the term, we had better be wise in time, and recognise that the man—be he gentle or simple—who cannot use a rifle is not the man he ought to be, and that the earlier he learns to do so the better for himself and for his country. But we have yet to clear our minds of an intolerable amount of cant before that truth is universally recognised.

* * * *

The recent strike of the electric workmen in Paris is a most timely reminder of the power of the Socialist Labour Syndicates, and of the utterly selfish and unscrupulous use which those bodies are prepared to make of it whenever it may suit their purpose so to do. Here we have a small body of working men—less than six hundred in number—actually "holding-up" a city containing a population of three millions, by cutting off what, under modern conditions, is an article of prime necessity. That is a simple fact; and that such a fact should be possible is, surely, nothing less than a *reductio ad absurdum* of democracy—the tyranny of an infinitesimally small minority over a vast majority for its own ends. Could sheer Cæsarism produce anything more despotic?

* * * *

On the whole, however, it is not, perhaps, a bad thing that the French capital should have had this exceptionally striking exhibition of trade union methods. It has made Paris very angry; and it may, possibly, stimulate the present Cabinet to throw off the yoke of the Socialists and to realise that Socialism, in the long run, is the wrong horse to put your money on. The German General Election showed that the German people are beginning to find that out, and London has just done the same. If these set-backs to Socialism could be emphasised by something similar in France, so much the better.

* * * *

It is well to know that the recent resolution passed by the Egyptian General Assembly in favour of a Parliament with full control of the finances of Egypt has evoked a prompt protest. The British Chamber of Commerce at Alexandria and the Cairo Committee have recorded their "great regret and concern" at this crack-brained resolution. Egyptian "patriots" of the Mustapha Kamel species must be made to understand that the Egyptians have got all the control of their own affairs that is good for them at present, and that their recognition of that truth is the first and indispensable step to their ever getting any more.

* * *

The whole political world holds Mr. Haldane in such high esteem that one can readily understand the reluctance with which it passes a verdict of condemnation on his Army reorganisation. Even those "young Liberals" bepraised by Lord Tweedmouth so effusively admit that the more closely it is looked into the more conspicuous are its fatal faults. If it were adopted as it now stands, there would be no assurance whatever that this country would, in any hour of danger to the Empire, possess an Army calculated to last beyond a single campaign. While the Auxiliaries are thrown bodily into the melting-pot, to emerge in whatever bizarre form the chapter of accidents might ordain, the Regulars would have to make the best of considerably reduced numbers. Mr. Haldane must be endowed with a very sanguine temperament to imagine, as he evidently does, that the Volunteers would supply the requisite force if saddled with liability to compulsory service for six months at the outset of any big war. There are thousands of these patriotic troops to whom an engagement of that drastic character would involve ruin, lock, stock and barrel.

* * *

Even more fatuous—no softer word would be equally suitable—is the proposal to trust the administration of the territorial Army to county authorities, under the supreme direction of the Lords-Lieutenant. In some few cases, the obligation might be conscientiously fulfilled for a time, but the large majority of counties would be pretty sure to turn restive if bullyragged by the War Office for scamping recruiting, equipment, and other essentials. As for the Indian garrison, we entirely fail to perceive how its fighting strength would be maintained in any exhausting war for more than a year or two. The large contingent supposed to be in reserve would have been absorbed to furnish the "striking force," as Mr. Haldane fondly dubs this purely mythical creation.

* * * *

But if the clever War Secretary has made as egregious a mess of Army Reform as either of his immediate predecessors perpetrated, the Prime Minister deserves great praise for coming to his rescue with such touching loyalty. His proposal to the civilised world to hurry up with disarmament would, if acted on by the great military Powers, get rid of the whole difficulty at once. With "bloated armaments" nothing more than a tradition of the evil past, there would be no occasion for Mr. Haldane to waste his sweetness on reorganising endeavours. He would be in the happy position of being able to introduce blank estimates, greatly to the gratification of those tender-hearted saints to whom a soldier is all the same as a butcher, only more so. Unhappily for Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, the whole Continent has contemptuously flouted his absurd suggestion, and there does not appear to be the least likelihood of any country, great or small, imitating Great Britain by reducing the strength of its defensive forces. Surely it would have been more prudent to postpone the disbandment of nearly half an army corps of efficient troops until it was seen what The Hague Conference would have to say on the matter.

* * * *

The Indian Government could not do better than engage Dr. Sven Hedin to explore the *terra incognita* intervening between Northern Assam and Szechuan, the wealthiest province in China. Indian travellers, speaking from their personal experiences, affirm that a comparatively moderate sum would suffice to create a caravan road. There are, it is true, some serious engineering difficulties here and there, but nothing to compare with those surmounted by the Lhassa expedition. We would have preferably suggested the employment of some British officer to act as explorer, but for some reason or other—it is an old-time tradition in Tank Square—the Calcutta Government has always shied at confiding such business to Britishers. Complications would be certain to occur; like Mesopotamia, that is a blessed word of comfort to the backward legion, the stalwarts of Sleepy Hollow whether in England or in Hindostan.

* * * *

Some London papers of high standing have set a most pernicious example in connection with to-day's race. Quite early in the week, instead of waiting till Friday or Saturday, they "plunged" on to one crew or the other without the slightest attempt at reserve. In one instance, the Dark Blues were frankly told they might as well keep their boat in its shed, for all the chance there was of its passing the winning-post first. Apart from the extreme unfairness of thus disheartening the condemned crew beforehand, there is an unpleasant odour of the betting ring in such very straight "tipping."



The Crown Prince is the third from the front, the others being members of his suite. This is said to be the first time on record that a Royal Prince has risked himself on a bobsleigh run.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY BOBSLEIGHING AT ST. MORITZ

MUSICAL NOTES

An element of some mystery has been attached to the season of English opera which is to open at Covent Garden next Boxing Night. Though the evening fixed for the rise of the curtain is still some distance off, and though the authorities are not, we believe, anticipating any immediate rush for the tickets, it may be as well to give some definite idea of what is actually to take place. It was originally said that the Carl Rosa Company would pay London a visit, during the course of which they would give a cycle of the *Ring*, in the tongue which is understanded of the people. The Carl Rosa Company will, it is true, open their season on the night announced, but their plans are not quite so ambitious as was supposed. They will confine their attention to operas which are rather more easily staged than Wagner's somewhat exacting cycle, and it is not until their season is ended that the *Ring* is to be given under the direction of Dr. Richter, who has long desired to conduct an English performance of the tetralogy. The ambition is doubtless a very worthy one, but it is hard to see that any good is likely to result from such an enterprise except in so far as it gives us a welcome opportunity of hearing Wagner's music. If we may judge by the efforts of the many gifted gentlemen who have tried to render Wagner's libretti into English, his verse must be uncommonly hard to translate, and an English performance of one of his operas is, as a rule, rather less comprehensible than a German performance, more especially as, whatever may be the faults of the Teutonic vocalists, they are certainly well versed in the art of declamation, and their enunciation is, as a rule, far clearer than that of their English brethren.

Apropos of the *Ring*, it is worthy of note that the demand for seats for the two cycles with which the grand season will open is already so enormous that it is quite impossible for the authorities to cope with it, and they could have sold many parts of the house three or four times over. This is all the more remarkable seeing that, up to the present, no information whatever concerning the casts has been allowed to filter through, and that all that is definitely known is that Dr. Richter will conduct. The Covent Garden authorities certainly ought to be flattered at this display of confidence in them, a confidence which they will, no doubt, fully justify.

The operatic class of the Guildhall School of Music certainly displayed a proper sense of its responsibilities when it decided to revive Auber's *Fra Diavolo* on Friday and Saturday evenings. The opera has faded out of the current *répertoire* so far, at any rate, as England is concerned; but it is far too bright and attractive to be allowed to fall entirely into oblivion, and an occasional chance of hearing it is most welcome. Seeing that most of the singers were inexperienced in stage matters and were naturally, in the circumstances, suffering from nerves, the performances were more than creditable. Miss Maud Willby, as Zerlina, sang charmingly and acted with plenty of grace and spirit; as, too, did Miss D. Pratt as that English dame of high estate whom we know so well on the stage but meet so rarely in real life. Mr. Sidney Goldstein, as the British peer, also showed that he possessed considerable dramatic talent; while Mr. Frederic Blamey, as Fra Diavolo, and Mr. Leonard Gowing, as Lorenzo, both sang splendidly. Mention must also be made of the comic relief supplied by Mr. Andrew Pace and Mr. Robert Carr, who, as two brigands, kept the house in a roar whenever they were on the stage. Altogether, the performances were a great success, and showed that the standard maintained at the Guildhall School is of the highest order. J. D. H.

Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant's programme at St. George's Hall has just undergone revision, the most notable change being the temporary withdrawal of Mr. David Devant. Mr. Karl Germain, an American magician, is proving a very able substitute—especially in legerdemain, of which he is a most finished exponent—and the entertainment, not having suffered the loss of Mr. Barclay Gammon's excellent "Snippets" and Mr. Harry May Hemsley's imitations of children, remains as bright and pleasing as before. On the mysterious side Joad Heteb, an Egyptian necromancer, is a successful newcomer; Mr. Maskelyne, with his "New Page" trick and the £1,000 illusion, "A Side-Issue," is still to be seen; and the little mystery play, "The Enchanted Hive," has not finished its run.

Memoranda for the Coming Week

TO-DAY

The University Boat Race, 3.0 p.m.
Rugby Football: England v. Scotland, Blackheath.
Queen's Hall Symphony Concert, 3.
Albert Hall: Grand Irish Festival, 8.

MONDAY, MARCH 18

Racquets: The Amateur Singles Championship begins, Queen's Club, West Kensington.

TUESDAY, MARCH 19

Royal Horticultural Society: Exhibition of flowers and fruit, 1—6; lecture, 3.
Royal Irish Industries Association: Exhibition and Sale, Ritz Hotel (two days).
Royal Colonial Institute: Lord Mountmorres on "The Commercial Possibilities of West Africa," 4.30.
Race for the Lincolnshire Handicap.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20

Mansion House Meeting with reference to the coming International Congress on School Hygiene.
Royal United Service Institution: Lieut.-Colonel F. N. Maude on "The Factor of Mobility in Strategy."
Keats-Shelley Memorial Concert at Stafford House, 3.
Royal Meteorological Society: Major B. F. S. Baden-Powell on "The Exploration of the Air," 7.30.

THURSDAY, MARCH 21

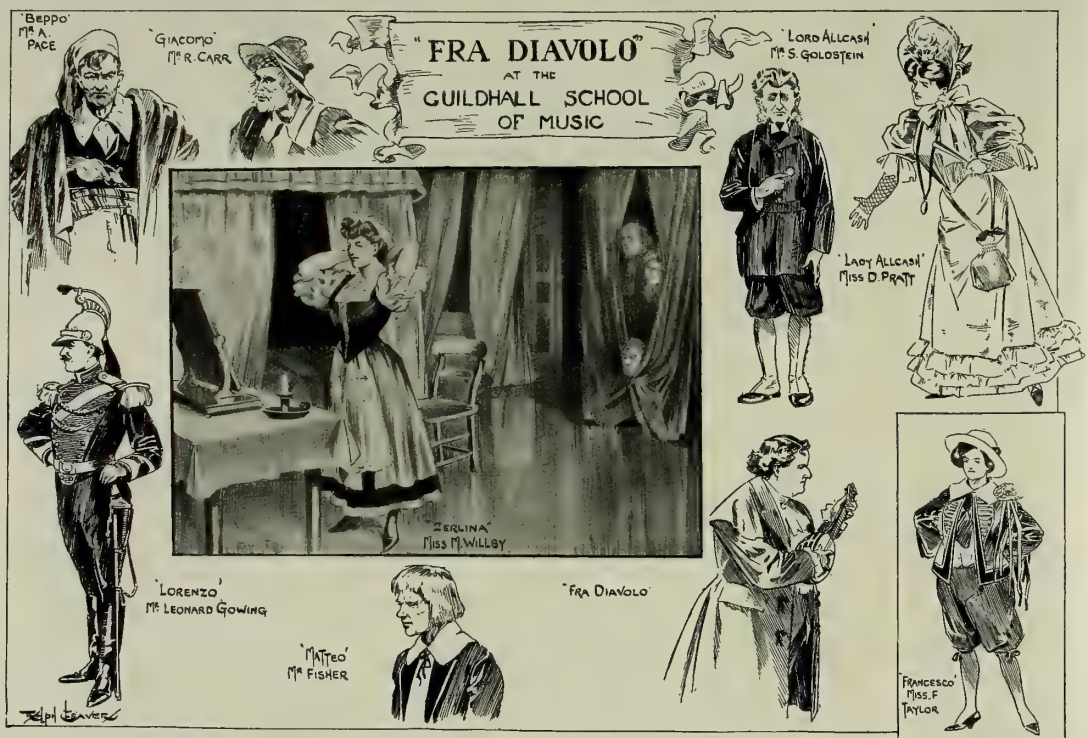
Stratford Musical Festival: Prize-giving by the Duchess of Albany, Stratford Town Hall.
Liverpool Spring Cup.

FRIDAY, MARCH 22

Oxford and Cambridge Sports: Queen's Club, 2.30.
North London Hospital: Annual general meeting, 4.
Inns of Court Rifles: Mr. Haldane distributes prizes, Inner Temple Hall, 9.
Race for the Grand National.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23

The Duchess of Albany lays the foundation-stone of a new church at Knaphill, Woking.
Princess Christian lays the foundation-stone of the Central Library, Hackney.
Association Football: The final tie of the competition for the "Arthur Dunn" Memorial Cup, Queen's Club, West Kensington.





DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT

The Old Régime versus the New in Russia: Mounted Police Flogging the Crowd of Demonstrators at the Opening of the Second Duma

The opening of the new Duma, "united in the sole aim of working for the welfare of the nation," was marked by an impressive ceremony within the Taurida Palace and by a still more significant incident without. Many of the Labour members as they left the Palace were raised shoulder high by workmen and enthusiastically cheered. Red flags were waved, fiery speeches were made and the Revolutionary Funeral March was sung. The excitement finally reached such a pitch that the police authorities ordered a strong detachment of mounted gendarmes to charge the crowd, many of whom were trampled by the horses or injured by blows from the knouts, which the gendarmes used freely.

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1907



1907

A. B. CLOSE-BROOKS (First Trinity), bow.
E. W. POWELL (Third Trinity), 7.
H. G. BAYNES (First Trinity), 5.
J. S. BURN (First Trinity), 4.
D. C. R. STUART (Trinity Hall), stroke.
H. M. GOLDSMITH (Jesus), 3.
S. D. MUTTLEBURY (Coach).
R. C. JOHNSTONE (Third Trinity), 6.
F. J. ESCOMBE (Coach)
J. H. F. BENHAM (Jesus), 2.
R. F. BOYLE (Trinity Hall), cox.

Photo by THE CAMBRIDGE CREW Stearn, Cambridge.



W. T. HEARD (Balliol), bow.
G. E. HOPE (Christ Church), 3.
R. M. PEAT (Trinity), 4.
C. CHADWICK-HEALEY (Spare Man).
J. A. GILLAN (Magdalen), 5.
A. G. KIRBY (Magdalen) 6.
H. C. BUCKNALL (Merton), 2.
A. C. GLADSTONE (Christ Church), stroke.
E. H. L. SOUTHWELL (Magdalen), 7.
A. W. DONKIN (Magdalen), cox.

Photo by THE OXFORD CREW Moyse, Putney.



The danger to navigation of the derelict ship was brought home to us last week, when a vessel laden with enough gunpowder to blow up the whole British Navy was found drifting about the Irish Channel without a soul on board. Last year, again, there was the case of the Dunmore, which was abandoned off Nova Scotia. For several months she drifted in the track of Atlantic steamers, several of which had narrow escapes from colliding with her.

"The Derelict"

DRAWN BY C. FLEMING WILLIAMS

COURT AND SOCIETY

The King, who seems to be thoroughly enjoying his visit to Biarritz, arranged with characteristic kindness that Major-General Sir Stanley Clarke, his Clerk Marshal and Chief Equerry, should put in his period of attendance at Biarritz. Sir Stanley has not been at all well lately, and as his duties at Biarritz will be little more than nominal, he will have plenty of time to recuperate in the health-giving breezes of this most charming resort of the great world. It is an open secret that King Edward is always doing thoughtful acts of kindness such as this, and it may safely be said that by none of his subjects is he regarded with more affection than by those of the Royal Household who are most closely associated with him.

The King's Kindness

His Majesty intends to take a cruise in the Mediterranean, after he has been some time at Biarritz, in the Victoria and Albert. His Majesty is having a new turbine yacht built at Glasgow, which will probably be ready for launching on the occasion of the Prince and Princess of Wales's visit to Glasgow next month; indeed, it is hoped that their Royal Highnesses will be able to visit Messrs. Inglis's yard to perform the launching ceremony. The vessel has taken a long time to build, owing to some extent to labour troubles, but principally to the extraordinary care which has been devoted to her construction.

The King's New Yacht

The visit of the Empress Marie has aroused the sympathetic interest of the whole nation, who have been delighted to observe the energy with which her Imperial Majesty, together with her beloved sister, Queen Alexandra, has renewed acquaintance with old sights and scenes which she saw on the occasion of her last visit. The Empress must indeed have wondered, and no doubt lamented, over the vulgarisation of London. The stately rooms of Northumberland House, where she was royally entertained on her last visit, have been destroyed, and for their vanished dignity and beauty Northumberland Avenue is a poor recompense. At Windsor, however, there were nothing but improvements for Her Majesty to admire, and so too at Sandringham, where considerable enlargements have already been decided on.

The Empress Marie's Visit

His Majesty has paid a graceful compliment to the best traditions of English journalism in assigning a suite of apartments at Hampton Court Palace to Lady Russell, the widow of Sir William Howard Russell, the veteran war correspondent. The suite, a very pleasant one, is that formerly occupied by the late Lady de Winton. Lady Russell, who was Sir William's second wife, was the Countess Antoinette Pia, daughter of Count Malvezzi, and they were married as far back as 1884.

Lady Russell

Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley is staying at Biarritz with her father, Sir Ernest Cassel, whose only child she is. Her marriage to Mr. Wilfrid Ashley, the eldest son of the Right Hon. Evelyn Ashley, of Broadlands, Romsey, was one of the great society functions of 1901, and was celebrated at St. George's, Hanover Square, only about a fortnight before the death of Queen Victoria. The then Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Argyll were present, and the story goes that, though the happy pair started in a comfortable carriage drawn by four horses to drive to a house which had been lent them near London, so thick a fog came down that the coachman lost his way, the carriage was overturned, and they had to finish their journey, having fortunately escaped injury, in the cart of a friendly baker! Both Mr. and Mrs. Ashley are very popular in society, and he intends to go in for politics on the Liberal side. Their first child, a girl, is a goddaughter of the King, which accounts for her curious name of Edwina.

Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley



LADY WEARDALE
A distinguished Russian lady and well-known London Hostess.
Photo by H. Walter Barnett

Among the most important of Liberal hostesses must certainly be reckoned Lady Weardale, the distinguished Russian lady who is married to one of the newest peers, still perhaps better known by his old name of the Hon. Philip Stanhope. Lady Weardale, who bears a Christian name which is assuredly as music in the ears of all English people—namely, Alexandra—is a daughter of the late Count Cancrine, and the widow of Count Tolstoy. She shares to the full the many interests—artistic, literary and social, as well as political—of her distinguished husband. He is indeed a many-sided man, who was at one time in the Navy, and was a civil engineer before entering Parliament. He and Lady Weardale entertain a good deal in their beautiful house in Carlton Gardens, and the wise in such matters recognise that their *chef* is a true culinary artist. In this hospitable house one may often meet most interesting fellow-countrymen and fellow-countrywomen of the accomplished hostess, and Lord Weardale himself, who is an old member of the St. James's Club, keeps up his connection with the world of diplomacy.

Lady Weardale



MRS. WILFRID ASHLEY
Who is staying at Biarritz with her father, Sir Ernest Cassel
FROM THE PAINTING BY LAZZLO

The happily improved relations between England and Russia lend particular interest to the comparatively few Anglo-Russian marriages which have been contracted in society. Only last week Mr. Milne Cheetham, formerly Secretary of Embassy in Rome, was married in the Eternal City to Mademoiselle Anastasia Muravieff, daughter of the Russian Ambassador to the Quirinal. It is curious, by the way, that three ceremonies had to be performed before this important couple could regard themselves as satisfactorily married—one civil, one Anglican, and the third Greek Orthodox. Other examples of Anglo-Russian alliances will at once occur to the mind, notably that of Princess Alexis Dolgorouki, who was the only child and heiress of Mr. Fleetwood Pellew Wilson. Last November, moreover, the pretty and popular Miss Evelyn Green, daughter of the late Captain Philip Green and half-sister of Lord Camden, was married to Lieut.-Colonel Paul Levkovitch, the only son of General Levkovitch, member of the Council of the Russian Empire.

Anglo-Russian Marriages

The engagement of Lord Downshire to Miss Evelyn Foster, daughter of Mr. Edmund Benson Foster, of Clewer Manor, Windsor, has naturally aroused great interest in society. Lord Downshire, who is a pleasant, kindly man of thirty-five, has a great taste for sport, and served in South Africa with the Derbyshire Yeomanry. By his first marriage he has a little Earl of Hillsborough and a little Lord Arthur Hill, as well as a still younger Lady Kathleen Hill. The future Marchioness of Downshire is a niece of Sir Walter Grove and his brilliant wife, who was one of the Lane-Fox Pitt-Rivers family; and she is also related to Viscount Guillamore. She has two younger sisters.

Lord Downshire's Engagement

Mrs. Asquith seems to be steadily recovering, amid the sympathy of her many friends.

Mrs. Asquith

Miss Margot Tennant, as she was, was erroneously identified with the heroine of Mr. Benson's novel, "Dodo," but it is not generally known that the late Mr. Gladstone wrote her a most interesting letter about this book, in which he said "Some mere rag of casual resemblance may have been picked off the public road. Do you happen to remember that at one time I used to be identified in caricature through extravagantly high shirt collars? I think the illustration, if hardly ornamental, may indicate my meaning." The Glen, the late Sir Charles Tennant's Scottish palace, was in the old days so much enlivened by the brightness and cheerfulness of the three pretty daughters of the house that it came to be known as the Château Margot, after the ringleader of them. Stilting was their favourite sport, in which they successfully asserted their superiority over any mere male who ventured to vie with them. Now the wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer has made a reputation as a golfer, and she has also hunted more than a little. Her personal charm and *verve* are still as extraordinary as ever, and when her health permits she will doubtless play a leading part among society hostesses.

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SHE'S OFF! THE LAUNCH OF THE MUMBLES LIFEBOAT BY THE LIGHT OF THE ROCKET

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I.





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PARIS IN DARKNESS

Our Supplement

There has been a lifeboat at the Mumbles since 1835, when the National Lifeboat Institution built and placed a boat there, and has since maintained the lifeboat establishment in a complete state of efficiency. The lifeboat, the Charlie Medland, at present stationed at the Mumbles, is ot a very powerful type, specially built for the station by the Institution in 1904, at a cost of nearly £2,000. The work of the gallant lifeboatmen at this station is frequently successfully carried out under very hazardous circumstances, as may be gathered from the record of the Mumbles lifeboats, viz., 139 lives rescued and seven vessels saved from destruction.

Last year lifeboats of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution were very frequently called out on service. The total number of lives saved in 1906 by the lifeboats was 595. In addition, the Institution granted rewards for the saving of 177 lives by shore-boats and by other means; and forty-five vessels and boats were also saved from total or partial loss. The total number of lives for which the Lifeboat Institution has granted rewards since its establishment—eighty-two years ago—has now reached 46,189. The total cost of maintaining the Institution's large fleet of 280 lifeboats in thorough efficiency is very great, and increases; but the financial support received from the public is not nearly sufficient for the purpose. Further help is, therefore, much needed. Annual subscriptions and donations will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the Secretary, Mr. Charles Dibdin, 20, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C., by any of the Branch Honorary Secretaries, and by all the bankers in the United Kingdom.



Dynamos driven by traction engines were stationed at the side of the road, the current being conveyed thence by cables to the printing machines. Photo by Trampus.

A FAMILIAR SIGHT DURING THE STRIKE: HOW "LE JOURNAL" WAS SUPPLIED WITH POWER

Mr. C. A. G. Browne, advertising agent, of Wych Street, requests us to say that, through some inadvertence on the part of the Post Office, this street is no longer mentioned in the Post Office Official Guide, and that they have not moved their premises and their address still remains 53 and 54, Wych Street, Strand, W.C.

The honorary secretary of the Jamaica Relief Fund writes (from 83, Woodstock Road, Oxford):—"I write to appeal for garments for the people of Jamaica. Money is being sent to feed and clothe them, but, of course, nothing in the way of niceties can be sent. It is very probable that many of your readers might have some dainty dress or blouse, or some other part of dress which they might spare to their sisters who have been bereft of all that makes life pleasant."



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

A SCENE IN ONE OF THE CAFES ON THE GRANDS BOULEVARDS

FROM A SKETCH BY T. BIANCO

To say that Parisians were electrified at being suddenly plunged into darkness is to describe their sensations but feebly. With some reason the question might be asked: "Where was Paris when the light went out?" "It was one of the most amazing sights ever seen—so far as one could see it," wrote (in the *Daily Telegraph*) one who did see it. The strike of men in the electric lighting establishments, though it lasted only two nights, gave Paris such a shock as it has seldom—enjoyed. For Paris enjoyed itself immensely. Candles in the *cafés*, candles in the theatres, candles in the shops, candles at the Elysée, candles everywhere—what a sight for Charles Lamb! Candles never had such a success, nor Parisians such a couple of nights out, for all Paris was up and about to discuss the situation. Most of the theatres and music-halls were closed, and much money was lost, but the Stars, naturally enough, did not care; they shone in the *cafés* and twinkled in the boulevards. A thousand expedients were invented on the spur of the moment to keep electricity going where it was indispensable—in the newspa er offices especially. The strike ended on Saturday, and the "reign of tallow" was over.

Paris Electrified! The City of Light in Darkness

CATHERINE

A Complete Story

Written by JANET CLARK

Illustrated by EDGAR BUNDY, R.I.



"Hauser was kneeling by her side. 'Stand back there!' he cried."

MIDWINTER in Northern Germany, the year of Our Lord 1749. A world of ice and snow. Utter desolation abroad and a wind sweeping over all, piercing, ice laden, bringing a chill to the stoutest heart and to any less strong numbness and death.

In the midst of a wide stretch of bleak and open country, the one black thing in a world of whiteness, stood a peasant's hut. The rock against which it was built, and which overhung it, prevented the snow from settling on its roof, and thus left it showing black, a visible landmark for miles. It bore a neglected appearance; the thatch was detached from the roof, loose timbers appeared in the door, there was something sinister and God-forsaken in its very loneliness.

The door of the hut was suddenly flung open and a girl appeared on the threshold; the night was growing dark, and her figure, silhouetted against the glow of the fire which shone from within, showed listless though full of grace. She looked long into the night, heedless of the querulous chiding which was hurled at her from some dim recess within the room; then, having apparently finished her scrutiny, she re-entered the hut and closed the door. No light save that of the fire was in the room, but she needed none, as with sure step she crossed to the corner beside the hearth where an old woman was sitting.

"What was it you said, grandmother?" she asked.

"What was it I said? Much care you! What were you doing at the door?" was the querulous answer.

"Nothing, grandmother. I thought I saw Hans Brenkel again loitering round," said the girl, gently. "That was all."

"Pshaw," said the old woman, bitterly. "We shall see no more of Hans Brenkel; he'll get nought from us now. He knows that outcasts such as we will ne'er again need a servant. And you will do nought to better us!" she added complainingly.

The girl turned quietly away, ignoring the complaint, and sat down at her spinning-wheel by the other side of the hearth.

The old woman watched her impatiently for a moment, then rose slowly to her feet, and, aided by a stick, crossed with tottering steps to where the girl sat, and stood glowering over her. The girl looked up and their eyes met and battled.

They formed a remarkable pair—the girl, quite young, with dark hair and deep eyes, too pale and indifferent perhaps for absolute beauty, but with an appealing air, as of one begging a respite from hopeless suffering; her dress was ragged, her shoes worn. Scrupulously clean, she yet showed in her appearance a contempt, as it were, for anything which went beyond the mere decencies of life. The old woman, on the other hand, was carefully dressed, though her clothing was of the poorest; her grey hair was arranged in the manner most becoming to her face, ineradicable coquetry shone out in the arrangement of her peasant's cap. Remains of great personal beauty still lingered about her, and something distinguished showed itself in her air in spite of the poverty of her surroundings.

They measured eyes in silence for some five seconds.

"Well, grandmother?" said the girl at last, wearily.

"Well!" said the old woman, impatiently. "What are you going to say?"

"I?" said the girl, defiance showing through her gentleness, "I shall say 'No,' of course."

She resumed her spinning; the old woman, apparently cowed, essayed to walk again to her seat, but on the way tottered, and with an inarticulate cry sank to the ground.

The girl sprang forward and raised her, her whole face softened, tenderly she supported the old woman to her chair.

"Grandmother," she said appealingly, "why will you urge me? Should I take our curse and our heritage to any good man's hearth?"

The old woman moaned.

"The man wants you," she said. "He is mad with love for you! If he cares not that your father was broken on the wheel as a poisoner, why need you trouble?"

"Why?" cried the girl, "why? Because I could not live to have my disgrace hurled at my children! Because here in this wilderness our life is bearable; while in a town, where I dare not hold up my head among my equals, I should die of the shame!"

"Die of the shame!" half mocked her grandmother. "We shall die of hunger an you take not Herr Hauser's offer, and that before the winter is over."

"Well, grandmother," said the girl, "we can die but once; and if the hunger gets too painful we can hasten the end with some of my father's drugs."

She glanced at the room as she spoke; in the gloom shelves were dimly visible, continued on all sides, filled with bottles, instruments, and strange-looking cases. She spoke bitterly. Her grandmother looked at her uneasily; apparently wishful, yet afraid to speak, she sank back into her corner.

A knock sounded on the door, but the old woman never heeded; wrapped in gloomy thoughts she sat in her corner as if turned to stone. The girl opened the door, and a man strode over the threshold.

Waiting for no salutation, the newcomer seized the girl's hands, and, pushing the door to with his foot, drew her into the glow of the firelight.

"Catherine," he said, "I have come for my answer."

The girl trembled, but she looked up bravely and met his glance, then tried to answer lightly.

"And I have my answer ready for you. It is 'No.'"

The man released her hands and glanced gloomily towards the fire, then up again with renewed courage.

"At least tell me why, Catherine?"

"Why? A woman has no need of why; she either will or won't. I suppose I do not like you sufficiently."

"And I, Catherine, refuse to believe it. Sweetheart, you seemed to love me well a year ago in the city, when we wandered beneath the plane-trees."

"A year ago!" said Catherine, bitterly. "Ah! that was a year ago. I have altered much since then."

"And," struck in the old woman's voice with emphasis from her corner, "her father was then alive!"

The young man started, Catherine darted a look of anger at her grandmother.

"Is that it, Catherine?" cried he. "But it is you I love! What care I what those hounds in the city said of your father? What should I care had he been really guilty? You! You! It is you that I want!"

"But I am my father's daughter," said Catherine slowly.

"Well."

"What if he *had* been guilty?"

"Catherine, what mean you?"

"Oh," cried Catherine, "I know not what I mean! Save that if I be of guilty stock I will bring my taint into no good man's home."

"But why should you think him guilty?"

"I don't know," cried Catherine. "I am not sure that I *do* think him guilty. But there is the dread that he may have been gnawing at my heart. Carl, I will be frank with you. I do love you! but I will not marry you while I feel this uncertainty. If such a taint as that were in my blood, what right should I have to marry at all?"

"But, Catherine, I cannot understand. Do you give up the defence of your father's memory?"

"Oh! Carl, I do not give it up! Only I cannot see my way. You know my father was to me always mysterious, as someone unknown. He never showed me love. He was wrapt in his researches. And it is this which makes me doubt. You know the people in Lubeck were dying of a wasting disease; it was supposed to be poison, and the source of it traced to the little spring just beyond our door. My father was accused of the crime, condemned and executed. I do not believe he was guilty—and yet—and yet—I have heard him speak of human life in terms showing so little respect for it that it does not seem impossible that some experiment of his might have caused the mischief and there has been no malady since his death."

Her voice died away fearfully.

There was silence in the room for a moment, then Carl crossed to the trembling girl and took her in his arms tenderly.

"Sweetheart," he said, "we will battle this out together. I do not believe your father guilty!"

Neither of them noticed the old woman, who during Catherine's speech had sat as if turned to stone in her corner. Now she rallied.

"You wicked girl!" she cried to Catherine. "You, who should defend your father's memory, to be leading the attack against him!"

"No!" cried Catherine, "not against him! It is only that I may do no wrong to Carl that I speak."

Her grandmother let her speech pass unheeded.

"This mysterious illness in Lubeck," cried she scornfully, "is like enough to break out again, and then, I suppose, you would say your father's spirit caused it! Oh, a dutiful daughter and grandmother! Will malign her father's memory, will let her grandmother starve and break a true man's heart, all for a scruple! Herr Hauser, it is bad for me that she is my descendant; but for you, I think you are well quit of so silly a fool!"

Catherine shivered beneath the storm.

"Grandmother," she cried, "be not so hard! God knows it breaks my heart to speak, but you tore the truth from me between you."

"Then," interposed Carl Hauser, rousing himself as from thought, "if this plague broke out again, Catherine, you would hold your father as proved guiltless?"

"Why," cried Catherine, "what would prove his innocence!"

"Then it is not the shame of his execution which troubles you," said her grandmother.

"His execution?" cried Catherine. "No. What was that but a martyrdom if he were innocent? No, it is the fear of the taint of blood which haunts me. Carl, you see that I can do no other?" she added mournfully.

Carl seized her in his arms.

"Catherine, I devote my life to you," he cried. "We will find some other proof of your father's innocence!"

That night the grandmother seemed unusually feeble. Catherine thought that the excitement of the evening had been too much for her, and tended her with more than ordinary care. It could hardly be called a deep love which she felt for the old woman; often they disagreed, as now, upon questions of morality; and yet, as to her only surviving blood relation, she felt for her a tenderness even while battling with her. So, after vainly offering to remain with her during the night, she retired into the inner chamber of the hut and was soon soundly asleep, worn out by her trouble.

Her grandmother was no sooner sure of Catherine's slumber than, feebly rising from her bed, she groped her way to a shelf on the further side of the room, and, feeling along it, took down a bottle which she carried to the light of the fire.

"That is it!" she said, clutching it to her bosom. "If the plague be wanted again, the plague shall come. A proof of his innocence? Yes, I who believe in his guilt will be the one to give it. Did I say that of my son? Yes, yes. Let me think it out clearly. Part of the contents of this bottle were gone—only he and I knew its powers—and I had not touched it! I do not believe he meant to kill, only to cause an illness in that quarter of the city which was howling against us loudly as a witch and a warlock. Well, I, for my granddaughter's sake, *do* mean to kill! She *shall* have a proof! And it will give me revenge on those who killed him. Lives for my son's life! I have the right!"

While feverishly muttering, the old woman had been feebly struggling into her clothes, and now, wrapping her shawl around her, she cautiously opened the door and stepped out into the night. It was not far she meant to go. Near to their hut was the spring which, expanding into a river, supplied the greatest part of Lübeck with water. This was not the spring which before had been poisoned; but so much the better, she thought, since the recrudescence of the plague in a new quarter of the city would be a yet more decisive proof of her son's innocence.

It would be difficult adequately to describe the woman's motives for the crime she contemplated. Love for her granddaughter did undoubtedly play a powerful part, yet also did a longing for her own personal comfort, which would be secured by Catherine's marriage, and both these motives were overshadowed by a passionate desire to wipe the shame from the name of her dead son and revenge herself on his murderers. She was a vain woman and a selfish, with the wider selfishness which includes the loved ones. Of speaking out her suspicions, as Catherine had done, she would have remained for ever incapable. With her the semblance outweighed the reality. She was content to bear the guilt if she and hers were held by the world to be innocent.

Groping, struggling, sometimes crawling, she forced her way through the snow and the bitter wind. Nothing but her purpose kept her alive. The spring, of course, would be frozen; but she believed she would be able to break the ice and insert the poison in the free water beneath. She was very old, she was very feeble; her brain had done its best work in the past, and this was a dying and misdirected gleam of energy. Would-be poisoner as she was, her intended victims might almost have been moved to pity had they watched her progress over the snow. And now the goal was reached! The spring, where in summer it gushed from the rock, had hollowed itself a narrow bed, which was yet deep, and the old woman believed that some unfrozen water lay at the bottom of it.

With all her feeble strength she grasped the knife she had brought with her and essayed to cut through the ice. It was hopeless, it resisted her, it seemed to her disordered intellect to mock her!

She fell senseless on the frozen stream.

In the meantime Carl Hauser had retraced his steps towards the town of Lübeck, on the outskirts of which he dwelt. A student of medicine himself, and one far ahead of his time, he was inclined to place the mysterious illness as one directly arising from the insanitary conditions of the city. Of the innocence of Catherine's father he was firmly convinced. He had known the man, a recluse and a scholar, knowing little of what was said of him in the town, and caring less; caring, indeed, so little for any subject not occult that even to his daughter his love had not gone out, and he remained to her as a sealed book. His love even for his mother had been rooted solely in their community of interests. That such a man should have gone out of his way and risked a life valuable to science to obtain a revenge upon ignorant townspeople for taunts which did not sting him was to Hauser unthinkable. And so he felt far from hopeless in his love for Catherine; indeed, disposed to wait quite securely for another outbreak of the plague. Even should this not occur, he trusted to time and his reasoning to overcome what he considered as morbid sensibility induced in Catherine by her father's death and the persecution which had driven her and her grandmother, penniless, to that poor hut upon the mountain.

As Hauser entered the environs he was conscious of an excitement which seemed to fill all the streets. Groups of people were collected at street corners, all talking at once; one common interest seemed to unite them. No sooner did he appear than he was hailed as by one voice.

"Herr Doctor, have you heard the news?"

"Hans Blenkin has been arrested!"

"Is it true that he has confessed?"

Stunned by the din, Hauser could only look inquiringly from one to the other. His old housekeeper, Gretel, pressed forward.

"Herr Doctor, they have discovered who poisoned the waters!" Hauser stared amazed. The tidings seemed impossible of credence.

"Gretel," he cried, "what mean you?"

"This, Herr Doctor. That good for naught, that double murderer, Hans Blenkin, has confessed!"

"Hans Blenkin!"

"Yes, he who used to do the garden for Fraulein Catherine. He had a spite, it seems, against her father."

"But Hans Blenkin is half an idiot!"

"More knave than fool, Herr Doctor. He heard the Herr telling his mother of his last wonderful discovery—how a little from that bottle, poured into water, would poison a whole city. He hated the Herr Doctor, he knew the people thought him a wizard and were half inclined already to place all misfortunes at his door, and so he stole into his room when no one saw him, took half the contents of that bottle and poured it into one of the city springs. The people thought the Herr Doctor guilty, and, as you know, he was executed."

"But how know you all this?"

"Herr Doctor, the knave loved Fraulein Catherine, though he hated her father. He had not supposed that the vengeance of the town would be continued on her, and his remorse for her has so eaten into his heart that this evening he went to the Burgomaster and made a clean breast of all."

Carl Hauser turned on his heel.

"I must go tell her of this at once," he said. To him there was but one "her" in the world to the populace also for the moment.

"His daughter!" they cried to each other, "the old Herr Doctor's daughter! We will all go!"

Vain were all Hauser's protests. From group to group the cry spread, and all they would accord to him was that he should be their leader. Go, however, they all would. They burned to pay honour to the women whom they had hounded as criminals from the town, and the procession set forth, gathering numbers as it went.

Out again from the town, up the mountain side they all pressed steadily. Torches blazed, hurrahs sounded, the slower members of the crowd were left behind, as up and up the vanguard went steadily on. The crowd, perhaps ashamed in its heart, refused to harbour thoughts of its dead victim, and sought to drown remorse in this noisy honour to the living.

So they pressed on until they were out of all shelter on the bleak side of the mountain, and under the gleam of the full moon on the snow the black hut of the refugees showed plainly. But by the spring something else black arrested them the dead body of an old woman, a piteous spectacle, lying extended on the ice. The crowd pressed eagerly around her.

Hauser was already kneeling by her side.

"Stand back there!" he cried. "We must get her back to the hut."

Hastily a litter was improvised, and so the old woman was carried back to her home. She was quite dead. Her impulse had happily ended in futility, and what her purpose had been none of those surviving her ever knew. Hauser, indeed, in his ministrations found the bottle still hidden in her clothing; but though he recognised its contents he never suspected her intention.

Tenderly he broke the news to Catherine of the fame that was saved and the life that was lost; and when, after many months of illness, time had brought healing, Catherine as his wife entered upon a life so happy that, though it never brought forgetfulness, it yet compensated in fullest measure her woes of earlier years.

THE END.

A WINTER HOLIDAY IN EGYPT

That wonderful civilisation whose evidences lie scattered along the banks of the Nile for a thousand miles, and cover a period of several thousand years, exercises an ever-growing fascination as our knowledge of ancient Egypt is added to by the energy of the excavator and the patient study of the Egyptologist. Every winter sees a larger crowd of tourists flock to the oldest country in the world, and Cairo to-day is as fashionable as any place on the Riviera and almost as much frequented. Our supplement covers much of the ground visited by the ordinary tourist, who naturally begins with the great Pyramids—easily reached in a drive of an hour and a half from Cairo—and, if he be active, climbs to the top of the largest of the three—the Great Pyramid, built by the Fourth Dynasty King Khufu, or Cheops, whose earthly pilgrimage took place between the years 3733 and 3700 B.C., and of whom that early globe-trotter Herodotus reported things which would certainly be interpreted as libellous in our enlightened age. From the platform at the top of the pyramid, 460 feet above the ground, or sixty feet higher than St Paul's, an extensive view is obtained of the fertile Nile Valley to the east, and the sandy desert to the west. In the middle of the vast structure is the King's Chamber, containing the plain red granite sarcophagus. The lid was removed and the tomb rifled ages ago, before the Kaliph El Mamun, son of Harun-el-Raschid, rediscovered the passage leading to the chamber in the year 820 A.D. The walls are devoid of ornament, save for the inscriptions of modern Vandals who, like the Greek and Roman soldiery of old, have disfigured so many Egyptian monuments by scratching their ephemeral names upon them.

Starting on the journey southwards, either by rail or dahabieh, the tourist in due course will reach Thebes and its neighbourhood, rich in so many wonders. These include the Tombs of the Kings in the valley of Bibân-el-Muluk, where the royal mummies of the dynasties that followed the Pyramid builders were hidden away in galleries cut deep into the heart of the mountain, the entrances being afterwards cunningly built up. Excavations have been conducted here for some years past by an American gentleman Mr. Theodore M. Davis, who has brought to light several new tombs, amongst others that of Queen Taie, which was only discovered the other day. Visiting many an ancient monument on his way the tourist will presently arrive at Assouan, the old frontier town of Syene, 580 miles from Cairo. Here occurs the First Cataract, separating the islands of Elephantine and Philæ. The latter is accounted the most picturesque spot on the Nile; its area a quarter of a mile in length by 150 yards in breadth, is covered with remains, mostly of a comparatively late period. The chief building is the great Temple of Isis, built by the Ptolomies, one of the most beautiful buildings in Egypt, and still in a fine state of preservation, though doomed to destruction owing to the great Nile Dam, which causes its submersion for several months every winter. Restraining his desire to moralise upon the sacrifices we have to make in the pursuit of utilitarian ideals, our tourist will be well advised to push on another 200 miles to Abu Simel, in distant Nubia, or the Land of Cush, where the most famous of the many buildings of Rameses II. are to be found. These are two rock-hewn temples; but it is the façade of the larger one that compels admiration even in a mind satiated with the glories of Thebes and Karnak. It is one of the most wonderful things in this land of wonders, with its four gigantic statues—all of Rameses II.—cut out of the rock. The figures are 66ft. in height, and show the great conqueror seated on his throne, the faces, with their expression of majestic repose, being beautifully executed. Here, under the eyes of the great Empire builder, who has gazed calmly across the Nile for thirty centuries, we may bid our tourist adieu, leaving him to retrace his steps northwards, or to travel onward to far-distant Khartum.

THE F.O. BAG

By Lucien Wolf

NO one would rejoice more than I should if a durable *entente* could be arranged between this country and Russia. I am, however, not a little sceptical of the permanent success of the negotiations which have filled so large a place in the speculations of the newspapers during the last fortnight. The idea of an *entente* based on some transaction in Persia is superfluous, and can only be detrimental to this country. An understanding in regard to Persia of the most binding character, though not in treaty form, has been in existence between Great Britain and Russia since 1834. It has been renewed over and over again, and in 1839 it was described by Count Nesselrode in a despatch to Count Pozzo di Borgo as "*une entente parfaite.*" This it certainly is, for it provides not only for the "independence and integrity of Persia," but also for the maintenance of "internal tranquillity," and for the cordial co-operation to these ends of the British and Russian Legations at Teheran. What more can be required? It is rumoured that the new transaction will aim at the creation of spheres of commercial interest in Persia, giving the north to Russia and the south to us. I can scarcely believe that anything so stupid is in contemplation. The effect of such an arrangement would only be to curtail our commercial opportunities in Persia, for Russian trade with the south scarcely exists, and, consequently, a sphere of interest conceded to us there by her would be no gain to us. Moreover, in such an arrangement we should be at a disadvantage in regard to other Powers—notably Germany—who would still be able to roam at will over both spheres. It seems to me that we should leave well alone. We have everything we want in Persia, and Russia has all that she can equitably aspire to.

The idea that Russia herself would be satisfied with the suggested spheres of influence is quite too absurd. Russian aims in Persia are not commercial but political, and they are concerned far more with the seaboard in the south than with the provinces contiguous to Afghanistan and the Caspian. Now that Russia has been rolled back from the Pacific her ambition must be more closely concentrated on a marine outlet through the Middle East, and I cannot imagine that she would bind herself to any arrangement which would baulk her in this respect. If she did so I am sure she would not respect it, once an opportunity for ignoring it presented itself. And here it may be desirable to utter another word of warning as to the trustworthiness of the Russian Government. We had a disagreeable example of how the Tsar's advisers interpret their Treaty obligations in Persia during the Boer War in 1900, when, in defiance of the understanding with this country, they induced the Shah to pay off the British loan of 1892, and lent him the money for the purpose in exchange for a charge on the Customs duties. We shall do well to bear this act of bad faith in mind at the present moment.

Talleyrand, in a characteristic outburst of shrewd malice, once declared that Guizot was "*un intrigant austère.*" How wickedly the old cynic would have smiled could he have read the love letters exchanged by Guizot and Mme. de Lieven which M. Ernest Daudet has just published. These documents not only constitute a strangely powerful romance, but they are also of profound psychological interest. They throw an unsuspected light on the somewhat enigmatic characters of the stern and inflexible minister and the brilliant but unscrupulous *intrigante*, who was for so many years his confidant and friend. Scandalmongers have often shaken their heads censoriously over Mme. de Lieven's dying message to Guizot—"*Merci pour vingt années d'amitié et de bonheur; ne m'oubliez pas. Adieu, adieu!*"—but they little dreamt how accurate their instinct was. The more general interpretation of their relations has been limited to a theory of pure friendship, honourable to both. Even so intimate a crony of the famous *Ambassadrice* as the Countess Granville regarded their association more as a matter of "habit and resource than positive pleasure;" and Greville, who knew her well, held the same opinion. Never was the secret of a passionate *amour* more successfully kept. M. Daudet gave us a hint of the truth a few years ago in his charming book, "Une vie d'Ambassadrice au siècle dernier," but it was only a hint. The letters he now publishes show that these two middle-aged politicians—Guizot was fifty, and Mme. de Lieven fifty-three when they first met—were really lovers of the most ardent and impassioned type.

The crusted convention which awards all the prizes of romance to the first loves of the young, and which declares derisively that "there are no fools like old fools," looks not a little egregious in the light of these intense and rapturous letters. Disraeli has said something somewhere in vindication of "last loves" as against "first loves." The subject is worth studying a little more deeply, for it involves a distinction of high romantic and psychological interest. Guizot had lost two wives when he met Mme. de Lieven, and was a hard, practical man of affairs, to whom facile illusions were unknown. She was separated from her husband, and had for years played with the hearts of public men as with so many pawns in the game of a super-subtle diplomacy. She had passed unscathed through a score of flirtations, and had seen with a cynical smile half the leading statesmen of Europe, Metternich, Grey, Thiers, Molé, Palmella, etc., at her feet. And yet these two scarred veterans fell in love with all the breathless, gushing vehemence of sweethearts in their teens. There is one letter which she sends by hand to Calais in 1840 to welcome her lover when he returns to Paris after giving up the London Embassy, in which we see her trembling with girlish joy and overflowing with eager, wistful love at the prospect of seeing him again:—

Je voudrais t'envoyer des paroles d'amour, aussi tendres que l'amour que je ressens. Je suis heureuse, je suis pleine d'angoisses, d'angoisses de plaisir. Je t'attends—Je m'inquiète. . . . Mon cher bien-aimé, que nous serons heureux, que je t'aime, que je t'aime! Quelle pauvre affaire que ces paroles-là écrites! Comme je te les dirai! Viens, mon bien-aimé.

One rubs one's eyes with amazement at the thought that this was written by the hard and calculating wire-puller in petticoats who was so long the terror of Downing Street, and that to no less a man than Guizot, whose austerity was Calvinistic.

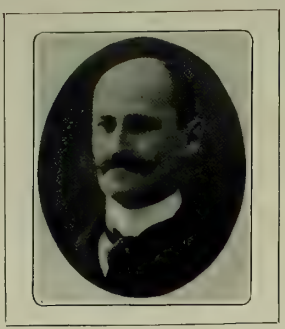
I must be permitted one more extract, though the subject scarcely comes within the scope of these political notes. One day he wrote to her:—

Nous nous sommes rencontrés tard. L'eau court vite. Bien peu de place nous reste pour tout ce que j'y voudrais mettre. Le bonheur possible et point réalisé, vu et point atteint, est un des plus peniples sentiments que je connaisse. . . . Ne parlez pas, ne parlez pas de votre folie. Ne parlons pas de notre folie. Mais gardez-moi la votre! C'est mon bonheur. Adieu, adieu.

Happily for both they grew old in unruffled love.

Sir Francis Plunkett, whose death was briefly announced in these columns last week, was a very capable and distinguished diplomatist. He had served almost everywhere except in South America, and everywhere had left behind him solid testimonies of his diplomatic industry and whole hosts of admirers and friends. I remember a delightful afternoon I spent with him at the British Embassy at Vienna three years ago on my way to Bucharest. An example of his dry humour occurs to me. He was very anxious to know my impression of the political situation in Russia, where I had spent some weeks, and I had told him that I scarcely liked to say all I thought, as I fancied he would think my views extravagant. He insisted, however, and I said: "One-third of the nation has the other two-thirds by the throat. Such a situation cannot endure. There must be a revolution, and it will come within twelve months." "Well," he answered with a quizzical smile, "I don't think that very extravagant. It is twenty years since I was in Russia, but I came away with precisely the same impression." As it turned out I was not so far wrong.

The revolution has, indeed, already been partly accomplished, and the new Duma, with its strong contingent of Socialists and Revolutionary Democrats, is a significant token of it. Despite its Extremists the Duma has made an excellent choice of a President, and if it is met in a corresponding spirit of moderation by M. Stolypin, we may expect to see the Parliamentary *régime* work fairly smoothly in Russia. The Amnesty Question is a difficult obstacle, but it is to be hoped that the tact of M. Golovin, the new President, may be successful in overcoming it. M. Golovin is at once an enlightened Liberal and an experienced politician. Born in 1867, he was educated at the Nicolas Lyceum in Moscow. In 1904, at the instance of Dimitri Chipof, he was appointed president of the Ouprava, or permanent Bureau of the Moscow Zemstvo, and he held this responsible position for three years with conspicuous success. In the revolutionary movement he has been very active as a Moderate Liberal, and it was he who two years ago invited all the Zemstvos in the Empire to send delegates to the famous Congress, which was the most effective forerunner of the Duma. M. Golovin, like his predecessor, M. Muromtzeff, is a Constitutional Democrat.



M. FEDOR GOLOVIN

President of the New Duma.



THE LATE M. CASIMIR-PERIER

A former French President.

Born in 1847. His father was Minister of the Interior in 1871, and his grandfather was President of the Council of Ministers under Louis Philippe. Was President in 1894, but held office only for seven months. For his gallantry during the siege of Paris he received the decoration of the Legion of Honour. He entered the Chamber of Deputies in 1876, became Under-Secretary for War in 1883, and Vice-President of the Chamber and President of the Budget Committee in 1890.



THE LATE M. PETKOFF

The Bulgarian Premier, who was assassinated on Monday.

An able statesman and devoted patriot. Friend and colleague of Stambuloff, Beltcheff, and Vulkovitch, all of whom were also assassinated. He fought during the Russo-Turkish War and lost an arm. As Mayor of Sofia he converted what was a small village into a modern city. He became Prime Minister last autumn. Photo by Gribayedoff.

Written by H. W. LUCY

This Week's Parliament

Sketches by RALPH CLEAVER

A Battle Royal

The week has seen a debate that, though not a full-dress one, reached a high level of vigour and importance. It arose in Committee of Supply on the Colonial Vote. That the sum this year touches the figure of 21½ millions, is of itself striking testimony to the growth of the Colonies. Time was when the Colonial Office was at best a second-class Ministerial appointment among those of Cabinet rank. Any statesman feeling the weight of years and the bonds of mediocrity was thought equal to the appointment. Mr. Chamberlain changed all that. His keen glance perceived the potentiality of those adjuncts to the Empire which Disraeli once pettishly expressed a desire to see cut adrift. With his entry on the neglected field, the Colonies obtained relations with the Empire undreamt of even so recently as the day of Lord Kimberley.



"BY ORDER OF THE SPEAKER": LADIES IN ST. STEPHEN'S HALL WAITING FOR MEMBERS TO FETCH THEM

Mr. Lyttelton opened the debate in a speech which, though full of matter, was not inspiring in diction or manner. The ex-Colonial Secretary's speeches are more attractive when studied in printed form than when listened to in the House. One disadvantage under which a plain practical man labours in dealing with Colonial affairs is that everything conceivable has already been said and reiterated. A patriotic Opposition cannot, of course, attempt to make capital out of the surprising turn of affairs which makes General Botha, lately armed in the field against the British flag, Prime Minister of the newly constituted Transvaal Government. Chinese labour, like the Heathen Chinee elsewhere, is played out. Fortunately for the Opposition, the West Hebrides have been discovered existing under a Convention approved by His Majesty's Government involving the denounced principle of the immigration of natives under conditions closely akin to those of the coolies in the Rand.

This point Mr. Lyttelton hammered home with sturdy insistence. "A querulous oration," Mr. Winston Churchill described it. "Not an attack, but a lament that the Colonial Office of the present Government does not live up to the high standard established by Mr. Lyttelton in the days of the Ceylon Pearl Fishery, the Transvaal Representative Constitution, and the Chinese Labour Ordinance." This *tu quoque* was delivered with almost breathless animation, welcome to a bored House as contrasting with the placidity of Mr. Lyttelton's manner. But it did not amount to much. It was the old story of the Ins and Outs, one, demonstrating the ineptitude of his successor, meeting with the time-honoured but not convincing retort "You're another."

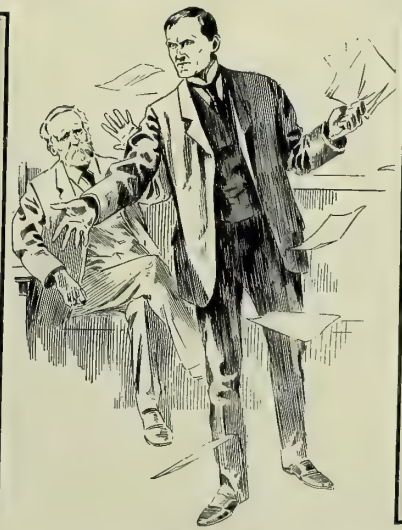
Mr. Bonar Law was put up to respond to the versatile and volatile Under-Secretary for the Colonies. He is recognised on both sides of the House as one of the two best debaters on the Front Opposition Bench. The other is Mr. Balfour. This estimate will probably surprise those who exclusively obtain information about Parliamentary affairs from the newspapers. Possibly many have not noticed the name of the member who in the late Government filled a subordinate office at the Board of Trade. But the House of Commons, the quickest, surest judge of character in the world, knows a good man when it sees him, and often wonders why the ex-Under-Secretary of the Board of Trade is not more frequently and more prominently brought into debate.

On Monday his interposition was accepted as of sufficient weight to bring the Foreign Secretary into the fray. The two men have much in common. Neither affects or aspires to oratorical manner. Each is thoroughly master of his subject and deals with it in a practical, common-sense, convincing manner. Sir Edward Grey, recognising that for the Government the most damaging point of attack was that directed to the Hebrides Convention, devoted his speech chiefly to an effort to show that there is wide divergence between it and the Chinese Labour Ordinance that figured so largely in the General Election of last year.

Later, too late for full opportunity of dealing with the subject, came the Leader of the Opposition and the Prime Minister. There was a long interval, including the dinner hour, when members above and below the gangway on both sides echoed familiar assertions and contradictions. Ten o'clock had struck when Mr. Balfour stood at the Table. Hampered for time, conscious that the Prime Minister was prepared to follow him and that all must be over by eleven o'clock, he delivered what occupants of the Treasury Bench were the first to recognise as and (in private conversation) to admit was his most brilliant and effective contribution to debate in the still new Parliament. Its effect on "C.-B." was to cause that ordinarily genial combatant to lose his temper. "The House," he sneered in an opening sentence, "will observe with what alacrity the right hon. gentleman has given the go-by to South Africa." This was too much for Mr. Balfour. It is true he had made no reference to the late Government's responsibility for affairs in South Africa, a subject effectively dealt with by two of his colleagues. But he was constrained to take that course by an appeal privately made to him from the other side to leave time for the Premier to wind up debate. He hotly interposed with his explanation, and "C.-B.," backing out of a difficult position, turned his attention to Mr. Bonar Law's speech. On a division there was significant defection in the Labour ranks, leaving the Government a majority of 176—quite a poor thing as times go.



MR. WHITEHEAD OPPOSES IN A LONG SPEECH



MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN IN HIS FERVOUR SHEDS SHEAVES OF NOTES



SIR F. POWELL STRONGLY OBJECTS

The Debate on Women's Suffrage

NORWAY'S OLYMPIC GAMES

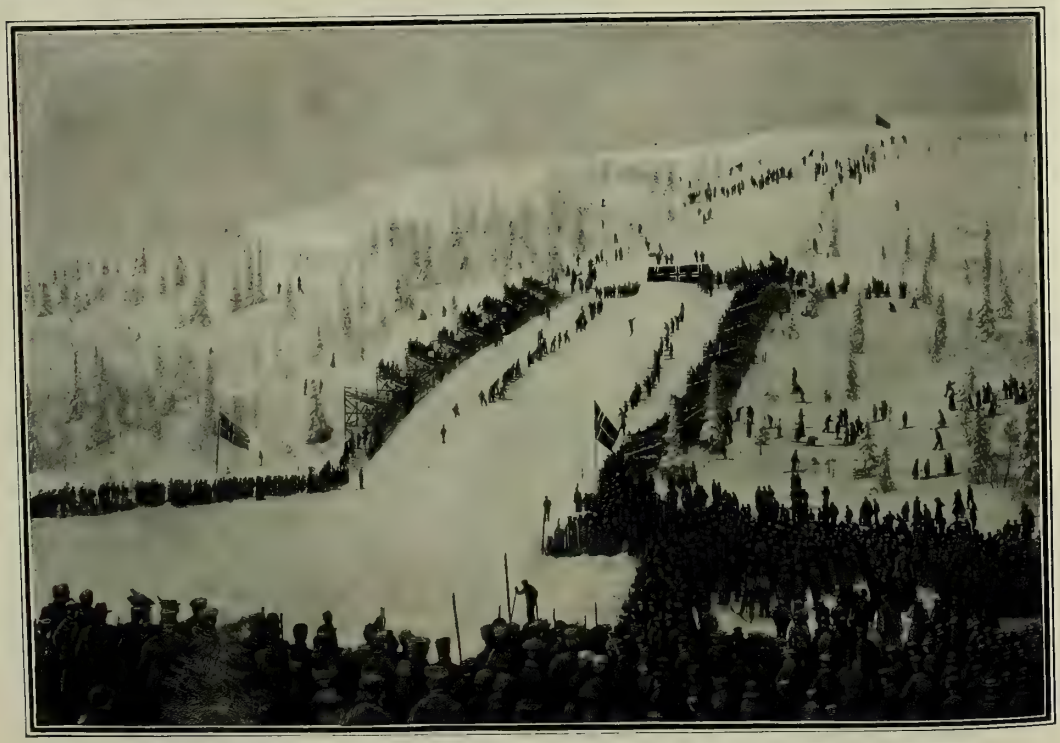
NOW that Norway has severed its political Siamese-twin connection with Sweden and erected itself into an independent country, with a son-in-law of our own King Edward as its Sovereign, it wants to raise its head otherwise in various ways. In fact, it desires to advertise itself as a winter resort as well as a paradise for summer tourists, and to dispute with the Engadine the latter's claim to possess unrivalled attraction for the pleasure votaries of snow and ice. The only trouble is that it is so much easier to reach Davos Platz, say, by railway saloon carriages from Calais, than to make a winter voyage across the stormy North Sea from Hull or Newcastle to Bergen and thence by another steamer to Trondhjem, inside the fringe of islands which, like the Hebrides, serve as a welcome breakwater to the rollers of the Atlantic.



A VIEW OF THE GRAND STAND DURING THE PAIR SKATING COMPETITION

Still, it is pleasant to know that the Norwegians are bestirring themselves to make their beautiful country more than ever attractive to us, and to offer us the charms of mid-winter snows as a complement to the summer wonders of their midnight sun. Our two illustrations will show what they have just been doing in this respect by means of the five-day "Great Winter Sports Meeting," which was organised at Trondhjem under the auspices of the local Ski (pronounced *shee*), Skating, and Trotting Clubs. The programme included the world's championship in speed-skating, but what it did not comprise was an international curling match, as the "roaring game," curiously enough, has not yet been acclimatised in Norway, though played in Switzerland for several years back. Sportsmen of all nations were invited to attend the meeting at Trondhjem, and a good many responded to the call—England in particular being well represented.

The sun-baked race from Marathon to Athens, which was the great feature of last year's revived Olympic Games at Athens, was nothing to the long-distance ski-walk of twenty miles, for which sixty competitors entered, in falling snow and a temperature of at least four degrees below zero. Of the starters some came all the way back, "struggling for breath," wrote one eye-witness, "leaning heavily on the two stout staves with which they steadied themselves on the snow, and with their faces half smothered in icicles, which hung from their moustaches, their chins, and from their eyebrows, until they looked almost as much like the surrounding fir-trees as like men." A young fellow of twenty-two covered the score of snow-clad miles in 3h. 18min., which may be said to have been wonderful going. The winner of the King's Cup for ski-jumping performed his feat of about thirty-five yards in presence of 10,000 spectators, who cheered him to the echo, and cheered again for King Haakon. Had the meeting been held a day or two later it would have been rendered impossible by rain and rapid thaw.



KING HAAKON'S CUP: THE GREAT SKI JUMP OF THIRTY-FIVE YARDS, WITNESSED BY TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE



"Seven Summers"

FROM THE PICTURE BY MR. A. CHEVALIER TAYLER, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

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THE LAST OF THE WINTER: THE HARDY BATHERS' MORNING DIP IN THE FROZEN SERPENTINE

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

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THE LAST OF THE WINTER: THE HARDY BATHERS' MORNING DIP IN THE FROZEN SERPENTINE

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

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"The Bow in the Cloud"

FROM THE PICTURE BY MARY Y. HUNTER, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

The Bystander

"*Stand by.*"—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

Our humorous English climate is ever full of surprises. It is for ever giving us unseasonable shocks. History tells us of the Derby being run in a snowstorm, and there have been instances of spring flowers flourishing on Christmas Day. All sorts and conditions of weather coming at the wrong time would scarcely astonish us, but I confess to being startled with the series of Spring Fogs with which the jocular old Clerk of the Weather has recently favoured us. He has given us several fine specimens, but one especial morning he gave us a thick fog which undoubtedly took the prize for appalling blackness and Novembrian density. It was so thick that powerful electric lights resolved themselves into faint white pinpoints, and the fierce gas flare was the only thing that could make itself at all visible. It would be useful to learn how many thousands these Spring Fogs have cost London, and it would be satisfactory to ascertain why no remedy has yet been found for them. Here is a real chance for my friends the inventors. They would have an opportunity of providing something that would be an absolute public benefit, in the place of starting matters that prove to be an inconvenience to everybody and a destruction of private property.

The modern custom of drawing cheques for small amounts is a very great convenience. I fancy I can remember the time when nobody thought of drawing a cheque for anything under five pounds. Now things are changed, and cheques for ten shillings, or even under, are common enough. If the cheque is payable to order, of course you have evidence of payment, if even you do not acquire a receipt. Again, you do not feel the pains of payment so much in writing a cheque as in the disbursement of actual coin. Also the cheque costs no more than the postal order, and if you have to go out some distance to the post-office, possibly in wet weather, and have to plank down the absolute cash, you feel the operation very acutely indeed. Therefore, let us be thankful for the institution of the small cheque.

"Prams on the Pavement" would make a capital social article in a daily newspaper. I can fancy what an amusing dissertation the late George Augustus Sala would have penned in the columns of the *Telegraph*. I myself could write most feelingly, if not eloquently, on the subject. For it was only yesterday I was walking peacefully along in front of the National Gallery and meditating on things in general, when suddenly, without any warning, I received a violent blow in the back, which well-nigh overset me. I turned round sharply, and, I fear, made use of expressions more forcible than polite, and found the blow had been inflicted by a finely appointed perambulator, with a very fat baby inside, which was being pushed by a thoughtless nursemaid, who had her head turned in more senses than one by the scarlet uniform of a private in the Guards fading away in the distance. It was a mercy I did not lose my balance, for if I had fallen upon that fat baby I should have killed it to a certainty, and if the jury had not returned a verdict of "unavoidable babycide," I might have been imprisoned. It would be well that nursemaids should know that perambulators on the sidewalk are only there on sufferance, and that such carriages on the pavement are quite as illegal as other wheeled vehicles.

The other day, in the course of my perpetual travels in London, I found myself in Clerkenwell. Now Clerkenwell is not what you would call a cheerful place, but I always esteemed it as an ancient quarter that would brook no changes. When at one time I made a tour of the parish in search of a quaint hostelry called "The Pickled Egg," and lost myself in a curious enclosure which I christened Micawber Square, I fancied that Clerkenwell would remain in its fine old-fashioned state for all time. But nothing is sacred to the improver, no associations are respected by Buggins the Builder, no neighbourhood is safe from the modern house-wrecker, no street is free from the erector of flats—and I found even old-fashioned Clerkenwell seemed to show an absurd inclination to go with the times. I daresay Micawber Square has been transformed into gigantic buildings, and is now known as Micawber Mansions, and doubtless the picturesque "Pickled Egg" has become a vast and noisy modern restaurant. But I had such a shock that I had no heart to prosecute my inquiries in the direction alluded to.

In the course of my wanderings I found myself in Exmouth Street. That seemed unchanged and busy as ever. Then I bethought me of Rosoman Street hard by, where at one time existed the quaintest little chemist's shop in the world, with a red lamp which was the joy of all Rosomanians. This shop was the original of Mr. Rawkins's in "The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury," and it is said that Albert Smith and John Leech both passed their early days here when studying for the medical profession. Undoubtedly the odd little establishment was most admirably described by the first, and most graphically pictured by the second in the novel alluded to. To my horror I found that the little shop had altogether vanished, but the public-house at the corner where the distinguished practitioner used to spend a good deal of his time, was still a going concern.



Canada advertises itself better and more extensively than any of our Colonies. The Dominion, in fact, is run on strict business lines, with a judicious blend of advertisement and sentiment. This motor-'bus—containing a selection of Canadian products, and with such emigrant-wooing mottoes as "Free Farms for Willing Workers" and (master-stroke!) "Light Taxes"—is to tour throughout England on behalf of the Colonial Government. It will, no doubt, catch many emigrants. The motor-'bus is at present on view at Olympia.

CANADA'S LATEST ADVERTISEMENT: THE MOTOR-'BUS TO TOUR ENGLAND



MISS LUCAS,
Winner of the Ladies' Singles in the All-England Badminton Championship.



G. TOWNS, OF AUSTRALIA,
Who beat E. Durnan, of Canada, in the Sculling Championship of the World, on the Nepean River, New South Wales.



MR. WOOD,
Winner of the Gentlemen's Singles in the All-England Badminton Championship.

In the race on the Nepean River, New South Wales, between George Towns, of Australia, and Edward Durnan, of Canada, for the Sculling Championship of the World and £500 a side, Towns easily beat his rival by three lengths. The All-England Badminton Championships at the London Rifle Brigade's headquarters, Bunhill Row, London, concluded the other day. The Ladies' Singles Championship was won by Miss M. Lucas, and the Gentlemen's Singles Championship by Mr. N. Wood.

CHAMPIONS THREE: VICTORS AT BADMINTON AND SCULLING

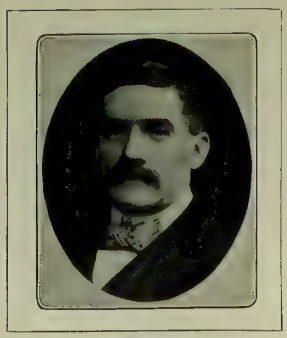


MR. PERCY HARRIS
New Chairman of the L.C.C.
Photo by Jerrard.



For this bust of the Queen of Spain, a gift to King Alfonso from forty English ladies, Her Majesty sat to Mr. Conrad Dressler, the sculptor, at Cowes. It was accepted the other day, on behalf of the King, by the Spanish Ambassador, at the Duke of Rutland's house in Arlington Street. The bust bears the inscription:—"To Alfonso XIII. This of his wife, Victoria Eugenia, lovingly, from English women. 1906." It will be placed in the Camera Gallery of the Royal Palace at Madrid.

THE BUST OF THE QUEEN OF SPAIN, PRESENTED TO KING ALFONSO BY FORTY ENGLISH LADIES



MR. H. STUART SANKEY
New Vice-Chairman of the L.C.C.
Photo by Elliott and Fry.

The Theatres

"THE LITTLE ADMIRAL" AT THE LYRIC

Mr. Waller's new venture is a pretty, unambitious, simple little romance in which he has an excellent part as a breezy, earnest young naval officer. The period is 1821, when naval costume was more picturesque than now, and so he cuts a very gallant figure. Miss Evelyn Millard is graceful and charming as the heroine, Anne Churchill, and Mr. A. E. George (in the prologue only) is so excellent as old Admiral Sir Anthony Addenbrooke, that we quite regret his premature death and disappearance. Briefly, the story tells of one of those strange and weird wills which figure so largely in romances. By this will sixty thousand pounds is left by the old man to his scapegrace young relative, Lieut. Anthony Addenbrooke; but Anthony is only to have the money if he turns over a new leaf, rises in his profession, pays his debts, and generally reforms. Meanwhile he is to think that he is disinherited, so that his reformation must not be prompted by sordid motives. Anne Churchill is one of the few people who know about this will, and being desperately poor she decides to make the young man's acquaintance, spur him on to success, marry him and share his money. Of course she succeeds; but equally of course, she falls in love with him. However, a timely confession puts everything right, and this little naval fairy tale ends with happiness all round. The setting is very quaint and charming, and minor parts are admirably played by Mr. H. de Lange as a German Baron in love with Anné, by Mr. C. M. Lowne as a stolid young lieutenant who is Anthony's great friend, and by Mr. Herbert Jarman as a faithful salt who is "a bit of a religious devil in his spare time."

MR. SUTRO'S NEW PLAY AT THE ST. JAMES'S

John Glayde's Honour, lauded to the skies by some critics, while treated to a vague mixture of praise and blame by others, may be justly appraised by this: that there is nothing in it to frighten any other playwright from attempting to write a better play upon the same subject. The merit of the piece lies in its subject and a certain conventional theatricalism, the most notable instance of which is John Glayde's attempt to go on dictating important business cables immediately after his masterful factotum, Michael Shurmur, has told him of his wife's guilt with Trevor Lerode. This situation from *Les Affaires sont les Affaires* is dragged in to give Mr. Alexander an opportunity of showing tremendous emotion, but is no help to the progress of the play, for the curtain falls upon John Glayde trembling and apparently unable to continue to speak, so that the audience never know whether he succeeds in attending to his business or breaks down and allows the redoubtable Michael to pull the wires for him. Thus a chance of revealing the true character of John Glayde, and the opportunity for a really dramatic scene are both lost. Earlier in this act, the second, another piece of theatricalism, which has won universal praise, because it is new "business," I suppose, is the closing of a door by the arm of an unseen person at the end of the scene between Mrs. John Glayde and her lover, Trevor, when they have arranged to fly together that evening. This gives them the opportunity of showing alarm, and piques the curiosity of the audience, but there its usefulness ends. It does not, as it should, have any effect on the situation—does not bring out anything in Mrs. John Glayde's or Trevor's characters. Trevor, though he has just stood up more or less manfully to the man he has injured, makes no attempt to see who has been eavesdropping, nor does it occur to him that to leave Muriel alone with her husband, who may possibly through this eavesdropper be shortly informed of the truth, is to leave her to bear the brunt of the difficulties alone. This is another dramatic opportunity completely thrown away. As one shrewd member of the audience remarked, "Why don't they run away at once?" Indeed, there is no reason why they should delay, no apparent reason why they should not have faced the world together before John Glayde's coming; for they have already twice spent some days together at a villa at Mantes before John is cabled for, so very much after the fair, by Trevor's mother, Lady Lerode. This is the greatest weakness of the play—that all is over when it begins. There might have been real tragedy, real argument if Glayde, suddenly finding himself in danger of losing his wife, through his absorption in money-getting, had found himself powerless in the face of a strong human passion between Trevor and Muriel, which they considered justified by Glayde's neglect of his duties as a husband. Glayde would have been a really heroic figure, giving up his wife to the man who had won her love, if she had been a woman worthy to be won. As it is, for all his bombastic language and sentimental, stagy rhetoric, he is doing no fine thing when he gives her to his rival. He does so because she has disgusted him—and the audience—by throwing her arms round his neck and pretending that she is coming back to go honeymooning with him, when she is in reality going straight off to elope. In withdrawing his claim to her he does his best to make her future miserable, by showing the man she has elected to spend her life with that he, John Glayde, now despises her. His actual words are, "I shall divorce her—you can get married. I shall make provision for her, that she may never want. Take her, and help her—to lie and betray no more." And Trevor, who has earlier in the play torn John Glayde's magnificent cheque for the unfinished portrait of Muriel into shreds, says nothing—does not say that he and his future wife will take none of the money, which has up to so very lately seemed the only thing necessary in life to the millionaire. He does not tell the man that if she has been brought so low it has been largely through his, John Glayde's, failing to cherish and protect her. This would have been really to make some sort of a conclusion to the problem and the play, which Mr. Sutro has preferred to leave unfinished. John Glayde walks out slowly, and Muriel and Trevor stand silent and shamefaced until the outer door, as well as the inner, has been heard to shut, when the curtain falls. The conventional, brightly smart dialogue of the first act has been mentioned by most critics as unsuccessful, and the cheap vulgarity of Christopher Branley's cynical remarks while he watches Trevor pack in the last act, has been allowed to be witty by most people because it makes the audience laugh; but real wit is both true and new, and Branley's story of how he suffered from eloping with a married woman is neither.

"Dramaticus."



A terrible disaster overtook the French battleship Iéna last Tuesday while she was undergoing repairs in dry-dock at Toulon. An explosion occurred in the magazine of the after 12-in. guns, which was rapidly followed by others in different parts of the ship, the *débris* being hurled in all directions for hundreds of yards. It is reported that the killed and wounded number over 200, among the former being the commander, Captain Adigard, and the latter includes Rear-Admiral Manceron. The Iéna is a vessel of 12,000 tons, built at Brest in 1898. She carries four 12in. and fifty other guns. She is a total loss.

THE FRENCH BATTLESHIP IÉNA, BLOWN UP IN DOCK AT TOULON

The Art of Beauty.

BY

Ethel Olivier

IF there is one thing which an actress knows something about besides acting, it is the cultivation of beauty and health. There are some cynical people who will go so far as to say that actresses know more about beauty and health than they do of acting. Even if it were true there would be a good deal to be said for it, for beauty and health are of supreme importance to every woman, because she is a woman, and the acting part of her life has only to do with the time when she is on the stage.

It is impossible, however, to draw a hard and fast line between the woman's regard for beauty and the actress's desire for it as a means of enhancing her attractions on the



stage. That every woman wants to be well goes without saying. That every woman likewise wants to be beautiful equally goes without saying. The question is, can an actress, out of her experience, in which health and beauty are vital interests, help her sisters by "wrinkles" derived from her own experience, and those "wrinkles" are the only ones a woman cares to have? Because I think she can so help, I have consented to write this article.

The first essential to health and happiness, for health means happiness, is some healthy form of exercise or sport in the open air.

The craze for golf, for tennis, for boating, for hockey, and for every kind of game and amusement which will take a woman into the open air is sufficient proof that



we have begun to realise the important part fresh air plays in making health and strength.

The next great criterion for health and happiness is to maintain the body in a perfect state of cleanliness. The fresh air washes and purifies the blood through the lungs, and the daily bath does the same for the outside of the body. The mouth, however, needs special attention, for apart from the fact that we are constantly getting germs into it from the air, we eat millions of them with our food, and the particles which get between the teeth contain armies of life which are bent on bringing destruction to the individual as well as the teeth. If a woman's hair is her crowning glory, a woman's teeth are priceless pearls, and it behoves her to do everything in the world to preserve them.

Happily, the means of doing so are in the power of everyone. It is by the regular daily and proper cleansing, not only in the morning, but before going to bed at night, and, if possible, after each meal. It is useless to rely on ordinary tooth soaps, or tooth powders. The thing of things is Odol.

Its flavour is perfectly delightful. I have used it for quite a long time, and I do not really think that I could do without it now. In fact, I am sure I could not, for it is far and away the best as it is the most pleasant of all the preparations I have ever used for the teeth.

With these simple ideas properly carried out, there is no reason why, in my opinion, a woman should not preserve her beauty and teeth as long as she lives. Some of the greatest beauties were beauties even when they were quite old women, and what one woman has done another can do if she will only take the trouble.

There is not a civilised country in the world in which Odol is not known as the greatest preparation for cleansing and preserving the teeth and mouth, and the



millions of bottles of Odol which are sold every year afford an irrefutable proof of the universality of its use and of the favour with which it is received. These two facts, indeed, speak louder than anything else of the excellence of the preparation, which can only be compared to itself, for it has no parallel.

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THE WORLD OF ART - By M. H. SPIELMANN.

THE gift of the picture which has been accepted by the Trustees of the Tate Gallery is the outcome of the remarkable Jewish Exhibition held at the Whitechapel Art Gallery in the autumn of last year. To commemorate its success, a small committee was formed by Canon Barnett for the purpose of raising funds to purchase from the Exhibition a picture by a Jewish artist, to be offered by the Jewish community to the nation. The idea was warmly welcomed, but before it could be carried into effect Alderman Moser, of Bradford, offered to the committee the whole sum needed for the purchase; the offer was accepted, it being understood that the gift is to be regarded none the less as the presentation by the Jewish community as a whole. The picture now hangs in the Tate Gallery, in Gallery VI., and its value as an historical document as well as a work of art will instantly be recognised.

This picture, which was exhibited last year at the New English Art Club, represents a group of aliens in one of the smaller synagogues of the East End, mourning their lost relatives and the murdered of their people during the Russian massacres of Jews. It is, no doubt, for the artist, a study of light and tone and gradation, but it is still a tribute paid to the depth of unflinching loyalty of Jewish feeling. The artist is here also the poet, who, not satisfied merely with enthusiasm for craftsmanship, has given rein to his passion for setting before us the picturesque phases in the religious life among the lower orders of his people—not rabbis and the like on this occasion, but just the common people in their praying-scarves — men seeking solace throughout all troubles, men "with that combination of scholarship and religion which has sustained the spurned benefactors of the world throughout accumulated generations of outrage and oppression."

This is not the first time that Mr. Rothenstein's work has been represented in a national collection by a picture of inner Jewish life—that life which Jews of the West End so seldom see, but with which they all keenly sympathise. It is only within the past few years that he has touched these subjects. We knew him before as the product of the Slade School and of Paris, mainly as the author of the numerous lithographed portraits of the leading men in Academic circles at Oxford, and of the twenty-four "English Portraits," the twelve "Manchester Portraits," the six of "The French Set," and the six plates in the "Liber Juniorum." These include the cream of an intellectual Who's Who in literature and art in all their branches, and are marked by earnestness, and dignity, and sometimes by a real sense of style. Then came a desultory selection of subjects and portraits —such as "Dr. Furnivall" in Trinity College, Cambridge, and the "Francis Darwin" at the Laboratory in the same university, and they were followed by "interiors," dealing mainly with the problem of light and shadow, the most notable and most applauded of which was "The Doll's House" of 1900. Then Mr. Rothenstein found himself, and his pictures of East End Jewish devotion and study have brought him fame for their earnest emotion and penetrating pathos.

Near it, almost as a pendant, hangs a picture that will attract much attention and more wonder—a picture with all the mystery of rich and quiet colour and of powerful sentiment, the more powerful for there being no subject at all to suggest sentiment. It is just two girls at a piano—a piano-lesson in a schoolroom, with a doll thrown aside; and the piano which is being played is strangely out of perspective, and the hands are ill-drawn. Yet there is a haunting charm about this simple full-blooded picture, with its opulent colour, which seems to shine as with an inner light. It is the work of Frank Huddlestone Potter, who died at the age of thirty-nine, in 1887, overlooked alike by artist and critic so far as his great gift of colour is concerned. His hard struggle killed him. Between 1870 and 1882 three magnificent little works of his had been exhibited at the Royal Academy (which now at the Old Masters is showing his "Twilight"); but not till 1887 was his "Quiet Corner" displayed at the Grosvenor Gallery. It represented a seated girl in white with a blue sash. Then fortune seemed to smile on him at last, but the news was brought by a friend who found him dead; so it is said, practically starved to death. He had exhibited for years at the Society of British Artists, to which he belonged, and when he died a memorial exhibition was held of his works at his Society. Such are the facts; yet how many persons professing familiarity with British art, and its march, and its martyrs, could have told you off-hand aught about Frank H. Potter?

The Exhibition of the Order of the Toison d'Or (the Golden Fleece), to be opened at Bruges in the month of June, will be of far greater interest than some might imagine who judge only by the title. The idea, now being busily developed by the central committee, has been taken up in every important European country, where committees have been formed under the highest patronage. In Great Britain the Belgian Minister is President and Lord Balcarres Chairman, and the King has signified his interest in lending objects of art—fine armour of the time—from the Royal Armoury. In Spain the King presides, and so on. The period covered is from 1429 to 1598—from the foundation of the Order to the date when the control passed from the Low Countries and became, for some 250 years, the bitterly disputed privilege of Austria and Spain. There will be portraits of the knights, their armour, their relics, medals and coins, manuscripts and books, the whole illustrative of the Burgundian Golden Age, from Van Eyck to Rubens. The great collectors and institutions in this country are showing generosity as contributors, and all tends to show that the exhibition will be one of the most curious, beautiful, and historically valuable that has ever been held. The reigns of Charles V. and Philip II. are eloquent of interest, and as our Kings Edward IV., Henry VII., Henry VIII. (when Prince of Wales), and James IV. of Scotland were Knights of the Order—the only British ones—a wide field is open for the British Committee.



There appears to be no doubt that Mr. Henry Roche's picture of Christ with the Cross, on exhibition among the Old Masters at Burlington House, is a genuine early work of Rubens. Rubens painted a series of thirteen pictures of Christ and the Twelve Apostles for the Duke of Lerma in 1603, and this is pronounced to be the picture which has been long missing from the Prado, where the other twelve hang.

THE NEWLY DISCOVERED RUBENS



"JEWS MOURNING IN A SYNAGOGUE"

MR. ROTHENSTEIN'S PICTURE, WHICH HAS BEEN PRESENTED TO THE NATION, AND WHICH NOW HANGS IN THE TATE GALLERY

The new Rubens referred to above under our reproduction was acquired by Mr. Roche recently from a Belgian convent. Before it went into the convent it belonged to the Schamp d'Aveschoot collection, and was owned by members of the family about 1840. The Schamps who were wealthy Antwerp merchants, had large dealings with Spain, a fact which helps to bear out Mr. Roche's belief that the picture is the original "Christ" of the series painted by Rubens for the Duke of Lerma, in Spain, in 1603.



THE LATE DR. DOWIE
Self-styled "Prophet."



THE LATE MR. J. F. HERRING
Animal Painter.



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Who helped to make the Japanese Navy.



THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR R. TRACEY
One of the makers of the Japanese Navy.



THE LATE SIR THOMAS HANBURY
Benefactor to Horticulture.

Our Portraits

The late Right Hon. Sir Daniel Dixon, Bart., M.P. for North Belfast, was the head of the well-known firm of timber importers and managing owner of the Lord Line of steamers, which trade between Belfast and South America and Continental ports. He was twice Mayor of Belfast, and five times Lord Mayor. Photo by Lafayette.

The late Prebendary Kempe, who was born in 1810, the son of Mr. J. E. Kempe, a noted antiquary, was for more than forty years vicar of St. James's, Piccadilly. Forty years ago front pews in the gallery of his church were, by immemorial decree, let only to "parishioners of title and distinction," and among the seat-holders for some time were a Royal Duke and three Premiers. When card-playing clubs arose in St. James's he lamented the fact in print, and *Punch* referred to the matter as follows: "Whist in St. James's: the rector declares that clubs are not trumps." Photo by Elliott and Fry.

All who know the paintings of the late Mr. J. F. Herring will regret in his loss an artist entirely English, homely, and therefore delightful to thousands. His animals and farmyard scenes were better known a generation ago than they are now. He loved detail, and you could almost count each straw when he painted a straw heap and each feather when he painted chanticleer lording it over his harem. Mr. Herring, who was ninety-two years of age, was the eldest son of "Old" Herring, who painted racehorses and coaching scenes. Photo by Palmer Clark.

The late Dr. Dowie early realised that the best market for his trade as a prophet was America, and accordingly he sailed to the States from Australia, where he began life as a grocer's assistant. The "Christian Catholic Church," and "Zion City" are forty miles from Chicago. He announced himself the reincarnation of the Prophet Elijah, and grew rich on the strength of it. In England he met with one of the warmest receptions he ever experienced. The uproar in St. Martin's Town Hall is remembered by all. In Australia, and again in England, he was silly enough to attack the personal character of King Edward, and London mobbed him. He returned to "Zion" discredited, and in 1905 was "deposed" and superseded.

The late Lord Penrhyn will be remembered for the great dispute with his quarrymen in Bethesda, when he closed the quarries and refused to treat with the men on any other terms than his own. The strike cost more than £350,000. Lord Penrhyn was born in 1836, the son of Colonel Douglas, who married the daughter and heiress of Mr. George Pennant, of Penrhyn Castle. Photo by Elliott and Fry.

The late Sir Thomas Hanbury, who was born seventy-five years ago, and had a prosperous career of nearly thirty years as a merchant at Shanghai, had resided for many years at his Riviera house, La Mortana, Ventimiglio, Italy, and was well known as the founder of the Hanbury Botanical Institute at the Royal University, Genoa, of the Museum Præhistoricum, near Mentone, and other museums and similar institutions in Italy. He purchased and presented to the Royal Horticultural Society the estate and celebrated garden of the late Mr. G. F. Wilson at Wisley, near Woking. Photo by Guesquin, Biarritz.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the career of the late Admiral Sir Richard Edward Tracey, K.C.B., was his connection with the Japanese, first as enemy (in the engagements against the Daimos of Satsuma and Chosen in 1863-64, and against the Prince of Chosen a year later), and, secondly, as friend, in charge of the naval mission to Japan, out of which our ally's present navy may be said to have grown. For similar services rendered to China he was given by the Emperor the insignia of the First Class of the Second Grade of the Imperial Order of the Double Dragon. He became an Admiral in 1898, and retired from the active list in 1901. Photo by Elliott and Fry.

The late Engineer-Commander Alfred Robert Pattison, R.N., was an officer of great promise, who would no doubt have attained a very high position. He has died in Tokio, at the age of forty-three, while engaged in special service in assisting the British Naval Attaché. After successive promotions to senior and chief engineer, he was lent to the Japanese Government as Instructor of Marine Engineering at their Naval College. For his services to the Japanese he was awarded the Order of the Third Class of the Sacred Treasure. Commander Pattison was buried at the Aoyama Cemetery, Japan, and naval honours were specially accorded by the Emperor.



FROM ABOVE: THE DAMAGED TRACK AND CAR
Part of a car of the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad in New York recently fell into the street. The accident, by which six people were injured, was caused by the collapse



FROM BELOW: THE WRECKAGE AT THIRD AVENUE AND CHATHAM SQUARE
of a portion of the line at Chatham Square, on the east side of the city. One end of the rear car of the train fell through, while the other hung on to the line above.

PERILS OF THE ELEVATED RAILWAY: THE NEW YORK COLLAPSE

WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

IN every club, in all the fashionable restaurants, in high-class hotels, and in the numberless homes throughout the country, where one finds the acme of good living, generous comforts, and luxurious ease, in which the choicely served dinner is a work of art, and is appreciated as such, you will frequently notice some one at the table dropping a small white disc into his beverage. After watching it for a few moments until the bright spray of bubbles that breaks from it has ceased to rise, the diner begins to sip the liquid with increased satisfaction.

These are the Wise Ones

who have learned the secret of enjoying the best of good living without having to pay the penalty of ill-health. Indigestion, acidity, and all sorts of gouty disorders are the natural consequences of free indulgence in a rich diet, but by a simple yet effective way they avoid these evils.

At Each Meal,

and in some cases oftener, they add to their beverage one of these little white discs—Bishop's Gout Varalettes—and so secure immunity from Gout, Gouty Indigestion, Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Gravel, Gouty Eczema, and Kidney Disorders.

Perhaps

you would prefer to live well, but fear the consequences, either because you know you have inherited the gouty tendency or have actually suffered from some symptom of the gouty condition, or a previous attack of some gouty complaint. If so, you may rely upon Bishop's Varalettes to free your system from the gouty poisons, to correct the inherited tendency, remove the symptoms from which you have suffered, and prevent any recurrence of gouty disorders in any form. Begin the regular use of Bishop's Varalettes to-day, and you will find that with their help you can safely indulge your tastes and live well again, without fear of suffering the tortures arising from any form of Gout, Rheumatism, Kidney Disorders, Gravel, Stone, Lumbago, Sciatica, or similar trouble.

Perhaps,

however, you do not realise that you are threatened with Gout. You may ascribe the slight discomforts you often feel to some other cause. If you have occasional twinges of pain in the muscles of arms, legs, or back; if your joints are sometimes swollen, inflamed, stiff, and tender to the touch; if your kidneys are out of order, and your skin burns, or you are conscious of an irritation between the fingers, in the palms of the hands, and about the ankles and feet; if your meals are followed by acidity, heartburn or flatulence, or your liver is torpid, and you have aching in the right side as a result; if you have small concretions on the outer rim of the ear, or little lumps under the skin of arms, breast and legs, and you pass grains of uric acid or sediment, you may then take it for granted that you have the unmistakable symptoms of the gouty condition.

Perhaps,

again, you have neglected these symptoms, and they have developed into one or the other of the serious gouty disorders, such as Chronic or Acute Gout, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Lumbago and Sciatica, Stone and Gravel, and Gouty Eczema. In either case, whether you suffer from the minor disorders or from their more serious developments, these may be both driven away and kept away by the proper use of Bishop's Varalettes.



"Well! This is how you take Bishop's Varalettes. You merely drop one of them into your beverage, and it soon effervesces away, and then you drink it. I always use them."

Begin at once with the 25 days' treatment of Bishop's Varalettes, and by their aid you will get free and keep free from all Gouty complaints.

An Appeal to Common Sense.

There is an immense deal of nonsense talked about the cure and prevention of gouty ailments, but it is as certain as anything can be that it is impossible for anything either to cure or prevent troubles of gouty origin unless it reaches the gouty poisons that have been deposited in joints, muscles, tissues or nerves. If you can reach this waste matter, which is the origin of the mischief in the system, if you can dissolve it and remove it from the body, then in that way, and only in that way, will your gouty troubles be cured, or prevented, as the case may be. This is so obviously reasonable, that it needs only to be stated to be understood, and when it is once grasped the secret of the success of Bishop's Varalettes is learnt.

Bishop's Varalette treatment is a

Purely Scientific Treatment,

and its success is absolutely indisputable. So-called remedies have come, and so-called remedies have gone, but Bishop's Varalettes are still proving their supreme excellence both as a cure and as a preventive. Clearly the best proof of their value is found in a personal trial, and if this be given there can be no doubt whatever as to the result. Messrs. Bishop wish to be quite frank, and therefore do not pretend that if you have been suffering for years from one of the gouty ailments in a pronounced form that a vial will cure you. To make such a claim is to excite laughter, but Messrs. Bishop have received letter after letter all testifying to the extraordinary benefits gained by those who have adopted Bishop's Varalette treatment and carefully followed out the simple instructions which they give.

Colonel Henry Mapleson

writes from Paris :—"It may interest you to know that Bishop's Varalettes have completely cured me of the gout and rheumatism from which I have suffered for many years. I had previously tried an endless number of so-called remedies without any satisfactory result, when a friend recommended me to try Bishop's Varalettes, and the result has been nothing short of marvellous, all aches and pains having disappeared. What is also extraordinary is that the Varalettes have also cured my dyspepsia. I send you this unsolicited testimonial out of pure gratitude."

Mr. C. Alexander,

of Bristol, writes :—"I take this opportunity of adding my testimony to the efficacy of Bishop's Varalettes. I have suffered from suppressed gout, more or less, for the last twelve years. I have been using Bishop's Varalettes, intermittently, for over four years, and am pleased to be able to say that I have not been laid up with gout for a single hour during that period."

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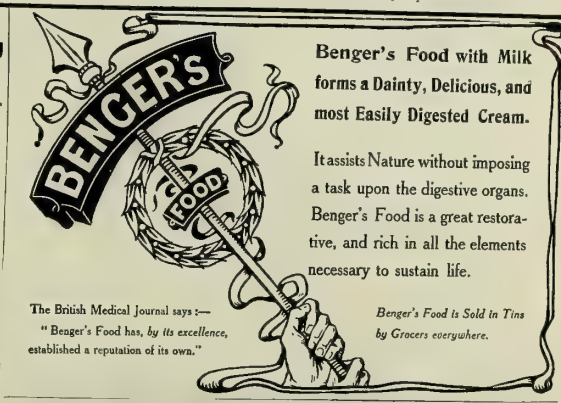
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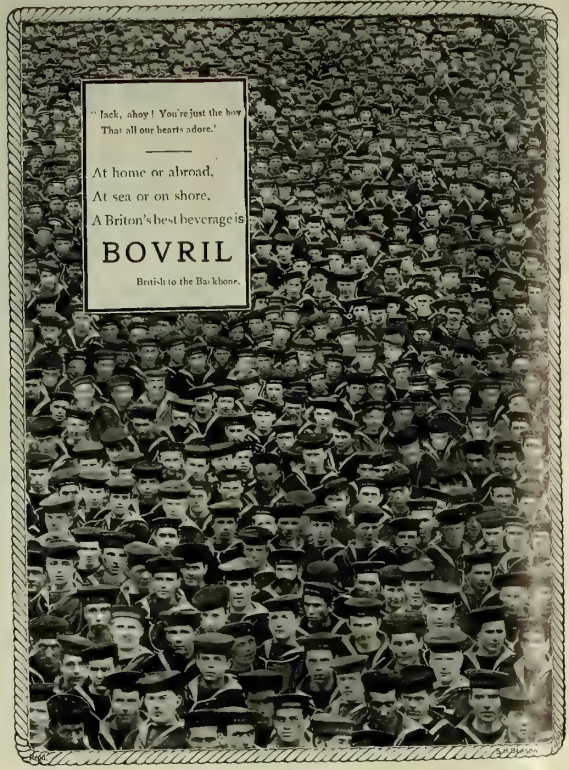
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THE ENGLISH TEAM



THE FRENCH TEAM

We have taught our French friends a great deal of late years in the matter of sport, but we have not yet taught them how to beat us at hockey. Saturday's game at Beckenham, however, was their first attempt in an international match, and the beating of fourteen goals to none inflicted upon them by the representative English eleven will not dishearten them. They have good raw material, and we wish them better luck next time. The sides were:—England—H. Gurney (West Bromwich), goal; R. M. Milne (Brooklands) and C. W. Marshall (Oxton), backs; J. Y. Robinson (Oxford University), L. M. Robinson (Cambridge University), and F. C. Stocks (Oxford Graduates), half-backs; P. M. Rees (Barnes), A. I. Draper (Bebington), T. S. Stafford (Midland Counties), H. R. Jordan (Croydon), and E. Green (Staines), forwards. France—J. M. Borel de la Rivière (Paris Luxembourg Club), goal; R. Benoit (Club Athlétique International) and L. Saulnier (C.A.I.), backs; R. Aublin (C.A.I.), L. Gautier (Stade Français), and L. Roussat (Stade Français), half-backs; C. Pattin (C.A.I.), E. Leliche (Sporting Club Universitaire de France), L. Poupon (Stade Français), D. Bardet (S.C.U.F.), and P. Jeanniot (C.A.I.), forwards.

ANGLO-FRENCH HOCKEY: VICTORS AND VANQUISHED IN THE GAME AT BECKENHAM

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

The multiplication of opportunities is, probably, the main feature of the time. A prominent British statesman has touched this subject when he coined the phrase: "We are now providing first-class opportunities for second-class people, and the third-class are pouring in on account of the overcrowded condition of their own compartments." Hundreds rise to the top each year in these days either locally or more generally; some attain importance in the municipal or political life in their district, others wealth, others acquire a wider renown in the capital or in "Society," and others a reputation in art, literature, or in their particular profession. Meanwhile, more general and intelligent education, democratic legislation, the continuously increasing facilities for circulating, and the enormous enlargement of trade, are providing more and more opportunities, and enabling the obscure in greater numbers to approach the front.

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The competition on the social surface will shortly be indescribably keen. Until recent times in this country the important appointments under the Government were more or less reserved for the members of the "upper class," and they, too, formed the respective Governments. That condition is changing rapidly. Cabinets are seldom now mostly composed of "upper class" politicians; it is said that two-thirds of the members of the present House of Commons are of middle or lower class origin; the Civil Service has been all but entirely captured by men who are not connected with the "West End;" the Army is falling into their hands, and in literature there has never been a time when so few Eton or Harrow boys are making a reputation.

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The education of the time in England does not sink into the community from the top; it rises from the bottom! On every side the social bubbles are rising; it is the most curious circumstance of the day, and will be one of the main peculiarities of history. It is an educational revolution, and the world has never seen one before.

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There is a by-path in the thought which the writer desires to open out. Our best schools are becoming institutions for intellectually crippling the sons of the successful middle class! Dives, in his youth, educated himself strenuously, obtained scholarships, and attained a reputation. Throughout life his mind was being continually stocked and trained. He acquired a fortune, was elected to the House of Commons, and became prominent in politics. His sons must have advantages which were denied to him, so he sent them to a celebrated "upper-class" school—where it was considered unbecoming to be studious! From this, and the University, they come half-educated, inclined to be spendthrifts, having some contempt for intelligence—and probably squander most of their inheritance, and marry undesirably.

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Had the members of the "upper class" conspired to provide a drag to lessen the competition which the circumstances of the time are developing, they could not easily have devised one that was more effectual. There is, however, this objection to it: to wit, that they themselves are burdened with the same impediment—they, too, are uneducated in an age when knowledge, industry, and seriousness of purpose are such important elements. It will be a rude awakening to find that every "unreserved" appointment, every employment which requires a high condition of intellectual training, has passed into the hands of middle and lower class men; that the high offices in the Civil Service, the chief commands in the Army and Navy, and the most prominent positions in the State have come into their possession. It is a near cry from the condition of the moment to that which has been described.



THE INVENTOR IN THE SADDLE



THE MACHINE READY FOR A TRIAL FLIGHT

Since his famous flight of 240 yards at the Bagatelle Training Ground last November, M. Santos-Dumont has been busy with the construction of another aeroplane, which is now completed and ready for trial on the first favourable opportunity. The new flying machine, though built on the lines of the "14 Bis," differs from it in many important details. The rider sits below the wings, thus giving increased stability, and the long steering apparatus in front has been replaced by a lighter rudder behind. The supporting surface has been greatly reduced, while the Antoinette motor has been exchanged for a more powerful one. Photos by Rol, Paris.

THE PIONEER OF MECHANICAL FLIGHT IN EUROPE: M. SANTOS-DUMONT AND HIS LATEST AEROPLANE

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

A "DOYEN OF THE DOUBLE LIFE"

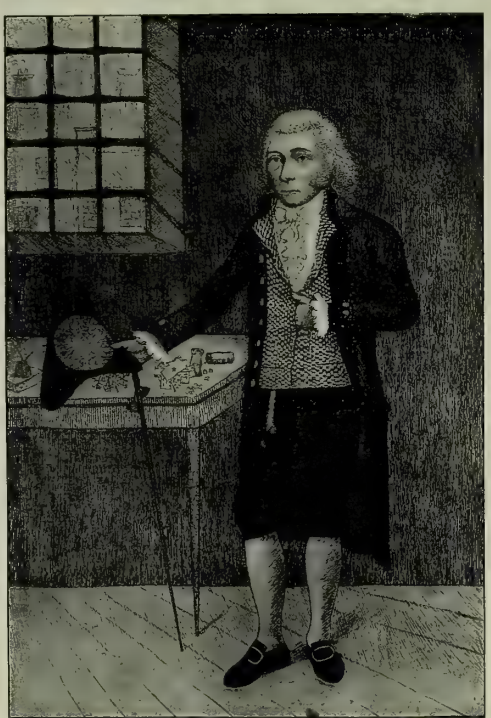
To the truth that is stranger than fiction belongs the story of William Brodie, of a respectable and well-to-do family in Edinburgh, with a prosperous business and considerable private fortune, Deacon of his Craft, Member of the Town Council, and—Burglar. Many persons know something of his career through the melodrama on the subject by Henley and Stevenson, to whom it may not improbably have suggested the conception of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." So thinks the writer of the intensely interesting work that we are about to mention. Memories of him still abound in the city that he ruled by day and robbed by night; they have even become promoted to the rank of legends, as that so uncanny a creature was neither to hold nor to hang. Otherwise his place in literature has been singularly small; and it has been practically reserved for Mr. William Roughead, in his "Trial of Deacon Brodie" (Sweet and Maxwell), to give the world all that is knowable of this "*doyen* of the Double Life," as he is appropriately styled. An introduction gives as full an account of his life as its hidden corners and secret passages allow. His trial—presided over by Lord Braxfield, the prototype of Stevenson's "Weir of Hermiston"—is reproduced *verbatim;* and several curious letters and other documents bearing upon the case now find their way into print for the first time.

There is no doubt about the man's guilt of the particular crime for which he was convicted—breaking into the Excise Office by night and carrying off sixteen pounds—not much of a haul, but unquestionably implying a halter a hundred and twenty years ago. The interest attaching to Deacon Brodie is wholly psychological. It was not one of the cases in which sanctimonious hypocrisy has been the cloak of a criminal career. Brodie was none of the "unco' guid," but a member of convivial clubs, an associate of wits, a keen cock-fighter—altogether a good fellow as well as a respected citizen, when it was the regular custom of the country to knock off business at eight, sit at the tavern till ten, and finish the evening at the club till any later hour. His cabinet-making and house-carpentering business was among the best in Edinburgh, and might well have secured him an honest fortune as well as familiarising him with his fellow-townsmen's doors, cupboards, drawers and keys—frequently of his own making. It is true that he was a gambler, but not of the losing order; the scar which may be detected under the right eye of his portrait by Kay—given on this page—was inflicted by a companion who had reason for thinking that the Deacon did not play fair. He was unmarried, and though his domestic arrangements of another sort included two separate families, they do not seem to have been costly; indeed, the statement of his financial position at the time of the trial shows a balance on the right side of about £1,500. On the whole we think that a contemporary article in the *Edinburgh Courant* is not far out in saying:—

> His crimes appear to be rather the result of infatuation than depravity, and he seemed to be more attracted by the dexterity of thieving than the profit arising from it. . . . Those who knew him best agree that his disposition was friendly and generous.

And let it be observed that he was uniformly successful so long as he *worked alone.* Undetected burglary followed undetected burglary, and nobody did or could suspect the handiwork of the Deacon and Town Councillor. Even when seen in the act, the witness of it believed the evidence of his reputation so completely as to disbelieve that of his own eyes. It was when he took partners into his confidence that one of them became the inevitable informer, while another shared the gallows to which Deacon Brodie went as calmly and bravely as any hero in a noble cause.

The general impression left of him is somewhat impish; of a little man—those who note his portrait will remember that he was but five feet four inches in height—dryly humorous even in full sight of a shameful death, and finding cynical amusement—or, perhaps, a relief from the burden of respectability—in crime. Or—was it a case of a real Hyde and Jekyll after all?



DEACON BRODIE
(AFTER KAY)
From "The Trial of Deacon Brodie." By William Roughead. (Sweet and Maxwell.)

TALES OF PARISH CLERKS

"The race of parish clerks," says the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, F.S.A., somewhat sadly, if tones of voice can be correctly heard in printed words, "is gradually becoming extinct. Before the recollection of their quaint ways, their curious manners and customs, has quite passed away, it has been thought advisable to collect all that can be gathered concerning them." "The Parish Clerk" (with thirty-one portraits and other illustrations: Methuen and Co.) is a veritable encyclopædia of the history, law, more notable biography, and anecdotage of the office in England, from its regulation by Pope Gregory the Great to the present day. The graver aspects of the theme lose nothing of their curious interest and attractiveness at the hands of an author who carries his learning so lightly. The biographical portions of the work are of special value, as rescuing from oblivion or perpetuating the memory of many a lowly life well lived, and of humble duties faithfully and lovingly done. In a roll of England's worthies, based upon worth alone, the Parish Clerk would stand high. But he has, notoriously, his comic side—even at his best; and to this side of him the general reader will instinctively turn.

The reverend author himself confesses to the amusement he has found in collecting the *facetiæ* of his subject from all available sources, comprising the old-world recollections of surviving contemporaries of the "three-decker," and even of the parochial orchestra, ousted by the "grinstun"—that is to say the barrel-organ—which was ground by the clerk, and, our author considers, killed the old musical life of the English village. Many of the stories are familiar; but completeness is obviously inconsistent with a pedantic rejection of "chestnuts," and, after all, there must always be a few thousands of persons to whom any given anecdote will be new. Of this order is the good old Gloucestershire story of the clerk of Churchdown, locally pronounced "Chosen," who, when taking duty at the neighbouring church of Hucclecote, courteously substituted the name of the latter parish for his own—"And make Thy Hucclecote people joyful." On better authority than traditional "chaff" rests many an anecdote showing how very far away the days of queer services and queer parsons and queerer clerks seem; how near they really are. The father of the lady who communicates the story personally knew the clerk who made no response to the versicle, "O Lord, save the King;" and, being touched by the clergyman in the "deck" above him in order to recall his seemingly wandering attention, exclaimed aloud, "A we'ant! He we'ant tak' tax off 'bacca!" And let anybody try to imagine the effect upon a present-day congregation of such an announcement as, "Last Friday was Good Friday, but we forgotten 'un; so next Friday will be"—or as, "There'll be no service on Wednesday" (Ash Wednesday), "'coss why? Mester"—the parson—"be going hunting; and so beez I!"

But that the parish clerk was not invariably a delight to parson and people is evident from the complaint against Thomas Milborne, clerk of Eastham, in Jacobean times:—

> For that he singeth the Psalms in the church with such a jesticulous tone and altisonant voice, viz., squeaking like a gelded pig, which doth not only interrupt the other voices, but is altogether dissonant and disagreeing unto any musical harmony, and he hath been requested by the minister to leave it, but he doth obstinately persist and continue therein.

Or by the entry in the parish register of Buxted, Sussex, of the death of a clerk "whose melody warbled forth as if he had been thumped on the back with a stone."

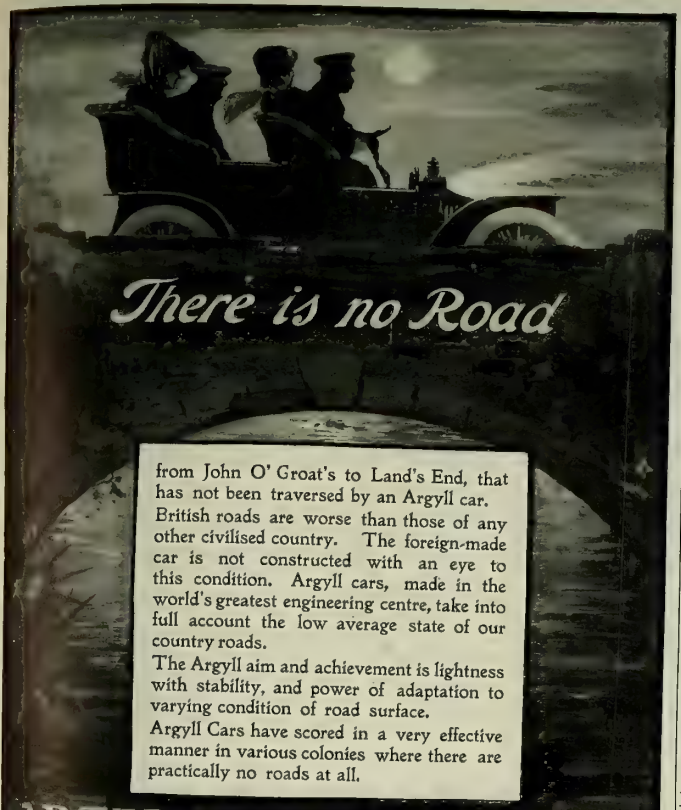
The author suggests a reconstitution of the office by the appointment of educated and otherwise qualified laymen, by way of apprenticeship to holy orders. His suggestion, as he puts it, is worth consideration. But he provides no machinery for the revival of the humour of the function; and, if humour in such a connection be not the best thing in the world, it is a long way from being the worst—as his entertaining volume amply proves.

"THE EVOLUTION OF KATHERINE"

The jealously exacting woman, who considers herself unpardonably injured if even her most imperceptible humour or caprice be not comprehended and satisfied, is not unknown. Mr. E. Temple Thurston's story (Chapman and Hall) follows the course of such a temper, developed in the case of his Katherine Spurrier to an abnormal if not maniacal extreme, till it is just saved by circumstances from sin without passion and suicidal despair. If we have in any degree misinterpreted Mr. Thurston's purpose, it is because we cannot feel absolutely certain of his having any beyond making Katherine as much of a nuisance to everybody—including, we fear we must say, his readers—as he knows how. It is none the less a distinctly clever piece of work; and this must be said even of the frequent reflections that prevent any continuity of interest, and of the superabundance of metaphors that have no fault but that of profusion. This at any rate can be said of the novel—that nobody can begin it without wanting to know its end, and feeling aggrieved on finding that it really has no end, but only another beginning.

"THE RED LIGHT"

"The Red Light," by C. E. C. Weigall (Cassell and Company), is a pleasantly written story, but of no very absorbing interest, and with a heroine whose all-conquering fascination is better described than realised. Sympathy is not to be commanded for a young woman who calculates the balance of profit and loss as between love



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without wealth and wealth without love, and deliberately decides, if only for a season, in favour of the latter. That she finally obtains a far bigger fortune with love than she would have had without it seems scarcely fair. Much of the scene is laid in Malta, without any necessary reason, and what the title means is beyond our guessing.

"A SUFFRAGETTE'S LOVE-LETTERS"

A surprising amount of common sense, rising at times into the less common quality called wisdom, lightened by wit and strengthened by humour, will have been obtained for a shilling by purchasers of "A Suffragette's Love-Letters" (Chatto and Windus). We say "surprising" by reason of the common nonsense and plentiful lack of wisdom normally inseparable from any side of any question suggested by the little book's formidably unattractive title. These "Love-Letters," from an anonymous pen, provide a notably bright and happy exception to a wearisomely unhappy rule.

"MARRIED IN HASTE"

Miss E. Everett-Green's story (Hutchinson and Co.) may be very satisfactorily cited in opposition to the well-worn proverb concerning hasty marriage. Before reaching anything like leisure, however, Colonel Craigie, V.C., and his young wife Doreen had to experience not merely the misunderstandings supposed by novelists to be normal in the case of couples ill-assorted in point of age, but more sensational perils to life and limb than many people would find time for in a dozen lives. Everybody will like Doreen. Her pluck and good sense never give a minute's real chance to the conspirators against her life and fortune; and in making her certainly exciting acquaintance any reader's leisure will be agreeably employed.



LAUNCHING THE CUTTLEFISH, THE LATEST U.S. SUBMARINE

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SHIP

The latest science handbook issued by the Victoria and Albert Museum—entitled "Ancient and Modern Ships," by Sir George C. V. Holmes—traces the history of ships and shipbuilding from the remotest period down to the present day. Shipbuilding, as the author reminds us, is one of the oldest human industries, the earliest Egyptian records dating back to 5000 or 6000 B.C., or before the building of the Pyramids. Thanks to the discoveries of the Egyptologist M. de Morgan, we actually possess well-preserved specimens of Nile boats of the 12th dynasty (2850 B.C.), which were built about the very time usually assigned to Noah's Ark—whose probable "registered tonnage" we are told, by the way, was 15,000. The same date marks the first oversea enterprise mentioned in history, which, curiously enough, was an expedition to Somaliland, or the Land of Punt, as it was then called. Compared with the Egyptians, other nations of antiquity have left us but a meagre record. Although the Phœnicians were the great navigators and maritime traders of ancient times, only three representations of their ships are known to exist, while we do not possess a single illustration of a Greek or Roman trireme except a rather fanciful one on Trajan's Column. Later on again, the Vikings bequeathed us a tolerable knowledge of their vessels, owing to their strange custom of burying a great chief in his ship and heaping earth over it; but from the time of the Norman Conquest to the reign of Henry VIII., information about ships is scarce. Sir George Holmes' work is in two volumes, the first of which brings the story up to the time of modern wooden ships, while the second is entirely devoted to the era of steam, iron and steel. Beginning with the Comet and the still earlier Clermont of the United States, we follow the evolution of the steamship through each variety till we reach the ship of the near future, the turbine-engined vessels now being constructed for the Cunard Company—huge monsters, nearly a quarter of a mile in length, of 40,000 tons displacement and 70,000 horse-power, which will dash across the Atlantic at 25 knots. The development of type and of structural features is dealt with at considerable length, but the treatment generally is adapted for the general reader, who will find the tale unfolded by Sir George Holmes a most fascinating one.

NOTES

Boswell's Life of Johnson is now coming out in monthly shilling parts, published by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons. The feature of the edition, which is to be completed in twelve parts, is the illustrations, of which there will be more than four hundred, including portraits, manuscripts and views from rare prints. It is edited by Roger Ingpen.

"Love Letters of Famous People" is a selection, strung together by appropriate sentiments, of the amorous epistles of nine people, ranging from Keats to Bismarck, chosen by Freeman Bunting and published (felicitous conjunction of names!) by Gay and Bird. The same publishers also issue "The Power of Gems and Charms," by G. H. Bratley, author of "The Art of Fascination." 2s. 6d. each.

The latest additions to the "World's Classics," issued by the Oxford University Press, include: "The Pickwick Papers" (two volumes); Douglas Jerrold's "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," and "Other Stories and Essays," with an Introduction by Mr. Walter Jerrold; Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" and "The Moorland Cottage," with an Introduction by Mr. Clement Shorter; and "Horæ Subsecivæ," by Dr. John Brown, with an Introduction by Mr. Austin Dobson.

The latest volume of "The Connoisseur Library," edited by Mr. Cyril Davenport and published by Methuen, is a fine volume by Mr. Edward Dillon, profusely illustrated, on "Glass." 25s.

A new translation of Heine's "Reisebilder," or Pictures of Travel, to be published in the spring by Sampson Low, is the work of Mr. R. D. Gillman. The book will be unabridged, and in one volume, with illustrations. 10s. 6d. Heine has been said to be untranslatable. This book will test the challenge.



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"PLACE AUX DAMES"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

Tea is invariably regarded as a peculiarly English beverage. We have been in the habit of priding ourselves on our capacity in tea-making, we have smuggled tea among our trunks when we went abroad, and refused to travel without the faithful friend and familiar attendant, the tea-basket, beside us. And yet now all this must cease. The French have learnt, in their desire to please their visitors, how to make tea. It is no longer the wishy-washy compound that smelt of hay and tasted of nothing; it is good, well-flavoured, and, above all, hot. Tea in all the hotels is now excellent, and it is reserved for the melancholy arrival at Dover to offer us the experience of a lukewarm concoction brewed for hours, which calls itself tea. Even in private houses tea is not all it should be. Servants possess queer notions of boiling water. Anything hot is, in their opinion, boiling; but the French, who are nothing if not careful in their cooking, know the difference. It will never do for us to be beaten by the French on our own ground, and to let them score a bloodless victory. We must bestir ourselves and keep up the credit of the nation. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and the Frenchman has imitated our teashops, learned the art of making tea, and provided us with toast far superior to anything our kitchens, where the toast is so often sodden, burnt or raw, can provide.

In another quarter I do not consider the French so successful. It is difficult now to hear good French spoken, with the crisp, charming accent so dear to those who love France, and which used to delight one from the moment one crossed the Channel. Except in French society, which, of course, is not open to the ordinary tourist, you never hear French, but only a horrid mixture of broken English. The hotel manager is German, the chambermaids are Swiss, the waiters are anything from Italian to German, but if you ask them what language they speak, they invariably reply, "English!" They are learning English at our expense, and very tiresome it is for those who would fain hear French spoken without the accent of Stratford-atte-Bow, and perfect themselves in the tongue of neatness and precision. The Americans are to blame. They cannot speak foreign languages, and have therefore introduced the polyglot jargon which is now the usual vehicle of misunderstanding between tourist and native.

I was visiting a young couple recently and admiring their pretty flat. "Yes," said the lady, "we are picking up old furniture!" What a pitfall is that, and how the furniture dealers must laugh and grow fat on the mistakes and the gullibility of the young couples! The frauds and deceptions of the furniture dealer it would require a Macchiavelli to discover. Everything is imitated, even to the holes made by insects; indeed, I have heard of a man who drives a thriving trade in Italy as a "worm-eater," that being his peculiar business. I saw once a fine old bureau, beautifully carved, for which an American millionaire had just given a big price. The friend who was with me, an expert of wide experience, remarked, "The bureau is old, but the carving is new, done by some Italian artist; very pretty, but new." Yet the millionaire had paid for it as old! Of how many treasures in fine houses could this not be said. Mr. Percy Macquoid has assured me that in his visits to country houses to inspect old furniture, he often found the precious pieces in the housekeeper's room, while the much-prized objects pointed out with the vanity of complacence by the proprietor were of no value whatever. Thus it is, and still the market goes on, the manufacture of old furniture, and its purchase by the satisfied collector. The fact is there are many excellent and skilled artists in Italy who can copy anything with an art that almost defies detection.

Here is a good story of the loquacity of a French hairdresser, a race which, ever since the days of Figaro, have been noted for much speaking. He inquired of a lady customer, as he tossed her luxurious tresses in his hand and ran his nimble comb through them, the style in which she wished her hair dressed. "In silence," she said, uncompromisingly. The artist in hair remained dumb for a moment. Then, no whit nonplussed, he ejaculated, "Madame shall have the new coiffure to-morrow. I will invent it. It shall be made of the most discreet coils and the most mysterious and secret twists and braids."

A very neat new little journal is the *Planet*, agreeable to hold and to read and to look at. I often wonder why publishers consider the comfort of the reader so little. The ordinary six-shilling novel is cumbersome and heavy to hold, besides being printed far too small for comfort when reading in a bad light. Newspapers, especially the women's papers, are much too large and clumsy. The ideal book is the Tauchnitz edition, which we are requested not to bring into England, I suppose, in the fear that we should desire it copied by the people who provide us with literature. Providers in general know little of the classes they cater for, otherwise we should not find the jerrybuilders and flat designers ruling over us so tyrannically. Women's tastes should be consulted in the arrangements of their home. Flats are designed with no cupboard room, no pantries, small, dark bedrooms, and infinitesimal kitchens; whereas everyone who has kept house knows that if the servants are not comfortable the master cannot be. In France flats are better arranged. The servants live on the top floor, so that you can have as many extra bedrooms as you require, and the whole suite of rooms opens out one into the other. Thus in giving a party you have the advantage of all the space, plenty of exits and a clear circulation. All these small items make for comfort. The new design of flats, with a wide corridor cut off the rooms, is the last and worst. The corridor is too small to be of much use, and necessarily reduces the dimensions of the rooms; while the suggestion that we should dine in the corridor, the builder's brilliant idea, would certainly appeal to few people. Most of us like to dine, at least, in privacy.

Dress this spring in Paris is very elaborate, very artistic, very clinging, fascinating to a degree for the picturesque woman, and very expensive to reproduce. The cheap style of such clothes is simply sloppy and untidy. Empire dresses must be made by an artist. Empire coats tax the talents of the inexperienced and drive the home milliner to distraction. The tailor-made dress, always neat and appropriate, is the best refuge of the woman with moderate means.

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THE ARGYLL CAB

The Olympia Show

Perhaps nothing could prove the value of mechanical traction better than the exhibition opened at Olympia last week. Although not quite so attractive as the things in the pleasure car show, the exhibits are many, and not too crowded. In addition to the main hall, which is devoted entirely to commercial vehicles—such as omnibuses, lorries, delivery vans and a few cabs—the space in the annexe is taken up by an excellent display of motor-boats. This is the first demonstration consisting entirely of commercial motors, and the feeling some time ago that it would hardly be a success is completely done away with. The Lord Mayor, who opened the proceedings on the 7th inst., was entertained at the inaugural luncheon by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, under the chairmanship of Mr. Sidney Straker. His remarks as to the strides that had been made in the petrol-electric 'bus were received with some amusement, but he compensated for them by giving his opinion on municipal trading, which he summarised as "a curse and abomination." Naturally, this went down well with the motor-'bus manufacturers, and, luckily, tramway contractors were not present.

The Renard Train

Amongst the most conspicuous exhibits perhaps the greatest attention was devoted to the Renard Train, displayed by the enterprising Daimler Company, who have, I believe, acquired the rights. It consists of two passenger coaches and a luggage van. To appreciate this combination of vehicles to the full extent it is necessary to see it on the road in movement, when the ease with which it turns right-angle corners reveals the genius of the inventor. The whole train naturally occupies a great deal of space, and is the only exhibit of the Daimler Company.



THE RENARD TRAIN

The Darracq-Serpollet Omnibus

The commercial 'bus to which M. Léon Serpollet devoted the later period of his life, and out of which he would undoubtedly have made some money for himself at last, attracted many visitors. The idea is growing that steam is the best motive power for heavy traffic, and Serpollet's genius has produced a car that should tend to do away with many of the complaints attached to the 'buses in use in London at the present time. Various forms of vehicles were in evidence, and from an engineer's point of view success should attend them.

Light Delivery Vans

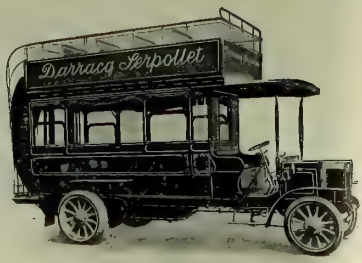
The London shops seem now to have definitely come to a decision that the horse is superseded for daily delivery purposes. The Parisians are far ahead in this respect, as the "Bon Marché" and the "Louvre" adopted motors some years ago. The Belsize 20 h.-p. van and the exhibits of the Star Engineering Company should be well received. The commercial traveller's brougham, by De Dion-Bouton, Limited, is altogether well thought out, being fitted inside with all the requirements necessary for the present day "bagman." Allday and Onions and the Adams Manufacturing Company both go in especially for the lighter type of van in various classes.

Specialities

Amongst the vehicles of novel design must be reckoned the 18 h.-p. brougham ambulance exhibited by the Wolseley Tool and Motor-Car Company. It is fitted inside with stretchers for two persons and seats for two attendants. Altogether it is an eminently practical concern. The same firm have a private omnibus fitted to a similar chassis, which should prove exceedingly useful for station work and house parties. Durham, Churchill and Co., of Sheffield, amongst other vehicles show a *char-à-banc* with several good features, to seat twenty-six in addition to the driver. Motor rollers will be found on Messrs. Barford and Perkin's stand, one being specially for rolling tar macadam, and the other for race-courses, cricket grounds, etc., whilst the well-known "Ransome" motor lawn-mower is to the fore again with improvements.

Some well-known Exhibitors

Messrs. Argylls, Ltd., and Argylls, Limited, chiefly confine their attention at this show to light delivery vans, but the 14-16 h.-p. cab has taken everyone's fancy. For station or London work it is hard to beat, and the short chassis will go far to solve the difficulties of the traffic problem. Experts seemed highly pleased with the latest production of the Milnes-Daimler 'bus. The firm was one of, if not the, earliest to take up this branch of the business. I should class the Milnes-Daimler, the Rynkield, and the Darracq-Serpollet as being the most up-to-date vehicles for the London streets. F.I.A.T. show some useful chassis of 40 h.-p. for heavy work, whilst J. E. Hutton, Ltd., still adhere to the "Berliet" for this, as well as the pleasure cars which lately attracted so much attention. For delivery vans of a lighter description the Arrol-Johnston compete well, and the Lacre Motor Car Company stage many types, including cars for Harrod's and Maple's, both of which firms seem to have come to a definite decision as to mechanical traction or conveyance.



THE DARRACQ-SERPOLLET OMNIBUS

The Motor-Boat Section

Popular as the motor-boat is becoming, I think there is a much larger future before it owing to the comparative reduction in cost of running as compared with a car. For £100 complete the Simms Manufacturing Company supply a neat dinghy with a 6 h.-p. motor, whilst Boulton and Paul have a steel motor-boat with a 2 h.-p. engine and seating accommodation for seven or eight at £65 complete. Now this is really a cheap amusement when the boat is paid for, and there is no tyre bill. Amongst the more expensive craft the Wolseley Company have some perfect boats. Thorneycrofts, naturally, are present, and show some excellent engines, with the "Veradaise," the winner of the reliability trials last year, and a gold medal. I do wish every stand had marked prices! It would help their business, I am certain. Some firms do not know how much their hulls cost, as they only supply the motor. The "Kromhout" petroleum engine attracted special attention. It is intended for barges, but seemed to me suitable for work on land with slight alterations.

Tyres, Accessories and Business

What struck me especially was the fact that nearly every manufacturer in the pleasure car trade has attacked the commercial side in some way, but *not* the tyre manufacturers. Surely it would be worth their while to do so. The Challiner removable rim rather took my fancy for pneumatics, if it is as satisfactory on the road as it appears on the stand. I quite made up my mind to have a Parsons "Sparklet" Inflator, and I should like to have spent more time and money at Melhuish's stand, where any imaginable tool can be obtained. I understood that the business done immediately after the opening was satisfactory. I do not know that any large deals were actually made, but deputations from municipal and other companies paid visits, especially with regard to 'buses, trollies, etc., and I take it this was the real object of the show. Whether the business done warrants the expense is another matter, but an opportunity has been given both to Continental and British buyers to see everything on the market. The trade have done their part, and it only remains for the exhibitors to fill their order books.

The Royal Automobile Club

The announcement made at the annual dinner of the club that the King had graciously given his permission to the prefix "Royal," cannot but be hailed with gratification by every motorist. It is a timely recognition of the movement, and the excellent work done by the club, not only for pleasure, but for the large and important industry which has grown up round what was looked on as a most objectionable "sport" for the richer classes, fully entitles it to the honour.

"GRAPHICUS."



They have hustling mornings now in Glasgow, when the *Glasgow News* comes out. The paper's "express service" in the various districts of the city is now supplemented with seven motor-cars, made by the firm of Argyll Motors, Ltd., and delivery is made quicker than ever before. Seven motor-cars in daily use by one newspaper is a record for Scotland.

THE MOTOR AND THE NEWSPAPER: A PARADE OF THE CARS WHICH DISTRIBUTE THE "GLASGOW NEWS"

Printed and Published by GEORGE ROBERT PARKER, at Tallis Street, in the City of London. Entered as Second-class Matter at New York (N.Y.) Post Office.—MARCH 16, 1907.

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

The entire contents of this paper, both Illustrations and Letterpress, are copyright.

No. 1,947.—Vol. LXXV. | *Registered as a Newspaper* | SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1907 | WITH SUPPLEMENT *"The Wanderer."* | PRICE SIXPENCE *By Post, 6½d.*



Our Artist writes:—"My drawing represents two Egyptian ladies who have discarded the black outdoor dress generally worn by them, retaining only the white veil, or "yashmak." This is as much as their lords and masters have allowed them to depart from immemorial custom, and it is undoubtedly a great concession for Egyptians. In the brougham behind them are two ladies dressed as customary—*i.e.*, entirely enveloped in black silk."

Woman's Emancipation in Egypt: A Victory for Fashion

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER

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LONDON, BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

PARIS, ROUEN AND DIEPPE AT EASTER.—14-DAY EXCURSIONS, via NEWHAVEN. Thursday, March 28th, from Victoria 9.45 a.m. and 10.0 a.m. (1 and 2 Class) and 2.15 p.m. (1, 2 and 3 Class), and Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, March 27th to 30th, from Victoria and London Bridge 9.10 p.m. (1, 2 and 3 Class). Fares, Paris, 38s. 3d., 30s. 3d., 28s.: Rouen, 35s. 3d., 27s. 3d., 23s. 3d.: Dieppe, 32s., 25s., 20s.

TOURS IN SPAIN—Cheap Tickets to Madrid and Seville.

DIEPPE.—THURSDAY TO TUESDAY CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.—From London Bridge and Victoria, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, March 28th to 31st, and April 1st. Fares, by Day or Night Service, 1st Class 30s., 2nd Class 22s., and by Night Service only, 3rd Class 16s., available for return up to April 2nd.

Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

L. & N. W. R.

EASTER EXCURSIONS
From EUSTON
and other London Stations

To	Date
IRELAND	March 27.
Blackpool; English Lake District; Leeds District; Carlisle	March 27 and 28.
Liverpool and Manchester Districts	March 27, 28, and 30.
East Lancashire District; North South, and Central Wales; North Staffordshire Stations; Buxton; Isle of Man; SCOTLAND	March 28.
Birmingham District	March 28, 29, and April 1.

WEEK-END TICKETS will be issued on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, March 28th, 29th, and 30th, to Seaside and Inland Pleasure Resorts, and to a large number of Stations in Scotland, available for the return journey on any day (except day of issue), up to the following Tuesday.

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FREDERICK HARRISON,
General Manager.

March, 1907.

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IMPERIAL INSTITUTE. Open Free Daily, 10 to 4. The Proprietors of *The Daily Graphic* have arranged for the exhibition at Imperial Institute, South Kensington, of a Relief Chart of the World on a large scale. The movements of British Fleets and the Coaling Stations of the Empire are graphically indicated, whilst the changes in the positions of the Ships are periodically recorded. The large model occupies a central position in the Public Galleries of the Imperial Institute, and forms a popular and instructive addition to the Collections illustrating the Resources and Products of British Possessions which are on view there.

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N.B.—The large first impression was exhausted within a fortnight; the second is nearly out of print again, and a *third large impression is in the press.*

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THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

WHAT with gale and shipwreck, March—the "roaring moon," as Tennyson quaintly called it—has been living well up to its reputation. The south-westerly gale, which spoiled the chance of Mr. Stuart and his merry men to beat the time record between Putney and Mortlake, was responsible for no small amount of miscellaneous damage in various parts of the country. Furthermore, the country was within an ace of having to deplore two more fearful disasters such as befell the ill-fated Berlin, when the Suevic and the Jebba went aground last Sunday night and Monday morning respectively. Happily, all on board were saved; but it was a near thing in each case—and there were others, for Monday's evening papers enumerated no fewer than five steamers ashore at different points on the coast. Happily, no lives appear to have been lost.

* * * *

Apropos of maritime disasters, we observe that it is reported from Toulon that a minority of the Court of Inquiry into the cause of the explosion in the Iéna are inclined to ascribe the catastrophe, not to what we in England should call "the act of God," but to the Republican equivalent of "the King's enemies." That even the most ferocious of militant Anarchists should deliberately go about to preach the doctrine of anti-militarism at so frightful a cost of human life would be incredible, did not experience teach us that the insane logic of these misguided creatures is capable of leading them into awful aberrations. Still, unless crime is proved (as it is hardly likely to be) we shall give human nature the credit for innocence of such an enormity.

* * * *

It is much to be regretted that, after all the well-meant efforts to promote good feeling between the Press of Germany and of England, so many German publicists should still be suffering from acute Anglophobia. Our German *confrères* have been telling us of late that our power is on the wane in India, that South Africa is inevitably lost to us, that our famous Dreadnought is a fraud, that the King of Spain is tired of British friendship, and that we only praise the Dutchmen who distinguished themselves at the wreck of the Berlin in order to get Holland under our fat British thumb and to steal her Colonies. Finally, we have a diabolical scheme afoot to strangle Germany with our *ententes* and alliances.

* * *

And in that last nefarious plot the arch-conspirator, it appears, is that most pacific of Prime Ministers, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, with his insidiously amiable proposals for the limitation of armaments. Well, well! But, really, one would never have suspected John Bull of being such a Macchiavellesque personage.

* * *

At a time when there is so much misrepresentation of British actions and intentions, it is, perhaps, just as well that Mr. Morley should not have seen his way to sanction the proposed scientific expedition to Mount Everest. That the Alpine Club and the Geographical Society should be keenly disappointed at his decision is natural enough; but it is well for the present to avoid the slightest pretext for arousing the susceptibilities of the Tibetans by a British expedition across their territory; and it is still more important, while we are negotiating a general arrangement with Russia, not to afford any ground for possible insinuations as to British good faith.

* * * *

That the Italian Government should desire to prevent the picture galleries and museums of Italy from being stripped of their treasures of art for the benefit of a Transatlantic plutocracy is at once natural and right. But the case of the vanished Van Dycks at Genoa suggests that a sound general principle may work out very hardly in particular instances. The six pictures in question had come to be the property of fifteen co-heirs, so that the only way to effect a fair partition was by sale and division of the price. In such a case it is hard that a family should not be allowed to dispose of the portraits of its own ancestors. There is, indeed, something pathetically absurd—or absurdly pathetic—about the situation of many old Italian families, who find themselves in poverty in the midst of thousands of pounds' worth of heirlooms which the law forbids them to turn into money.

* * * *

The Municipal Reformers have one more piece of work to accomplish before they round off their brilliant campaign against Socialist-Progressivism in a symmetrical manner. There has latterly been quite as much reckless extravagance among Boards of Guardians as by Borough and County Council spendthrifts, the main difference being that this shameful waste has not been dragged into the light of day to the same extent. Only at rare intervals did such outrageous scandals as that at Poplar come to public knowledge outside the locality implicated. But there is only too much reason to suspect that, except in regard to the gross coarseness of the Poplar machinery of corruption, that workhouse was a fair type of scores of others in almost all parts of the metropolis.

* * * *

There are, unfortunately, some "bosses," apparently a considerable number, who plunge even deeper into the mire than these low-grade knaves. A radical weekly journal which greatly affects Progressivism in all its moods and tenses calculates that a London workman receiving 30s. as his weekly wage can support a family of six in comfort. But if he has to move into the workhouse, it costs the ratepayers no less than £172 per annum—more than twice as much—to keep the family going. Again, while the London expenditure per indoor inmate runs to £29, down in the country less than half the amount suffices. Unless, therefore, the ratepayers are stone blind to their own interest, they will make a clean sweep of every incriminated Board at the forthcoming elections.

* * *

It is not always that Mr. J. Redmond and Mr. Dillon are found in agreement on items of Nationalist policy; but they stand shoulder to shoulder, at all events, in their attitude towards the present Government. Once again these fervent patriots assure Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman that while they are prepared to accept any concession smoothing the path for Home Rule, nothing less than an independent Irish Parliament, with the executive under its sole control, will ever satisfy their aspirations. In effect, they say "As many halfway houses as you like, but don't make the mistake of imagining that even the furthest advanced will mark the end of your journey." So the Radicals now have frank warning of what sort of gratitude they may expect from their Nationalist taskmasters.

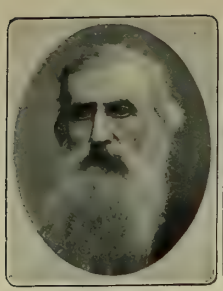


THE TRANSVAAL ELECTIONS: POLLING DAY IN JOHANNESBURG
Photo by A. F. Hosking.



The armoured cruiser Indomitable, the great new warship built at the Fairfield Yard, Govan, and launched the other day, is a Dreadnought among cruisers. She is the largest cruiser in the world, and will probably be the most powerful and the speediest. She is one of three sisters, the other two now building being the Invincible and the Inflexible, and—according to the only details which the Admiralty, quite rightly, have allowed to gain publicity—is 530ft. long, 78ft. 6in. in breadth, with a mean load-draught of 26ft. Her displacement is 17,250 tons, and she will be turbine-driven, her contract speed being 25 knots. She is to be armed with eight 12in. guns. Most other details are at present a secret; in fact, so little has been allowed to come to light regarding the vessel that she is known as "the ship of mystery." Her total cost is estimated at £1,730,000.

"THE SHIP OF MYSTERY": THE LAUNCH OF H.M.S. INDOMITABLE, THE GREAT NEW CRUISER



THE LATE MR. JOHN O'LEARY
Fenian Leader.



THE LATE ADMIRAL PALLISER
Who served in the Crimea.



THE LATE MR. MASSEY-MAINWARING
Well-known Art Collector.



THE LATE MR. JOHN STAINER
The Last Survivor of Navarino.



THE LATE MR. E. H. FAHEY
Landscape Painter.

Our Portraits

Mr. Edward Henry Fahey, who died on the 13th, had been a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours since 1872, and his charming drawings were always looked for with special interest until quite recent years. He made his name first as a painter in oils at the Royal Academy, where "He Never Came" (1876) made an instant success through the freshness of the pathos he infused into the figure of a girl waiting by the trysting-place, and into the landscape. Then he painted the first of the series of pictures which was continued next year in "Still Waters." As a landscape painter Mr. Fahey was much appreciated by reason of the quiet poetic sentiment of his gentle rendering of nature, and his works were well hung, not only in the Academy, but at the Grosvenor and the New Galleries.

The late Mr. John O'Leary, the Fenian leader, was appointed by James Stephens, "chief organiser of the Irish Republic," editor of the old *Irish People*, the organ of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, or Fenians. In 1865, O'Leary was arrested and found guilty of treason-felony, sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, released after five years' imprisonment, and exiled for the remainder of the term. Photo by Elliott and Fry.

The late Hon. William Frederick Barton Massey-Mainwaring, the well-known art collector, whose treasures have just been under the hammer at Christie's, was one who saw the value of art to the public at large, and proposed in the House of Commons (he sat for ten years for Finsbury) the resolution in favour of the opening of museums and galleries on Sundays, and the House accepted it. He was the fifth son of the third Lord Clarina. Photo by Ellis and Walery.

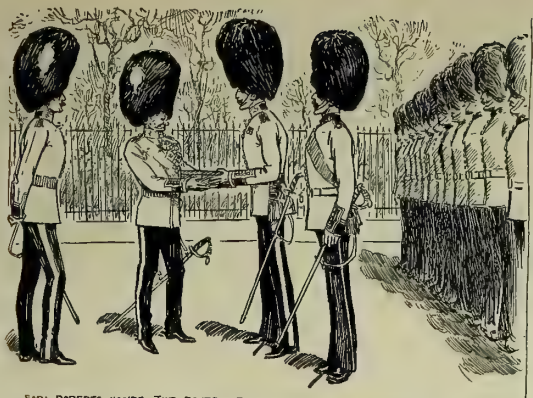
At Binstead, Isle of Wight, in his hundredth year, has died John Stainer, the last survivor of the battle of Navarino. He joined the Navy in 1825, and was present at Navarino (1827) as midshipman's steward in the Talbot. Photo by G. St. John Biggs.

The late Admiral Henry St. Leger Bury Palliser, who was born in 1839, entered the Navy in 1852, served in the Baltic in the war with Russia in 1854, and took part in the night attack on Sevastopol and its capture, and in the capture of Kertch and Kinburn. He was commodore in charge at Hong Kong from 1891 to 1893, and Commander-in-Chief on the Pacific Station from 1896 to 1899. Photo by Debenham.



Saturday's race brings the total of Cambridge's wins to 29 against Oxford's 34. Though the issue of the race was never in doubt, Oxford made a plucky fight of it, and would certainly have done better if Gillan, the fifth man, had been well. He had been in bed the day before with a high temperature, and after Oxford's great spurt could do little to help the crew. At Hammersmith Bridge, reached in 7min. 11sec., Cambridge led by three lengths, rowing at 32 to Oxford's 34. Cambridge beat the record for the mile to Hammersmith Bridge, and finished the course, 4½ lengths ahead of their opponents, in 20min. 26sec., very good time considering the rough water.

THE LIGHT BLUES' VICTORY: OXFORD THREE LENGTHS BEHIND AT HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE



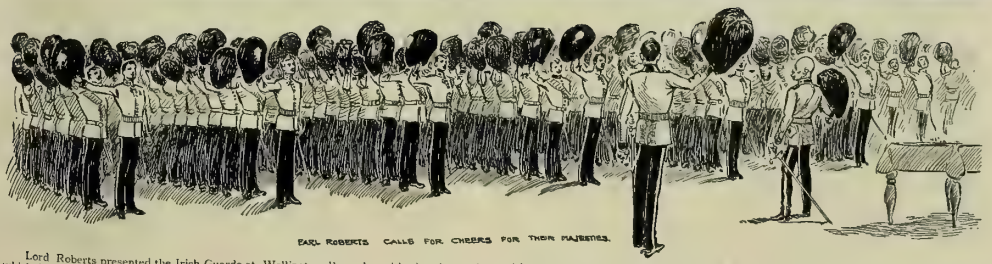
EARL ROBERTS HANDS THE BOXES OF SHAMROCK TO THE JUNIOR OFFICERS



FOR THE GIRLS FROM THE GUARDS' HOME



THE DISTRIBUTION.



EARL ROBERTS CALLS FOR CHEERS FOR THEIR MAJESTIES.

Lord Roberts presented the Irish Guards at Wellington Barracks with the shamrock which Queen Alexandra, following her graceful custom, had ordered to be brought from Limerick for the purpose. Lord Roberts is Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment, and after inspecting the 800 men he handed a supply of the Queen's shamrock to each company. After the presentation Lord Roberts called for three cheers for their Majesties, and these were heartily given, the men waving their busbies in the air. Among the spectators were a number of little girls, in their bright scarlet cloaks, from the Guards' School, and they, too, were given shamrock. The ceremony took place last Monday.

THE QUEEN'S SHAMROCK: THE PRESENTATION BY LORD ROBERTS TO THE IRISH GUARDS

DRAWN BY FRANK GILLETT

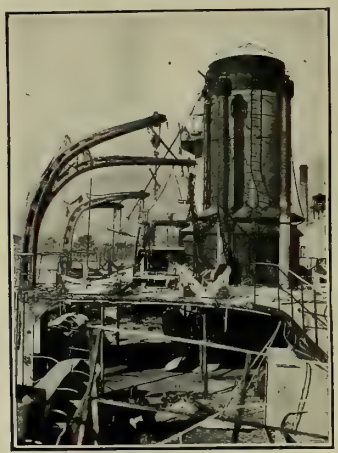
THE TRAGEDY OF THE IÉNA



BRINGING UP THE REMAINS OF THE VICTIMS FROM THE DOCK BASIN



MM. FALLIERES AND THOMSON AT THE HEAD OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DECK



MM. FALLIERES AND THOMSON INTERVIEWING THE SURVIVING OFFICERS



M. FALLIÈRES DECORATING A WOUNDED SAILOR



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF TOULON

The series of explosions which occurred on board the Iéna last week, while she was lying in dry-dock at Toulon, is said to be due to the decomposition of old powder. The disaster cost the lives of over 100 men, and the ship is a total loss. The funeral of the victims took place last Saturday, and was attended by President Fallières, M. Thomson, the Minister of Marine, M. Clemenceau, and General Picquart. M. Fallières first visited the hospital and decorated some of the injured men, and after the funeral he proceeded to the dock, where he interviewed the survivors and inspected the damage to the Iéna.

After the Explosion in the French Battleship at Toulon

THE TRAGEDY OF THE IÉNA



SEARCHING FOR BODIES OF THE VICTIMS IN THE BASIN OF THE FLOODED DOCK
Photo by Rol.



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

M. THOMSON, THE MINISTER OF MARINE, REVIEWING THE SURVIVORS OF THE CREW

FROM A PHOTO BY C. TRAMPUS

After the Explosion in the French Battleship at Toulon

THE TRAGEDY OF THE IÉNA



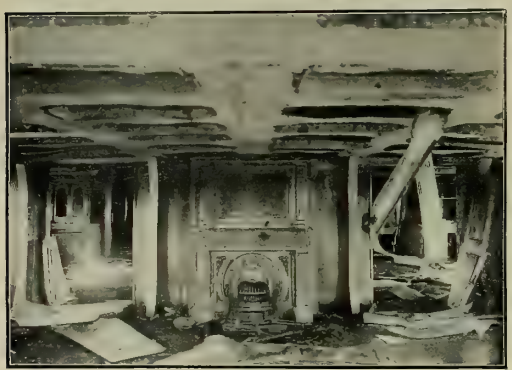
WOUNDED—ADMIRAL MANCERON



GOING TO THE FUNERAL: COFFINS IN THE COURTYARD OF THE ARSENAL



KILLED—CAPTAIN ADIGARD



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF ADMIRAL MANCERON'S CABIN



THE EXPLOSION'S WORK IN THE IÉNA'S SIDE



THE ROLL-CALL AFTER THE EXPLOSION

After the Explosion in the French Battleship at Toulon

THE IDEAL BRIDGE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE prospective rebuilding of Southwark Bridge gives just now a special interest to the recent discussion with regard to shops on bridges. No doubt there is something to be said from the picturesque point of view, and looking at a bridge from the river it certainly gains in variety of form and colour by superadded buildings. Though my memory, which is said to be like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, "extensive and peculiar," does not go back quite so far as old London Bridge, I can easily imagine how its rugged outlines must have impressed our forefathers when they were rapidly whirled beneath its arches. However, I am pretty familiar with, possibly, the best existent example of shop-ridden bridges, the Ponte Vecchio at Florence, and I must candidly own, though greatly admiring the structure, I would, personally, prefer the buildings to be removed and to have a clear view up and down the Arno. A bridge is, undoubtedly, a place for rest, for quiet, for mooning and meditation, and if the commercial element is introduced, if there is a crying of wares, a bargaining, a chaffering concerning buying and selling, the aforesaid occupations cannot be indulged in with impunity. Till you reflect on the subject, you will have no idea what an important part bridges play in the rest cure for the weary wayfarer and the perpetual toiler. If you have any doubt on the subject, betake yourself, I pray you, any fine day from twelve to two to London Bridge and note the crowd of gazers enjoying a few bars rest in the everlasting dirge of labour as they bask in the sunshine and peer through the tangle of masts and cordage towards the sea. But should the rain come on, the brief holiday of these hard workers is at an end, and they are robbed of perhaps their only little oasis in their vast desert of toil. Therefore I feel compelled to advocate not the shop-obscured bridge, but the open bridge with a cover to it. Those who can remember the temporary wooden erection built when London Bridge was being widened will appreciate the advantages of such a structure. The framework gave a double value to the view of the gleaming river, the snorting tugs, the red-sailed barges, and the variety of craft on its surface. As far as I can remember nowadays, we have but one covered bridge on the Thames, and that is on the upper part. I know, however, many in Switzerland and other parts of the Continent. But to my thinking the very best of all of them is the Kappellbrücke at Lucerne, which forms one of the illustrations on this page. Whether viewed from the outside or the inside, it is full of beauty and picturesqueness. Its exterior, with its red tiled roof, its commanding Wasserthurm, its massive timbers and its weather-beaten aspect, is a joy for ever, and its interior, with its comfortable seats and its numerous faded triangular pictures concerning St. Leger and St. Maurice, is a perpetual delight. To get a comfortable corner-seat on this ancient bridge, to find yourself in the cool shade, as you peer into the brilliant sunshine and gaze on the magnificent views up and down the lake, to listen to the rhythm of the Reuss as its celadon stream dashes against the ancient piles beneath you, to smoke calmly and contemplatively the mid-day pipe, to feel you have nothing to do, with an unlimited capacity for doing it, and, lulled occasionally by the music of the rapid river, to half drop off into slumber, is my idea of rest. I trust my plea for covered bridges is not in vain!



THE COVERED BRIDGE: THE KAPPELLBRÜCKE AT LUCERNE



LONDON BRIDGE IN 1760, WITH ITS SHOPS AND HOUSES

THE PROPOSED RECONSTRUCTION OF SOUTHWARK BRIDGE: HINTS FROM THE PRESENT AND THE PAST

THE F.O. BAG

By LUCIEN WOLF

"*On va parler de concorde; gare dessus.*" I always think of this cynical exclamation of a witty member of one of the French Revolutionary Assemblies when fits of impracticable sentimentality seize upon our statesmen, and they begin to dithyrambic about Disarmament and Perpetual Peace. By a strange fatality, these exhortations are almost invariably the prelude to some savage outburst of international discord. Few people remember that the sensational war of 1866, which founded German military preponderance in Europe, was preceded by a proposal of Napoleon III. to assemble a Congress of the Powers at which a scheme was to be agreed upon for solving "international rivalries and jealousies" and for "abolishing exaggerated armaments" in the interest of "the unimpeded progress of civilisation." The disillusion was still worse in 1899, for The Hague Conference of that year had scarcely dissolved when the Transvaal war broke out, and was speedily followed by the tremendous struggle in the Far East. These coincidences are striking. Perhaps some mysterious power recognises in this way the necessity of preventing us from straying too far from the hard facts of our unregenerate life.



ADMIRAL YAMAMOTO



PRINCE FUSHIMI



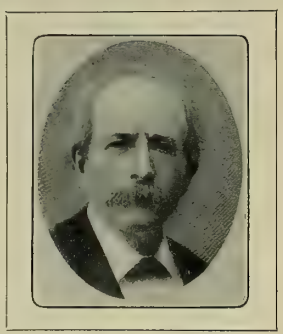
GENERAL NISHI

THE RETURN VISIT FOR THE "GARTER MISSION": THE JAPANESE SPECIAL AMBASSADORS NOW ON THEIR WAY TO ENGLAND

In these circumstances it is not surprising that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's obstinacy in insisting on reviving the Disarmament Question at the Second Hague Conference in June should have sent an irritable shiver through Europe. It has, indeed, sensibly aggravated the atmosphere of mutual suspicion in which the Powers move. In their zeal for the Golden Age the Premier's pacifist henchmen have become quite bellicose. They have hurled bitter words at Berlin, and the *Pickelhauben* have not failed to find a suitably envenoming retort. This, of course, has revived apprehensions in France, and even enthusiasts for the *entente cordiale* have bristled with anger. The Paris *Temps* the other day roundly told our amiable Premier that he was "either a simpleton or a bluffer," and arraigned British policy with an acerbity which almost takes us back to the days of Fashoda. All this is most gratuitous mischief. If there were the slightest prospect of accomplishing anything, however small, in the way of a limitation of armaments at the coming Hague Conference these amenities would not matter. But there is no such prospect; and the only effects of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's zeal for the Millennium have been to sow fresh distrust of Great Britain and virtually to band the great Continental Powers in a new League for the preservation of Militarism. This is an achievement worthy of the immortal Struwelpeter.

The newspapers will, I expect, soon be treating us to *feuilletons* in which the history of The Hague Peace Conference will be more or less minutely traced. They may consequently not be ungrateful to me if I venture to correct the popular impression which they share as to the origin of those assemblies. It is generally assumed that the Tsar got his idea in the first place from the monumental work on "War," written by the retired Polish banker, M. Bloch. This is an error. M. Bloch certainly stimulated and fertilised the idea in the Tsar's mind, but it had already been there some years, and was derived in the first instance from the German Emperor. The story is not a little curious, and I believe has not hitherto been published, although some years ago I referred to it casually in the *Fortnightly Review*.

The real originator, or, rather, reviver—it had previously been advocated by Frederick II., Napoleon I., and Napoleon III.—of the Disarmament Movement, so far as official circles are concerned, was a British diplomatist, the late Sir Henry Nevill Dering. While *chargé d'affaires* at Rome in 1891, he drew up a confidential report on the military budgets of the seven Great Powers of Europe, which he transmitted to the Foreign Office.



THE LATE M. MARCELIN BERTHELOT

French scientist and statesman, who died on Monday under peculiarly pathetic circumstances, almost simultaneously with his wife.



THE LATE COUNT LAMSDORFF

Late Russian Foreign Minister.

Count Vladimir Lamsdorff, who had been Russian Foreign Minister since 1900, and resigned only recently on account of ill-health, was born in 1844, the son of Count Nicolas Lamsdorff, A.D.C. General to the Emperor Alexander II. He had a brilliant career. He entered the Foreign Office in 1866, became First Secretary in 1875, and Assistant Foreign Minister in 1897, and had also held many Court offices. He possessed all the Orders of Russia.

The report traced in a very striking way the growth and incidence of the military burdens of Europe. Lord Salisbury was much impressed by it, and had it privately printed. When I was allowed to see it, many years ago, it was still marked "Confidential: For the exclusive use of the Cabinet," or words to that effect. Lord Salisbury also sent a copy to the German Emperor, who was not less impressed by it than he. It must be borne in mind that that was the epoch of the *neue Kurs*, and the idea of Disarmament fitted in with the many other amiable dreams which then filled the Kaiser's mind. He in turn showed the report to the Austrian Emperor and the Tsar, and even accompanied it by impulsive proposals for a Congress of Sovereigns to settle a scheme of Arbitration and to regulate armaments. Later on, when he returned to Bismarckism, he dropped the idea, but not before it had taken a firm hold of the Tsar's mind. Thus it was that the ground was prepared for M. Bloch, and the first seed of The Hague Conference was sown.

M. Berthelot, who died last Monday, was, perhaps, the nearest approach to a universal genius our times have known. In the domain of physical science his form towers above the greatest, and yet science was with him no mere speciality, but was the starting-point, the governing principle, of a culture and an erudition which were veritably encyclopædic. The friend of Rénan and the successor of Pasteur, his own genius covered the diverse fields of both these illustrious men, and almost all the intervening fields besides. To talk of him only as a great chemist is to do him scanty justice. He was a great mind, who chiefly illustrated his grasp of scientific principles by his wonderful achievements in chemistry, but who also employed scientific methods in the mastery of a score of other branches of human knowledge. It has been said of him that he accepted the portfolio of Foreign Affairs in the Bourgeois Cabinet of 1895 with a light heart, because he felt that the science of International politics was a science like any other, subject to general scientific laws which had no secrets for him.

Early in May the special mission sent by the Mikado to thank the King for the Garter recently conferred on him will arrive in London. It comprises some very interesting men, who will, no doubt, add substantially to the interest of a London season, already likely to be rendered unusually interesting by the assembly of Colonial Premiers. At its head is the gallant chief of one of the twelve Princely houses of Japan, Prince Sadanaru Fushimi. Although only forty-nine years of age—he was born on June 9, 1858—he has had a brilliant career as a soldier. In his seventeenth year he graduated at the Military School, and was gazetted a lieutenant. His promotion was rapid, even for a Prince of the Blood. When the war with China broke out in 1894 he was a major-general, and he was sent with his brigade to Wei-hai-wei and Formosa, where he fought with great distinction. Promoted a lieutenant-general in 1898, he again saw active service in the Russian War. He is now a full General of the Imperial Army, and a member of the Supreme Council of War.

Among the most interesting members of Prince Fushimi's suite are Admiral Baron Yamamoto, who, as Minister of Marine, organised the victories imperishably associated with the name of Admiral Togo; and General Baron Nishi, who commanded a division with great bravery during the late war in Manchuria and now fills the office of Inspector-General of Military Education. It is a pity that the Prince has been unable to bring with him his gallant sailor son, Commander Prince Hiroyasu, who distinguished himself so brilliantly as an officer of Admiral Togo's flagship, the Mikasa, in the battle of the Yellow Sea on August 10, 1904, when he was severely wounded. British sailors would have been delighted to make his acquaintance. The young Prince—he was twenty-one last October—has recently married a daughter of the last of the Tokugawa Shoguns.

Written by H. W. LUCY

This Week's Parliament

Sketches by RALPH CLEAVER



Mr. Will Thorne is wroth because Mr. John Burns will not give West Ham more money for the unemployed.

Lords, Commons, and a Nameless Lady

The House of Lords, still numbered in the ranks of the unemployed, have been considering the desirability of amending their procedure. Debate did not arise on Lord Newton's Bill, which stands over till after Easter—not improbably long after. It was Lord Burghclere who moved the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the Standing Orders governing debate. As a matter of fact such rules are akin to the condition of snakes in Ireland. There are none.

The Lords, though they possess what Lord Halsbury, who long filled the Chair, would call a "sort of" Speaker, invest him with no authority governing debate. On field-nights the order of speakers is arranged between the Whips on either side. At ordinary sittings noble lords take the floor at their own free will. On the rare occasions when two are simultaneously on their legs, and neither shows disposition to give way, formal motion is made "that Lord So-and-so be heard." There have been occasions when the House has actually gone into division on the question. Being on his legs, a noble lord may talk at whatever length he pleases, and at whatever distance fancy leads him from the question before the House. On Tuesday the Lords agreed to the appointment of the Select Committee, avowedly with the conviction that it is not likely to lead to any variation of rules unquestionably archaic but none the less cherished.

In the House of Commons the worst has happened. A woman has positively appeared on its sacred floor whilst the Speaker was in the chair, the Mace on the table, and debate going forward. Since the incursion of female Suffragists the police precautions at Westminster have been doubled. No women unaccompanied by a member are allowed to approach nearer than the corridor built on the site of what was the old Chapel of St. Stephens. Formerly, ladies invited to dine at the House were permitted to await their hosts in the Central Hall. Since that was the scene of pitched battle between the Suffragettes and the police, the privilege has been withdrawn.

The lady who on Monday crossed the threshold and, with success that made her the envy of average members, instantly caught the Speaker's eye, was under the personal protection of Sir John Kennaway. He had conducted her past the Lobby doors, where on either side the gold-chaired keepers sit, and installed her on the bench to the left of the entrance door, whence a window permits close view of the House. This is a common custom with members, much appreciated by visitors. The late Sir Richard Temple, the most gallant if not the handsomest of men, invested it with certain accessories that added greatly to its interest. Having placed the lady in position, he, entering the House, advanced with grace and dignity, bowing low to the Speaker as he turned to ascend the gangway to his seat behind the Front Bench. After a brief interval designed to permit admiration to glow in the bosom of the spectator, he returned and led her off to show her the Library or the Terrace.

Sir John Kennaway had no such intention. He simply wanted to speak to a friend whom he saw in his place. The lady, however, was not inclined to be left forlorn. Catching sight of Sir John sailing down the House like a frigate under full canvas, she stepped down, opened the glass door of the House, and skipped in after him. Her visit was brief, the affrighted doorkeepers rushing in and leading her forth. The incident is not unprecedented. But in the life of the present Parliament this anonymous lady is "the first that ever burst" upon an amazed House of Commons in full Session.

The second reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill afforded opportunity, seized by the Opposition, of reviewing Ministerial policy abroad. There was brisk debate on affairs in the Transvaal, with reminiscences of the Chinese Labour question annotated by its development in the New Hebrides. The *modus vivendi* arrived at with the United States affecting Newfoundland also came under notice, and the Bill passed its critical stage without a division. Keener interest was shown in the measure amending the law relating to Patents, and another dealing with the Land Question in Scotland, both introduced on Tuesday.



Mr. John Burns, despite everything Mr. Thorne says, sits tight and "won't part."



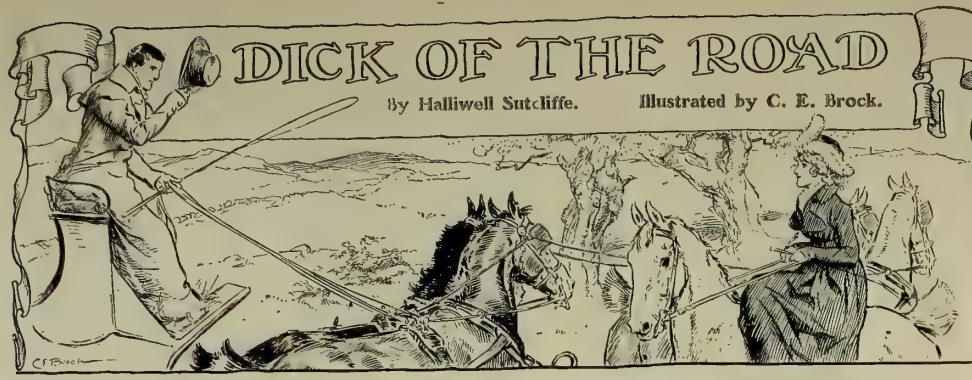
Mr. Balfour's daily criticism of the Prime Minister regarding the conduct of future business.



The ventilation of the House: Mr. Lupton confesses to having a warm heart for members who suffer from cold feet.



Mr. Alpheas Cleophas Morton's Gothic trousers.



DICK OF THE ROAD

By Halliwell Sutcliffe. Illustrated by C. E. Brock.

THE coach ran in those days from Garth to Carlisle, and the driver was known far and near as "Dick of the Road," because the North Country folk, when they know and love him, must needs give a man some by-name.

Dick of the Road was a mystery, with his clean and chiselled face, his sure yet careless handling of the reins, his easy way of meeting lord or farm-hind. His work was the driving of the Carlisle coach, and he did it well; but folk were not content with his good nature and his skilful driving, and when they met at village inns upon the road they would nod one at another over their glasses and ask what had brought Dick of the Road to this, seeing a plain man could never mistake him for aught but gently born.

Dick paid no heed to gossip. Sometimes his teeth would come down hard on one another and his brows lift themselves with what the country folk called "mucky pride;" for the rest, he did his work and was paid for it, and none knew what dreams he took to bed with him amid the hay and straw litter of those little rooms above the stables where such as he were wont to pass their nights.

The spring was coming in this year of grace 1801, and Dick of the Road, as he took his cattle through the country lanes, noted each changing of the hedgerows. The taller trees were brown and white all down their naked twigs, the hazels spread their catkins to the winds, and when the hedgerows changed to grey stone walls—more frequent on the wild North Road—the mosses lying in the crevices were greener in the leaf, more crimson in the flower, than they had been a week ago.

"Wh-rr—get along—spring's a-coming in," said Dick of the Road to his team of four as they went, madcap like himself, along the Carlisle Road.

There is something in the spring—and a man is old indeed when he denies it—that makes men's spirits burgeon, like the trees, and burst their winter's covering. The sap of the world seems gathered to a head, and, whether you be gently reared or farmyard trained, the old indomitable Adam rises in a man.

For this reason Dick of the Road whistled more often nowadays, and for this reason Nell Wyndham sang more blithely as she roamed the countryside on horseback; and between these two a romance was budding faster even than the trees. Nell had come a month ago to live at the big house on the hill that fronts you as you climb the steep road which leads out from Garth towards Carlisle. Her uncle—old, lonely, and a childless widower—had offered to adopt her and to make her heiress to the rich lands which he could not himself enjoy; and, because her folk were vastly proud and vastly poor, they had consented.

It was a dull life for Miss Wyndham within-doors; but her uncle, unsoured by trouble, and a great lover of horses in his lustier days, was glad to let her have her liberty—glad that her passion lay healthily in the direction of horseflesh, and that he could give her more horses than she needed.

Nell and Dick of the Road had often met on the Carlisle highway, and each had learned to greet the other with a friendly glance, based on a common love of horses. He had liked the trim, bird-like way in which she sat the saddle; she, in her turn, had admired the easy fashion of his driving, as if he held one horse, and not four, at his fingers' ends. Little by little their glance of recognition grew more friendly, and they began to pass the time of day, and by and by the state of the weather, with one another. But Dick of the Road never touched his hat, as a true coach-driver should; he lifted his beaver from his dark and close-cropped head, and Miss Wyndham would return to the house on the hill carrying a vague sense of romance with her.

"The man's a gentleman. A child could see it," she would murmur. "I am curious—there's no doubt of it, though I disdain the quality—and some day I shall rein up beside him, and, 'Driver,' I shall say, 'what *is* your story?' Ah, the folly of it!" she would break off. "I think too much of the rascal, with his tired and pleasant face."

Yet more and more she thought of him, as they met upon the Carlisle Road; and more and more he thought of her, what time the gallant spring pushed out its way from the dead ashes of the winter. Dick of the Road had often wooed, but love had never found him out till now; he took it as he had taken all life's highways—with surprise, with courage, and with the knowledge that he was a gentleman. The beauty of it hurt him, but he did not wince; the hope of it he thrust aside, for he was vastly sane at bottom, however light on the upper-crust, and he knew that Miss Wyndham was not meant to put patches on the wounds of a life ill-used and tattered.

"She's not for me," he would say, as he whistled to his team. "Well, let her thank God for that—but meanwhile I may play with fancies if it likes me."

They played about with fancies in good earnest, the two of them; and surely the quietness and the tenderness of their romance had something permanent about it, seeing that their story is alive to-day, re-told and told again, like a war tale of the Danes, till no farmer's hearth seems snug and warm without it.

There came a day when Miss Wyndham did not ride, but walked. It was seven of a blithe April morning, and she was waiting at the top of the rise that hid Garth village from the Carlisle Road.

"Good-day," she said. "Can I ride as far as Carlisle, driver, and get back to-night by the down coach?"

"You can," he said, and his eyes were hungry with her, and a throstle sang from the hedgerow on their right.

Dick of the Road was "glamoured," certainly; but he was not far wrong when he told himself that Nell Wyndham brought witchery into the country lanes. So slim and small she was, so straight, so prone to get the sun entangled in her breeze-blown hair; it was as if a fairy came and smiled at you in broadest daylight and dared you to disprove her.

"You are alone?" she said.

"Alone," he answered curtly, for he disapproved of his heart for going thumping at his ribs. "I set down my only passenger at Stainforth, half a league away."

"That is good," said Nell, as she took his hand and clambered up beside him. "If truth be told, driver, I never handled a team of four, and I thought of asking for a lesson from you. Had there been passengers—well, travellers are afraid of everything, I think, and they might not know that my wrists are firm and my nerve—whipcord, I fancy, driver," she finished with a merry laugh.

Cupid, the great bowman of this world—who hears tales of Robin Hood and gibes at him as a novice in the craft—was abroad upon this heartsome April morning. He made Nell believe that management of a coach and four was the only serious business of the world. He made Dick of the Road believe that he loved Miss Wyndham



"I've a tale to tell you," he said at last

simply because her hand was light and firm upon the reins. Then suddenly—it was while they crossed the level strip from Chantry out to Redhurst—he turned and laughed at both of them, and left them in the pitiless, clear sunlight of their love.

Dick's cattle had never been driven as Nell drove them now. Round perilous corners they swayed and over narrow bridges, where each moment the guardian walls seemed to reach out as if to strike the coach, and up the steep and dusty hills whose rise was oversteep for this wild gallop. In the girl's heart there was heaven—a breezy, moving heaven—and in the man's heart there was renunciation's hell.

"Can I drive well, at the first lesson?" she asked, when at last the willing team could do no more for her.

"If I owned the horses, I should say no," answered Dick of the Road, and he glanced at her eager, wild-rose face, and the world seemed hid in it—the world, with its spring winds and its singing birds.

"I've been cruel, I suppose?" she said, watching the lather cream upon the horses' flanks.

"Yes. You have been cruel," the man replied, his arms folded on his chest, his face turned half away from her.

A bitter fight this Dick of the Road was waging. Nell Wyndham, close as her arms lay to her ribs in the effort to keep watch and ward above this blooded team of four, could not avoid the sudden lurching of the coach, and now and then she leaned against him, all unwillingly. Ill-desert or well-desert, there's no difference between men and men when spring is coming in. Full of charity and lustiness is spring, and never in this world does she ask for a man's record.

Dick of the Road was gently born, for all that, and he fought the quiet seduction of the season.

"I've a tale to tell you," he said at last, after a long silence, "a tale of a great love that will lighten one man's life till Judgment Day."

Miss Wyndham let the horses go slowly as they would along the Carlisle Road. "Tales of love to a woman are what wine is to a man—at least, my uncle always tells me so," she murmured, and the sun got out from fleecy clouds, and Dick of the Road, stealing a glance against his will, could not tell whether mischief, tenderness, or sheer aloofness, was in the face of this lass who drove his team so well.

"'Tis the simplest story in the world, Miss Wyndham," he went on, bluntly. "Just a tale of a man and a woman. The man's no hero, any way you take him, for he's just myself. The woman—well, I thank God for the day when I first set eyes on her."

"Go on," said she. "I'll drive the coach, and you will tell me tales of hero love."

"Lord God!" he muttered. "Men should be braver and better when such as you come near them. I do not often tell my secrets, and this one I was guarding well, I thought."

"Men should be braver, certainly," said Nell.

He stole another glance at her and saw the light kindle in her eyes, and renunciation grew bitterer still. No coxcomb was Dick of the Road, but the meaning of her glance was not to be mistaken.

His voice was hard when at last he found it, and he seemed to be sneering at himself. "Miss Wyndham's fancies come and go—dreams stay, I find—but my lodging is wont to be a wayside hayloft, and neither in station nor in purse could I be called a well-found wooer."

"Now you are bitter," the girl answered, quietly. "Station and purse? Does life hold nothing more—now, when the spring is coming in?"

They were silent for a mile, and Miss Wyndham plucked her team into a trot. Not to-day or yesterday was the witchery that lay over them; the old unconquerable spring was coming in, dwarfing the shifts and make-believes of life, hiding the accidents of purse and station. Clear as the throstle's call was Dick of the Road's to Nell, and out of the beating heart of spring her answer seemed to come with no word spoken.

Such moments come to all of us, they say; but seldom does the glamour live and glow long after we are dead and fix itself in country lore—a thing palpable and true—as did this journey of Nell Wyndham and Dick of the Road.

They came to Carlisle at last, and Dick helped her to alight. His face was set like a flint.

"If I had to go through it all again, Miss Wyndham," he said, "the senseless riot, the falling into evil days, the earning poor man's bread by driving four-in-hand upon the Carlisle Road——"

"Yes?" she asked, seeing him halt and look at her as if she were too good for this or another world—a surmise she was ready to dispute.

"Why"—and his laugh rang brave and clear—"I should think it well worth while, for I have carried Miss Wyndham over the Carlisle Road."

"And that is all?" she said, with open devilry. To the hilt she wished to prove this man, and it pleased her to see him wince and waver, to see him half succumb and then recover.

"No, not all," he answered. "The return coach to Garth leaves within the hour, and I will see that you find refreshment in the inn here. You will be hungry after the long drive."

Miss Wyndham bowed, forgetting that the ostlers looking on would think it singular. Neither deceived the other, their tale was plain to be read as the story of the greening trees; but if this driver of a coach—half Bayard and half ne'er-do-well—chose to be formal and punctilious, it was her part to play the grand lady.

She ate her meal, or pretended to, found that Dick of the Road had carefully secured her a seat on the down coach beside the driver, and looked for a farewell from him. None came, and Miss Wyndham turned to glance at the grey streets of Carlisle, where it was raining, from old habit.

"No doubt he is a gentleman," she said to herself. "A country clown would have shown himself more civil."

She found no interest in the horses or the coachman as the miles swept by her; and the driver, after he had set her down a half-league this side of Garth, went grumbling to hims lf.

"Dainty piece of goods—oh, ay," he growled, as he flicked the off leader. "Should have talked to a body, but wouldn't, somehow. Oh, ay, I like these trim little folk to talk."

But Miss Wyndham's thoughts would have surprised him had he been privileged to share them. Indeed, they surprised herself, as she left the road and crossed by the field-path leading to the house on the hill. Great restlessness, great happiness, a sense of a wider and more breezy world than she had known—these went with her, while she lived again through that swift and friendly journey to Carlisle.

"If he had yielded!" she said once, with a little laugh. "Ah,

half the joy of it would have gone. We will wait, he and I, and by and by, perhaps——"

She went indoors with the thought half finished, and her uncle, seeing the brightness of her face, hazarded a guess that open air and open roads were good for Nell. For her part, she seemed pixie-led throughout the evening; as she sat opposite her uncle at the supper board, and realised the quiet decorum of this home life, she pictured herself once more upon the Carlisle coach, with the horses' flanks swinging rhythmically in front of her, and all the clean, grey landscape gliding past them.



Song it has united
of the cruelty of Barbara Allen

She felt no guilt. The revelation of the day, the pulse of the sapping leaf-time, denied the truth of all this indoor ceremony. And just before she rose to go to the spinet and sing to her uncle, as her wont was of evenings, she looked across at him, and, "Now I understand," she said. "It has puzzled me over and over again."

"What has puzzled you, child?"

"Just nothing, uncle—a thought that came into my head—the spring is driving my wits astray, I think."

Clear from the forgotten past she heard a wise woman—to whom she had gone half in frolic years ago—mumble and mutter over her hand.

"Ye'll wed on the road, lassie—you'll wed on the road," the crone had said.

But Nell did not tell her uncle this, but went and sang to him instead of the cruelty of "Barbara Allen."

The next week was a lonely one for Dick of the Road. Miss Wyndham neither rode nor walked upon the Carlisle highway, and he missed her, so that he would not see the sunlight nor hear the throstles sing. If he had been less outspoken—well, she would have benisoned the day for him with her "Good-day, driver," or, "Your team wear satin coats, driver, as if the hand that fed them cared for them."

Dick of the Road had learned to miss many things of late, and to show a brave face to the lack. What touched him in the weak place of his armour was the remembrance that he had spoken of his love. It was well enough for Nell Wyndham to see the spring and listen to the fairies; but the man's place—when the man happened to be living on his earnings as a coach-driver—was to keep his tongue hid snugly.

Yet time and time he would whistle as of old. "*No regrets*—haven't I learned that lesson?" he would say. "Daume, would I change that day upon the Carlisle Road? Out of the clear sky it came, and I've that to think of, whatever follows."

It was his philosophy—the logic that had led him into bad paths and good in his time—the trend of heart that dogs and horses understand as if their master were own brother. Then, too, he had no hope; he knew his vagabond self well enough to guess that he would tempt no woman—least of all, Nell Wyndham—into this life of the open road; and so, dreading no fall, he plucked up heart again and whistled time and time. But he would not look the budding springtime in the face.

There came a day—it all sounds like some big, heroic drama, when you hear the farmers tell the tale again, nodding their pipes at you and thinking of the Michaelmas, years gone by, when they, too, wooed and won, or lost—there came a day when Dick of the Road, just setting off to drive his coach from Carlisle to the south, was boarded by a trim and dapper little gentleman, all made up of wig and lawyer's bag, and sleek, quiet cheeriness.

"For Garth?" he gasped, breathless from the climb into the seat beside the driver.

"For Garth," Dick answered, and shook his team into the trot.

There were two types of lawyers in coaching days as now—the class which keeps every secret sedulously, and that which can keep none at all. The little man on the driver's left was bubbling over with news this morning, and so persistent was he in his efforts to secure the ear of his companion that Dick of the Road at last began to listen to him.

"Terribly sad affair in London," prattled the little man. "The news-sheet has not reached you in these parts, likely? There'll be full details there. I heard them late yesterday from a mounted messenger—horse in a lather when he reached my door—terribly sad, terribly sad."

The lawyer tapped his snuff-box and took a pinch.

"What may the news be?" asked Dick. "As you say, the news-sheets are slow in reaching us up here."

"A matter of a duel. Lord Travis—my client, and the best I ever had—was pleased to give a friend the lie at some rout at the Vaushall Gardens. So they met in the dawning, as needs must, and my lord was pricked through the heart."

"Ah!" said Dick of the Road, his interest plainly roused at last.

"A lawyer's heart should not ache—'t has no business to," went on the other, his plump, red face beaming over the edge of his snuff-box; "but the news quite overcame me, I confess. Yet it was backed by worse, and brought by the same messenger. Lord Travis had only the one son, and he took up his father's quarrel on the spot; and there was sword-play again, and the lad was thrust through the right lung, and died of hemmorrhage, despite the doctors—died on the Heath, before aught could be done. Affairs terribly tangled up, I assure you. It all comes of good Cumberland gentlemen thinking they must needs go Londonward in search of pleasure. I always said 'twas a mistake. The light is different in those lowland parts—no crispy clearness in their dawns, such as we get here. The issue would have been very different if my Lord Travis had fought in Cumberland instead of upon Hampstead Heath. Ah, believe me—I was something of a dog in my day—there's much in that matter of the light you find when duelling."

Dick of the Road said nothing, but a smile crossed his lips for the moment as he heard this explanation of my lord's defeat. He had known more than a little of duelling once, and the lawyer's sophistry seemed not to square with his experience.

"Devilish hard upon a poor attorney," went on the other. "Lucrative client chooses to get killed purely for his own pleasure; his only son follows suit; deuce knows whether the heir will not choose some lawyer of his own."

"That would depend, I should fancy," said Dick of the Road, as he took a corner more narrowly than pleased his fare.

"Upon what, good man, upon what?" put in the lawyer testily.

"Upon whether the heir, when he comes to his own, could trust my late lord's attorney's tongue, saving it was fastened to a whipping-post."

The little man swelled out his cheeks and took a heated pinch of snuff. "Damme, sir—damme, sir, I say—'tis not my wont to be talked to in this fashion."

"I cannot help your past, sir, any more than I can help my own," said Dick of the Road. "'Twill do you no great harm, maybe, to hear the truth for once from a plain coach-driver."

The lawyer fidgeted and fumed and snuffed; but he got no other reason from Dick of the Road than a low, quiet bubble of mirth that came now and then against his will. For the rest, they swung down and up the road to Garth; and Dick remembered that scared look of the little man's when they shaved the road-corner, and it pleased him to go nearer still to the grey stone walls at every turn.

"You are come to Garth to seek the heir?" he said, breaking silence as they clattered over the cobble-stones of the "Garth Arms" courtway.

The lawyer's teeth were chattering, what with cooling anger and gaining fright. "How did you guess?" he stammered.

"I'll tell you by-and-by. I must stable my horses first, and then I'll meet you in the tavern."

He handed the little man down, with his bag and absurdities, and pointed to the entry-way.

"Take a cut off their loin of pork. They are famed for it," he said, as he took his team at a brisk walking-pace down the length of the courtyard.

"The rascal—beggar my boots, and have done with it!" stammered the attorney, standing helpless for a moment. "Beggar my wig and boots, if ever I heard the like! Meet me in the tavern, will he? I'll hire an ostler—nay, two, I think—to throw him out."



"The rascal!"

Nell Wyndham, meanwhile, grew weary of reflection. Clear out of the spring her love had come; clear out of the spring the throstles sang to her of a morning when she wakened, and the wooing-song was Dick of the Road's and hers.

It was bewildering for Miss Wyndham, who had been wont to capture men as bird-snarers take their birds in nets. Like the bird-snarers, too, she had been wont to pass her captives on to other hands; but now she found herself ill-disposed to follow precedent.

For this reason, or for lack of any reason, she took to the fiel l-ways on the morning after Dick of the Road had driven the talkative lawyer to Garth, and she leaned across the gate and looked down the highway. She had a definite purpose in mind, but could not reach it quite; perhaps the singing of the birds bewildered her, for thrush and lark and blackbird were making such a happy din that the whole greening world seemed full of tumult; perhaps she did not care to know the future, but wished instead to dwell awhile on that fringe of fairy-land where dreams meet real life.

Dick of the Road came up the highway whistling like an ouselcock. He saw Miss Wyndham as soon as he turned the corner, and acknowledged no surprise; it was all of a piece with their mad wooing that she should be here on just this day. He pulled up at the gate.

"Do you go to Carlisle, Miss Wyndham?" he asked.

His easy gaiety disturbed Miss Wyndham, who in her heart had looked to see Dick of the Road wear a gloomy and lack-lustre face. Yet she would not forego the northward drive. She opened the gate and took his hand and sprang lightly up beside him.

"Will you take the reins?" said he.

"Of course," she answered, with a touch of high disdain. "'Twas my love of horseflesh brought me here this morning. Do you *never* carry passengers, by the way, or do they run the Carlisle coach for frolic?"

"I've five plump dowagers in the body of the coach, but they'll not know you're driving. Lord, to think of any man or woman choosing to sit below-stairs when they might be tasting all this springtime!"

Dick of the Road grew serious, or seemed to do, as Nell Wyndham guided the coach between the grey stone walls.

"I've thrown my scruples into the ditch," he said.

"I do not understand you," she answered, her face turned steadfastly upon the horses.

"We love each other, and there's naught beyond. Is that not so, Miss Wyndham?"

Try as she would to be disdainful—her old, buried self—she turned to look at him; and she remembered that he had been vastly brave when she had tempted him; and she saw the good look and the strong look in his eyes.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, it is true that we love each other. Well?"

"Gretna lies not so far away from Carlisle town. But listen! 'Tis no dainty life, this of the Road, save when the horses and the road itself stretch out before you. Take it or leave it, Nell—but never say in after days that I tricked you into wedlock."

Miss Wyndham knew at last what her purpose had been—the purpose spoiled by Dick of the Road's swift wooing. She had meant to play the queen to her humble subject, to bid him lift his eyes with her permission; thereafter she would win her uncle to approval, or, failing that, would share the chances of the road with the man whom she had chosen single-hea tedly. Her random lover had spoilt the whole brave plot; yet somehow she was glad that he had not forced her to take the man's part in such enterprises.

"Give me a little leisure," she pleaded, feeling strangely like a child who knows the stronger hand. "To-day? Ah, not just to-day?"

"To-day, or not at all," he answered grimly; and, stealing another glance at his face, the girl wondered why his merry look belied his tone.

They said not a word till Carlisle was reached, and Dick of the Road had set down his five plump dowagers.

"Well?" he asked, fingering the reins which he had taken from her on entering the outskirts.

"I'm fey, I think"—he could scarcely catch the whisper—"for surely we must go to Gretna."

The ostlers loitering round about the tavern fancied Dick of the Road himself was fey, for he did not take his coach to stable, but called to his horses and set them, trotting first, then galloping, along the narrow street that led into the Gretna high road.

They found the Gretna blacksmith forging horseshoes, but he broke off his occupation.

"Ye're tied fast as kirk and law can make ye," said the smith, after the brief ceremony was done.

They walked to the little whitewashed inn—how their least movements live in the glow of country hearths to-day!—and Dick of the Road gave his orders as if he owned all Cumberland and half of Annan County. A chaise and two was to be ready as soon as they had dined—the coach was to be driven to Carlisle by someone who knew how to treat a blooded team—all with a fine free air of command that won the hearts of the tavern-keeper and the smaller fry who haunted his busy stables.

It was near to evening when their chaise brought them into the sweet and tranquil road that led to Garth.

"Where are you taking me?" asked Nell, the laughter bubbling in her voice despite herself.

"To the House on the Hill—where else, dear lass?"

"But, Dick——"

"Ah, yes, I know your thought! Dick of the Road will ruffle your uncle—give him an added touch of the gout, maybe—when I come and say that you are not Miss Wyndham any longer."

"'Twill seem so sudden——"

"Sudden? After the hunger that would not let me sleep o' nights, after—— Nell, my lass, we may be mad and what not, but this marriage is no hasty one."

Her hand crept into his, for these two were foreordained to be lovers from their first sight of each other to their last.

"'Twas from the beginning of the world, I think," she said, her voice brave as her courage.

They came to the winding lane that led to the House on the Hill, and Dick of the Road put out his head to turn the postillion to the left.

"You are not afraid?" he asked, as they neared the high gates that gave access to the park.

"Afraid? Why should I be?"

About the land the throstles all were singing, and the mellow after-light of the spring day's going lay kindly on the crinkled fields.

"Dick of the Road is not a welcome suitor, from an old man's point of view. Be sure I have learned all about the House on the Hill, and seem to know your uncle to the life. He'll not be ill-bred in any way, like a certain lawyer who tried to bribe two ostlers to throw me out of my own tavern yesternight. He will be suave and courteous, Nell—yes, I've driven him to Carlisle now and then, and know him—and he will look at me as if I were some freak of insect-life that had intruded—and I shall laugh, because I cannot help that trick of laughing out of season."

Clear and high a throstle sang, and Dick of the Road mimicked him so plainly the speckled roysterer answered him on a higher note.

"We're mad, all of us," said Nell—"you, and I, and the throstles."

"Mad as March hares, Nell; but we're near the house, and I want to tell you that I'm not one half the brave coach-driver that you think. I've deceived you, wife of mine, and laughter's out of place."

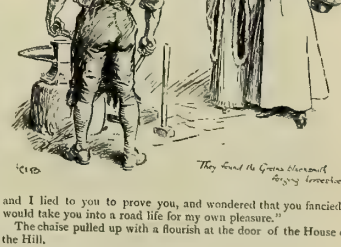
True eyes they had, the pair of them; and Nell, as she glanced at him, knew that there was no great harm in his self-accusation.

"Go on," she said, in the low, deep mating voice. "I've married the King's jester, I believe. You're not brave, then, you say—and yet the house is five-score yards away, no more, and you know my uncle, with his air that tells you any visit's an intrusion."

"But I'm not going to give him Dick of the Road's credentials. There's a thing called luck of life's high road, Nell."

"Yes?" she asked, not knowing whether he were mad indeed.

"I chance to be Lord Travers at this moment—not a day old yet, Nell, in my new riches. Two folk have died—God rest them, though they would never have aught to do with a ne'er-do-well—



They found the Gretna blacksmith forging horseshoes

and I lied to you to prove you, and wondered that you fancied I would take you into a road life for my own pleasure."

The chaise pulled up with a flourish at the door of the House on the Hill.

"I would have come with you," she said, as he opened the chaise door. "You're Dick of the Road to me, and will be always."

"Ay, thank God," he whispered.

And the throstles whistled clear, and the gloaming lay about them like a benediction.

THE END.

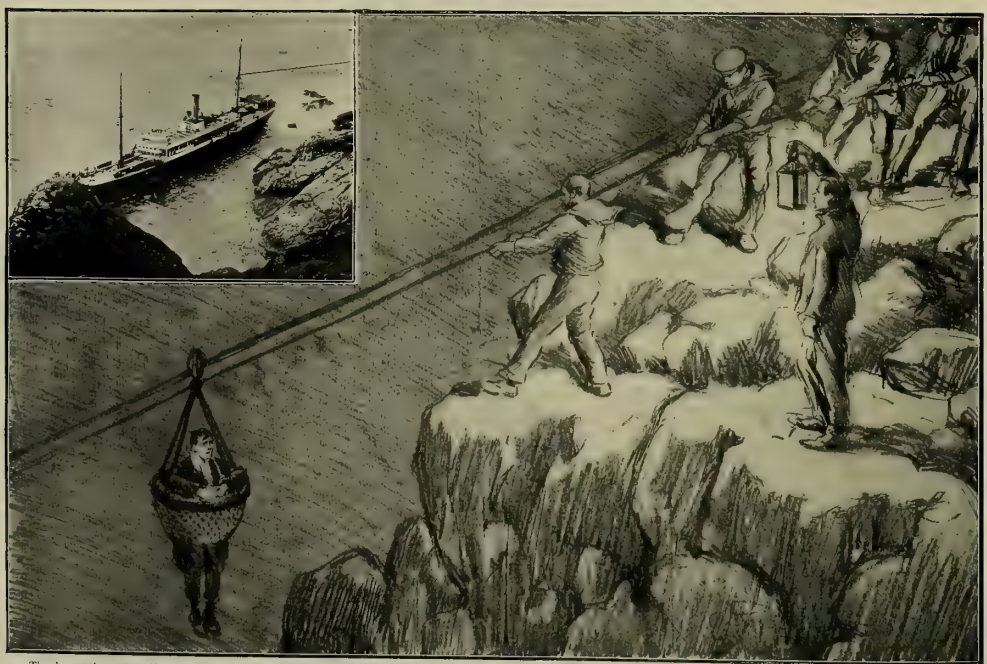
THE STRANDED LINERS



THE LIFEBOAT TAKING PASSENGERS ASHORE

The fine White Star liner Suevic (12,500 tons) struck on the Brandise Rocks, off the Lizard Lighthouse, in a thick fog, at 10.30 on Sunday night. She had 300 passengers and a crew of 100. Of the passengers 160 were children, some babies in arms, and the greatest difficulty of the rescue work was in securing the safety of these. They were carried down the ladder, like the women, in the arms of sailors, and handed to those in the lifeboats when the waves brought the latter near enough. Two lifeboats were launched from the ship, and another was summoned from the shore, and boatloads of women and children were rowed ashore, followed by the men and crew. The passengers lost all their effects, and there is little hope of saving the ship. Photos by E. A. Osborne, Falmouth, and A. H. Hawke, Helston.

THE SUEVIC FAST ON THE BRANDISE ROCKS AT THE LIZARD



Thanks to the extraordinary smartness of the rescue work, every one of the Elder Dempster liner Jebba's passengers and crew were saved. The vessel struck in the thick fog in Ramillies Cove, close to Bolt Tail—a steep headland rising sheer from the sea on the Devonshire coast, and fifteen or sixteen miles east of Plymouth—before daylight on Monday morning. Her position was broadside on to the shore and about 30ft. out, with very deep water all round. The coastguardsmen were warned by distress signals, and they quickly located the vessel, and very soon a rocket-line reached her, followed by a life-line, which the men on shore managed to throw from the cliff. Two bo'sun's chairs were got to work, a cradle sling was rigged, and the passengers were hauled ashore and then hoisted into safety. By eight o'clock all the 190 passengers and crew, the ship's cat, and two chimpanzees were saved. Captain Mills was the last to leave. The vessel was awash all the time, and none of the passengers' effects could be saved. As for the ship, there is little hope of saving her.

THE RESCUE OF THE JEBBA'S PEOPLE AT BOLT TAIL, SALCOMBE

A SKETCH BY F. C. DICKINSON FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY A PASSENGER

AT HIS MAJESTY'S

The short revival of a twenty-years' old detective drama such as *The Red Lamp* is, at first sight, a very unimportant event. But nothing is unimportant that helps the critic and the manager to come nearer to an understanding of the essentials of a play, and Saturday night's markedly favourable reception of Mr. Outram Tristram's work served to show clearly how much poor writing and conventional characterisation an audience will stand, so long as there is development of plot and even one "situation." Of course, Mr. Tree's humorous performance of Demetrius helped to carry the piece, but that it did not stand alone on this was proved by the very mixed reception which was accorded to *The Van Dyck*, the new one-act piece with which the programme finished. Mr. Tree's performance in *The Van Dyck* of the accomplished burglar, of splendid mien and extraordinary resource and accomplishment, was quite as clever—in spite of his usual first performance nervousness and uncertainty as to his words—as his Demetrius, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith's performance of the mean, suspicious little snob whom the burglar victimises was acting of the highest class, yet the audience talked and coughed, and many "booed" at the finish. This was, in my opinion, because the action did not move quickly enough, the author, fearful lest the spectator should not understand, reiterating his points two or three times in only slightly varied fashion. This made the audience restless and irritable, in spite of the really admirable efforts of Mr. Tree and Mr. Grossmith. It was another evidence of the quickness of London audiences and their dislike of being treated as slow-witted children. *The Van Dyck* also showed that variety of emotion is wanted on the stage, that however good the opportunity given to the actors, and however cleverly they avail themselves of it, the harping on one string of human feeling is apt to be as tiresome in the theatre as it is in life. "DRAMATICUS."



The funeral of the late M. Casimir-Perier was impressive in spite of its simplicity. It took place at Font-Sur-Seine, and people attended from all the country round, and from Paris, to pay the last tribute to the former President. From Paris came M. Emile Loubet, M. Clemenceau, General Picquart, and other well-known public men, and many deputations, with banners, were also present. Photo by Trampus, Paris.

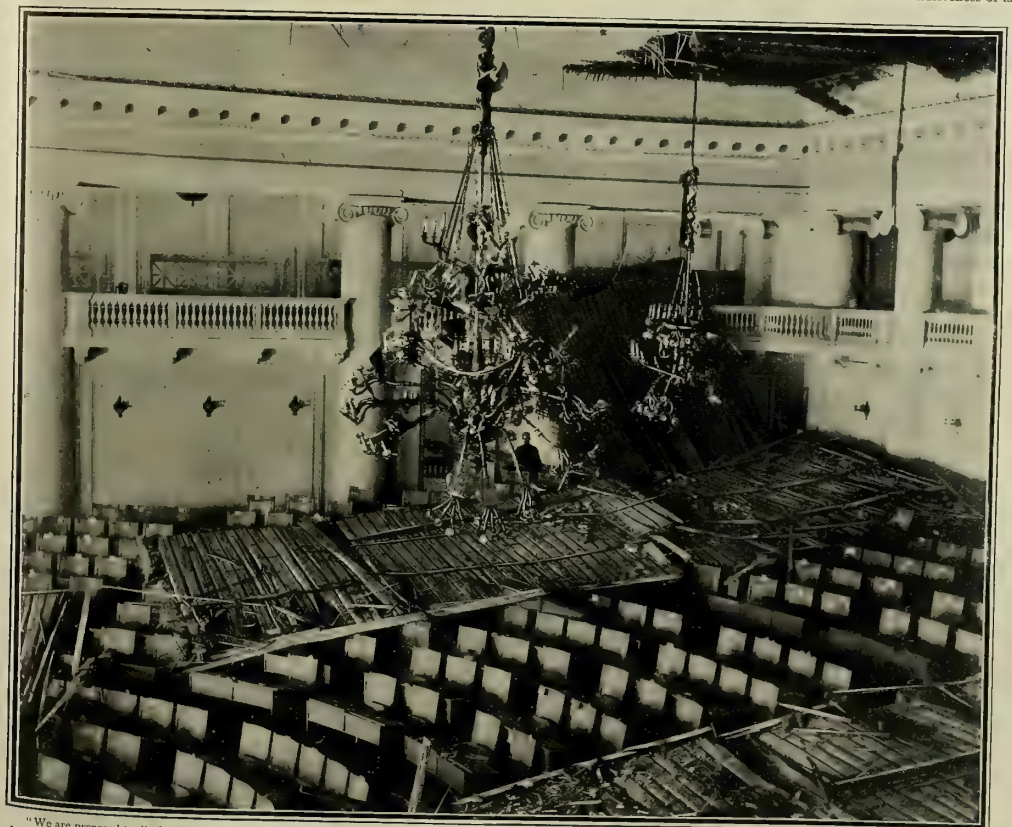
HOMAGE TO THE DEAD EX-PRESIDENT: THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE M. CASIMIR-PERIER

Our Supplement

Among the group of women painters of to-day whose art echoes the romantic allegory of the Pre-Raphaelites, Mrs. Mary Young Hunter worthily fills a place. Coloured with the same feeling as the art of Miss Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale, Mrs. Marianne Stokes, or Miss Millicent Grey, her art, nevertheless, has its own individuality. It is from literature, and musing, that she spells her fancies, rather than from the book of nature: her trees and fields are part of the allegory. In "Joy and the Labourer" she found a text:—

> Take Joy home
> And make a place in thine own heart for her,
> And give her time to grow, and cherish her
> Then will she come and often sing to thee,
> When thou art working in the furrows -

and made a contrast of the bitterness of toil and Puck-like joy. So in "The Wanderer" (reproduced in colour in our supplement) we see the romance of freedom set against the burden of riches and weariness of discontent. She is never too insistent or too definite, and it has been well said of her that she has a "quaint flitting fancy that wanders over hill and dale and seizes from life subtle little touches that are full of the illusiveness of tales."



"We are prepared to die for freedom, but not at the hands of jerry-builders," said one of the Duma Deputies, after the collapse of the ceiling of the Hall in the Taurida Palace. This speaker had quite convinced himself that the occurrence was another blow at Russian Democracy. The sitting on the day of the accident, which was due chiefly to defective materials, was suspended amid confusion. There would have been hundreds of victims if the accident had occurred during the sitting. Three-quarters of the ceiling collapsed, the electroliers were smashed, and the floor of the house was covered with *debris*, including planks and rafters thirty or forty feet long. Photo by Drankow, St. Petersburg.

THE COLLAPSE OF THE DUMA CEILING: THE SCENE IN THE HALL OF THE TAURIDA PALACE

THE MAKING OF A HANDY MAN

The "handy man," happily, is a British institution which is thought a good deal of by everybody; but before you can have handy men you must have handy boys—and the Warspite turns them out. How it is done our photographs of life in the Marine Society's fine training-ship at Greenhithe show. Everybody should support the Marine Society, for in training boys for the Navy and the merchant service, it is doing splendid work for the country. The society was founded as long ago as 1756 for providing landsmen and volunteers for the Navy, and shortly after its formation it began to train poor boys for a seafaring life. The history of the Warspite is simple. In 1789 the society purchased a merchant vessel, the Beatty, as a training-ship. When, some years later, the beatty grew too old and decayed for use, the Lords of the Admiralty came to the society's rescue, and lent it a vessel from the Navy, the present Warspite having formerly been H.M.S. Conqueror. Last year the Marine Society sent 100 Warspite boys to Australia in the ocean training-ship Port Jackson, thus giving them a practical and thorough sea training. There is accommodation in the Warspite for 500 boys, but owing to lack of funds the Marine Society is able to provide for only 200. Who will help? That you may know where to send your subscription, allow us to remind you that the society's address is Clark's Place, Bishopsgate Street Within.



W A R S P I T E
THE LETTERS FORMED BY THE BODIES OF EIGHTEEN BOYS



HOW TO MEET THE ENEMY: A SQUAD AT FIRING EXERCISE



THE MEN WHO TRAIN THE BOYS: THE WARSPITE'S OFFICERS



SIGNALLERS AT WORK: HOISTING THE FLAG



A LONG PULL AND A STRONG PULL: HOISTING IN A BOAT



MANY SAILORS CANNOT SWIM: ALL WARSPITE BOYS LEARN TO



A BUGLER



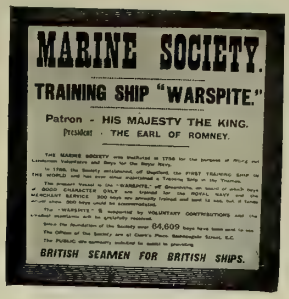
ON THE SICK LIST

How Boys are Trained for the Navy and Merchant Service in the Warspite

THE MAKING OF A HANDY MAN



AN HOUR WITH THE SINGLESTICKS



THE APPEAL



GOING ALOFT



A BRAINY BOY MAKES A HANDY MAN



SAIL-MAKERS



READY TO DRAW HAMMOCKS



IN THE COOKHOUSE: PREPARING DINNER



GRACE BEFORE MEAT



YOU COULD EAT YOUR DINNER ON THE DECKS



A LANDING PARTY WITH PIPES AND BUGLES

How Boys are Trained for the Navy and Merchant Service in the Warspite

COURT AND SOCIETY

The King's Holiday

The King is evidently greatly enjoying his holiday at Biarritz, which is to be followed by a cruise in the Mediterranean on board the Victoria and Albert. Queen Alexandra, who has been equally enjoying the visit of her beloved sister, the Empress Marie, will probably join the King at Marseilles early in April, being accompanied for part of the journey by the Empress, who will herself return to St. Petersburg.

The Empress and the General

The Empress Marie was delighted to find that picturesque and vigorous veteran, Lieutenant-General Sir Bryan Milman, still at the Tower of London, as he was nearly forty years ago on the occasion of her Imperial Majesty's previous visit. Both Queen Alexandra and her sister were sympathetically anxious not to fatigue the General, but, though Sir Bryan was eighty-four last December, he is a living proof of the benefits of athletic exercise. Nothing in the way of games has come amiss to him in his time. Nearly sixty years ago he saved the lives of five officers, and incidentally his own, by his swimming prowess in a boat accident off Mauritius, and for this piece of gallantry he received the gold medal of the Royal Humane Society — a very rare distinction. General Milman is colonel of the Northumberland Fusiliers, the famous "Fighting Fifth," otherwise known as "The Shiners," now the only regiment with a red and white hackle, granted them for glorious reasons. It is astonishing to reflect that General Milman was at the relief of Lucknow fifty years ago this year, and was also with Outram's force in the Alumbagh in the stirring campaign which followed. He was appointed Major of the Tower nearly forty years ago by the then Constable, Sir John Burgoyne.

An Artistic Princess

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, who has been taking a prominent part in the Royal Irish Industries Sale, would certainly have attained real distinction, both in art and in literature, had she been born in a private station. Her Royal Highness has little taste, evidently, for the pomp and circumstance of her Royal rank—indeed, save only her niece and namesake, the Princess Royal, there is no member of the Royal caste who is so fond of the delights of *incognito*. She frequently travels as the Countess of Cowall —using a minor title of her husband —and that she is so seldom photographed is, no doubt, due to the fact that she is afraid of being easily recognised by strangers. Her literary work includes both poetry and literary and art criticism. One lucky editor frequently accepted articles from her before her identity was revealed; and Princess Louise herself declares that one of the proudest moments of her life was when she received a cheque for literary work made out to "Myra Fontenoy," which was the name she had assumed. As for her artistic work, she was a pupil of the late Sir Edgar Boehm, and she has long had a studio in Kensington Palace. Among her principal works may be mentioned the sitting figure of Queen Victoria, which faces the Round Pond, another statue of Her late Majesty for Manchester Cathedral, and the striking memorial to the Colonial heroes in St. Paul's Cathedral, as well as various pictures, and designs for chimney-pieces, candlesticks, and so on. It is interesting to recall that her Royal Highness is an LL.D. of Glasgow University—an honour which is to be conferred this year on the Prince and Princess of Wales. Princess Louise had certainly earned the honour by her efforts for the higher education of women. She is very popular in Scotland, though *Punch*, on the occasion of her marriage, claimed her for England:—



H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE, DUCHESS OF ARGYLL
Photo by Mendelssohn.

"No strangely foreign title she assumes,
No alien throne across the sea she fills,
But dwells our own, our English rose, that blooms
Among its native hills."

The Colonial Premiers

There really seems some ground for General de Wet's frankly expressed fear that when General Botha is in London the continual dinners will divert him from the affairs of his country. It is evident that the Premiers will be the social darlings of April, and it is perhaps permissible to express a hope that they may be protected from embarrassing attentions on the part of social "climbers." They will have quite enough to do to accept the hospitality of those who are really entitled to offer it in the name of the nation, or of important sections thereof, from their Majesties and the Prince and Princess of Wales downwards. Lady Beauchamp is to give the official dinner and reception on behalf of the Government, and Lady Lansdowne a party on behalf of the Opposition. The political impartiality of the Premiers is shown by their accepting invitations from the 1900 Club, as well as from the National Liberal and Eighty Clubs. Among the hostesses who are preparing entertainments may be mentioned the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Derby, Lady Crewe, Lady Portsmouth, Lady Strathcona, Lady Haversham, and Lady Wimborne; and the great City companies, too, are resolved not to be behindhand.

University Chancellors

Lord Curzon's election to the Chancellorship of Oxford University reminds us of the interesting group of men who have the honour of presiding over our various universities. Lord Rosebery, Lord Curzon's defeated opponent, is Chancellor of the University of London; Cambridge has a kind of hereditary Chancellor in the Duke of Devonshire, and his Grace has just been elected also to the Chancellorship of Manchester University, in succession to Lord Spencer, resigned. Another ducal Chancellor is the Duke of Norfolk, who presides over the University of Sheffield. Of the rest, Lord Ripon is Chancellor of the University of Leeds; Mr. Chamberlain of Birmingham; Lord Balfour of Burleigh of St. Andrews; Lord Kelvin of Glasgow; Lord Strathcona of Aberdeen; Mr. Balfour of Edinburgh; Lord Rosse of Dublin; and Lord Castletown of the Royal University of Ireland. Last, but not least, the Prince of Wales is Chancellor of the University of Wales, an institution which is also exceptionally honoured by having the King as its Protector.

The Prince's Privy Seal

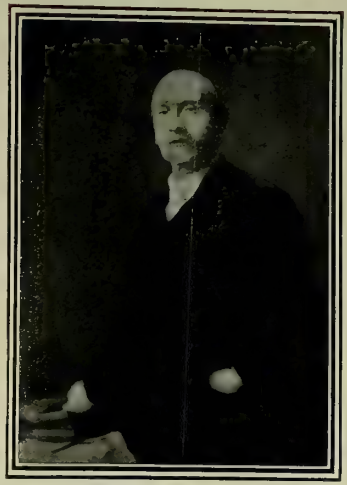
Lord Mount Edgcumbe, who has just been appointed Keeper of the Privy Seal of His Royal Highness, in succession to Lord Spencer, resigned, belongs rather to the King's generation than to the Prince's. As a matter of fact, he is a very old friend of His Majesty, and he is the only survivor of the three whom the late Prince Consort selected as companions for the then Prince of Wales when His Royal Highness attained his legal majority. "We have selected," wrote the Prince Consort to Stockmar, "three very distinguished young men, of between twenty-three and twenty-six years of age, who are to occupy in rotation a sort of equerry's place about him; and from whose mere intimacy we anticipate no small benefit to Bertie." The other two were General Teesdale, the hero of Kars, and Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, afterwards Lord Wantage. Of the then Lord Valletort, the Prince Consort observed that "he had been much on the Continent, is a thoroughly good, moral, and accomplished young man, draws well, plays, and has never been at a public school, but has passed his youth in attendance on an invalid father." The Prince Consort was mistaken in one point, for Lord Valletort had certainly been to Harrow. Now, in his seventy-fourth year, he stands as a typical English noble of the old school, and he is distinguished for his stately courtesy. He has held various Court appointments, and been attached to more than one special mission.

IN THE WORLD OF ART - By M. H. SPIELMANN.

FOR the moment the art of etching is prominently before the town. For those who desire the personal note of one man's work, the collection of Mr. Brangwyn's etchings at the Dunthorne Gallery will repay an afternoon's study, for study is needed to appreciate the fine style and refined taste in this powerful representation of the etcher's art, with its triumphant defiance of Whistler's dictum that an etching should always be small "in relation to its means." As well might one say that a painting, a fresco, or a tapestry must always bear a direct relation to the size of its touches or its stitches. It is, indeed, one of those half-truths which mislead more than they help, like so many of Whistler's smartest and most specious sayings. Mr. Brangwyn justifies himself in the scale on which he works, and refuses to be bound by another man's convention.

If variety is sought, a visit to the exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers will satisfy the most exacting. Here nearly every method can be seen, line, etched tone, aquatint reinforcement, mezzotint, line-engraving, even etched imitation of line-engraving, and the various dodges, the legitimate and the doubtful, which in time become accepted and are regarded as classic methods. The adaptability of the copper plate to every kind of expression, its flexibility and its charm, are to be seen in this exhibition, which must be pronounced of good average quality. The foreigners are represented by M. Béjot's masterly views of Paris, M. Helleu's dry-points of ladies' heads (work becoming careless and even meretricious), and by Herr Struck, with his portrait of "A Rabbi." Vigorous work of the Brangwyn type is contributed by Sir Charles Holroyd, Mr. East, M. Legros, and Mr. Rhead; the sweet line of etching by Mr. Frank Short, Mr. Charlton, and Miss Bolingbroke; and dainty dry-points by Mr. Wyllie and Mr. Menpes. Then there are admirable plates, masterpieces almost, by Colonel Goff and Mr. Burridge, and showy work, which should have no place here, by M. Molin. And why does Mr. C. O. Murray maintain the strange tradition that one may make an etching look like a line engraving? Of course, he is not alone, and some leading French favourites adopt the same method —mainly in respect of portraits, and generally for shop sale. The charm of the etched method is its freedom, that of line-engraving its severe and disciplined restriction; why wed the two distinct characteristics and produce a hybrid that men of taste will never approve?

I would draw attention to the publication of a profusely illustrated catalogue— "Inventaire Général des Dessins du Musée du Louvre et du Musée de Versailles" —both for the subject itself and for its moral. In this first volume, which deals with the French School and goes no further than Bouchardon, we have a scientifically complete description of every drawing, to the number of nearly eight hundred; and of these the large majority are beautifully reproduced in collotype, small but clear. This panorama—one of the most charming sections of French art—has been arranged with perfection by M. Jean Guiffrey and M. Pierre Marcel; and the service rendered by them to the study of art is not to be exaggerated. Now, why can we not in England have our museums similarly catalogued? The British Museum is issuing, at long intervals, admirable catalogues of its drawings (none of the sections yet complete); but, as they contain no illustrations, they are not books for enlightenment and study, but only excellent inventories—finger-posts, nothing more—which necessitate a visit to the Print Room. The French catalogue brings the Print Room into every library. The National Gallery and the National Portrait Gallery, through the enterprise of Messrs. Cassell and Co., have been completely illustrated, every picture being reproduced; similarly this "Inventaire Général" has been issued by a private firm, the Librairie Centrale d'Art et d'Architecture; but why cannot the Treasury place it in the power of our great museums to issue such catalogues of their own? The financial success of such an undertaking is assured in advance, for they would appeal to the art public of the whole world. The "National Gallery" publication aforementioned now fetches several hundred per cent. of its published price. The same happy fate assuredly awaits MM. Guiffrey and Marcel's valuable publication.



This portrait by Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., his latest work, is of Mr. T. C. Martin (Editor of the *Dundee Advertiser*), to whom it has been presented in recognition of his public services, especially on behalf of the United Free Church of Scotland.

A FINE NEW PORTRAIT BY MR. W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

The commission for the statue of Sir Henry Irving has been placed in the hands of Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., after prolonged hesitation between him and Mr. Frampton. Mr. Brock has made a sketch model showing the actor erect, with a paper in his hand, addressing, it may be supposed, an audience—an out-of-door audience, apparently, for his frock coat is open, and as the breeze moves it it makes a fine decorative line. The sculptor is to be commended for putting his subject into plain clothes; had he been put in stage costume, as some suggested, the man in the street, especially in the future, might fit the figure to its clothes, and take him as contemporary with that fashion. Stage costume is for the theatre, not the street.

The unexpected death of Mr. Frederic George Stephens leaves Mr. Holman Hunt and Mr. William Rossetti the only two surviving members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood that was founded to regenerate the art of England, and did in effect exercise a powerful influence on painting, and on the view generally taken of art, from the middle of the last century and onwards. He was not himself a successful painter. In that capacity he appeared only twice on the walls of the Royal Academy —in 1852 and in 1854, with the portraits of his mother and his father respectively—and amusing stories were told by himself and his friends of the misplaced ingenuity and conscientiousness with which he sometimes went about his pictures: as, for example, when he was preparing to paint a snow scene, and to that end covered the floor of his studio thick with white pillow-feathers. Then, like Mr. William Rossetti, he fought for the Brotherhood with his pen instead of his brush, and for some forty years acted as art critic to the *Athenæum*. As he expressed himself trenchantly he made enemies not a few, the hostility being not so much towards himself as towards his views; but, if I may speak of my own experience, I always found him of the kindliest disposition, speaking ill of no one, not even of those who most bitterly disagreed with him, and always ready to place his amazing fund of information, and his not less wonderful memory, at the disposal of any who approached him. Of the unhappy difference between him and Mr. Holman Hunt, as publicly revealed in the autobiography of the latter (and Mr. Stephens's reply), it is not for me to speak; but of the suggestion in that volume that Mr. Stephens inspired a criticism expressed by a certain art critic, I ought to say that it was a complete mistake. Mr. Stephens wrote several volumes on English art, and his knowledge of the whole field of art was considerable; his "Flemish and French Pictures," though written a quarter of a century ago, is still sought after.

Show Sunday and Saturday lose much of their significance this year by falling in Easter week, and many artists will consequently keep their studios closed. There will be the greater curiosity as to the opening of the Academy itself. It is likely that pictures of subject-interest will be fewer than ever in view of the lack of encouragement given by buyers of the present day. Yet a few remarkable achievements are reported, notably by young men—that, for example, by Mr. F. Cadogan Cowper.



REMBRANDT'S ETCHING, "THE THREE TREES," AN IMPRESSION OF WHICH WAS SOLD AT THE WILFRID LAWSON SALE FOR THE RECORD PRICE OF £620

Rembrandt's magnificent etching, "The Three Trees," has again aroused the enthusiasm of collectors in the auction-room in the very fine impression sold the other day from the Wilfrid Lawson collection at Sotheby's. It was knocked down to Messrs. Obach at £620, a record price for this particular etching. Other impressions have been sold for £340, £355 and £385, but the Wilfrid Lawson impression was considered superior to these in beauty of printing. Immense prices have in recent years been given for Rembrandt etchings. In the Holford sale of 1893 the "Rembrandt Leaning on a Sabre" went for £2,000, and the "Ephraim Bonus" (first state, with the black ring) for £1,950.



"EVENING IN THE VILLAGE"

FROM THE PICTURE BY STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A. EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY



"EVENING IN THE VILLAGE"

FROM THE PICTURE BY STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A. EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

DE RUYTER'S TERCENTENARY

The Nelson of the Netherlands

By EDWARD FRASER

TO-DAY, March 23, Holland is observing her equivalent to our own Nelson centenary of eighteen months ago by celebrating with universal national festivities the tercentenary of the birth of the ablest and greatest of her many great Admirals, Michel Adrianszoon de Ruyter. He was the finest sea-officer that ever led a Dutch fleet to battle, which is saying a great deal; but De Ruyter also was really more than that. He was indisputably the finest seaman and most skilful and daring and accomplished admiral in any navy of his age and century—a man who stands in the very front rank among the great captains of the world's history. This is only the plain truth—even though within that century men such as Blake and Cloudesley Shovel and Rooke and hard-fighting old Benbow commanded British fleets in battle, and De Ruyter's own mighty countryman lived—"*Hostium Terror, Oceani Stupor*"—old Martin Tromp, or, as we wrongly call him, "Van" Tromp, under whose leadership De Ruyter learned the art of war. To-day is the three hundredth anniversary of De Ruyter's birth, and to mark the occasion a statue of the hero is to be unveiled by Prince Henry, at Flushing the Admiral's birthplace, the day being further observed all over Holland by national festivities.

We Englishmen can heartily sympathise with the celebration. If De Ruyter was our enemy, and "faced us" in battle in twelve fierce fights, he was ever a fearless and noble-hearted foe—as we have always found the Dutch Navy in time of war at all periods. More than once in our battles with De Ruyter he had the best of the day, and on three occasions at least the honours of a drawn fight rested with the enemy's Admiral. He fought in five battles against Blake and Monk, as second in command to his master and tutor, Tromp; in two as Commander-in-Chief against the Duke of York (afterwards King James II.); two against Monk (Duke of Albemarle), and Prince Rupert, in one of which, after four days' of close action, the English had much the worst of it; and in three drawn battles against Prince Rupert. It was De Ruyter also who planned and carried out that daring raid up the Medway, which burned six British men-of-war in sight of Chatham Dockyard, and carried off, among other ships, the historic Royal Charles, part of the stern carvings of which are kept as trophies at Amsterdam to this day. So we too may claim an interest in De Ruyter.

In Holland, as with Nelson among ourselves, the details of the story of De Ruyter's noble life, his burning patriotism, his devoted personal intrepidity, his humble-mindedness and simplicity, his personal attachment to his men, who revered the sturdy veteran as "the Father of the Fleet"—all this is taught to every school-child in Holland, as it has been ever since that day of 1676, when, like Nelson, De Ruyter fell in battle, mortally wounded on his quarter-deck, fighting a French fleet. His body, too, was brought home, and lies in the St. Paul's of Holland, under a splendid marble monument that is the great sight of the Nieuew Kerk of Amsterdam. Well may Holland to-day take pride in having possessed one of the noblest-hearted men and finest characters that have ever graced any nation.



BORN 1607 — ADMIRAL DE RUYTER — DIED 1676

FROM THE PICTURE BY FERDINAND BOL

CLUB COMMENTS

By "MARMADUKE"

Too many interests spoil the brain. The modern civilised man and woman are beset with interests throughout the day; they have not only their own concerns to attend to, but to be more or less acquainted with a multitude of circumstances which are occurring in a variety of places. The internal struggle that disturbs Russia, the financial crisis in the United States, the Thaw trial in New York, the attitude of the German Government towards Great Britain, the Channel Tunnel, the condition of South Africa, the Suffragist movement, the matter of municipal management, the rival pretentions of Parties in this country, the perplexing arguments for and against Free Trade, the latest play and novel, the murder of the moment—those, and a hundred others, have to be dealt with, in however superficial a manner, even by the ordinary man and woman of to-day. Moreover, the instant that one item drops out of general interest, another replaces it! The brain of a Prime Minister a hundred years ago could scarcely have had so much to occupy it, yet we all have to have some knowledge of these current matters, besides being better acquainted with those which more closely concern us!

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We have better brains than had our predecessors, but the standard of measurement remains unchanged, though the conditions are almost altogether altered. Those who came before us awarded their admiration to the men and women who passed the necessary examinations at the schools or colleges; who were good classical scholars, mathematicians, or distinguished for their literary or artistic abilities; who were celebrated as wits or conversationalists, or excelled greatly in some particular branch of human effort. We apply this standard of measurement still, though the brain power of the day has been mostly diverted in a multitude of other directions! It is true that the man who amasses a large fortune—even by unscrupulous methods—is generally regarded with admiration and described as "clever;" that the one who raises himself considerably above the condition he occupied at his start acquires some local reputation; and that the display of much brilliancy attracts the attention of a few—but the community at large still awards its praise to those who have qualified themselves according to the old process. The contention of the writer amounts to this, that were half of the able-minded generation of a century ago replaced in Great Britain to-day, and confronted with an equal number of the able-minded of our time, most of the latter would soon be uppermost—though not, probably, in literature, the arts, wit, or sparkling conversation.

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Moreover, reputations in certain directions have to be made now altogether differently. The few formerly decided, and their decisions were adopted by the many; now the many make the reputations. Were Addison to write his papers for the *Spectator* to day, the few might admire them, but, very possibly, those essays would not reach the many, and his name would, therefore, not attain great prominence. Jones, Brown, or Smith, who writes more in accordance with the tastes of the multitude, would acquire a name which was known to the million, would be paid enormous sums for his contributions, would become rich, would obtain considerable influence, and would in the course of time, modify his style and produce much more substantial matter than he did at first. He would most certainly have considerable merit, for the multitude in these days is not won by mere superficial qualities.

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Place Addison in London to-day. Let him be harassed by the noise of the traffic, have several newspapers to read the first thing every morning, have twenty or thirty letters to answer, have investments and speculative accounts to attend to, have the hurricane of the traffic to bewilder him when he gets into the street, have the noise, smells, draughts and dust to disturb him, have ten or fifteen engagements to keep, have to be brilliant as a wit and a conversationalist, and have to think out his papers for the *Spectator*, and write them—besides having to pronounce opinions on all the great and small circumstances of the time, and occupy himself with his political career; that celebrated man would find the conditions so altered that his brain would be considerably dazed. Yet there are hundreds of thousands of men who are doing magnificent work to-day in every direction of human effort with all those disadvantages to contend against; nevertheless, because the old standard of excellence is not complied with, they tell us the modern brain is degenerating!

The Hon. Alban G. H. Gibbs will preside at the Annual Festival of the Earlswood Asylum (the National Training Home for the Feeble-minded), on Thursday, May 9th, at the Hotel Cecil. A special effort will be made at this Festival to raise funds to continue the rebuilding operations.



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Full directions are contained on every tin; briefly, Benger's is first made into a smooth paste with cold, fresh milk; to this boiling milk, or milk and water, is added, and the whole set aside to cool. At this stage Benger's Food digests as it cools. The longer it stands the further the process of digestion is carried and vice versa. Its preparation is completed by bringing to the boil, and when sufficiently cool it is ready for use.

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The Bystander

"*Stand by.*"—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

It has been well said that there is a great deal too much fictitious Dickensian topography in the present day, and as the real land of Dickens gradually disappears, it is to be feared this is likely to increase. All kinds of houses and localities are assigned to the author of "Pickwick," and innumerable descriptions and photographs of the same circulated, and these buildings and places, it will be found, were often never seen by Dickens and never pictured in any of his novels. Recently we have heard that the house formerly occupied by the Messrs. Grant at Manchester was about to be demolished for the widening of the street, and many people were anxious to obtain relics in the way of wood-carvings, portions of Tim Linkinwater's desk, the panelling of Brother Ned's room, and the like. Now, though it is possible the Messrs. Grant may have been the originals of the delightful Cheeryble Brothers, we are distinctly told in "Nicholas Nickleby" that their house of business was in London, and we have the same authority for stating that for forty-four years Tim Linkinwater was always on the spot.



THE WALL-PAINTING DISCOVERED IN AN OLD HOUSE AT RYE

If you sail by the Dickens chart you cannot go very far wrong, and if you read his novels accurately you can generally identify his localities pretty closely. The office of Cheeryble Brothers was undoubtedly in Jeffrey's Square, St. Mary Axe, as I stated in this column at the time of its demolition some years ago. Everything points to this—the way Nicholas first reached it, accompanied by Brother Charles, and a thousand other indications. "The City Square has no enclosure," we read in the story, "save the lamp-post in the middle; and has no grass but the weeds which spring up around its base." This exactly describes the quaint little quadrangle surrounded by houses that dated from the latter end of the reign of King George the First. Tim Linkinwater's allusion to "the pump under the archway," "the old hidden, unknown church hard by"—which was probably St. Andrew Undershaft not far distant—and countless other minute touches picture this spot as being the home and warehouse of the Cheerybles. "It is a quiet, little-frequented, retired spot," we are told in the novel, "favourable to melancholy and contemplation and appointments of long-waiting, and up and down its every side the appointed saunters idly by the hour together, wakening the echoes with the monotonous sound of his footsteps on the smooth worn stones and counting, first the windows, and then the very bricks of the tall silent houses that hem him round about." This exactly reproduces Jeffrey's Square as I first knew it. This portion of the City was a favourite one with Dickens. Witness the abode of Sampson Brass in Bevis Marks and the office of Pubsey and Co., where Riah and Fascination Fledgeby carried on business in St. Mary Axe.



TO BE DEMOLISHED: THE HOME OF THE GRANT BROTHERS, MANCHESTER, SAID TO BE THE ORIGINALS OF DICKENS'S CHEERYBLE BROTHERS
Photo by A. Haynes, Manchester.

It is very satisfactory to find my views with regard to the prices of theatre admissions have received confirmation from a very important quarter. For years past I have urged in this column that the ten-and-sixpenny stall is an absurdity, and, as a general rule, entirely out of proportion to the value you get for your money. Therefore it is a great delight for me to hear Mr. Beerbohm Tree's view on the subject. Recently he said at the dinner of the Stage Society: "Among the things which had to be considered for the good of the English theatre were the prices charged. To-day they were too high. They had to compete nowadays with the music-halls, and he thought they were too proud in clinging to their ten-shilling-and-sixpenny stalls. The great thing was to make the drama popular, and to be popular it had to be, in the best sense, cheap." It is sincerely to be trusted these words of wisdom may have an immediate effect. It is the universality of the half-guinea stall that we have to complain of. I have, now and again, witnessed theatrical performances that have been worth double the money expended on my stall. On the other hand, I have frequently been present at stage plays where a couple of guineas would not have repaid me for a wasted evening. Why cannot theatres be conducted on sound commercial principles, and if a piece is not of the first quality, or unsuccessful, why not reduce the price of admission?

There is a phase of mocar custom that should certainly have the attention of the police. It is when one of these machines is occupied by but one person—he may be master or servant—and he pulls up at a shop, makes everything secure, goes in to make a purchase and is probably absent a considerable time. Anyone arriving afterwards in cab, carriage, or motor cannot get anywhere near the shop-door. Now you can't expect the police to set to work and push a heavy mocar out of the way. If it were a horse-drawn vehicle it would be ordered to move on. As a matter of fact, no mocar should be left in the street at any time without a driver

Crossing over Westminster Bridge the other day and watching the procession of tramcars and irrepressible mobuses that were passing, I said: "This bridge will never bear the tremendous strain that has recently been put upon it. Some day there will be a terrible accident, and a lot of the tramcars will find themselves in the river!" My remarks were received with roars of laughter. I was told I was a croaker and an alarmist, and I believe it was even hinted that I might be a silly fool. However, the catastrophe that I foretold has not yet taken place, though we seem to be within measurable distance of it. When we hear of the portentous fissures in the structure that are said to be daily widening, it is high time that the traffic should be lightened. The bridge was never built to bear the extraordinary pressure it has recently experienced, and it is not at all impossible that many of our roadways will also suffer seriously from the heavy traffic they were never constructed to endure.

THE RYE WALL-PAINTING

The scriptural motive of the fourteenth century wall painting, discovered in a very interesting old house at Rye, lends colour to the opinion that the house was once one of the several religious houses of the ancient town, and that when it descended to baser uses as the "Flushing Inn" the painting was purposely hidden by oak panellings, behind which it was found. The wall-painting is sixteen feet long and six feet high, with a frieze fifteen inches in depth. Just under the frieze are three panels, the first containing in five lines of Early English black lettering the opening words of the "Magnificat," the central panel the second part, and the third the words "Glory be." The rest is obliterated. These panels are supported by cherubs. The fresco is richly coloured, the motive being chiefly conventional scrolls and allegorical animals, but there are three oblique scrolls cutting through the groundwork, and on each is boldly inscribed "Soli deo Honor." The room is ceiled with moulded oak beams, unfortunately painted white and gold. Photo by Essenhigh, Corke and Co., Sevenoaks.



The house where Keats died, in the arms of his friend Severn, is that on the right, with the white tablet on the side wall. It faces the Piazza di Spagna.

THE KEATS-SHELLEY MEMORIAL: KEATS'S HOUSE IN ROME, WHICH IT IS PROPOSED TO PURCHASE AND STORE WITH RELICS OF THE TWO POETS

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MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING.

"PLACE AUX DAMES"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

CHARACTERISTIC indeed have been the wanderings of the sister queens, Alexandra and the Dowager Empress of Russia. One can recognise in their doings, when left completely to themselves, the simplicity and refinement of their early education. Their first expedition was to the London Hospital, a spot much patronised by Queen Alexandra, who is always at her best with the sick and the suffering; the next day they devoted to the National Gallery and the art treasures of the Wallace collection; the following to the historic House of Hatfield, where they motored down to luncheon. How very unlike the ordinary proceedings of society people, and what delightful memories these few days of pleasant sight-seeing, untrammelled by Court etiquette, and combined with the freedom of ordinary mortals, must have left in the mind of the much-tormented Dowager Empress. Yet we, who are free, who are independent, who have leisure, rarely do these things. Most ladies take their drives hidebound between Oxford Street and Piccadilly, rarely allowing themselves a glimpse of beautiful things and old-world haunts. Mr. Lucas, in his delightful gossipy book about London, and Mr. Hare, in his walks, could tell us a very different tale. Who knows the Tower, Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's thoroughly, and could take an American friend over them, acting as cicerone? Verily few of us who are proud to call ourselves Londoners.

It seems that the difficulty of matrimony now makes itself felt in other classes besides those of the young lady *débutante*. Hitherto one had rather admired the servant class for their facility in picking up a young man and getting him to walk out with them as the preliminary to marriage. A large choice seemed the speciality of the servant girl, who required no good looks, but only the ordinary qualification of womanhood to ensure her a husband. Now, however, it seems that servants as well as mistresses complain of the backwardness of their young men, and the housemaid of one of my friends recently gave her notice, frankly alleging as the reason that there was no chance of marriage in England, and she was about to try her luck in Canada. Perhaps this excellent resolution on the part of young working women, who are still unsophisticated enough to consider marriage the true happiness and aim of their lives and the ideal existence, may remove the reproach of the superfluous woman, and to some extent right the inequality of sex and the injustice of competition.

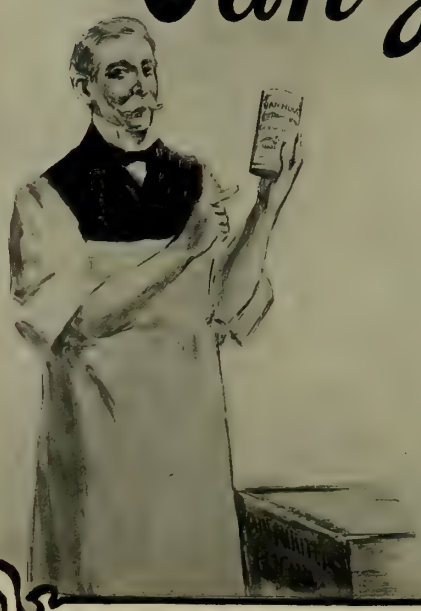
Ladies' clubs in America seem to have reached a height of luxury to which we cannot attain here. I read that in one of the most luxurious women may live for £1 a day and enjoy all kinds of privileges, libraries, gymnasiums, swimming-baths, restaurants, together with the best of the society of the four hundred New York favoured ones. It sounds ideal. How long will the members live together in amity? How long will the gregariousness and comradeship exist? Men's clubs only prosper because the members do not speak to each other, unless already acquainted; whereas the principle of the women's clubs is to talk to anybody and everybody. One can imagine that this might lead to all sorts of unpleasant complications, and that some quiet peace-lover might fly to her own home as a refuge from the incessant talk and fussiness of the club, thus again emphasising the radical difference between men's and women's clubs, men using their club for rest, and women going to it for conversation and a good time.

The Queen of Spain's love of open windows (called in her new country a passion) seems to be causing as great a flutter among Spanish ladies as the late Queen Victoria's desire for fresh air did amongst her courtiers. The fact is that only in England do we sit in draughts and say we like it, and beside open windows and refuse to catch cold. All foreigners are terribly afraid of air, especially of night air, which is supposed to contain some specially noxious qualities, and yet the peasants live an open-air life, wear no hats, and the *bourgeois*, both in France and Germany, dine and sit out of doors in summer far more than is our practice. Eating and working in the open are pleasures one never enjoys in England, though I fancy the relics of old tea-gardens, with their popular bowling-greens, shows it to have been the fashion in old bygone days. To some people writing out of doors is full of charm, so is the little informal picnic, or the tea-basket taken into the woods, so favoured of Queen Victoria, whose German parentage, perhaps, suggested the taste for these simple amusements. Cottagers in the country gossip at their doors, and men may still be seen drinking beer on a bench outside a rural ale-house; but meals out of doors are essentially un-English, and no one would dream of exchanging the dark, stuffy dining-room, with its sombre mahogany furniture, for an *al fresco* entertainment under a weeping willow or a shady beech-tree in the garden. To begin with, the parlourmaid would object. She had never been used to such doings in her other places, she would say, and the master of the house might not approve, even if his sentimental wife preferred it. A few people have begun to build loggias, where one can dine in all weathers, or shady verandahs, or a roof terrace, but these are still rare and wonderful sights.

BATTISTINI ON THE GRAMOPHONE.—It is a significant fact that in these days, when a party of musical critics are invited to listen to the gramophone reproducing the voice of some great singer, it is not the gramophone that is discussed or criticised, but the wonderful range, melodious expressions and emotional vigour of the voice emanating from the instrument. The mechanical means of reproducing the voice is forgotten, so perfect an instrument has the gramophone now become. By means of the gramophone Mattia Battistini, the great baritone, entertained a party of friends invited to a luncheon by Mr. S. W. Dixon, the manager of the Gramophone and Typewriter, Ltd., to inaugurate a new issue of records made by this singer. Each of the thirteen records showed this baritone in one or another of his wonderful renderings from grand opera.

The special committee of the Corporation of the City of London, which is making the arrangements for the reception at the Guildhall next month of the Premiers attending the Colonial Conference, have entrusted to the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, the order to make seven gold caskets to contain the Freedom of the City, which is to be conferred on the Premiers at the reception.

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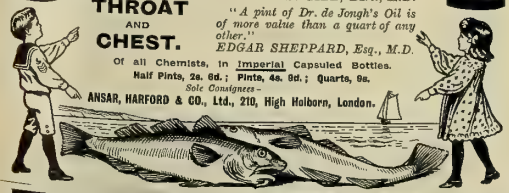
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From the sixteenth to the twelfth centuries B.C. the mortal remains of the successive sovereigns of Ancient Egypt were laid to rest in the famous "Valley of the Tombs of the Kings," the *Bibân el-Mulûk* ("Gates of the Kings") at Thebes. Here, in tombs deeply cut in the limestone rock, the royal bodies were laid, "no man knowing, no man seeing," in their "August Habitations of the West," in the "Place of Eternity," as the Egyptians fitly named this necropolis of their kings. Either here or in the hiding-places to which they were afterwards removed in order to save them from the depredations of tomb-robbers, most of the actual bodies of the greatest monarchs of Egypt and of members of their families have been found in modern times. Of late years the systematic search for these most interesting relics has been energetically prosecuted by Mr. Theodore M. Davis, who has devoted much money and time to the work, with splendid results. Two years ago he discovered the tomb of Yuaa and Tuaa, the father and mother of Queen Tii, wife of King Amenhotep III., of the XVIIIth Dynasty, and mother of the famous heretical King Akhenaten, the Disk-worshipper. The tomb of Yuaa and Tuaa contained, besides the actual mummies of these progenitors of famous kings, an incredible treasure of funerary furniture, richly carved and overlaid with gold. Last year Mr. Davis, with Mr. Edward R. Ayrton as his assistant, discovered the tomb of King Siptah, of the XIXth Dynasty (see a drawing by Mr. Sydney P. Hall in THE GRAPHIC of February 17, 1906). This year Mr. Davis and Mr. Ayrton have made a more sensational find. They have discovered the tomb of the famous Queen Tii herself. The tomb itself is unimportant, in no way comparing with the sepulchres of other monarchs near by, so that it may well be that it was not originally intended to be the resting-place of so great a queen. But within it the explorers found the remains of the funeral state of Tii, and her body, lying covered with a golden diadem in the form of a vulture, whose wings encircled and clasped the brow of its mistress. She lay wrapped about with sheets of burnished gold, within a coffin, slightly moulded to the form of her body, and encrusted with carnelian and coloured glass set in gold. This coffin was originally placed within a wooden shrine or *naos*, of which the remains were found. Its sides were covered with stucco overlaid with gold leaf. The stucco was modelled in relief, with representations of the queen making offerings to the *Aten*, the sun-disk which she and her son worshipped. These reliefs are of extraordinary beauty and delicacy. Of the other objects found in the tomb the most beautiful are the "canopic jars" to hold the entrails of the deceased, the lids of which are fashioned in the form of portrait heads of the deceased queen, which show us her features more perfectly than any other known representation of her. Unhappily the mummy itself tells us nothing: only the grinning skull and a heap of bones are left. All the contents of the tomb were found in a state of the utmost confusion. The burial-place had been roughly disturbed by the orthodox priests of Amen, who, on the overthrow of the Aten heresy, invaded the resting-place of the queen in order to hammer out from her funeral furniture the name of her heretical son. And, at some time unknown, water entered the tomb, rendering most of the woodwork rotten and reducing it to the condition of touchwood. Much of it, as well as the skull and bones of the queen, has only been saved by being coated with boiling paraffin wax, which soaks into the soft material and hardens it. Eventually the contents of the tomb will be exhibited in the Museum of Cairo, of which the beautiful canopic portraits of the queen will be among the most valued treasures.

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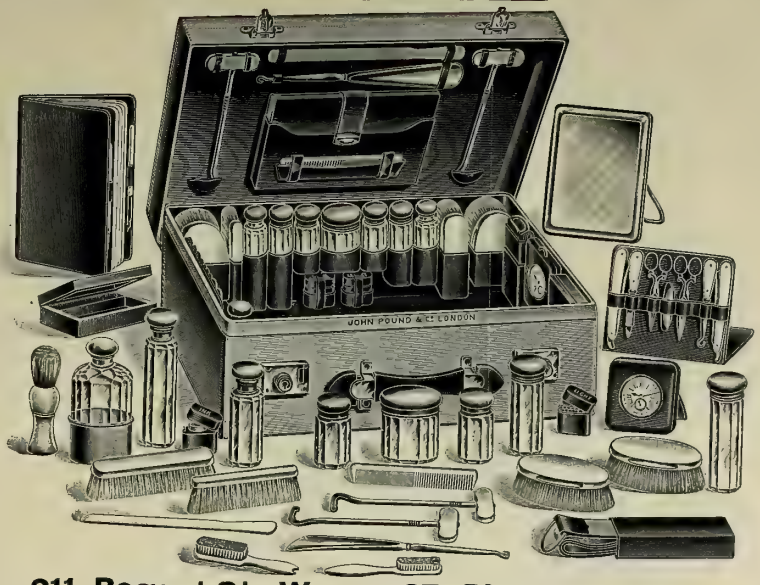
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Some New Novels

"WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN"

Were it not rash, on high classical authority, to foretell the fortune of any book, we should have no hesitation in predicting that the anonymous "What Might Have Been: The Story of a Social War" (John Murray) is assured of success in commanding public attention and compelling discussion. After an introductory chapter of scornful satire at the expense of various prevalent absurdities, the contents resolve themselves into the history of a revolt of the over-taxed and down-trodden upper and middle classes against the tyranny of Socialism in power. The form of prophetic fiction is ingeniously avoided by supposing the state of affairs to be already in process. We may therefore throw ourselves into the action, instead of leaving its lessons and their morals to a more or less remote and proportionately unrealisable posterity. The morals and lessons in question we prefer to submit, as matters of acute and far-reaching controversy, to such discussion as we have already anticipated for them. The volume, however, is of rare literary distinction; and is, moreover, as exciting in its descriptions, incidents, and admirably dramatised portraiture—the last not purely of an imaginary order—as a sensational novel ought to be. The great nocturnal ride, ending in the police-inspector becoming his prisoner's prisoner, is the first effective entrance of the motor-car into the region of romantic adventure: and the impressive picture of London deprived of food and fuel during a long frost neither can nor ought to be forgotten.

"MAYNARD'S WIVES"

Sir James Maynard's "wives," to adopt the not always accurately legal status ascribed to these ladies by the title of Mr. Herbert Flowerdew's story (Eveleigh Nash), were three. The first (deceased) the Baronet believed to have been his lawful wife; but she had known better. The second (living, and the deceased sister of the first) he believed not to be his lawful wife; but she was, and knew it. His third (also living) shared his belief in her lawful wifehood; but both were mistaken. The ability of the novel, which is considerable, is shown in the portraiture of a weakly selfish man, a victim to every impulse of the moment, yet afflicted with a craving for propriety that stands to him in the place of a conscience. Allowing for the unusual nature of all the circumstances—and what matrimonial complications can, without rashness, be called unlikely?—all that happens is very much what would have happened under them to such a man.

"THE BACHELORS"

The tenancy of a "bachelor flat" by a bachelor girl, to the dismay of her celibate neighbours, gives Mr. Charles Eddy the starting point of a brightly written and amusing story (Cassel and Company). Of course the start implies one only possible end. The intervening scenes and situations provide excellent light comedy, which would, we think, prove easily and effectively adaptable to the stage.



This monument to Bernardin de St. Pierre, the author of "Paul et Virginie," is to be placed in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, in July. It is the work of Louis Holweck, the well-known Parisian sculptor, and the figures—St. Pierre above and the group of Paul and Virginia below—are of bronze, while the other parts are of stone. The donor is M. Potron, of Paris. The placing of the monument in the Jardin des Plantes reminds us that Bernardin de St. Pierre was superintendent there.

IN MEMORY OF THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL ET VIRGINIE": THE MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED IN PARIS

"THE SOCIAL SECRETARY"

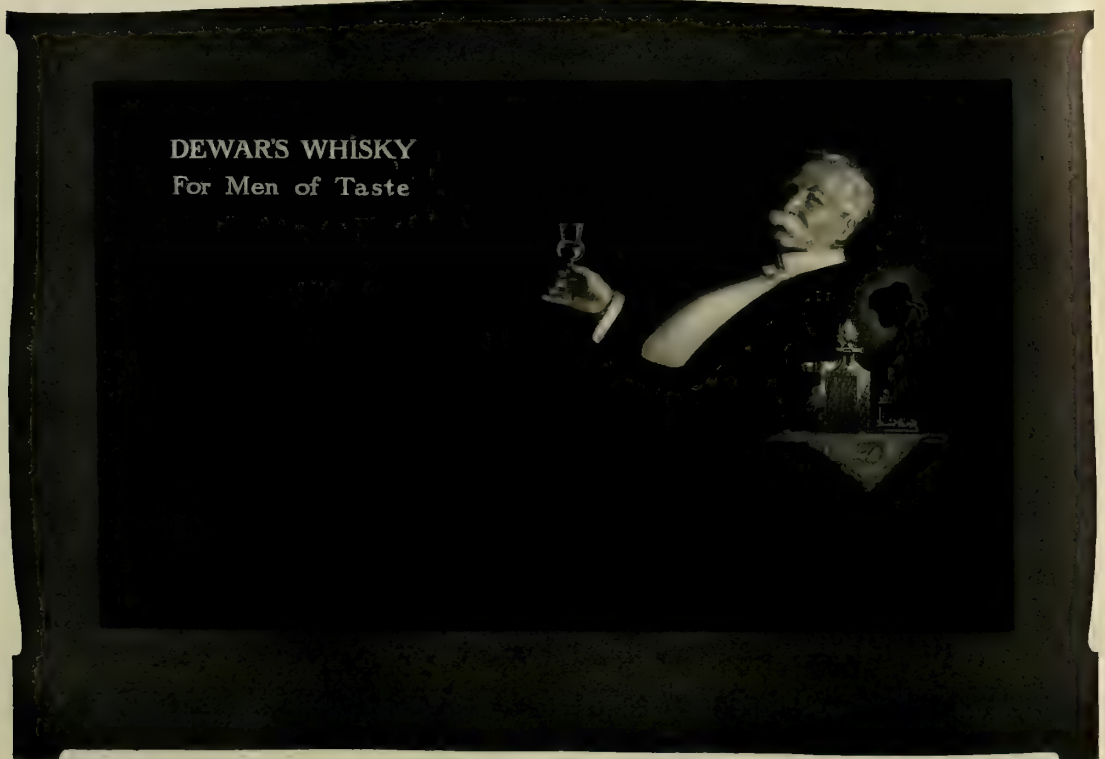
The social difficulties of the self-made millionaire have always been a popular text for good-humoured satire. Those of Senator and Mrs. Burke occurred at Washington, U.S.A., and were overcome for them by the clever young lady whose position gives its title to David Graham Phillips's amusing little story (illustrated by Clarence F. Underwood: Gay and Bird). Readers will be left with a keen impression that penal servitude would be a welcome change from the hard labour of a Washington season. Mr. Henry James has just been awarding to that capital, as "the City of Conversation," the blue ribbon of American Society. Mr. Phillips's picture tends to demonstrate that, if hard work be the secret of success and the measure of merit, the honour in question is unapproachably deserved.

"DIANA"

A very spirited story is "Diana," by L. G. Moberley (Ward, Lock and Co.). We gather from the title-page that among its author's previous works is one called "That Preposterous Will." The plot of "Diana" hangs upon two wills of which "preposterous" would be a very mild description indeed—but then "The Man who makes his own Will" is a toast more appropriate to a banquet of novelists than even of lawyers. There is, however, so much in the behaviour of the characters generally that is unaccountable, except on the score of lunacy, that a will more or less hardly matters. The main thing is that Diana, who tells her story in the first person, is herself, though naturally ignorant of such a world as she lives in, wholly sensible and sane, and keeps the reader's sympathetic curiosity, throughout her constant succession of trials and persecutions, well alive. The end—her happy marriage, and to whom—is soon foreseen; but certainly not the adventures of the road.

"THE END OF A PASSION"

The many admirers of Mrs. Alice M. Diehl's novels will be pleased with the latest addition to them (John Long). Her romantic, highly idealised views of the drama of life and its actors are, if seldom convincing by actuality, none the less interesting by their presentment. They resemble the effect of a landscape looked at through tinted glass; the atmosphere is always consistent with itself, because of the strongly personal medium by which it is coloured. "The End of a Passion"—mainly the study of an intensely proud and keenly sensitive nature exposed to every sort of sting—is a good illustration of Mrs. Diehl's characteristic style.



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Musical Notes

Up to the present, no announcements have been made concerning the casts which will appear in the two cycles of the *Ring* and *Die Meistersinger* that are to begin at Covent Garden on April 30. A list of the chief singers engaged for the season has, however, just been issued, and the curious in such matters may, if they will, amuse themselves by casting Wagner's operas on their own account. If I may venture to indulge in a little prophecy, I should guess that Frau Gulbranson will play Brünnhilde, Frau Knüpfer-Egli, Sieglinde, Mme. Kirkby Lunn, Waltraute and Erda, Herr Burrian, Siegmund, Herr Kraus, Siegfried, Herr Nietan, Mime, Herr Jörn, Loge, Herr Zador, Alberich, and Herr van Rooy, Wotan, in some, at any rate, of the *Ring* performances. In *Die Meistersinger* we are likely to see Herr Geis as Beckmesser, Herr Kraus as Walther, and Herr Van Rooy as Hans Sachs, but it is impossible to hazard an opinion as to who will play Eva.

There are, however, so many new singers in the list, concerning whose abilities we know little or nothing, that—though the artists mentioned above will probably appear at least once in the parts I have allotted to them—it is very likely that changes will be made in the second cycle. Fräulein Fiebiger, of Halle, Frau Fleischer-Edel, of Hamburg, Fräulein Hempel, of Schwerin, among the sopranos; Herr Bechstein, of Bayreuth, among the tenors; and Herr Giswold, of Berlin, and Herr Stockhausen, among the basses and baritones, are all strangers to London, and we have no means of knowing at present what their powers may be.

The singers in the French and Italian operas will include most of our old friends. The list is headed, of course, with Mme. Melba and Signor Caruso, without whom no grand season would be complete, and they will be supported by such artists as Mlle. Destinn, Mme. Giachetti, Mme. De Cisneros, Signor Carpi, M. Gilibert, M. Journet, Signor Sammarco, Signor Scandiani, and Signor Scotti. England is to be represented by Miss Gleeson-White, Mme. Agnes Nicholls, Mme. Kirkby Lunn, Miss Gertrude Lonsdale, Miss Maud Santley, Miss Edna Thornton and Mr. Frank Arthur—a fair array of native talent—while we are to hear a new tenor in the person of Signor Venturini, of New York, which city will also send us a new baritone in Signor Mugnoz. This list, it should be added, will probably be extended later, but, so far as it goes, it is eminently satisfactory.

Neither *Lohengrin* nor *Roméo et Juliette* are to be played this year, nor, I regret to see, are we to hear any of Mozart's operas, with the exception of *Don Giovanni*. Apart from this, however, the list will include most of the old familiar friends, together with a fair sprinkling of novelties and revivals. Among the latter are *Fédora*, *La Gioconda*, *Hänsel und Gretel*, *Iris*, *Lorelei* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, while this list, too, may very possibly be increased presently. Dr. Richter is, of course, to conduct the German operas, and Signor Campanini those of the Italians, while Mr. Percy Pitt, who acquitted himself with such distinction both at the Grand and the Italian seasons of last year, and has lately been elevated to the important post of Musical Director at Covent Garden, will also officiate at the conductor's desk.

So successful has been the London Symphony Orchestra's series of concerts that the authorities have decided to extend it very considerably and to give no fewer than six additional concerts at the Queen's Hall during April and May. Probably the most interesting of these will be what is described as the "Special Concert" of April 16, which will be directed by Herr Arthur Nikisch. The Sheffield Choir of 250 voices will visit London especially for this concert, and will sing a Bach Motet, Beethoven's Choral Symphony, and a Coronation Mass by the Canadian composer, Dr. Charles Harris. Of the other concerts, Herr Nikisch will also conduct those of April 13 and 27, M. Wassili Safonoff (the famous "bâtonless" conductor) will direct those of May 6 and 13, while Señor Arbos has been engaged for that of May 23.

J. D. H.



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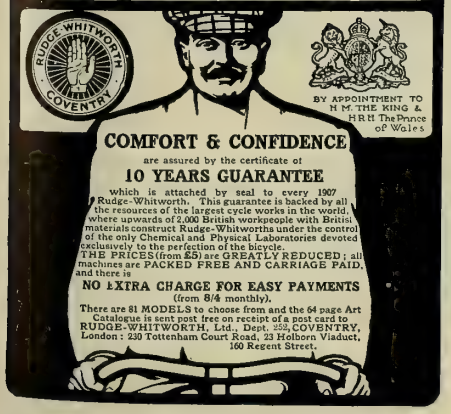
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"THREE VAGABONDS IN FRIESLAND"

Strange but true are the very first lines of Mr. H. F. Tomalin's interesting and amusing account of a summer holiday spent with a yacht and a camera on the waters of Friesland. 'The little country of Friesland is tucked away in the North of Holland," he says; "it seems to be little known among Englishmen. Even scholars, fearful of committing themselves, are silent when the name is mentioned." And yet Friesland was one of the original centres from which our own island was colonised in the fifth and sixth and later centuries. Jutes, Angles, Saxons, Frisians—the very primers of history give these names as the names of the tribes who sailed out into the West and absorbed the great island which had been left to its fate by the legions of Rome when they had to defend the tottering empire nearer home. Mr. Tomalin has even been asked if Friesland is "somewhere in Norway." It is the old story of the neglect of our own history. Probably Mr. Tomalin's questioner would have had no hesitation as to the whereabouts of Macedonia or Marathon. The three "vagabonds" who formed the crew of the Dutch-built "Marie" upon this pleasant occasion were an architect, a scribe, and a printer; they were well suited to each other, thoroughly enjoyed themselves, saw everything, and did everything in a sympathetic manner, and had in their scribe, Mr. Tomalin himself, one who was well able to write down their experiences simply and pleasantly. "The world," he says, "ceases from worrying and time-tables are at rest when the yacht is tied to a Friesland bank in the quiet evenings, or sails over the shining waters in the sunny days, and the happy hunting grounds of the vagabond include the quiet heatheries, the bloomy skies, the soft green meadows and the shimmery meers of Friesland. The memories of them will abide with us." The book (published by Simpkin, Marshall and Co.), is illustrated with many excellent photographs, and an occasional drawing by Mr. Arthur Marshall, the "Architect" of the trio.

THE VESUVIAN SHORE

In "The Naples Riviera" Mr. Herbert Vaughan has added an attractive volume to the literature of the most famous and most beautiful of all earthly shores—that which extends from the heights of Cumae on the north to Salerno on the south. Off this matchless stretch of coast lie the exquisite islands of Capri and Ischia, set in the sapphire sea, and the long sweeping upward curve of the great volcano dominates the whole fairy-like scene—"classic shore and classic isles," says Mr. Vaughan, "where the beauties of nature contend for pre-eminence with the glorious traditions of the past that centre round them. What spot on earth can surpass or even be compared with Amalfi in the perfect lustre of its setting? What loftier or bolder cliffs than those of Capri can the wild bleak headlands of the North Sea exhibit? The fertile lands of France cannot vie with the richness of the Sorrentine Plain, nor can any mountain on the face of the globe rival in human interest the peak of Vesuvius. Pompeii is unique as the most precious storehouse of ancient knowledge the world possesses, while the Bay of Baiæ recalls the days of Roman power and luxury more vividly to our minds than any place save the Eternal City itself." And the men and women that have peopled these shores: Tiberius, St. Paul, Hildebrand, Robert Guiscard, Vittoria Colonna, Murat, Garibaldi, among a host of others whose names are familiar as household words, and who have made history for two thousand years and more beneath the slopes of the burning mountain. The chapter on Vesuvius is one of the most interesting in Mr. Vaughan's book. He gives us ts history from the time of the Servile War (200 years before the great eruption of A.D. 79, which overwhelmed Pompeii an l Herculaneum), when Spartacus, the gladiator, took refuge in the crater of what was then to all appearances a long extinct volcano, down to the outburst of last year, with its devastating stream of molten lava which blotted out the village of Bosco Trecase. The book is illustrated with twenty-five beautiful views by Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, printed in colour, a series which adds vastly to the charm of Mr. Vaughan's delightful "medley of history and imagination, of biography and private comment." The book is published by Messrs. Methuen.



The latest novelty at the Hippodrome is a Tyrolean giantess, named Marie Fassnauer, who is eight feet high and weighs 343 pounds. She is twenty-seven years old, lives chiefly on cereals, abhors beer and is a regular church-goer. In a circular to the Press the Hippodrome management states that Marie is still marriageable, but admits, pathetically, that she has nothing of the "eternal feminine" about her.

"BRED ON CEREALS": THE NEW GIANTESS AT THE HIPPODROME

NOTES

The picturesque career of St. Patrick finds a new chronicler in Katharine Tynan, who has told her story in verse in "The Rhymed Life of St. Patrick" (Burns and Oates). It takes the form of a (shilling) pamphlet, is illustrated by L. D. Symington, and contains a "foreword" by General Sir William Butler. The verses entitled "St. Patrick Banishes Snakes" begin—

> St. Patrick, by his holy hand,
> Banished all snakes from Ireland;
> All foul things that wriggle and crawl,
> Spotted, striped, he banished them all—

lines which give a fair sample of the author's straightforward, but none the less charming, style.

"The Love Letters of King Henry VIII. to Queen Anne Boleyn" will be published shortly by Mr. Francis Griffiths. They have been edited by Mr. Ladbroke Black from the *Harleian Miscellany*, and Mr. Black has also written an Introduction on "The Royal Lover."

"The Dickens Concordance," by Mary Williams, which has been promised for a long time, is at length to make its appearance. It contains a complete list of the characters and places mentioned in the works of Charles Dickens, and a full alphabetical list. It will be published shortly by Mr. Francis Griffiths.

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Your letter is one of many which I constantly receive begging me to tell of something which can help to restore tired nerves and over-worn strength, and you ask me to do so because I come in contact with so many who for these very reasons fail in the race of life, having sought the wrong remedy for such loss of nerve-power.

The description which you give me of your difficulty scarcely varies from that of which I am so often told. Work has become a drudgery and life a heavy thing. You tell me that you go to bed feeling tired, and that you wake in the morning almost equally tired, that your food is distasteful to you, and that little things which used to sit lightly upon you have become heavy burdens; that even pleasure is toil. I know you have worked hard through many years, and have had much mental strain. This may in a measure account for your weakness, which is not brought about by any condition of actual disease, but which seems to arise from an even greater trouble, namely, that your nerve-force is seriously overspent.

It is important to understand that in these days of worry and over-excitement, the over-work, mental and physical, to which most of us are subject, calls forth an undue expenditure of strength, and that to recuperate the vigour we have lost we must consider what sort of food or remedy we require.

Of course the whole question of proper nourishment requires much thought and experience. Many forms of food and many restoratives are recommended, but having had to do with a great many people who have impaired their digestive organs, and whose nerve-power has been seriously undermined, I do not think that I have come across anything which I believe is more suitable nutrient for all forms of weakness than Sanatogen. I do not know if you have tried it, but it seems to me, under the conditions such as you have described, an ideal preparation, because it provides a valuable tonic-food in the most suitable form. It consists, I believe, in the nourishing element of pure cows' milk, incorporated with which is a special nerve-tonic containing phosphorus. It has an invigorating power on worn-out nerves, and gives tone to exhausted tissues to a surprising extent. The feeblest system and the poorest digestive organs are able to assimilate it, when they can really touch little else. I am strongly of opinion that you cannot do better than begin a course of Sanatogen if you wish to regain your strength.

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The above is an abstract from a letter addressed by Lady Henry Somerset to an intimate friend. In view of the public interest associated with the subject of the letter, the recipient has obtained her ladyship's gracious permission to make the contents more widely known. Additional information and interesting literature on the same subject may be obtained, free of charge, on application to the Sanatogen Co., 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C. Sanatogen is sold by all Chemists, in packets, at 1s. 9d., 2s. 9d., 5s. and 9s. 6d.

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IRELAND, DUBLIN, Ballina, Galway, Sligo, and SOUTH and WEST of IRELAND.	Wednesday March 27th.	16 days.
SCOTLAND and NORTH of ENGLAND.	Thursday March 28th.	5, 8, or 13 days.
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ISLE of MAN, via Liverpool.	Thursday, March 28th.	5, 6, 7, 10, 12, or 17 days.
THE MIDLANDS, Staffordshire Potteries, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Darlington, Durham, Newcastle, &c.	Thursday, March 28th.	5, 6, or 8 days.
Leicester, Loughboro', Nottingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Liverpool, Manchester, Stockport and Warrington.	Thursday Midnight, Mar. 28.	4, 5, or 8 days.
	Saturday night March 30th.	2, 3, 4, 6, or 7 days.
St. Albans, Harpenden, and Luton.	Good Friday, March 29th. Easter Monday, April 1st.	One day.
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BIRMINGHAM		1, 2, or 3 days.
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Harpenden.	Every Thursday from April 4th.	Half or 2 days.
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Cheap Week-End Tickets—For the Easter Holidays these tickets will be issued on Thursday, March 28th, as well as on Good Friday, where train service permits, and Saturday, March 29th and 30th, to all the principal Holiday and Health Resorts in England and Scotland, and will be available for returning any day up to and including the following Tuesday, April 2nd, except day of issue.

SATURDAY to MONDAY TICKETS issued on Saturday, March 30th, will be available for return up to Tuesday, April 2nd.

Send a postcard for EASTER Excursion Pamphlet, cheap ticket programme, pocket time tables, guides, etc., to DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT, ST. PANCRAS STATION, N.W., or to any MIDLAND STATION-MASTER, or to any office of THOS. COOK and SON.

W. GUY GRANET, General Manager.

Derby, 1907.

THE EASTER HOLIDAYS

The Great Northern Railway Company's Easter excursion programme this year contains an extensive and varied list of facilities for holiday-makers. There are excursions to all the principal stations in the Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire and North-Eastern districts, and to the principal stations in Scotland; Sunday excursions, a variety of day and half-day trips, and popular half-day non-stop excursions on Good Friday, Easter Sunday and Monday.

For visiting Holland and Germany during the Easter holidays, the Great Eastern Railway Company's British Royal Mail Hook of Holland route offers exceptional facilities. Passengers leaving London in the evening, and the Northern and Midland counties in the afternoon, arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning. From the Hook of Holland through carriages run in the North and South German express trains to Cologne, Bâle and Berlin, reaching Cologne at noon, Bâle and Berlin in the evening. Special tickets at reduced fares have been arranged by the Harwich-Antwerp route for passengers wishing to visit Brussels for the Field of Waterloo.

To the vast numbers who are seeking recuperation in the way of restful and health-giving change from the activities of city life during the Easter recess the A.B.C. Easter programme just issued by the Great Central Railway Company will strongly appeal. Within its covers is conveniently tabulated a choice of resorts suitable for all tastes and requirements. Copies of this comprehensive programme may be obtained at Marylebone Station, the Company's suburban stations, town offices or agencies, or from the Publicity Department, 216, Marylebone Road, N.W.

The arrangements of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway include excursions to Paris, Rouen and Dieppe. There will be fourteen-day excursions, viâ Newhaven, to these places, and for Dieppe cheap six-day return tickets will be issued. Details, however, may be obtained of the Company's Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

The Booth Line Royal Mail Steamer Ambrose will sail from Liverpool on the 30th inst., and from London on the 1st April, and passengers will have the opportunity of visiting the most delightful and interesting places in Portugal returning from the short-time trip by the new twin-screw steamer Lanfranc, due at Liverpool on the 13th April, and from the longer trips by the R.M.S. Obidense, due at Liverpool on 22nd April.

The Easter holiday arrangements made by the General Steam Navigation Company include a Good Friday to Monday visit to Ostend, Brussels, the Ardennes and the Rhine, and a fortnight's trip round Bordeaux, Biarritz, etc., or Vernet-les-Bains, Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli. Particulars may be obtained from the Company's Offices, 55, Great Tower Street, E.C.

The Midland Railway Company issues for the guidance of holiday seekers an attractive programme of Easter excursions. Their pamphlet contains a wealth of information, showing at a glance where a passenger can travel to, the period for which his ticket is available, the time the train leaves, fares, routes, etc. The bookings are from St. Pancras and suburban stations, including Woolwich and Greenwich, to upwards of 500 places in the Midland Counties, Yorkshire, Lancashire, North of England, Scotland, Ireland and the Isle of Man, and the tickets are available for varying periods up to eighteen days.

The London and North Western Railway Company have arranged a very full programme of cheap excursions for the Easter holidays, comprising bookings to the principal provincial towns, North, South, and Central Wales, Cambrian Coast, Lake District, Blackpool, Isle of Man, Scotland, and Ireland. Additional express trains will be run, and special arrangements made in connection with the London and North Western passenger services.



The Amir enjoyed himself immensely at Poona, where he was entertained by Colonel and Mrs. Broomfield. Here he purchased several Arab horses for his stud.

THE AMIR LEAVES HIS SPECIAL TRAIN: HIS MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL AT POONA WITH HIS STAFF

MEMORANDA FOR THE COMING WEEK

TO-DAY

The Duchess of Albany lays the foundation-stone of a new church at Knaphill, Woking.

Princess Christian lays the foundation-stone of the Central Library, Hackney.

Association Football: The final tie of the competition for the "Arthur Dunn" Memorial Cup, Queen's Club, West Kensington.

Cross-Country Running: The International Championship, Glasgow.

Terry's Theatre: Matinée by the Literary Theatre Society of *The Persians* of Æschylus.

MONDAY, MARCH 25

Elections to London Boards of Guardians.

Racquets: The Amateur Doubles Championship begins, Queen's Club, West Kensington.

Royal Geographical Society: Mr. W. Rickmers on "A Photographic Report of a Journey through the Highlands of Zarafshan, 8.30.

TUESDAY, MARCH 26

Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture: Council meeting.

Chess match between the combined Universities of Oxford and Cambridge against the House of Commons.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27

Hexham Division By-election: Polling.

Royal Agricultural Society: Council meeting.

The Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, opens an exhibition of work by crippled children, Royal Hotel, 3—7.

FRIDAY, MARCH 29

Good Friday.

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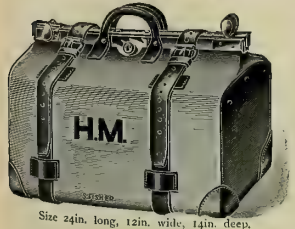
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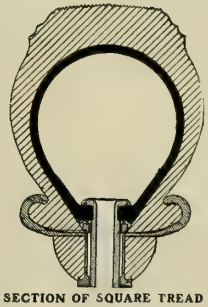
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The Sphere, March 2nd, 1907.

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THE SKITTLES RACE



THE BALLOON RACE

Under the patronage of the Khedive, an automobile gymkhana was held recently at Cairo, the novelty of the entertainment and the excellent band of the Inniskilling Fusiliers attracting a large attendance. A number of cars took part in the various contests, one of these being a skittle race, in which the cars had to follow a sinuous track, marked out by ninepins, thirty seconds being added to the time of the race for every one knocked over. In the balloon contest the cars had to pass between two balls suspended from poles, and swinging round in opposite directions, the time penalty being again thirty seconds every time a ball touched the car.

THE MOTOR-CAR IN EGYPT: AN AUTOMOBILE GYMKHANA AT CAIRO

MOTOR NOTES

Steam v. Petrol

Mr. Coleman recently put forward the question at the annual meeting of the R.A.C. as to whether members "being admittedly members of the trade" should be entitled to vote on competition committees. His reason, and I think quite rightly, is that he believes the steam car has not been quite fairly treated. It is, no doubt, difficult to draw up rules which will satisfy and include both petrol and steam vehicles, but certainly the steam cars, of which there are several excellent makes nowadays, have not had a fair chance of showing their capabilities. Eventually, it was decided not to put the question to a division, as it was thought that the many useful members of the trade, who have given much time and displayed great impartiality, would not consent to serve on committees under restrictions. With this settlement I am quite in accord, but at the same time Mr. Coleman should have another try in a different direction. I am possibly in error in attributing the motive in this case, but I do think "steam" is at a disadvantage, and it should have a fair chance of showing itself in public competition. I am not in any way an advocate of the steam car, but I know many of my friends swear by their vehicles, and if they *can* beat a petrol car in competition by all means give them a fair field and no favour.

Garage

When is a garage not a garage? In England it would be almost safe to say Never! A really good repository for motors is a scarcity, and in London there are only one or two which really meet the case at all. Every plumber seems to think he may put up the inviting word "Garage" above his door, and he at once turns into an Automobile Engineer. Without in any way wishing to hurt the feelings of the R.A.C. (late A.C.G.B. and I.), I think the Royal Automobile Club leads the way in most unsuitable premises for motors. I grant that it is necessary to secure some place near the club-house, but it is easy to dispense with pillars which prevent a modern motor getting in or out with comfort, and it is unnecessary to *always* have the exit blocked with cars in process of being washed down. The old Niagara Skating Rink, now run as a garage by the Wolseley Company, is very well adapted for the purpose. I do most strongly object to find that my car has been moved to and fro several times in the day, and that is what happen frequently in many depôts. Nothing does the steering-gear more harm than to drag the car about without any weigh on it. Of course I appreciate the difficulty of making a garage pay in prominent London positions, but, happily, with the speed of a motor, there is no need to have a prominent position or pay an exorbitant rent, as the telephone will soon bring one's car round, but I do protest at the constantly recurring notice "Garage" where it should not be.

Club Certificates

I am always surprised to see that the majority of candidates for the Club certificates fail, not in mechanical proficiency, but in the driving test. I can only presume that it is severe, and quite rightly. Many of the skilled chauffeurs one meets daily are really not fitted to be on the road, because they are not sufficiently good judges of distance. They nearly drive one on to the footpath, not maliciously, but solely because they are under the impression that they have allowed plenty of room. At the same time I can hardly understand anyone passing an examination "mechanically" and

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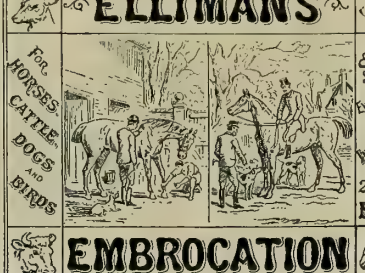
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failing in the driving test. I drove my car down Piccadilly my first day, and my coachman-chauffeur, whom I taught, took me down Bond Street, Piccadilly and the Strand, after two lessons, to my entire satisfaction; but after five years' practical experience I can only just diagnose a mechanical fault with any certainty. At the same time I often find I put a skilled mechanic right. The delightful uncertainty as to *what* the cause of faulty running may be is always present with a petrol engine.

Square or Round Treads

I noticed a letter in a technical paper the other day from a tyre manufacturer, stating that square treads were not superior to the ordinary round tyres. All I can say is, my experience is exactly the reverse. I do not attribute it in any way to the *shape* of the tyre. Like Mr. Jorrock's "Muck," it is "rubber that does it." I am quite convinced the more rubber one has, the more economical is the tyre bill in the end. I have two square treads on my front wheels now, which have run well over 6,000 miles and look almost as good as new, and yet the difference in cost is only about 15s. per wheel more. In the same way, a 120 mm. on the same wheel will easily beat a 105 mm. for economy in the long run. I advocated large tyres in this column a very long time ago, and now most cars are very much better tyred than they used to be.

The New Chairman of the A.C.

Mr. Arthur Stanley's position as chairman has been taken by Mr. C. D. Rose, M.P., and being, as he is, a good all-round sportsman, every member is to be congratulated. I am sorry he is a Liberal, but at any rate he is member for Newmarket, and respected inside the House and out. The energy and enterprise of the Hon. Arthur Stanley will be hard to replace, but the committee have made an excellent selection in Mr. Rose.

Inspection Pits

Every motorist appreciates the advantages of a pit, but the man of moderate means is generally frightened off it by the expense. It is a considerable item if one has to take up the floor of one's motor-house, often encountering drains which have to be moved, concreting the sides, providing a sump hole in the corner, elaborate trapdoors to the top, and otherwise running up the big bill so dearly loved by the architect and builder. At my house in the country I found a much simpler way, which has answered my purpose for many years. All I did was to dig a pit the necessary length, breadth and depth in a corner of my stable yard, and simply matchboard the sides and ends, and put in wooden steps at one end. It has one disadvantage over the pit in the house, and that is that a wet day does not add to its comfort, but it has many advantages. It is much lighter and more airy. It costs hardly anything to make. Owing to the extra room round it, one can run the car over it, to get at any part in the most convenient position, whereas in an ordinary pit it is generally made just to fit the car and the house, and there is no room to bring it forwards or take it backwards. Country motorists should certainly take my tip, and in London one can generally send the car somewhere else for repairs.

Radiators

It is interesting to note in an article in the *Motor Car Journal* that the percentage of ribbed tube or gilled variety, taking the Paris Salon as a standard, has increased from forty-one per cent. to sixty per cent. I am thankful to say I have only had one experience of the honeycomb, and I have always classed it as impractical. About four or five years ago weight was everything, but people are gradually coming round to my opinion, that it is better to carry a little more avoirdupois and get reliability, than to save it and stand the chance of a breakdown. I never can see how a honeycomb radiator is to last for a very long time, and, indeed, one very rarely sees one of this type without a leak of some sort. Quite apart from leaks, it must end in a deficient water circulation, unless one uses distilled water, which is practically an impossibility on a tour. Simplicity should be aimed at in every direction in motor-car construction, and in the wild search for novelties this point is often overlooked. I remember driving a car which was so deficient in water circulation that I was covered from head to foot with mud, composed of dust from the road made into a mud-pie owing to steam from the radiator. This was a very well-known make, but they had to fit an extra water-tank to do away with this deficiency on every car of this type, in all other ways most excellent.

"GRAPHICUS."

Mr. Edwin Bale, R.I., to the regret of his many friends and business acquaintances, is about to retire from the position of Art Director, which he has so ably filled for the last twenty years with Messrs. Cassell and Company.

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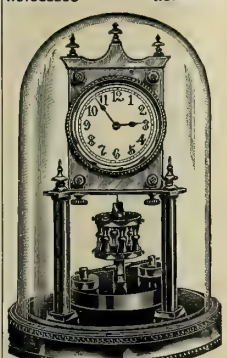
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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,948.—Vol. LXXV. *Registered at a Newspaper*

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1907

WITH SUPPLEMENT "*Infanta Margarita*," *by Velasques.*

PRICE SIXPENCE *By Post*, 6½*d.*



This Easter Day scene, drawn in the old church of the Kaprikarea, Athens, takes place in all the Greek churches on Easter Day, and is the last of a series of ceremonies symbolising the Passion and Resurrection. The image of Christ is taken from the cross and placed upon a bier with a canopy decorated with bows of crape and with flowers. Crowds of all sorts, rich and poor, peasants in Albanian dress, and others, press round the bier, making their devotions. Mothers hold their babies to kiss the sacred effigy, and when the babies are too young they are passed under the coverlet. "I saw an old woman," writes our correspondent, "crawl under it three times."

Easter Day in Greece: A Picturesque Ceremony in an Athens Church

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL, M.V.O.

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EASTER CARNIVAL AT OSTEND.—Ostend, the Queen of the seaside places, has commenced her Summer Season this year on March 23rd. For this occasion, the splendid Kursaal (with its famous symphonic orchestra and singers di grimo Cartello) has re-opened, besides which, on Easter Sunday and Bank Holiday, there will be a superb fancy cavalcade, which will include about 3,000 people in fancy dresses, 500 horses, and some 20 gorgeous cars. No finer show can be seen throughout the whole of Europe. On Sunday evening a splendid fancy ball will draw crowds of people at the Kursaal. And from this day pleasures and festivities will go ahead at Ostend, drawing her annual visitors by thousands.

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"PLACE AUX DAMES"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

Titled ladies seem to have a genius for trading. The Scottish Industrial Association has brought back prosperity to many of the poverty-stricken Highlands of Scotland; and the Irish Industries, under the auspices of some of the greatest ladies in the land, is following suit on behalf of the distressful country. The society held a successful exhibition last week at the Ritz Hotel, where the Princess of Wales paid them a friendly visit and made purchases at every stall. The articles are genuinely valuable. Friezes, tweeds, pottery and lace are dear to the hearts of women, and the shamrock worn by the lady sellers appealed to patriotic instincts. Lady Aberdeen, one of the most ardent promoters of the society, could not be present; but Lady Londonderry was there in black velvet and pearls. Lady Mayo, Lord and Lady Haddo, Lady Dudley—as enthusiastic as in the days of her husband's Viceroyalty—sold diligently; as did the Duchess of Montrose, the Ladies Castlereagh, Ingestre and Herbert and other well-known beauties, and the results, judging from the busy traffic that went on during the afternoon, must have been distinctly profitable. It is a great work thus to revive trade which has fallen into decay, and to restore well-being and happiness to deserving cottage homes.

The Easter holidays are upon us, and many an anxious father and mother is looking forward with dread or delight to the noisy advent of the youngsters. It is a common axiom that parents are the best judges of their children, yet considering the frightful mistakes that are made every day, one might almost declare that children are an unknown quantity to their progenitors. Girls used formerly, at least in the upper classes, to receive their education at home, and live more or less happy days in the solitude of the schoolroom, and in the care of governesses. Modern ideas have enlarged these views, and numbers of girls are now sent to schools and colleges—very different places from the old-fashioned ladies' schools—abodes of liberty, luxury, and intellectual stimulation such as our mothers never dreamt of. What is the result on the female character? It would be interesting to discover. One lady, who had sent two of her daughters to school and kept two at home, told me that the difference in their characters was very marked. The schoolgirls were more independent, more decided, more ambitious, and decidedly more difficult to control and to please when they returned home than the girls who had remained under the paternal roof. These were sweeter tempered, more unselfish and more malleable. It would be curious if the effect of school life were to change feminine nature.

Such thoughts must often occur to anxious mothers who wish to see their daughters happy and to give them what everyone craves for nowadays, a fuller life. But the great anxiety of all thoughtful mothers is their boys. How to keep touch with them when once they enter the arena of a public school, how much or how little religion to instil, what warnings to give, or whether to leave them severely alone, are questions as perplexing as the thoughts that pass through the cautious hen's brain when she sees the ducklings which she has hatched bravely launch themselves in tumultuous happiness upon the dangerous waters of the pond. Does a woman ever know the depths of a boy's mind, that reserved and carefully closed receptacle which he never opens to a grown-up person's anxious questionings? Do the pious mothers or the frivolous mothers do most harm? How much advice is permissible, and how much latitude can be allowed? In that interesting record of school life, "Hugh Kendal," we see the positive harm wrought to the son's mind by his mother's well-meant and tactless objurgations, how he compares the Christian ethics with the school code, to the advantage of the latter, and the positive distaste he felt for what he irreverently called his mother's "pi-jaws," "the obvious moral of which is that an ounce of discretion is worth a ton of piety." Yet what is a loving, good woman, cumbered with many cares, and a quiverful of children, to do?

There are signs of spring in the air, but Easter comes too early this year for the full enjoyment of the holidays. Yet the country is charming to the devotee's eyes. Already the daffodils are sturdily pushing out their dancing blossoms, the crocuses are in full beauty, making golden patches in the grass; in the sheltered flower-bed are fragrant violets, snowdrops, and dainty snowflakes. The almond tree is budding, the birds are singing, there is a faint green showing in the hedges, everything is moving, and growing and springing and living. Spring is here, and all the full, fresh, vigorous glow of the new life.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Lord Selborne's opening speech to the first Transvaal Legislature under the new Constitution shows very plainly the line which General Botha and his colleagues mean to take about Chinese labour. "My Ministers," he says, "are resolved that the employment of Chinese on the mines shall cease at the earliest possible moment." Quite so; but when will that moment come? The High Commissioner cannot tell us that; but he does tell us, in effect, that the Chinamen will not be repatriated at the end of their indentures unless "an effective substitute" has been found. Failing such substitute, "My Ministers will be prepared to recommend to Parliament such legislation as would render a temporary renewal of the indentures possible."

* * * *

Excellently said! That is all anybody has ever wanted—the employment of the Chinaman as a temporary substitute for the Kaffir. But how does that square with the great Yellow Slavery theory and the professions of the Imperial Government? What will Mr. Mackarness and others of the same kidney have to say if the Kaffir still declines to do the work which seems to suit John Chinaman well enough? The dilemma would be an awkward one for Ministers if things came to that pass. That, however, is the worst of a policy which consists in promising first and postponing the examination of practical possibilities; it is apt to land its practitioners in these tight places.

* * * *

Imperial politics can, furthermore, offer us just now another example of the way in which "the white man's burden" occasionally galls our British shoulders. There is the question of the decrease (and ultimate extinction) of the Indian Government's revenue from the cultivation of the poppy, as the result of the Chinese decree forbidding the use of opium to the Celestials. Time was when that would have been a desperately serious matter, and even now the prospective disappearance of a revenue not far short of four millions sterling is not precisely exhilarating. But we observe that the Viceroy's Finance Member of Council, Mr. Baker, is prepared to accept the situation, "if not with equanimity, at least without apprehension." Mr. Baker holds that the Indian revenues have manifested such remarkable elasticity that the outlook is vastly less alarming than it would have been twenty years ago—or even less. So may it be.

* * * *

What is the *vraie vérité* about this Chinese prohibition of the poppy? Are we seriously asked to believe that, ten years hence, the opium habit will be extinct in the Flowery Land? The man who really believes that hardly knows China. But, at all events, the "foreign barbarian" (particularly the compatriot of "Hart Devil") will have lost a valuable trade, and "China for the Chinese" will have scored heavily—which, if we are not mistaken, is the principal object in view.

* * * *

The revelations of the great financial scandals at San Francisco come as a particularly opportune reminder of what municipal government may grow to mean under the auspices of a certain sort of triumphant democracy. Now that London has just shaken itself free from the fetters of semi-Socialism, it is just as well to be reminded that 'Frisco has been in the possession of the Labour party for years past, and the confessions by which the "Supervisors" hope to save themselves prove that Poplar is, morally speaking, not so far from the Pacific slope as one might have supposed. We English do not want to see the great Transatlantic system of "graft" grafted on the, as yet, fairly healthy trunk of municipal government in this country. But we had better "keep our eyes skinned," as they say on the other side, or we may find it there yet.

* * * *

Hearty congratulations to the Education Committee of the new County Council upon its acceptance of an offer to provide a flagstaff for the Swan Street School. That means, we take it, that the youth of Swan Street will be periodically reminded, *de visu*, of a rather important fact, that there is such a thing as a national flag. Hitherto the Council's schools have been freely opened to Socialists for the spouting of sedition and bad citizenship; but the proposal to hoist the Union Jack has always been evaded. We suppose the contrast between the Flag and the "Red Catechism" struck our former Ædiles as too glaring.

* * * *

While the Londoner revels in the cheapening of locomotive facilities by the more and more strenuous competition between the various transport companies, shareholders bitterly complain that hardly a year passes without bringing some diminution of dividends. It appears to be all the same whether the investor puts his savings into "tubes," motor omnibuses, trams or horsed conveyances; he will assuredly discover that he would have done better to buy some gilt-edged security. What, then, is to be done? Establish a Traffic Board, is the strongly urged counsel of some would-be authorities. But in presence of the fact that the Water Board has substantially increased the charges of the companies it bought out, we are inclined to question whether Londoners are ready to swallow any more boards for the present.

* * * *

The splendidly fine weather which followed the recent equinoctial gales naturally predisposed holiday-makers, both in London and the country, to spend their savings on railway jaunts instead of at the public-house. Every year this change of custom becomes more visible in some farther diminution of those bibulous sinners, the "drunk and disorderlies." Indeed, the happy abandonment of the old evil practice to such a large extent gives quite a different aspect to Bank Holidays, and must delight their inventor, Lord Avebury. It seems a safe prophecy that his delight will be farther enhanced this Eastertide. The working classes have been, as a rule, earning good wages for some months, and although some demagogues still, on their promotion to the Cabinet, continue to pour forth jeremiads about the deplorable condition of the unemployed, statistics of unimpeachable character belittle the "agonised cry" of Boanerges from the platform. All that is wanting on Monday to please the millions is fine weather, and, judging from present indications, there seems fair likelihood of its occurrence.

* * * *

Now that the Municipal Reformers in the London County Council have got their hands in at overhauling the accounts of their predecessors, they may as well extend their inquiries to the profits, if any, of the Victoria Embankment tramway. It will be in the public memory that the Progressives largely attributed the loss on the southern lines after being taken over to the want of the northern connecting link. That is now partly supplied, after a huge expenditure on Parliamentary costs; but we



PALMERSTON FELL AND BROUGHT DOWN ORGUEIL (THE HORSE ON THE LEFT)



ORGUEIL LYING WITH A BROKEN BACK (PALMERSTON BEHIND)

At the Rugby Hunt Steeplechases the other day Mr. Gilbert's well-known horse Orgueil came to an untimely end in the Open Handicap. Colonel M. Lindsay's Palmerston fell at a jump, rolled over, and brought Orgueil down. The latter fell over Palmerston, broke his back, and died in a few minutes. This is a severe loss to Mr. Gilbert. Photos by L. Bland.

PERILS OF THE STEEPLECHASE: THE FATAL ACCIDENT TO MR. GILBERT'S ORGUEIL AT THE RUGBY HUNT MEETING

While we admit the wickedness of feeling proud of our immense superiority in the production of merchant shipping, candour compels the acknowledgment that the sin is in us. Pharisees may say what they like on that head, but the average man must have chuckled with satisfaction the other day when he learned that whereas the British Isles launched 2,002,571 tons last year, the total output of all foreign countries was limited to 1,322,454 tons. Apart from patriotism there is solid reason for every true-born Briton to shout from the housetops at this gratifying proof of our shipbuilders' alertness and enterprise. There could be no clearer demonstration of the capacity of this kingdom to eclipse any and all foreign nations in the construction of war vessels also, whether of one type or another. And we happily enjoy the same superiority in regard to both cheapness and speed—a superiority which in the case of any great maritime war, would be bound to tell immensely in favour of white-cliffed Albion. So, let us repent, in sackcloth and ashes, for our unpardonable naughtiness, while at the same time doing all in our power to render it hopeless for the foreigner to enter into rivalry.

* * * *

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The Suffragettes' Ruse
& how Bobby Peeler foiled them



'Twas dusk! Opposite the House might be discerned three barges laden with barrels of oil slowly bearing down upon Westminster.

But no! The flotilla stopped at the Terrace of the House & moored. The cranes were got to work & the cargo deposited on the Terrace.





Presently A.1 comes along & his suspicions are aroused by the strange casks.

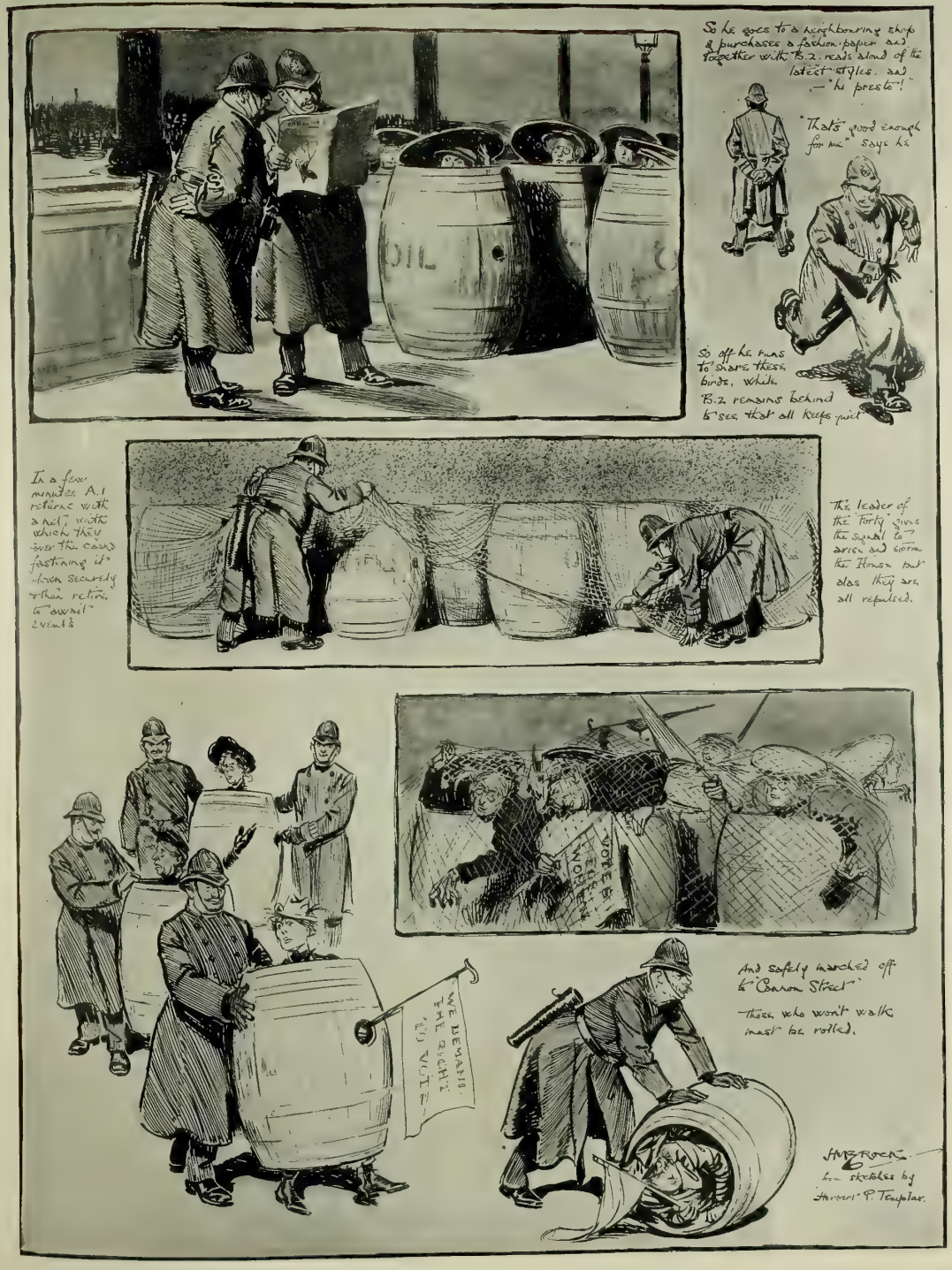
J.M. Brock



B.2. joins him and they make an inspection. A.1. hears a faint rustle and scents something alive! "What if it should be a Suffragette?" says B.2.



"If they're women I'll have them" says A.1.


So he goes to a neighbouring shop & purchases a fashion-paper and together with B.2. reads aloud of the latest styles, and — 'Hi presto!'
"That's good enough for me" says he
So off he runs to share these birds, while B.2 remains behind to see that all keeps quiet
In a few minutes A.1 returns with a net, with which they cover the coop fastening it down securely when retire to await events
The leader of the Forty gives the signal to arise and storm the House but alas they are all repulsed.
WE DEMAND THE RIGHT TO VOTE
VOTES FOR WOMEN
And safely marched off to Canon Street
— those who won't walk must be rolled.
H.M. BROCK.
from sketches by Harold P. Templar.

COURT AND SOCIETY

THE Duchess of Aosta, who is likely to have the honour of entertaining the King and Queen, has many close links with the British Royal Family. The second sister of the Duke of Orleans, she passed much of her girlhood in the beautiful Château d'Eu, in Normandy, which was visited by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. The Comtesse de Paris brought up all her children very sensibly, and saw that they became at an early age, like herself, fearless riders, indefatigable walkers, and good shots; while at the same time intellectual pursuits were not neglected. The Duchess of Aosta is an admirable linguist and pianist, and is skilful with her needle and at other housewifely accomplishments. When the late Comte de Paris came to England as a *roi en exil*, the beautiful Princess Hélène, with her tall figure, blue eyes and auburn hair, was honoured with the particular friendship of the then Princess of Wales, and she became a constant guest at Sandringham and at Marlborough House. When her elder sister was married to the present King of Portugal, the Duke of Aosta saw Princess Hélène and fell in love with her at first sight. The marriage took place in the little Roman Catholic Chapel at Kingston-on-Thames, where some thirty years before the bride's parents had been wedded. The Duchess is on the best of terms with her husband's cousin, the King of Italy, and she is adored in Turin, where she lives, for her sympathetic charity. She constantly visits the houses of the very poorest, listening to their tale of troubles, nursing their babies, and tactfully relieving their necessities.

Their Majesties' Friend



THE DUCHESS OF AOSTA, A FRIEND OF THE KING AND QUEEN
Photo by A. Hughes.

The ceremony of presenting the King's alms at the Abbey on Maundy Thursday is always an interesting and curious one, and was especially so this year, for it was the first time that the Dean of Westminster officiated in his new office of Lord High Almoner, in which he succeeded the late Lord Alwyne Compton, Bishop of Ely. In the fourteenth century the Sovereign not only gave alms, but also washed the feet of the aged poor who received his bounty. And this custom still survives in Austria, where the Emperor performs a ceremonial, and it may be suspected somewhat perfunctory, washing of feet. On the accession of William of Orange to the British Throne, the washing was committed to the Lord High Almoner, and it gradually fell into disuse. The number of the recipients of the Sovereign's bounty is regulated by His Majesty's age, one for each year; sixty-five men and sixty-five women, therefore, received the specially coined Maundy money—silver penny, twopenny, threepenny and fourpenny pieces—which command fair prices from collectors, and which are given in a white purse. Then each recipient is given in a red purse a sovereign, and £1 10s. in lieu of provisions, which were formerly given in kind. And, lastly, each man gets £2 5s. and each woman £1 15s. in lieu of clothing.

Maundy Thursday

Lady Beauchamp has been paid a pretty compliment in being chosen as the official Government hostess of the Colonial Premiers. The compliment is the more marked as her husband only holds, for the time being at any rate, the politically unimportant post of Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, though he is pretty sure to receive promotion on the next reshuffling of the Ministerial cards. As Lady Lettice Grosvenor, Lady Beauchamp was brought up by one of the most charming and delightful women in the great English world, her mother, Lady Grosvenor. Lady Lettice was too young to feel the loss of her brilliant and original father very deeply, and both she and her sister, Lady Shaftesbury, found in Mr. George Wyndham the most devoted of stepfathers. It is curious that both the sisters should have married earls, and that both their husbands should be High Churchmen, and inspired with a very lofty ideal of public duty. At Madresfield Court Lady Beauchamp has already given some notable entertainments, including a magnificent fancy dress ball, and also a garden-party, in honour of her elder son, little Lord Elmley, who has inherited his mother's bright blue eyes. She is passionately fond of gardening, and has been successful in bringing to Madresfield some notable ideas from the gardens at Saighton Towers, where she spent her happy youth.

Lady Beauchamp



LADY BEAUCHAMP
Chosen as the Official Government Hostess of the Colonial Premiers.
Photo by H. Walter Barnett.

Now that Lent is practically over, Society is once more thinking of weddings and engagements. One of the most interesting of April weddings will be that of Lord Cole, the eldest son and heir of Lord Enniskillen, to Miss Miller Mundy. Lord Cole, who is a little over thirty, was for some years in the 7th Hussars, but has now left the Army. His bride has her full share of the striking beauty and cleverness for which the Miller Mundys, of Shipley Hall, Derbyshire, are famous, both men and women. Captain Richard Ford and Miss Rosamund Ramsden are to be married on Tuesday, April 2. The ceremony is to be at Bulstrode Park, Gerrard's Cross, which is within convenient motoring distance of town; and Sir John and Lady Guendolen Ramsden will receive a large party for the wedding. The bridegroom is the eldest son of the late Sir Clare Ford, for so long the distinguished British Ambassador in Rome, and his mother is an Italian, the daughter of the Marchese di Garofalo, of Naples. Among other weddings of the week may be mentioned those of Mr. Cuthbert Blundell and Miss Marjorie Astley Corbett; of Mr. Spencer Hill, Lord Hill's brother, and Miss Dorothy Boughey; and of Mr. H. E. Fitzherbert and the only daughter of Margaret Lady Heytesbury.

Marriages

Mr. W. L. Wyllie's election to be R.A. will give great satisfaction to his numerous friends. Assuredly there is no other painter who has Mr. Wyllie's consummate power of catching the very soul of a ship, and certainly there is no painter who has a greater knowledge of the sea. When he was a very little boy he used practically to live in a boat, with his brothers and sisters, or on the beach of the little village near Boulogne which was then his home. His father was an artist, and in due course he entered the Royal Academy Schools. He early began to draw for THE GRAPHIC, and all the best of his black-and-white work has been published in this journal. Needless to say, he is one of those who go down to the sea in ships, and with his stalwart frame, clad in blue serge jersey, and peak cap, and handsome bearded face, he looks the very *beau ideal* of a sailor. For years he had a little French-built yawl called the Ladybird, and he also commanded a larger vessel, the New Zealand, a regular Thames barge of a hundred and twenty tons. Mrs. Wyllie, who is the daughter of an officer of the Indian Marine, helped her husband to write that delightful book called "London to the Nore." The new R.A. belongs to numerous yacht clubs, and he has had the honour of being especially appointed marine painter to the Royal Victoria Club at Cowes.

A Popular Painter

Princess Christian of Schleswig Holstein has consented to become Patroness of the *Vente de Charité*, to be held in Kensington Town Hall early in May, in aid of the the Mission to French-speaking foreigners in the metropolis and Great Britain. The Mission is under the superintendence of the Rev. J. M. H. Du Pontet de La Harpe, *pasteur* of the French Protestant Church in Bayswater.

Easter Monday has been chosen for the production of the new sensation at the Hippodrome, called *The Hurricane*. *The Hurricane*, as its name implies, will give us a realistic idea not only of a storm, but of a terrible disaster at sea. New machinery of the most novel kind, invented by Mr. Frank Parker, is being installed, and the usually placid waters of the arena may be expected to assume a very turbulent aspect; indeed, the waves themselves will roll and swell to a height of something like eight feet in the air.

The photograph of the late Mr. John O'Leary, published in last week's GRAPHIC, was by Messrs. Russell and Sons.

IN THE WORLD OF ART

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

Two pictures of extraordinary interest are to be seen at Messrs. Shepherd's Gallery, in King Street, St. James's. The first is a portrait of Mrs. John Kenrick, of Neilsland House, Hamilton, N.B.—a Reynolds absolutely new to the public, never having been exhibited, and having remained until quite recently in the possession of the family for whom it was painted. It is in the painter's firm, highly finished style as to the head; the hands are put in somewhat summarily, but with perfect suggestion. The lady, in a low-cut bodice of pale light green silk, sits at a small table facing the spectator, holding an open letter in her left hand, which is crossed over the right, while other letters, also open, lie upon the table under the other hand. A skilfully painted blue ribbon falls from behind her head upon the neck, and she looks out at the beholder with delightful vivacity. A red curtain, of the same shade as the cloth which covers the table, forms the background to this charming picture, which is in fine condition, with its original colours intact. All who are familiar with Reynolds's work will recognise the striking resemblance of this head, alike in feature and in pose, to the unfinished portrait of Georgiana, Countess Spencer, and her little daughter (afterwards Duchess of Devonshire), which is now at Chatsworth, painted in 1769. It is a picture which all should see.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. KENRICK, BY REYNOLDS
ON VIEW AT SHEPHERD'S GALLERY.

The other picture, of greater interest still, is Gainsborough's copy of Vandyck's finished sketch, now in possession of the King at Buckingham Palace, for the great picture in the National Gallery. But Gainsborough has altered the shape by making his canvas oblong instead of upright, adding a piece to the right by finishing the cut-off figure of the Equerry, Sir Thomas Morton (across whose vaguely defined legs he places a great thistle); and, on the other side, adding a piece of not very expressive landscape. That the picture is undoubtedly from Gainsborough's hand is proved by the treatment of the trees, branches, and foliage, which are wholly in that painter's manner; while he further shows his independence in his composition of the sky. That the picture is from the Buckingham Palace finished sketch is proved by a dozen details in which that version is closely followed—mainly in the face of the King with the aquiline nose (which in the National Gallery picture is straight), by the open-vizored helmet (which in the other is closed), by the King's more rounded forehead, and by the direction of his gaze. But even in this copy Gainsborough, while adhering absolutely to accuracy in essentials, has modified details—as in the creases of the horse's uplifted leg, in the shape of the chest, and so forth. As everyone may see for himself who knows both the Vandyck pictures, in the King's version Charles is larger in proportion to the horse than in the National Gallery version.

Why, it may be asked, should Gainsborough have copied Vandyck with such devotion—and with such success? Sir Joshua Reynolds supplies the answer in his Fourteenth Discourse, which he delivered to the students in 1788 on Gainsborough's death, wherein he examined "his excellences and defects." "Though he did not much attend," he says, "to the works of the great historical painters of former ages . . . he very judiciously applied himself to the Flemish School. . . from that he learnt the harmony of colouring," &c. "And to satisfy himself, as well as others, how well he knew the mechanism and artifice they employed. . . . he occasionally made copies from Rubens, Teniers, and Vandyck, which it would be no disgrace to the most accurate connoisseur to mistake, at first sight, for the works of these masters." No one, I think, who sees this picture, in spite of its strength of colour and vigour of handling, will doubt the truth of the judgment which has been expressed of the origin and significance of the noble and beautiful canvas. The size of it, it may be added, is 41 inches by 50½.

It is not often that an aged society is to be congratulated on having suddenly renewed its youth, and showing a vigour and a degree of collective excellence it has not achieved for many years past. This is the feat accomplished by the Royal Society of British Artists, under the presidency of Mr. Alfred East, as will be recognised at once by every visitor. The pictures, alike in oil and water-colour, are so much better that one wonders how a certain order of work has been set on one side. That is a domestic matter, on which we have no right to enter; but we are entitled to ask ourselves to what extent the charming harmony of effect is owing to so large a proportion of the pictures representing night or twilight effects. There is Mr. Alfred East's impressive "Winter's Dawn," a fine and original conception, picturing the coming of day at the second when the rising sun flecks with its first rays two points in the landscape, and warms with its glow the torn clouds quietly sailing in the mysterious sky. There is Mr. Elphinstone's "Night," with its ship and tug, lights hoisted, sailing towards us in the darkness. Even "The Calm Eventide of Life," a sympathetic and able workhouse study, tells us of the fading day. But these are only three out of many. Mr. Tom Robertson, a poet in colour, gives us, for example, "The Haven Under the Hill" in a delicately gradated succession of haunting blues seen in the half-light, and then turns to "Rosy Moon" of delicate charm; Mr. Clifford paints an interesting "August Moon," shown red in a warm sky, and so forth.

Landscape is much the strongest element, and several pictures challenge attention. In the strong sunshine, "An Arroyo in Andalusia," by Mr. Moulton Foweraker, glows in the orange-coloured light. In sharp contrast is "Winter," by the American artist Mr. Elmer Schofield, a snow picture of considerable ability, showing road and canal and viaduct under white. This is an artist who will make a name. So, too, in quite another walk, may Mr. Haughton, with a little picture of children in a wood, "Summer Shade," in which the landscape is painted with Pre-Raphaelite truth, yet with a breadth of effect which the Brethren did not aim at. An admirable portrait, by Professor von Herkomer, of Mrs. von Herkomer, and "Winter: Dordrecht," by Mr. Hely Smith, are among the more interesting things; and the visitor should notice the pictures of Mr. Graham Robertson—"Turquoise and Silver," for the sake of its colour—Mr. Carruthers Gould, Mr. Laidlay, Miss Lucy Kemp Welch, and other prominent members of the society. Of course there are the usual echoes: Mr. Muirhead's "Break in the Storm" is founded on Constable ("Salisbury Cathedral"), Mr. Foottet's "Passing of Spring" on M. Henri Martin, Mr. Lenfesty's and Mr. Fowler's able landscapes show the influence, and Mr. Hal Hurst's "On the Dunes" is a vivid reminiscence of Mr. Charles Sims.

"A Tempting Bait" is the title of an attractive picture—painted by Mr. Arthur J. Elsley, and exhibited in last year's Royal Academy—reproductions of which are given free of cost to buyers of Bovril. It is the "Bovril bonus picture," and is sent to all who save coupons to the face-value of twenty-one shillings, and post them to Bovril, Ltd., 152, Old Street, London, E.C., by June 29.

An example of the splendid work done by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution was afforded by the contents of the report adopted at the recent annual general meeting, when H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was elected President. During 1906 the lifeboats of the Institution were launched 375 times, and saved 595 lives and 46 vessels and boats. The shore-boats saved 177 lives, and the Institution, in each of the 772 cases of life-saving, granted rewards to the rescuers. In the case of a lifeboatman who was drowned while going to the rescue of a vessel in distress, the Institution granted £100 to a fund raised locally to buy a life annuity for his mother, whom he had supported. The report contained the announcement that a new lifebelt, made of kopak, more comfortable and easier to wear than the cork lifebelt, had found favour with lifeboatmen, and would replace the old cork belts as these wore out.



EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF CHARLES I, BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, AFTER VANDYCK
ON VIEW AT SHEPHERD'S GALLERY.

"Jamaica in 1907" is the subject of an interesting special supplement from the office of the *African World*, published with that journal's issue of March 9. Mr. Alexander Gray, formerly the editor of the Johannesburg paper, *South African Mines*, who has written the supplement, returned to England from Jamaica just before the earthquake, and a thorough investigation into the economic, commercial and political aspect of the island had then been carried out. The result of this investigation is a supplement which is ably done and profusely illustrated, a valuable guide for the commercial man and a memento for all time of a disastrous earthquake. The future of the island is also dealt with and the earthquake reviewed; Sir Thomas Hughes has written an article, "What Governor Swettenham and Sir Alfred Jones did during the Earthquake," and Mr. P. F. Flynn has related thrilling experiences.

A VISIT TO A TRAPPIST MONASTERY



A LAY BROTHER



IN THE REFECTORY



A GROUP OF LAY BROTHERS



A MONK PRAYING BEFORE THE GRAVE OF A DEAD BROTHER



MONKS TENDING THE GARDEN



UNDER THE PORTICO OF THE ABBEY

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.

PORTRAIT OF THE INFANTA MARGARITA TERESA, BETWEEN FOUR AND FIVE YEARS OF AGE

FROM THE PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ IN THE IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA

A VISIT TO A TRAPPIST MONASTERY

In that part of the Agro Romano, where malarial fevers reign supreme, at a short distance from the Via Ostensi high road, appears in its solemn solitude the Abbey of "Tre Fontane," at the end of a magnificent avenue. It is a fit place for meditation and melancholy. No trace is to be seen of the fine smiling Roman Campagna. Only some slender eucalyptus trees rise waving in the soft morning breeze, breaking the monotony of the place. "*Le plaisir de mourir sans peine vaut bien la peine de vivre sans plaisir*," is the motto of the Trappists. A Trappist never speaks—such is the rule. His voice is only heard, monotonous and weak, almost drowned by the notes of the organ which accompany his morning psalms or evening prayers in the large church of the convent, with its huge arcades and high, dark ceiling. Trappists do not cultivate art. In their churches are no imposing tombs, nor do they adorn their choirs with those fine stalls that are masterpieces of wood-carving and inlaid work, and which are to be admired in most abbeys of the Benedictines. The Trappists instead sit in poor stalls, the boards of which are roughly put together.

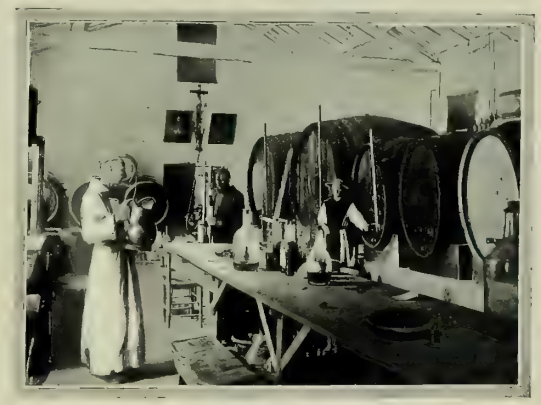
The order of the Trappists is most strict, and requires men having a true vocation and strong will to persevere in it. Silence is undoubtedly one of the greatest punishments that can be inflicted, even temporarily, upon prisoners; we may therefore guess how much strength of will and self-denial are required to keep it spontaneously during a whole lifetime. But this is not all. The rule of fasting is peremptory, and is also observed in case of sickness, unless the doctor finds it necessary to order a different diet. The cooking does not afford many resources, as meat, eggs, and even fish are excluded—thus their meals are purely vegetarian. Dinner consists of a soup, vegetable, and fruit; supper of potatoes, salad, and water—without speaking of all the fasting days, during which they only take a little bread. It could not, indeed, be otherwise, for the orders of the Trappists, or, rather, the order of the Cistercians, of which the Trappists are a branch, was founded for penance, self-denial, and work.

The bed of a Trappist consists of a plain pallet without any bedclothes, for he goes to bed dressed, wearing his everyday clothes. At two o'clock in the morning a bell is heard calling the monks to church. In the dim light of flickering lanterns they go down to church to recite, in a chorus, the seven penitential psalms.

After the morning prayers have been recited, they go to bed again, but not for long; at dawn the bells are heard through the convent. It is time to go to church again to sing Matins. Afterwards the Trappist attends to household affairs, and then sits down to breakfast, a plain meal consisting of a piece of bread and a hot beverage. But the vineyards and the orchards of the convent are of an abundance which contrasts greatly with the poverty of the monks' existence. The Trappists cultivate a very extensive property, where fruits of all kinds grow plentifully, the grapes being most abundant, and of an exquisite quality. In the outhouses there are over one hundred cows and about twelve horses. Every morning more than 400 litres of milk are sent to Rome, as well as hampers of fruits and vegetables, carts of hay and wheat. The monks manufacture from the eucalyptus, a liqueur known as eucalyptine, and they also produce an essence and an oil of eucalyptus. The money derived from the sale of these is used for the payment of a debt to the Italian Government. The debt was contracted for reclaiming the Agro Romano near the convent.



DISTILLING ESSENCE OF EUCALYPTUS



WHERE THE EUCALYPTINE LIQUEUR IS STORED



MONKS PRAYING WITH THEIR HEADS AGAINST THE WALLS OF THE CORRIDOR

The reader may ask himself how the Trappists spend all their money. This cannot be positively stated. At Durban, in South Africa, in a place which was once only a desert, the monks bought 12,000 acres, every bit of which is cultivated now. They founded warehouses, kitchens for the poor, mills, a telegraphic and telephonic office, a hospital with laboratories, and free schools, where thousands of Kaffirs are fed and educated.

They accomplished all this with the money belonging to the order, the amount of which is not known to anybody. Trappists never speak, as the rule says, but were they to do so they certainly would not tell anybody about the mysteries of their "Rules."

OUR SUPPLEMENT

Among the very finest portraits of Velasquez are to be numbered those of the children of his patron, Philip IV. He painted several portraits of the little Infanta Margarita, who was only nine years old when he died in 1660. There are two in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna, and versions in the Prado and the Louvre. The earliest is that reproduced in our Supplement. It shows the piquant little personality at four or five. Velasquez's visits to Italy, added to his own natural development, had by this time made him the miraculous painter of "The Maids of Honour," in which the little daughter of Philip and his second wife, Mariana, is the central figure. His last style, the *manera abreviada*, as the Spaniards call it, is shown to perfection in these portraits of the Infanta Margarita. Never were his touches showered on to the canvas more boldly. Never was his colour more enchanting. The marriage of the Infanta with a cousin of the Hapsburgs was ordained from her cradle. She was formally betrothed to the Emperor Leopold in 1664, and from time to time portraits of her were sent to Vienna. The painter has clothed his creation in the airiest imaginable hues. She is in a rose-pink coloured frock, embroidered with silver, her fair hair, untouched as yet by the terrible court *coiffeur*, is like pale gold. She stands in a glow of colour deeper than the tint of her dress. The general impression is of pale crimson shimmering through silver; and, in Armstrong's phrase, the paint has "settled on the canvas like a shower of feathers." In a word, the portrait contains the whole of Velasquez in his last and most splendid phase.

THE F.O. BAG

By LUCIEN WOLF

TO the great bulk of the general public the name of the late Count Lamsdorff signified little. For thirty-five years of his official life he was a worker behind the scenes in the Russian Foreign Office—singularly industrious and successful, it is true, but so reserved and so modest that the world ranked him only with the rabble of civil servants. His appearances at foreign Courts were few; he never figured in any dramatic missions, and no sensational despatches bore his signature. He hated loquacity, and had a veritable terror of the *gros mots* of Jingoism. He was conservative, prudent, and loyal, both to friend and foe, with a strong practical tendency to what in this country is called "Little Englandism." He achieved many notable things—chief among them the Balkan *entente* with Austria and the Muerzsteg Agreement, which is still the basis of the action of the Powers in Macedonia. His chief title to fame, however, rests on his one great failure—his failure to prevent the disastrous war with Japan. He foresaw the war, and steadfastly championed the only policy by which it could have been averted, a policy not of surrender, but of honesty and good faith. He failed to carry his Imperial Master with him, but his foresight and his courage must always be reckoned greatly to his credit.

When he succeeded Count Muravieff as chief of the Russian Foreign Office the occupation of Manchuria was already an accomplished fact. Although it was ostensibly only temporary, the military and other *patriotards* in the *entourage* of the Tsar had secretly resolved that it should be permanent. Count Lamsdorff at once realised that he would have to fight either Japan or the Court Camarilla. Nevertheless, he tried the experiment of a middle course. If only Japan could be conciliated and bribed into accepting the Manchurian occupation, all his difficulties would be at an end! The chance was remote and speculative, but it was worth trying, and accordingly he initiated an exchange of views at Tokyo. Roughly, his idea was that in compensation for leaving the Russians unmolested in Manchuria, Japan should be allowed to annex Korea *minus* Masampho. The Japanese were, however, not tempted, and Count Lamsdorff was thrown back on his initial dilemma. With the assistance of M. Witte, and to some extent of General Kuropatkin, he now set himself boldly to counteract the intrigues of the Jingoes and Yalu concession-mongers, who were pressing for the permanent retention of Manchuria, and who had even persuaded the Tsar that his breach of faith in this respect would never be forcibly resented by any of the Powers. At first his efforts were unsuccessful. When, however, the conclusion of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance burst upon the world like a bolt from the blue, the Tsar became alarmed. He saw clearly that he had been playing with fire, and, turning away from his Jingo advisers, he gave Count Lamsdorff a free hand.

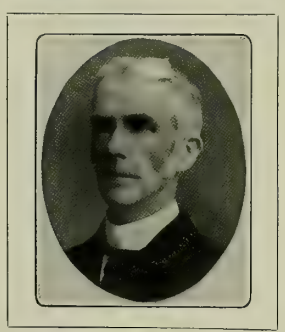
The Minister made good use of his opportunity. In April, 1902, an evacuation Treaty with China was signed, and the Russian armies received their marching orders. In the following October the retreat began. In November a further withdrawal took place, and in April, 1903, Mukden was evacuated. Then suddenly and mysteriously the movement was arrested. Sinister rumours of a hitch began to fill the air, and despatches flew thick and fast between Peking and St. Petersburg, St. Petersburg and London, and London and Tokyo. The truth soon leaked out. One day the Chinese Minister at St. Petersburg asked General Kuropatkin where the difficulty lay? "With Admiral Alexeieff and the Fire-eaters" was the frank reply. The Jingoes had, in fact, regained their ascendancy over the Tsar's facile mind. They had persuaded him that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was the merest bogey, that Great Britain would not fight and Japan could not, and that it was his sacred duty not to hamper any longer the manifest destiny of the Empire in the Far East. The evacuation went no further, and the fatal game of bluffing Japan was begun. A Viceroyalty of the Far East was defiantly created, with Admiral Alexeieff as Statthalter; the control of Asiatic diplomatic questions was taken out of Count Lamsdorff's hands and given over to a special Secretary of State, M. Bezobrazoff, the notorious Yalu concessionaire; M. Witte was dismissed from office, and the re-occupation of Mukden was ordered. Count Lamsdorff protested and prophesied evil in vain. Up to the last everybody in St. Petersburg, except the Count and his few clear-sighted adherents, believed that the bluff would succeed, and that Japan would put down her cards.

In the winter of 1903, when the game was at its height, I was in St. Petersburg. Before leaving London I had had an opportunity of ascertaining the exact views of the Japanese Government. Indeed, I had been permitted to see the draft proposals sent to St. Petersburg by the Tokyo Cabinet in the previous August, and had convinced myself that in substance they represented the irreducible minimum for which Japan was prepared to fight. In these circumstances I was, of course, anxious to know how the Russian Government viewed the situation. Unfortunately Count Lamsdorff was at Darmstadt with the Tsar, and I was only imperfectly acquainted with M. Bezobrazoff's new functions. As



THE LATE M. POBIEDONOSZEFF
Great Russian Reactionary.

The late Constantine Pobiedonoszeff, who was born of a noble family in 1827, and wielded enormous influence over three Tsars, Alexander II, Alexander III, and Nicholas II, was famous as Procurator of the Holy Synod, and had filled various other important posts. Until two years ago he was practically Vice-Tsar, and the virtual ruler of Russia. He was a pitiless autocrat and a fanatical bigot. It was due to him that the ukase prepared by Alexander II, granting a Constitution to Russia, was abrogated. Two years ago he resisted to the utmost the new Constitution, and lived to see his prophecy—"the fatal gift, an all-Russian Parliament, will never be"—falsified.



THE LATE EARL OF LIVERPOOL
Lord High Steward of the King's Household.

The late Lord Liverpool was Lord Hawkesbury for twenty years before the creation of the Earldom in 1905. Earlier, as Mr. Foljambe, he was M.P. (Liberal) for North Notts and the Mansfield Division. He served in the New Zealand war with the Naval Brigade. He was an authority on archæological and antiquarian subjects. Photo by Russell and Sons.

M. Plehve was practically a sort of Vice-Tsar at the time, I took an opportunity of asking him what he thought of the crisis, but he told me that he did not look upon it as at all serious, and that consequently it had no interest for him! I had made up my mind to await the return of Count Lamsdorff, when one day the late M. de Tatistcheff called to see me. He impressed upon me that I was wasting my time in waiting for the Foreign Minister, as he was "a person of no importance," and he advised me to see a more important personage, whom he described as "the real brain of our Foreign Office." Armed with a letter of introduction to this official, I called at the Ministry on the following day. I found him very agreeable and communicative. After a long and friendly chat on Anglo-Russian relations, I ventured to ask him how the negotiations with Japan were proceeding. "Not very smoothly," he answered, "but still there is no danger." "Then you will resume the evacuation of Manchuria?" I said, inquiringly. The official stared in evident pity at my simplicity. "Oh, no!" he exclaimed, "that will not be necessary. We know exactly what Japan is driving at. She wants Korea, and in the end, when we have thoroughly frightened her, we shall let her have it—on suitable conditions—and that will be the end of the Far Eastern Question!" This was the fatal *état d'esprit* of the Tsar's most trusted advisers within a few weeks of the war.

The obituary notices of the late M. Berthelot have done scant justice to his tenure of the French Foreign Office. True, it was short, but in one respect at least it was of signal importance. M. Berthelot was Minister at the time of the Jameson Raid, and for his treatment of the crisis which arose out of that unhappy adventure he deserves the gratitude of all friends of peace and especially of this country. It is now known that on that occasion Germany made tentative overtures to the French Government to join in the incendiary policy represented by the famous Kruger telegram. M. Berthelot was always very reticent on the subject of his action in this matter, but the facts can nevertheless be stated with perfect accuracy. The German overtures were made by Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, then Imperial Foreign Secretary and now German Ambassador in Constantinople, to the late M. Herbette, French Ambassador in Berlin. M. Herbette, of course, reserved his reply pending instructions from the Quai d'Orsay, but the overtures were never repeated. The reason of this was that the German Government had meanwhile ascertained that M. Berthelot was not favourably inclined to the Kaiser's South African schemes. President Kruger had, in fact, appealed through M. Beerlaerts von Blokland to the French Government to intervene on his behalf against Great Britain, and M. Berthelot had replied that such action was impossible. He had further impressed on M. Beerlaerts that the Boers were a small people and that they would act wisely in endeavouring to live amicably with their powerful neighbour. The Wilhelmstrasse, of course, soon heard of this conversation, and thus it happened that M. Herbette found no opportunity of reading to Baron Marschall the very explicit and loyal *note verbale* with which M. Berthelot had furnished him. Later on M. Berthelot laid the foundations of the present *entente cordiale* with Great Britain by negotiating an agreement with Lord Salisbury relating to the vexed questions of Siam and the Niger.

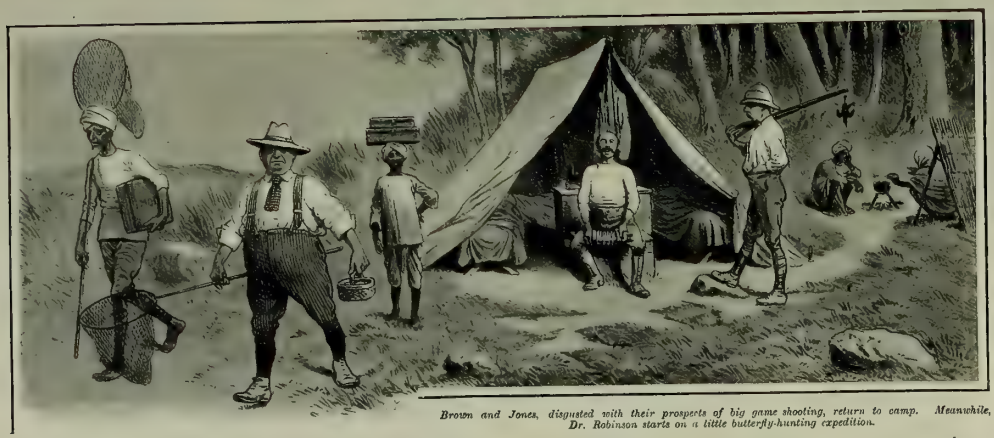
A pathetic parallel to the love story of Guizot and Dorothea Lieven—on which I had something to say a fortnight ago—appears in the last number of that curious privately printed literary miscellany, the *Shornik*, which owes its existence to the well-known Moscow millionaire and bibliophil, M. Schtschukin. It consists of forty-eight hitherto unpublished love-letters of Turgenief. When they were written the great Russian novelist was, like Guizot, in his sixth decade—apparently a very susceptible age. Of the fair addressee little is known except that her name was Julia Petrovna, that she lived and moved in the highest circles of St. Petersburg Society, and that she was thirty-three years old. Turgenief, despite his fifty-six years, fell head over ears in love with her. She was, as Ibsen says, the May sun of his September life; but there were, on both sides, impediments to marriage. She appears to have had a husband; he, of course, had Madame Viardot. Nevertheless, for a time, all went well. "Live as long as life laughs with you!" says Turgenief in one of his letters, and acting on this principle he abandons himself to the most ardent love-making, with sonnets for her eyes and kisses for her fair hands. Finally, the tragic emptiness of it all dawns upon them, and they resolve to be friends and nothing more. The correspondence ends with two poignant utterances. "My life as a woman is ended!" writes Madame Petrovna. "Ah! if we had only had more courage three years ago!" exclaims the grey-haired lover, "but now it is too late." Apart from their romantic interest the letters are worth reading for their brilliant comments on current political and literary events.



DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I. FROM A SKETCH BY F. KASKELINE

A picturesque ceremony took place last week in the Schloss Chapel, Berlin, when the Kaiser installed his second son, Prince Eitel Friedrich, as Grand Master for the region of Brandenburg of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. The function was attended by all the members of the Royal Family, the Ministers and Ambassadors, the English branch of the Order being represented by Prince Francis of Teck and Sir Herbert Jekyll. After the Prince had received the accolade and the Cross of Knighthood, he was installed as Grand Master, and, joining hands with the Kaiser, he took the oath to maintain the Knightly Order.

The Installation by the Kaiser of Prince Eitel Friedrich as Grand Master of the Order of St. John



Brown and Jones, disgusted with their prospects of big game shooting, return to camp. Meanwhile, Dr. Robinson starts on a little butterfly-hunting expedition.



He has a glorious and most successful afternoon—



But eventually attracts the attention of a hungry cub leopard—

Which stalks him carefully—

DRAWN BY W. RALSTON

FROM SKETCHES BY A. PEYTON

A MIGHTY LEOPARD HUNTER: A TALE OF THE INDIAN JUNGLE



And springs just as the Doctor is bagging a smaller specimen.

"What in the name of ——— ' Help! Help!"



Help is quickly forthcoming, and the struggle, though long, is crowned with victory.



The triumphant return to camp.

N.B.—This is a sketch of the adventure drawn by the Doctor, and sent home to a lady friend.

DRAWN BY W. RALSTON

FROM SKETCHES BY A. PEYTON

A MIGHTY LEOPARD HUNTER. A TALE OF THE INDIAN JUNGLE

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY SPORTS



R. L. ROBINSON (Oxford) Winner.
PUTTING THE WEIGHT



W. BRASS (Cambridge) 4. C. M. CHAVASSE (Oxford) 3. K. G. MACLEOD (Cambridge) 1. N. G. CHAVASSE (Oxford) 2.
THE 100 YARDS: THE FINISH OF THE DEAD-HEAT



A. M. STEVENS (Oxford), Winner, who broke the record with a throw of 146ft. 9in.
THROWING THE HAMMER



P. M. YOUNG (Oxford) Winner.
THE LONG JUMP



N. F. HALLOWS (Oxford) Winner.
THE THREE MILES



P. M. YOUNG (Oxford) Winner.
THE HIGH JUMP



K. POWELL (Cambridge) Winner.
THE HURDLES—CAMBRIDGE'S ONLY WIN



C. M. CHAVASSE (Oxford) Winner. N. G. CHAVASSE (Oxford), 2, behind.
THE QUARTER-MILE



P. S. DARLING (Oxford) Winner.
THE HALF-MILE



S. P. L. LLOYD (Oxford) Winner.
THE MILE

Oxford was revenged for the Boat Race by beating Cambridge in the Inter-University Sports at Queen's Club last week by 8½ events to 1½. This is a record victory in these contests. The only event won by Cambridge was the 120 yards hurdle race; the 100 yards was a dead-heat, but the meeting was by no means dull. Two Inter-University records were made. In the hurdles K. Powell beat the previous best for the race by 2-5sec., and A. M. Stevens threw the hammer 8ft. 6in. farther than H. G. Hales, thus beating a record which has held good for thirty years. Good running was seen in the 100 yards' dead-heat, in which the University record of 10sec. was fallen short of by only half a second.

Oxford's Sweeping Victory Over Cambridge at Queen's Club

Written by H. W. LUCY

IN PARLIAMENT

Sketches by RALPH CLEAVER



Mr. Meysey Thompson looks a bit of a wreck in evening dress at noon.

Up to Easter

The House of Commons adjourned on Wednesday for the Easter holidays, promising to return on Monday week. The Lords, characteristically ahead of the times, wound up their pre-Easter work on Thursday in last week. Only three noble lords put in an appearance, a number which constitutes a quorum, by contrast with the forty whose presence is necessary for conducting affairs in the Commons. The business in hand was the giving of assent by Royal Commission to the Consolidated Fund Bill, and it was the Commissioners—the Lord Chancellor, Earl Beauchamp and Viscount Althorpe—disguised in scarlet robes and three-cornered hats—who "made the House."

Two-thirds of the Sittings in the Commons last week were occupied by discussions of the latest attempt to reform Procedure. The new rules, of which the Premier personally has charge, deal with the extension of the beneficent plan of Grand Committees. The scheme is, in fact, in unison with the system of devolution presently to be engrafted on the government of Ireland. A Grand Committee, composed chiefly of Scotch members, with a leaven of English members, will have referred to it the Committee Stage of all Scotch Bills. Welsh legislative business will be conducted on the same lines. There is nothing new in this, the late Government having introduced the principle with relation to Scotch business. The latest rules place the system on a permanent basis. What is new is that Chairmen of Grand Committees are hereafter to be endowed with the power of granting the closure. The absence of this authority, notably in the case of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, dealt with in Grand Committee three years ago, has frequently resulted in rendering nugatory the work of a Committee.

There is a general impression that, considering nearly a third of the Session has sped, business is in a hopelessly bad way at Westminster. This is true to the extent that a large majority of Bills, promised in the King's speech, have not yet been introduced. Of these, two, the Irish Bill and the Licensing Bill, are of themselves sufficient to provide work for a Session of average length. But things are not quite so bad as they look. The Army Bill has been fairly launched, whilst Supply is in an exceptionally forward state. The ordinary practice of Ministers is to introduce their principal measures in the early weeks of the Session, temporarily shelving them whilst progress is made with financial business. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, probably for reasons over which he has no control, has reversed this order of things.

The Irish Bill and the Licensing Bill cannot be seen because, as in the historic case of the Spanish Fleet, "they are not yet in sight." It is whispered by those from whom no Cabinet secrets are hid that both measures await settlement of certain controversial points. However that be, it is already obvious that Ministers, tugged at from various quarters, have undertaken more legislative work than the limits of an ordinary Session make possible of achievement. The Army Bill has been read a second time. But it is a document of prodigious length, providing opportunity for interminable discussion, and taking into account the days allotted to Supply, it seems impossible that concurrently or in succession the Irish Bill and the Licensing Bill can also be carried before the first week in August.

There is, of course, one way of meeting the difficulty. But its adoption would be so unpopular that it seems doubtful whether even the master of an overwhelming majority dare adopt it. Members fresh from the polls, their withers yet unwrung, raised no protest against the Autumn Session of last year. It was admittedly necessary unless the labour bestowed upon the Education Bill were lost. It would be quite another thing to propose an Autumn Session in the second year of the Parliament. The Army Bill, having had a fair start, is assured of being added to the Statute Book before August. Neither of the other two named have the urgency claimed for the Education Bill, the excuse for last year's Autumn Session. With the help of big majorities and the closure one may be run through in time to send it up to the Lords in July. There is no doubt as to the direction in which preference would lie. The temperance party is pretty strong on the Ministerial side, but in the matter of organisation and Parliamentary force it is a babe and suckling compared with the Irish Nationalists. An absolute pledge has evidently been given to Mr. Redmond to carry the Irish Bill through the Commons before the Prorogation. It will accordingly take precedence over the Licensing Bill, a circumstance which may carry to "the trade" the comforting assurance of a year's respite.

Members have gone off for their Easter holiday cheered by the consciousness that in one respect they have not fallen short of the ancient renown of Parliament. They have had an all-night sitting, prolonged so far into the following day as almost to create a record. The performance, as presented in the Parliamentary reports, looks sufficiently amusing and exciting. To tell the truth, an all-night sitting is, in the main, a dolefully dull affair. *Experientia docet.* Now and again, perhaps once in an hour, some irrepressible wag raises a laugh, which is gratefully applauded. But what are they among the many hours of a long night with interminable day stretching beyond it?

In the penultimate years of the Balfour Parliament an all-night sitting led to a curious dilemma. The conflict began on a Tuesday evening and was continued over two o'clock on the following day. Under the Standing Orders then existing, the House met at two o'clock on a Wednesday, and the sitting had been appointed for discussion of a Licensing Bill. On approach to two o'clock the question arose as to whether it was Tuesday's sitting or Wednesday's, and whether in the latter case Wednesday's business should be taken in hand. Mr. Balfour entered into animated but muddled controversy as to whether, in the Parliamentary sense, it was Tuesday or Wednesday. In the end the Speaker was sent for, and ruling that it was Tuesday's sitting and past midnight (after which no opposed business may be taken), the House forthwith adjourned.



Mr. Balfour accuses the Prime Minister of being "infelicitous."



Mr. G. H. Finch, the "Father of the House," who voted in every division.



Mr. Stanley Wilson begs for an adjournment on behalf of the police, who had had an arduous night arresting suffragettes.



Sir F. Banbury, who left the House at 4 a.m., is welcomed on his return at 10.30 a.m. by Mr. Rutherford.

The All-Night Sitting

THE MAKING OF AN EASTER EGG



MOULDING LARGE EGGS

FILLING EGGS WITH SWEET LIQUIDS

MOULDING SMALL EGGS

FILLING THE INSIDES OF CHOCOLATE EGGS

Easter eggs - at any rate English ones—are generally artificial, and many of the creations of modern confectioners are most elaborate. The construction of the gigantic marzipan Easter egg shown in our illustration, for instance, occupied a fortnight, and when finished contained half a hundredweight of fondants. Large-sized Easter eggs are cast in halves, the material used for moulding being finely powdered gypsum. Boiling sugar is poured into the moulds through a small hole in the top, and when cool the castings are taken out to be filled with sweets or presents. The edges are stuck neatly together with hot sugar, and the egg is then ready to be coated with chocolate or decorated with sugar-work designs. When finished, no sign of the join between the two halves is visible, and one is inclined to wonder, like King George about the apple dumpling, how the contents got inside. Easter eggs in recent years have assumed many queer shapes, sometimes even parading in the guise of animals. Chocolate lobsters and frog fondants are very popular.

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLARKE AND HYDE



"AN ANDALUSIAN 'ARROYO'"
BY A. MOULTON FOWERAKER.



"MISS MERRIAL CHRISTIE"
BY SHIRLEY FOX.



"NIGHT"
BY A. H. ELPHINSTONE.



"CALM EVENTIDE OF LIFE"
BY W. A. PALIN.



"A WINTER'S DAWN"
BY ALFRED EAST, A.R.A. (PRESIDENT)



"THE UNCHANGING CHANGES"
BY PHILIP H. NEWMAN.

Some Pictures at the Spring Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists



BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

"CHRIST PRAYING AFTER THE LAST SUPPER"

FROM THE PAINTING BY EUGENE BURNAND



BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

"CHRIST PRAYING AFTER THE LAST SUPPER"

FROM THE PAINTING BY EUGENE BURNAND



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET — FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

PRESENTING A MINE MANAGER WITH A CHINESE BANNER



DRAWN BY J. DE HAENEN — FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

A FIGURE IN THE STILT DANCE

Sidelights on "Chinese Slavery": How the Coolies in Johannesburg Celebrated their New Year's Day

The great festival of the year in China is New Year's Day, which falls in February, and the Chinese coolies on the Rand celebrated it in a light-hearted fashion, which went far to show that they at least are content with their condition, in spite of the ravings of certain stay-at-home politicians. The proceedings began with processions to the houses of various mine managers, who were presented with banners made of thousands of ribbon-tags, each of which was inscribed with some highly complimentary sentence in Chinese. Then followed a stilt dance, lasting an hour or more, led by a Chinese actor holding two sticks, which he clapped together as a signal whenever a new figure began.

WORLDLY WOMAN

FOR once the Oracle of Fashion is dumb—or would be were there no relentless "ladies' pages" to consider. They are always with us, for news we must have, in and out of season, though there be nothing left to tell in a barren old world. As it was in the beginning, and ever shall be, there is no end to the eternal demand for novelty. To satisfy it, necessity becomes the mother of unprofitable inventions of fashions that begin and end in printers' ink. Let the timid soul take comfort. The wild legends of crinolines and coal-scuttle bonnets are only despairing efforts to relieve the dulness of days, and no more formidable or real than the sea-serpents and abnormal gooseberries of another season.

No wonder that the eloquence of the "last page" is wearing a trifle thin in these times of uncertainty, when to-morrow may give the lie to all that was predicted to-day. No wonder that its columns abound in nothing more tangible than a "feeling for" this and a "tendency towards" that, vague abstractions that can be refuted if necessary without loss of prestige. Tendencies and feelings don't count, thank goodness, nor all the "might-bes" and "may-bes" that flourish in the chronicles of March. Our fashion intelligence is almost like a *clairvoyante's* prophecies, with its loopholes and reservations, and the meaning of it all is so far to seek that no one dreams of seeking it.

We cannot blame anyone for this tiresome time of waiting, not even the "powers that be," of whom so much is expected. The burden of Atlas was as nothing compared with theirs, now that the world goes so fast that every day, almost every hour, demands a novelty. And they supply it, too, these creators of our fashions, with an ingenuity that never fails. It has been said that there are no more silver foxes in the forests of the North, no more sable left in Russia, nor chinchilla in Brazil; then they will invent some new animal for us to wear next winter, we may depend upon it. When not a feather will remain to wave on our hats (which, by the way, is more than likely) they will devise plumes of seaweed and loofah, and we shall think them charming, we may be sure. Theirs are the only commandments we never dream of breaking, the only absurdities at which we never smile. All honour to them for the clever way with which they manage one of the hardest tasks in the world.

This is their brief hour of respite. Behind closed doors they meditate on some *coup d'état* that is to astound us in a week or two. Walls that have tongues as well as ears have hinted at astonishing things. There are to be no more high waists, nor kimono arrangements, no more stripes nor short sleeves, nothing in fact of the pretty, picturesque things we have loved. Walls, I think, have been misinformed, or else this is another bogey of the dead season, told and re-told *pour passer le temps* and fill up space. No change is ever made quite so suddenly, not even in fashion's world of irresponsibility. So, I venture to believe, we shall still wear striped tweeds, only somewhat broader in effect; also the high waist is not so easily disposed of, nor the kimono, though the latter threatens to become a little monotonous. As for sleeves, it is impossible to have long ones emerging from the wide Japanese armhole, so we shall have to remain faithful to the short effect. Attempts have been made, it is true, to introduce the long wrinkled affair which all but covers the hand. A teagown built on First Empire lines would be charming with this kind of sleeve. It has its merits, too, in a picturesque evening frock, such as the one illustrated. In soft Liberty satin of a dull *passé* shade of blue, it is heavily embroidered in silver; there is a quaint hoodlike drapery falling over the sleeve, which is fastened to the bodice with two long silver tassels, and the sleeves and chemisette are of old lace net. This little gown has the attraction of solidity, a quality we seek in vain in the bespangled and bedraggled creations of the hour.



AN EVENING GOWN IN SOFT BLUE SATIN

Nowadays the amount of embroidery done on chiffon is so tremendously heavy that one wonders how such a flimsy stuff can bear the weight of so much elaboration. As a matter of fact, it does not, which I think is intentional. I heard the other day of a well-known beauty who, having paid eighty guineas for a simple little net gown, complained to the authorities when it fell to pieces at the third time of wearing. "Madame," said the great man of the great house, "it was not meant to hold together, or how should we get our living?"

I am afraid the same motive is at the bottom of the crystals, the beads and the sequins that load our chiffons and laces. The Courts have been one mass of glittering embroideries on diaphanous stuffs. Even the trains on which one could always depend for substantial support have been turned into ethereal dreams of chiffon and tulle, and marvellous embroideries, needless to add. All these transparencies are now mounted on silver. Gold has fallen from favour, which is a thousand pities, as it was infinitely more becoming. Silver is always a little cold and hard, and turns black very quickly; but as the life of the whole gown is so short nowadays this hardly matters. We have reached the very limit of extravagance in our frocks, and the only hope of reform is that we already do so much that it is impossible to do more in reason, and out of it.

There is some talk of a startling novelty, and we are at liberty to believe what we please. It has been said that some enterprising spirit intends to beautify our shop windows. The idea does not hail from America, as might have been imagined, nor even from Paris. It appears that we are to have no more unattractive medleys of blouses and lace collars, in our shop windows, no more rows of reach-me-downs on wooden dummies conspicuous for their unfortunate way of standing. Instead, we are to imagine a Louis XV sofa, an Aubusson carpet, a bunch of perfect azaleas, and a lady—a real live lady—in a poem of a gown somewhere well in the foreground.

It sounds very nice, but—and it is a weighty but—the *mannequin's* charms may cause unkind comparisons; not even the rich are always beautiful, nor the great. But there would be one advantage; it would be possible to induce an impatient male escort to stop before the window of one's pet shop. In fact, there might be too many spectators altogether in Bond Street, and business would not benefit after all.

L. S. R.

A novel form of Easter Egg has been produced by Messrs. S. Mordan and Co., in the shape of the "Chick and Egg," or "Just Out," pincushion. The article makes a charming Easter present. The "chick" is made of silver, the pincushion appearing on its back.

The National Telephone Company is about to make a useful improvement in the issue of the various telephone directories for various parts of the country. Hitherto the "Telephone Directory" has been issued annually, but, beginning with the current year, a complete directory will be published twice a year. The new directory for this half-year goes to press early in May.

Beauty and the Enchanted Prince is the provisional title chosen for the new fairy play which at Easter will replace *Little Red Riding Hood* at Hengler's Circus. The Easter programme will, in addition, include a very strong circus performance, one of the features of which will be an amazing juggler, Enrico Martialo—a newcomer to London. Among his feats is the balancing of four independent billiard cues on which is placed a sentry-box with a real Lifeguardsman inside.

Mr. W. L. Wyllie, R.A.

Mr. W. L. Wyllie is our leading painter of ships and sea, and for nearly forty years has been a contributor to the Royal Academy. In 1889 he was elected an Associate, and after a probationership of eighteen years he has been promoted to full membership. Like so many distinguished artists of his class, he has for many years been connected with THE GRAPHIC, the pages of which have carried his brilliant work, specially executed for them, to every corner of the globe. An example of his GRAPHIC work to-day is seen on the opposite page. As an artist-correspondent few have ever surpassed him, and it is to be doubted if William Van de Velde himself, the first "naval artist war correspondent," showed knowledge and technical accuracy equal to that of the new Academician.

Mr. Wyllie is a man of varied talents. Whether he is painting vast historical, semi-decorative pictures in oil, or little delicate water-colours, or impressive wash-drawings for newspaper reproduction, or etchings and dry-points of exquisitely fine workmanship—whether he is writing a highly informative treatise on "Perspective for Artists," or composing an original and well-balanced criticism on "Turner," Mr. Wyllie is equally at home—as much at ease as when he is navigating his own little ship on the lower Thames reaches and in the open seas, in search of subjects for his prolific brush. His range of subject is as wide as his range of method and material. He has painted the Thames, and so gained his greatest reputation. Who does not know "Toil, Glitter, Grime, and Wealth on a Flowing Tide" (now in the Tate Gallery), with which he gained wide applause and set the seal on his own fame? Who does not remember his "Pool of London," and other compositions of the metropolitan river? His pictorial contributions to English history include such large and important works, now decorating the Junior United Service Club and other institutions, as "The Battle of Trafalgar," "The Battle of the Nile," "Blake's Great Naval Engagement with Van Tromp," and "The Belleisle and Swiftsure." But these were scenes on which he had never set eyes. His truer story, recorded for us and for posterity, of the great events of to-day may not have greater artistic value, but it does possess the outstanding virtue of contemporary testimony—pictures such as "Spithead, 1891," "The Opening of the Tower Bridge," and divers others of the kind. Mr. Wyllie is not only a scientifically accurate worker, but a rapid draughtsman, whose tender good-nature has been utilised before now with most excellent profitable effect. Need the reader be reminded of the incident, a couple of years ago, when, in aid of the Westminster Hospital, Mr. Wyllie, carefully disguised as a "pavement artist," sat on the flags of Dean's Yard, and made pictures on them for the contributions of the admiring crowd? It is true it cost five shillings to go in and see the artist tramp make his wonderful drawings on the stones and rub them out as fast as he finished them; but the sum he collected w asphenomenal, for he persuaded many an enthusiatic watcher to buy pictures and studies he had brought with him at fair prices. One of his visitors was the present King of Norway, who watched the uncouth, ill-dressed, poverty-stricken artist for a time and then threw him a small, a very small sum.



In the billiard match of 7,000 up with F. H. Weiss, in the Leicester Square Saloon, T. Reece won with an unfinished break of 4,593, which included 2,279 consecutive cannons, all but 11 being "anchor" strokes.

REECE BEATING ALL RECORDS AT BILLIARDS
A SKETCH BY J. DUNCAN



MR. W. L. WYLLIE, THE NEW R.A.
Photo by Walery.



MISS L. M. FAITHFULL
New Principal of Cheltenham Ladies' College.

Miss Lilian Mary Faithfull, who has been elected to succeed the late Miss Dorothea Beale as Principal of Cheltenham Ladies' College, is Vice-Principal and head of the women's department of King's College, London. She was educated at Somerville College. She was made a Fellow of King's College in 1904, is a Governor of St. Paul's School, and a member of the Faculty of Arts in London University. Photo by Elliott and Fry.

Then his guide whispered to him that it was "the great artist, Mr. Wyllie," and the predestined king broke into a hearty laugh at the well-carried-out joke, and straightway bought some fifty pounds' worth of pictures. Some three thousand pounds were added by Mr. Wyllie to the funds of the hospital.

Mr. Wyllie has twice or thrice been within an ace of election as Academician, but on each occasion, curiously enough, lost it by a single contrary vote; so there was an appropriateness that in the present instance he should have secured his footing by a like unit. The painter of "Toil, Glitter, Grime, and Wealth" has earned his full recognition by consistent work ever since his first Academy exhibit, when he was only eighteen years of age. He is now fifty-six and in full vigour of his career, and, health serving, he has many years of busy production in store.

M. H. S.

The Theatres

"THE GIPSY GIRL"

Critics, themselves, for the most part, incapable of original work, are apt to lay too much stress upon want of originality. In this they differ from the public, who are content to accept a familiar plot, if only it be dished up in a fresh and workmanlike fashion. It was not because the story of *The Gipsy Girl* dealt with a young heiress stolen from her parents when a baby by a Romany showman that the piece had a mixed reception. It was not even because this girl, called Katrina, was accused of theft, and saved from the police and restored to her parents by the one young man in the world whom they desired that their daughter should marry, that the author, Mr. Claude Arundale, was received with a hearty chorus of boos when he appeared before the curtain. It was because, in writing his "book," he had relied on a form of wit which is out of fashion, namely, punning, and because his puns were poor and overworked as well. The piece is not altogether wanting in dramatic situations, but the dialogue is not sufficiently fresh or clever to make these well-worn situations seem worth re-presenting. The lyrics did not help, for they are in strictly conventional musical-comedy style and not up to standard quality. They are set to bright if slightly reminiscent music, which in the concerted numbers is particularly well balanced and pleasing.

Great praise is due to the players for their loyal attempts to make as much as possible out of the poor material provided for them. They all acted with exceptional gaiety and spirit. Miss Sybil Arundale, in particular, was delightful as well as amusing in the scene where Katrina masquerades as a boy to escape arrest for the crime she has not committed. Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald worked manfully in the part of a booby who writes excessively poor verses. His excellent acting of the semi-serious love scene at the end inclined me to think that he is rather wasted in musical comedy. Mr. Fred Eastman was a great help to the piece as a drunken showman who dons the costumes of various Shakespearian heroes, including Coriolanus and Hamlet. The idea of this part is quite amusing; unfortunately the lines are not. The anecdote about the performing fleas is simply disagreeable without being funny. On the whole *The Gipsy Girl* is not much worse than many musical comedies which have proved a success; the pity is that it is not better, and that the public happen to be a little tired of this form of theatrical entertainment just now.

DRAMATICUS.

Memoranda for the Coming Week

MONDAY, APRIL 1

Bank Holiday.
National Union of Teachers: Meeting, Oxford.
Lord Methuen opens the Church Lads Brigade drill-hall at High Wycombe.
Association Football: The final tie of the Army Cup, Aldershot.

TUESDAY, APRIL 2

Mounted Competitions at Wormwood Scrubbs (two days).
Royal Horticultural Society: Exhibition of flowers and fruit, 1—6; lecture at 3 on "Orchid Hybrids."
Haymarket Theatre: *The Palace of Puck.*

THURSDAY, APRIL 4

National Service League: Lord Roberts in Birmingham.

FRIDAY, APRIL 5

Great Queen Street Theatre: Opening of German season; Herzog's *Die Condottieri.*

SATURDAY, APRIL 6

International Building Trades Exhibition: Opening by the Lord Mayor, Olympia.
Agricultural Hall: Aero Club Exhibition (in connection with International Motor Car Exhibition) open to 13th.
Lord Methuen opens the new drill-hall and headquarters of the Woolwich Company, R.A.M.C. (Vols.).
House of Commons Point-to-Point Race, near Kineton.



The first death sentence delivered in the new Sessions House was that passed by the Lord Chief Justice on Horace George Rayner, who, after a brief trial, was found guilty of the murder of Mr. William Whiteley.

THE MURDER OF MR. WHITELEY: THE PRISONER IN COURT
A SKETCH BY D. MACPHERSON



Of the Russian squadron, consisting of two battleships and a cruiser, which anchored in Portsmouth Harbour at the beginning of the week, two, the battleship Tsarevitch and the cruiser Bogatyr, got a battering in the war with Japan. The other vessel, the battleship Slava, is comparatively new. The ships arrived off Spithead on Sunday, and next day were moored alongside the jetties in Portsmouth Harbour, so that visitors have had an opportunity of seeing them. Admiral Roussine, the Russian Commodore, dined at Admiralty House with Admiral Sir Day Bosanquet, Commander-in-Chief. Visits to the Dockyard, the torpedo and gunnery schools, and a banquet given by the Mayor of Portsmouth, were included in the entertainments to the Russian officers.

Our Russian Visitors to Portsmouth: The Arrival of the Squadron at Spithead

DRAWN BY W. L. WYLLIE, R.A.

MODEL DWELLINGS AT THE "ZOO"



The Re-Housing Problem at the Zoological Gardens: Recent Improvements

Photos by The Graphic Photographer.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

AN ENGLISH OFFICER ON THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR

General Sir Ian Hamilton's "Staff Officer's Scrap-Book during the Russo-Japanese War" (Arnold), the second volume of which has just appeared, is as descriptive and inspiriting a piece of writing as has been seen in connection with the late war. The writer is not only a clever and a dashing officer, but a man of discernment, and his realistic description of what he has seen of Japanese methods in warfare, and his reflections upon them, cannot but have a lasting effect upon thinking readers—for the truth of them would be felt if ill-luck should throw us again into a big war. The present volume deals principally with the battles of Liaoyang and the Shaho. Sir Ian was a *persona grata* with Kuroki and the Headquarter Staff. Staff Officers were detailed to acquaint him with details of what had taken place, and what was to be attempted, whilst Kuroki himself arranged that he should be able to see all that was possible of the great battles. It would be ridiculous to attempt an account of what the author did see in the space at our command. The book itself should be read, and we might add that those who would gain an intelligent idea of what took place in Manchuria, and the lessons to be learnt therefrom, cannot afford to miss it. One of the best chapters of the volume is that entitled "Reflections by the Way," from which one learns much of those characteristics of the Japanese which helped them towards success. The author having mentioned to a friend that he had heard that a strong anti-Russian feeling accounted for the intense keenness of the Japanese rank and file, the friend answered :—

Our army will always eagerly go forward to do battle with whomsoever His Majesty the Emperor may designate. But this Russian War is certainly an exception, in so far that each private soldier enters into it with burning feelings of personal anger which are a legacy of all the rapacity and deception and contempt displayed by Russia towards Japan for a long time past.

And when we take into consideration that the Japanese are educated and knew what they were fighting about, and the Russians are illiterate and were ignorant of the cause of the war, that the former knew and trusted their officers, whilst the latter were led by "mediocrities," we can understand the reason of Japanese success. In writing of Japanese strategy, Sir Ian says :—

The first point which strikes me is the clear, simple, and direct character of the Japanese strategy, carried out though it has been on a grandiose scale. I think it is Clausewitz who says that in war everything is simple, but the simple is the most difficult. The Manchurian campaign will probably be quoted hereafter as an instance in point.

Another thing that impressed the writer was the great speed with which the Japanese carried out their infantry attacks. For instance, after describing the assault on Terayama, in the Shaho battle, he says :—

In certain respects the startling, sudden onslaught of Okasaki's brigade resembled a Dervish rush, but with one marked difference, inasmuch as the formation was not solid, but exceedingly flexible and loose, offering no very vulnerable target even to a machine gun. The speed was marvellous, and the men got across the plain more like charging cavalry than ordinary infantry. Some say the leading sections paused once to fire. I did not see this happen. To the best of my observation the assaulting infantry ran 600 yards without the semblance of a halt, and as their leading files reached the sunken road they dashed unhesitatingly into it, right on to the top of the crouching Russian infantry. Next second the Russians and their assailants were rushing up Terayama slopes in one confused mob, the whole mass convulsively working bayonet and bullet and clubbed rifle as they ran. The hill was carried. Bravo! Bravo!! Bravo!!!

We must not forget to call attention to the excellence of the maps, topographical sketches and photographs, and once more to advise our readers to study the work for themselves—no review of it can adequately convey its value and interest.

SKETCHES BY "B.-P."

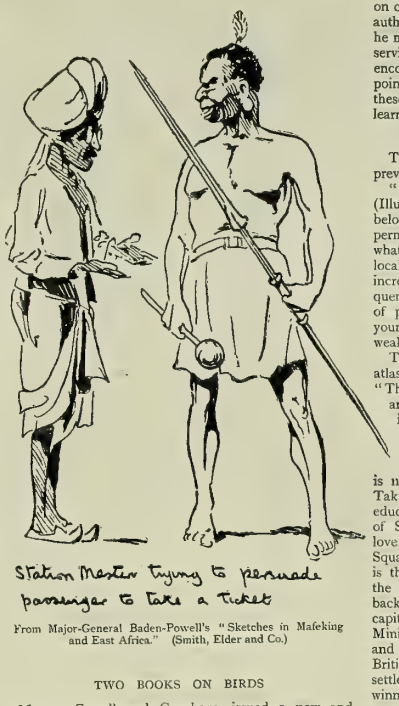
Everybody knows Major-General Baden-Powell as soldier, few as writer and artist. Now everybody may know him as all three. His "Sketches in Mafeking and East Africa" (Smith, Elder and Co. 21s.) reveal a vivid pen both in sketching and writing. It is a book of things seen, of notes which, as he says, "are really extracts from diaries, from letters, and from sketch-books," merely "scraps and impressions gathered by the way in an ordinary, unimportant little trip of three months round South Africa, Rhodesia, and East Africa." The trip was with the Duke of Connaught. Naturally enough, it is the places made historical by the war which make their strongest appeal to the gallant defender of Mafeking. And it is in memories of that "so-called siege" (the phrase is the modest General's) that the book is especially rich and interesting. But other spots sacred to the soldier are touched on vividly, as this scene noted from a railway journey :—

Now and again we come on a blockhouse standing intact, and one of these not only had its wire fence round it, but two figures were wearily playing cricket within the enclosure. Could it be that these two men have inadvertently been overlooked and left behind on the withdrawal of the troops? Perhaps they still keep watch at night, and do not know the war is over!

East Africa is equally full of scenes for the General's keen eye :—

The Kavirondo people, although they wear not a stitch of clothing, except a pipe in their mouth, are very moral and full of etiquette.

In fact, the area covered by the trip apparently teems with humorous little scenes, and General Baden-Powell has missed nothing. His volume is an extremely entertaining scrap-book.



From Major-General Baden-Powell's "Sketches in Mafeking and East Africa." (Smith, Elder and Co.)

TWO BOOKS ON BIRDS

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have issued a new and enlarged edition of Richard and Cherry Kearton's famous book, "British Birds' Nests," which has been well said to mark a new era in natural history. From first to last, over a period covering nearly fifteen years, the brothers Kearton travelled upwards of 30,000 miles and exposed over 10,000 plates in pursuit of bird photographs, and it is difficult to know whether to admire more the patience, labour, and ingenuity necessary to secure the results achieved, or the wonderful results themselves—the series of beautiful photographs, which reveal nature in one of its most intimate and fascinating aspects. In another book Mr. Richard Kearton has told us of the devices they used to approach their shy "sitters," stalking them inside dummy oxen and sheep, constructing hiding places of branches or stones and many other contrivances to get within snapshot range, and thus the pioneers of bird photography have been able to include in the present volume such marvellous nature studies as the "Great Crested Grebe on Nest," "Golden Eagle's Eyrie with Young," "Young Cuckoo and Tree Pipit Foster-mother," "Richardson's Skua Sitting," "Black-throated Diver on Nest," "Ruffs on their Fighting Ground," and "Young Buzzard Perching," to mention only a few of the most striking subjects in this delightful book. The letterpress is succinct and to the point, and includes the local and other names assigned to the various birds. The new edition, published at 21s. net, contains fifteen plates of typical eggs, beautifully reproduced by the three-colour process.

"Birds of the Countryside," by Frank Finn (Hutchinson), 5s. net, is a useful little handbook of familiar British birds, profusely illustrated with photographs, outline drawings, and coloured plates. The book, says the author, is primarily intended to serve as a means of identification of the birds most conspicuous in life or literature, free or in captivity, in this country, and to this end the species dealt with are arranged according to the circumstances under which they are likely to be encountered—*i.e.*, birds met with in towns and gardens, birds of the wayside and woodland, denizens of the waterside, birds of the mountain, moor and marshland, and sea-birds. Finally, there is a chapter on classification. The book is brightly written, and the author has something interesting to tell us of every bird he mentions. Although he omits any directions for preserving skins, on the ground that he does not wish to encourage collecting, we observe that he is careful to point out whenever a bird is edible. The number of these is surprising, and even the humble sparrow, we learn, "goes very well on toast."

THE NOVELIST ABROAD

Two novels before us severally represent the two prevalent types of fiction in relation to foreign affairs.

"In the Cause of Freedom," by Arthur W. Marchmont (Illustrated by Harold Piffard. Ward, Lock and Co.), belongs to the vast field in which the state of Russia permits imagination to riot at will. Russia is to Europe what Cornwall is to England—a privileged region for the localisation of incidents that would be set down as incredible elsewhere. The plot is based on the consequences of a Polish conspiracy, in the form of a jungle of perils and adventures through which the splendid young Briton, of regulation pattern, smashes his way to wealth, love, and honour.

The Kingdom of Sergia has now been added to the atlas for novel-readers by Mr. Armiger Barclay's story of "The Kingmakers" (also illustrated by Mr. Piffard. Cassel and Co.). It is scarcely necessary to say that Sergia is a Balkan State, where dynastic rivalries are explcited by Russian intrigue. Technical objection may be taken to the typical character of the novel, as a representative of its class, inasmuch as its hero is not of British nationality. But since Prince Victor Takuzen, by right King Victor III. of Sergia, had been educated at Harrow and Cambridge under the name of Stuart, was a gentleman and a sportsman, was in love with an English girl, and lived in Cavendish Square, we think the objection may be held to fail. He is the splendid young Briton for every purpose that the British reader is supposed to require. He is backed, moreover, by a British as well as an Austrian capitalist; his sweetheart's father is a British Cabinet Minister; his Commander-in-Chief is a British Pasha; and the *deus ex machinâ* is nothing less than the British fleet, whose sudden appearance in Sergian waters settles Russia's business just when she is on the point of winning. The main interest of the story depends less upon adventure than is usual in the Balkan novel, its principal motive being the conflict between human love and royal duty, and how they were finally combined.

A FIRST-CLASS NIGHTMARE

Lack of adventure is certainly not among the shortcomings of "The Gold Worshippers," by J. B. Harris-Burland (Greening and Company). It belongs, in its origin, to the "Moonstone" class of fiction, so far as its starting point is the pursuit of a talisman taken from a Chinese temple. But the object is no mere jewel or idol. It is a magic ball that can be made, by those who know the secret, to produce gold without limit, so that its possessor can—and does—enrich himself at the rate of as many millions a day as he has time to grind. His resulting experiences, mostly in a remote nook of Essex, with a sacred serpent that requires a female victim a year; with a horrible Chinese torturer, and with the excitement in himself of lust of gold and lust of blood, are more than gruesome enough to account for his "brain-fever"—which, indeed, might well have been less consequence than cause. For anybody in search of a first-class nightmare, "The Gold-Worshippers" is the very thing.

THE BYSTANDER By J. ASHBY-STERRY

'OF course you will go out of town for the Easter Holidays," writes an old friend. Of course I shall do nothing of the kind. In the first place, the Clerk of the Weather has been so eccentric in his behaviour that there is no knowing what meteorological marvels he may turn on for the benefit of holiday-makers. In the second place, it is as much trouble for me to leave town for three days as for three months, and in the third place, the holiday season is not the best time for a holiday. At Easter, and other periods devoted to the popular exodus, the stations are thronged, the trains are over-full and invariably behind their time, you find all the hotels crammed, and your favourite retreats in the country, on the river, or by the sea so overrun by people that there is no rest from morning till night. At these times I like to remain quietly at home, hard at work, and take my holiday on another occasion. If people would only have a little common sense, and not all take their holidays at once, these periodical dislocations of England would not take place. I am decidedly in favour of holidays, but I would not make them universal. Why cannot half the population make merry while the other half stops at home and minds the shop? It would, undoubtedly, double the amount of holidays, but, on the other hand, it would halve the inconvenience that they invariably cause. Besides, is not half the charm of a holiday derived from seeing other people hard at work?

If any of my correspondents receive letters from me bespattered with ruddy gore I trust they will not be alarmed. There will be no occasion for them to communicate with the police or call to inquire if anything serious is the matter. The explanation is simply this: they have been painting the pillar letter-box at the corner of my square till it looks red-hot. It now is blatantly rubicund; it glows gloriously like a guardsman in a new uniform basking in the sunshine. This is very pleasant, but there are drawbacks. The paint takes a considerable time to dry, and letters are apt to be splotched with vermilion in entering the box. This, however, is not quite the worst of it. I inadvertently touched with my fingers the wet paint, and subsequently rubbed my nose and imparted a ruddy tone thereto, thus giving that organ a comic, not to say bibulous, aspect, which, however, seemed to cause intense amusement to the passers-by. I, however, did not detect the cause of their merriment till seeing myself reflected in a mirror about an hour afterwards.

Some time ago I called attention in this column to the grimy condition of the statues in the City. I am glad to find my protest has not been fruitless, for I read in the *City Press* that at a recent meeting of the Court of Common Council, Mr. Deputy Wilkinson spoke of the dirty condition of several statues in the City and asked whether any steps would be taken to give them a spring clean, and Mr. Stopher promised to bring the matter before the Streets Committee. Moreover, Mr. Domoney stated that "the statues under jurisdiction of the City Lands Committee were subject to a cleaning every three months." I suppose I must have been particularly unfortunate on the occasion of my visit, or the weather must have been especially bad, but certainly many of the statues looked as if they had not been cleaned for three years. However, things seem more hopeful now, and I shall look forward to seeing, on my next visit to the City, William IV. restored to kingly dignity, Sir Robert Peel with an extra polish, George Peabody wearing the smartness of an American citizen, Rowland Hill with a well-brushed coat, and the Duke of Wellington in a brilliant and speckless uniform. While the Common Council is concerning itself with statues, I wish it would carry out my favourite project of gilding the Griffin. If this were achieved it would form a brilliant and decorative monument for the western entrance to the City.

A deal of digging and delving has recently been going on in the courtyard of Charing Cross Station, which seems to have resulted in the relaying of the pavement. I was in hopes they were about to substitute asphalt, which would have proved an agreeable relief to dwellers in the hotel, who must ofttimes be greatly annoyed by the clatter of the vehicles over the stones. Asphalt seems to be exclusively used in the neighbourhood, and it is difficult to understand why it is banished from this enclosure. While they were making alterations, I only wish they had carried out a favourite scheme of mine, and that is planting trees within the courtyard. A row of planes behind the railings and at the edge of the footway on the approaches would be in nobody's way. It would form a pleasant shade for the cab-stand and give a glimpse of grateful greenery that would be visible in all directions. It is to be hoped it is not too late for this idea to be carried out.

Admirers of the graceful portraiture of John Hoppner—who is far more appreciated nowadays than he was in his own time—will be rather astonished at the statements made apropos of one of his pictures, according to the report in one of the papers, in a recent action at law. One said that he "was not a first-class painter of the period," another that "he was a plagiarist of Reynolds," a third that "he was overshadowed by Lawrence." Perhaps the most extraordinary remark made was that he was an Englishman, and died over two hundred years ago, the real fact being that Hoppner was born of German parentage in London, and died in 1810, that is just ninety-seven years ago. It is a wonder that the last statement referred to, which happened to be only one hundred and three years wrong, was not challenged at the time it was made.



Mr. Haldane, Secretary of State for War, revisited a scene of his early days when he distributed, the other evening, the prizes won during the year by the Inns of Court Rifle Volunteers. He was once a law student in the Temple, and in the Hall of the Inner Temple the ceremony took place. The large assemblage included Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., Hon. Colonel of the Inns of Court, Lord Justice Buckley, Lord Justice Kennedy, Mr. Justice Grantham, Mr. Justice Bigham and Major-General Sir W. H. Mackinnon. In reply to a vote of thanks, Mr. Haldane said that since the days when the Inns of Court Volunteers used to drill beneath his window in the Temple, somewhat to the interruption of his legal studies—when he was trying, for instance, to consider the distinction between a "contingent remainder" and an "executory limitation"—he was filled with an intense desire to acquire control over the military operations of this country. After this joke, Mr. Haldane spoke seriously on his scheme for a national army.

THE LAW AND THE RIFLE: THE PRIZE DISTRIBUTION BY MR. HALDANE TO THE INNS OF COURT VOLUNTEERS

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.

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THE CRIPPLE

A Complete Story

Written by ROBERT HICHENS

Illustrated by FRANK CRAIG



"We were in the stalls. . . In the middle of the act there was an alarm of fire."

SOME years ago many visitors to a quiet Paradise on the Italian seaboard not far from Genoa were accustomed to see in a wheeled chair, on the road above the sea, a tall young man, with a handsome, tranquil face, enjoying the soft air and the brilliant sunshine. He looked well, but was a hopeless cripple. He was always accompanied in his airings by a lady, his wife, and it was easy to see her devotion to him and his delight in her p esence and companionship.

How had he become a cripple? Some wondered and asked the question. It was rumoured that he had made an attempt at suicide; that he had been in a railway accident; that he had been smashed upin a motor-car. But no one knew the truth. The couple lived a retired life in a villa surrounded by gardens, and spoke to few people.

This is the story of his abrupt transformation from an active man into a wreck. That the active man was miserable, that the wreck was happy and is happy still—this may seem strange. Possibly the story will make clear to some the "Why."

[Copyright, 1906, by Robert Hichens in the United States of America.]

Father Sebastian, the Rector of the Passionist community established at Creighton St. Mary's, one of the loveliest villages in the Midland counties of England, sat in his barely furnished cell at his writing-table one dull, misty morning of November. The post had just come in, and he was opening his letters slowly. His kind, grave face changed little in expression as he glanced through their contents until he took up the last envelope, which bore a foreign postmark. Then he smiled as if with pleasant anticipation.

"She has written already!" he said, half aloud.

He smiled again, forgetting the darkness outside which had been weighing upon his sensitive spirit, and quickly tore open the envelope.

Father Sebastian was half Italian by birth, and had lived long abroad. He loved the sun, and missed it terribly in England. But this letter was from a dear friend, an Englishwoman whose spiritual director he had been, and whom he had recently married to the man she loved. They had gone to the south on their honeymoon, and here already was news of her. Having seen much of the grief and terror of life in his labours among the poor, Father Sebastian loved to think of happy people. Here, into his grey room, was come doubtless a record of joy, of joy in the sun. It seemed to him as if a sunray had stolen through the window-pane and laid its golden touch upon his table. But when he looked at the letter his face changed. Amazement, grief, chased away the smile that had lit it up. The letter was dated five days before from the Hotel Royal at Naples, and was very short:

"My Dear Father,—I am coming back to Creighton St. Mary's—alone. When I see you I will tell you why. I don't think you will blame me. You understand people and things so well. You can't comfort me—indeed, indeed, you can do me no good now. And yet I long to see you, speak with you. The idea of being with anyone else is horrible to me. I am desperately miserable. Have you ever felt unutterable shame for another—not yourself? To-day I feel as if I couldn't look anyone in the face.

"V. G."

That day Father Sebastian found it very difficult to attend to his duties, even to fix his attention upon his devotions. Familiar as he was with human tragedies, he had been amazed by this letter. What could have occurred between the newly made wife and husband to bring about this abrupt return—this flight—of the woman he had made a wife only three weeks before, whose passionate love he had consecrated, whose life he had mingled with the life of the man who loved her?

That night he prayed for them both. On the following evening he received a summons from the writer of the letter. She had arrived at a neighbouring town and was staying at the inn there.

"Can you come to me here?" she wrote in pencil. "After all I am ashamed to come to Creighton St. Mary's."

Father Sebastian ordered the unclipped and venerable horse of the Passionists to be put into their roughly built country cart, and drove himself away in the gathering darkness to the Bull Inn at Hammersfield.

.

When he reached the inn he was shown at once into an upstairs sitting-room, in which, by a wood fire, a woman was standing, leaning her forehead against her hand, which was holding the high oak mantelshelf. As he came in she turned round, and her white face was flooded with a scarlet that seemed the scarlet of shame. He took her hand in silence. When the servant had gone out and shut the door she said:

"Sit down, Father. I'll tell you, but—don't look at me. If you look at me I don't believe——"

She broke off and turned round again suddenly to the fire.

The monk sat down by a long narrow table that stood in the middle of the old-fashioned room. On it lay the woman's hat and gloves, and a veil with a pin stuck through it.

"You are really alone?" he asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Then—your husband?"

She shivered slightly.

"I don't know where he is. I don't want to see him again."

"But"—the monk's voice sounded amazed, despite his desire and intention to speak quite tranquilly—"you love him, my child."

"I did—I did. You know that."

There was a passionate warmth in her voice.

"You mean that it is over already?"

"Yes, yes, it's over. You can't believe it! You are blaming me. In your heart you are. Such a change to come so suddenly! It's horrible—horrible. But it isn't my fault. Just let me tell you, and then, if you understand women, you'll understand."

"Tell me."

"Don't look at me, then."

"I am not looking."

After a pause the woman—she was about twenty-four, tall, courageous looking, almost noble in her long, simple dress, with her black hair and steady brown eyes, that to-night, for the first time, seemed unable to meet the monk's eyes—the woman began to speak:

"We were perfectly happy. We went to Paris, then on to Naples. For those very few days I knew what it was to be utterly happy, to the limits of my capacity. We got to Naples. We were in the sun. You know, Father, what I love best in any man, what I look for, demand in every man, especially in the man I love—courage. All women are like that. They must have their man a brave man. Mustn't they? I can't believe any woman doesn't expect that. I'm not a coward, and I'm a woman. I couldn't bolt from danger and leave——"

She suddenly broke off, bent down, and struck the logs of the fire with her foot. Sparks rushed out.

"But——" said the monk.

"One minute, Father. If I don't get it over now I shan't be able to tell you. We went to the theatre. We were in the stalls, next to the gangway. In the middle of the act there was an alarm of fire. There was some smoke. It came from behind the scenes. Then someone called out. I was looking at the smoke. I turned round to—to him. You know—well, in such a moment we women turn to the man we love. He wasn't there."

"Not there!" said the monk.

"He'd—he'd—" she swallowed audibly—"he'd bolted."

The monk said nothing. He felt his flesh tingling.

"He'd got into the street. I suppose he was about the first to get there. Afterwards there was a sort of riot—people fighting to get out. I sat quite still. I felt like stone in the midst of the fire. Well, they managed to put it out in time. I was only bruised by some of the people struggling past me. When it was possible I went out slowly by myself. I met him in the street. He said he was coming back for me. It was true; he was fighting to get back. I believe he would have come to me—then, even if the fire—but it was too late then. I told him so. I asked him to leave me alone. He—he didn't dare not to obey me. He didn't say anything. I went back to the hotel. I locked our bedroom door that night. I needn't have. He didn't come. Then I wrote to you. In the morning I left Naples. That's all."

There was a silence between them. At last the monk said:

"And your love, my child?"

"It died—when I turned round and saw his empty seat. Can you understand that?"

"Are you sure it is dead? Are you sure it is not merely stunned? Stunned things can come to life again."

"Father, could you love a coward? Could you love someone you were ashamed of?"

"Christ loved everyone," the monk replied. "He pitied all men."

"I loved because I looked up."

"Are you sure you could not love because you pitied? Are you sure you could not bend down a little way to love?"

.

That night, when Father Sebastian reached the monastery at Creighton St. Mary's, he was told that a man had called to see him and was coming again.

"What was his name?"

"He would not leave it," replied the Father, a newcomer to the monastery, who had opened the door to the visitor. "He looked like a man in great agony of mind."

Father Sebastian thought of the woman he had just left, and sighed.

"It is late," he said. "I should hardly think——"

At that moment there was a knock upon the monastery door.

"If that is he," Father Sebastian said, "bring him to my room."

He mounted the wooden stairs heavily, while the other Father hastened to the front door.

Father Sebastian sat down by his writing-table and waited, leaning his head on his hand. He was tired. A fine rain was falling, had been falling during his drive back to the monastery. It added to his melancholy. He wished to be alone, and now——

The door of his cell opened, and a young man walked in and shut the door quickly.

"Mr. Graile!" exclaimed the Father.

He got up, as if moved by a sudden, irresistible impulse, and pointed towards the door. Then his hand dropped to his side, and he said:

"No—sit down, please."

The young man was deadly pale and looked furtive. As he went to a chair his movements were almost cringing. But when he spoke there was a determined sound in his voice.

"You're surprised to see me, Father Sebastian, aren't you? You thought I was in Naples with—with my wife."

"I did not expect to see you, certainly."

"My wife—I—we are not together any more. Probably she'll write and tell you soon. If she does, you can tell her that I told you first."

It was evident that he did not know of his wife's return, of her being at Hammersfield. The Father did not enlighten him.

"What do you wish to tell me?" the Father asked quietly, looking at the small fire which was burning on the hearth.

The young man leant forward in his chair, then back, then forward again, as if trying to find a posture in which he could be at ease.

"You've heard hundreds of confessions, I suppose?" he said, at length.

"Yes."

"Have you ever been shocked by one? Have you ever—have you ever felt inclined to strike the penitent instead of absolving him?"

"Never," said the Father earnestly, "never."

The man looked a little less furtive.

"Can you understand impulses, however—however terrible, however impossible they are?" he said, almost passionately. "Can you make allowance——?"

"Didn't Christ make allowance?" Father Sebastian interrupted. "Why am I a Priest if I cannot?"

"Then—then—Father Sebastian, I've done a thing I can't understand, a thing I would cut any man for doing, a thing I should not have believed any man could do, a thing that the greatest blackguard living would be ashamed to do. I've done it. I couldn't do it again. That I know, as I know that some day I shall die. I could never do it again. But I've done it."

"What was it?"

"I—we were in Naples——"

He paused as if the words stuck in his throat.

"We were in Naples. We were at the theatre in the stalls. I was sitting on the outside next to the gangway."

He paused again.

"Don't be afraid," Father Sebastian said, with a sort of gentle, but deep emphasis.

The man's face got scarlet, but he went on now without hesitation.

"In the middle of the play there was a sudden alarm of fire. There was a fire, but it was got under. A cloud of smoke came from behind the scenes. There was a shriek, 'Fuoco! Fuoco!' I heard it. I saw the smoke. I—something seemed to take me by the shoulders—a devil—to force me out of my seat, to force me out of the theatre. Father, I was possessed. Good God, Father, I must have been possessed! There are such things. There are possessions. In the Bible it says so! I found myself in the street, the air on my face. And then—suddenly it was gone. I was free. I knew what I had done. I tried to go back to her. I fought to go back to her. But it was impossible. All the entrances were choked with a howling mob. Then I seemed to go mad. I sat down on a doorstep. I—I believe I cursed and cried. I don't know. And then at last almost all the people were out, and I went again to force my way in. And then I met her, and she——"

Suddenly he dropped his head down almost between his knees and began to sob.

"She hates me! She hates me!" he muttered. "She'll always hate me."

Father Sebastian said nothing at first, did not try to comfort him. But presently, when the man recovered himself a little and looked up, the Father said:

"You have played the coward physically."

The man nodded, without looking up.

"Now, can you play the man mentally, morally?"

"The—what do you mean?"

"Will you do what I advise you?"

The man looked up at last.

"Yes," he said.

Father Sebastian got up, went to the door, opened it, and called out a name in the dark passage. In a moment a monk came shuffling to ask what was wanted.

"Please tell them to put in the horse, Father John. I am going back to Hammersfield."

"Again!" said the monk, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes."

"It's raining hard."

"I must go."

The monk shuffled away, while Father Sebastian returned to his room.

"Come with me to Hammersfield," he said to the young man.

"To Hammersfield? Why, Father?"

"Your wife is there. I am going to take you to her."

"My wife—she—I can't go—I won't go!"

"When are you going to begin to put the past behind you? When are you going to begin to be brave?"

The words stung. The man's face was scarlet for a moment, then deadly pale again. His hands trembled.

"I made you her husband," the monk said. "You have the right to be with her."

"But she hates me. She despises me."

"You must make her live with you again. You must make her feel the truth of what you have told me, if it is true, that you are no longer the man who deserted her in the moment of danger."

"How can I? It is true. But how can I?"

"The spirit that burns brightly, whose flame ascends straight upward, without wavering, without faltering, can make itself seen even by doubtful, sceptical, even by almost blind eyes. But perhaps God will show you the way. Come!"

He took his hat and went out of the room into the dark passage. After a moment of painful hesitation, the young man slowly followed him.

.

The fine rain was still falling, and it was very late when the weary horse of the Passionists once more stopped before the inn at Hammersfield. Father Sebastian and his companion got down and went into the house, while the ostler, a good deal surprised at the monk's return in such weather, and at such an hour, led the horse to the stables. In the coffee-room, which was deserted of guests, a waiter came up.

"We shall want something to eat presently," said Father Sebastian. "But first—that lady who arrived this evening——"

"The lady in numbers eleven and twelve, sir?"

"Yes. Will you tell her that—no——" He turned to his companion. "Have you your card?"

The young man moved uneasily, and put his hand up to his face.

"I—I don't think——" he began.

He stopped and looked at the monk.

"You are not going up to her?" he said.

The waiter, a mild, elderly man, stared at them in some surprise.

"I'm not certain sure, sir, whether the lady is still up," he said. "She was very tired, sir, and had something to eat in her room directly you left."

"Will you go up and give her my name, Father Sebastian, and ask if she has a moment to spare?"

"Very well, sir."

The waiter went out softly.

Directly he was gone the young man said desperately:

"How can I face her, Father? How can I?"

"Tell me one thing," the monk answered, almost sternly. "Which man are you to-night: the man who bolted out of the theatre at Naples, or the man who tried to fight his way back into it?"

His voice seemed no longer the gentle voice of the priest, but the voice of a powerful man of the world.

"Which man are you?" he repeated. "All depends upon that."

The young man had flushed up to the roots of his hair. He walked to the dark window, stood for a moment as if looking out into the wet street, then returned and stood before the monk.

"The second man, with God's help," he answered, in a low voice.

At that moment the waiter returned.

"The lady will see you, sir," he said to Father Sebastian.

"Very well. You need not stay. I know the room. Thank you."

The waiter went out again.

"It is number eleven," Father Sebastian said. "Go up to her. She will understand I brought you. But if she understood nothing you have the right to go."

He held out his hand. The young man took it. As he did so he saw that Father Sebastian's lips were moving. Their hands fell apart. A moment later the monk was alone in the room.

.

Violet Graile stood by the fire in number eleven waiting for Father Sebastian. She wondered very much why he had come back. She was almost tired out, and had been on the point of going to bed, yet she was glad at the thought of seeing him again. For she felt terribly friendless, terribly alone in the world. The empty seat at the theatre of Naples was perpetually before her eyes. She dreaded the night. For in the dark she saw the empty seat more distinctly than in the daytime, a void where love, protection should have been.

The handle of the door turned. She looked round and saw her husband coming in. He closed the door and came two or three steps into the room without saying anything. She did not speak. She scarcely felt surprised. She scarcely felt as if this man were her husband. He stood still by the table and looked at her. Then she did feel surprised—that he could meet her eyes even for a moment.

"Father Sebastian brought me here," he said.

"Did he know this afternoon that—but he didn't."

"That I was here? No. When he returned to the monastery I went to see him, and told him everything."

"I had told him already."

A wave of heat went over Graile's body. He felt as if his whole body turned red. He clenched his hands on the table by which he was standing and said:

"You despise me. You looked up to me, and now you look down."

"What else can I do?"

"You left Naples because you couldn't bear to see me again."

"Yes."

"And yet I have come here to claim my right to live with you still, to be your husband."

She did not say anything, but looked at him steadily.

"I want you to try to understand something," he said. "You think you are here shut up in this room with a coward. Don't you? Don't you?"

"What else can I think?"

"There is no coward here. If I were that coward, do you think I could have come into this room? Do you think I could have spoken to you again as I have spoken?"

He sat down on a chair by the table.

"I want you to come here and face me," he said, with a sort of desperation.

She came quietly to the table and sat down opposite to him and looked at him. There were deeps of shame in his eyes, but they met hers steadily.

"You are my wife, Violet," he said. "You must live with me."

"You think you can command me after—that?"

"I mean to make you respect me—even after that."

"Respect you! But I shall never be able to understand you. I could never understand a man who did the thing you have done."

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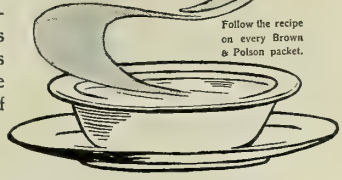
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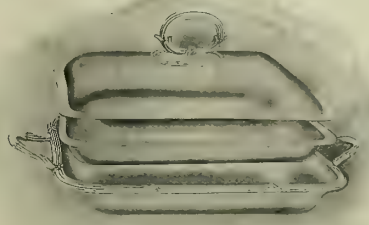


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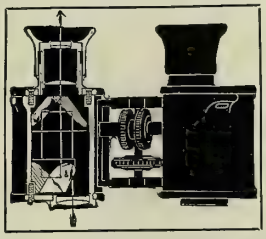
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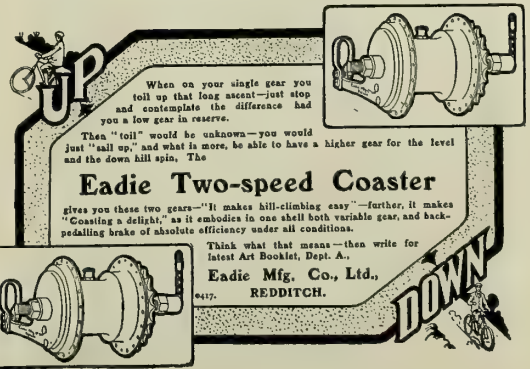
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"Yet you loved the man who was going to do that thing!"

"Yes," she said, as if in sudden, deep astonishment. "How was that?"

"Because there were two men in me, and you knew only the second—then."

"The man who tried to come back?"

"Yes."

"But he lives with the other man. He will always live with the other man."

"No. The other man is dead. He died that night in Naples." She shook her head.

"You want proof of that!" he said.

A wild look came into his eyes.

"What proof could you give me?" she asked, hopelessly.

"Is it no proof that I am here to-night, that I dare to face you, that I dare to tell you to come back to me?"

"Moral courage!" she said, faintly.

Her faint voice seemed to stir him to action as the sound of a trumpet stirs the soldier. He got up.

"And that is nothing! I knew it when he—when Father Sebastian——" He broke off. After a moment he went on.

"I did a coward's action. I don't know why. I was possessed. It was a madness. When the possession left me I knew I had been mad. I had been afraid at that moment—I suppose that was it—afraid of a horrible death. And directly that moment was over I was far more afraid of a horrible life. I'm far more afraid of a horrible life now. Am I doubly a coward, then? Tell me that! 'Moral courage,' you said. No, I have not that. I haven't the moral courage to face your disbelief in me. I must convert you to the belief you once had. Father Sebastian spoke of the brave spirit that faces a thing after the wretched body—its cursed, cursed body—has bolted. But who believes in it, who would ever believe in it—after that? Violet, you think I'm a coward, the sort of coward who is afraid of bodily pain, of disfigurement, of death. I'm not. If I once was, I'm not now."

Suddenly he went to the window and opened it. The room was on the third floor, and looked out on a paved court, lit now by one lamp, which showed the glistening of the rain-water on the stones.

"You think I wouldn't dare to throw myself from that window to regain your respect. I know—I know now I can only regain it in some such way; that I can only prove to you in some such way—mad as it seems—that the coward of Naples is dead. Well, Violet, I must have your respect again. I must have it."

He saw her doubtful eyes. They seemed to echo her voice, her voice when it was faint. They seemed to be saying "moral courage."

He turned away and jumped out into the darkness.

Long afterwards she acknowledged that the sound his body made when it struck the court had thrilled her with a strange agony in which joy was mingled with horror. He is a cripple now, but he is loved. He called that act of cowardice in Naples a madness. And that act in Hammersfield? Was it a madness, too? Is it a madness in man that sometimes the soul of man must reinstate itself in the beloved chamber of a woman's heart, or go down into the pit that has no bottom? And is it a madness in a good woman that moral courage in the man she loves can never stand for physical courage, though physical courage can sometimes stand for both? It may be so. But without their mad moments men and women would surely be sad wraiths of what they are with them. The cripple in his wheeled chair, with his wife walking beside him, is happier far than ever could have been that same man straight, strong-limbed, and—despised. And Father Sebastian? When he knew all, and how the act was done, he remembered that he had said to the desperate man, "Perhaps God will show you the way." That way into the dark had been the man's way. It had beguiled the woman. Father Sebastian wondered whether God could have shown such a way to any human being. Perhaps he is wondering still.

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EASTER DAY IN THE STATES: A SCENE IN ATLANTIC CITY

MUSICAL NOTES

It has long been a truism that if we want to hear the art of choral singing practised in its perfection we must go to the provinces. For some unfathomable reason it has been sadly neglected in London for many years, and though we have one or two societies, they have never approached the standard set by the great choirs of Yorkshire, while they have displayed so painful a lack of enterprise that they have, for the most part, contented themselves with ringing the changes on those old friends which they and we know practically by heart. Curiously enough, however, last week two choral concerts were given on consecutive days, the programmes of which were composed of works that were either new or quite unfamiliar to the average concert-goer. These concerts were given by the London Choral Society and the Bach Choir, and the works in question were Brahms' German Requiem, Dalhousie Young's new setting of "The Blessed Damozel" and Bach's B minor Mass.

It is useless to pretend that the London Choral Society is the equal of those great provincial choirs which delight us during the autumn festivals, and contingents from which, to our great edification, have recently taken to visiting London. It must be remembered, however, that it is a young institution, and that the art of choral singing is hard to master. We do not expect a violinist or a pianist to acquire a perfect technique in two or three years, so why should we expect a choir to perform what is really almost as difficult a feat? Whether Mr. Fagge's organisation will ever attain perfection it is impossible to say, but certain it is that during the last few months it has improved out of all knowledge. The performance of the Requiem which it gave last year was not to be mentioned in the same breath with that which it gave last week. Its tone has gained in richness, its attack in precision, and its singing in firmness, while it seems to be rapidly acquiring the elusive art of reproducing the feeling of the music that it takes in hand. The Requiem is undoubtedly the greatest sacred work produced in modern times, and to say that the performance did justice to the music is to give it very high praise indeed.

It is difficult to say more of Mr. Young's cantata than that it is clever and well-meant. The music shows its composer to be a man of thoroughly good taste, but it does not even begin to reproduce the feeling of the words, while it is written in a style that is entirely out of date. It bears much the same relation to the choral writing of a modern composer as the operas of Balfe or Wallace bear to the music dramas of Wagner, and it is impossible to see how any good can result from an attempt to revive the methods of a bygone day. It should be added that the proceeds of the concert were devoted to the fund for the relief of those dependent on the members of the German Operatic Company who perished in the Berlin. Unfortunately, however, the public hardly rose to the occasion.

The Bach Choir is certainly an estimable institution which has shown much enthusiasm in the good cause of introducing Bach's music to England. While, however, one cannot but admire the spirit of enterprise which has prompted it to undertake this admirable work, it is equally impossible not to regret that its members have not devoted some of their energies to perfecting themselves in the art of choral singing. A chance of hearing the magnificent Mass but rarely comes in our way, and is, in consequence, uncommonly welcome; but it would have been doubly so had the performance satisfactorily realised its beauties.

It is good to see that the idea of founding a scholarship for embryo conductors as a fitting memorial to Sir August Manns is being warmly taken up. Here in England conductors have really no chance whatever of studying their art. In Germany, with its hundreds of opera-houses and orchestras, young musicians are given plenty of opportunities for winning their laurels with the bâton, and the Fatherland has, in consequence, given us most of the great conductors of the day. No idea, moreover, could have been more congenial to Sir August Manns, for not only was he a conductor of rare skill, but he was also an untiring champion of English composers and their works.

J. D. H.



Sergeant-Major J. Betts, the Champion Man-at-Arms of the British Army, is to have commissioned rank as lieutenant and Master-at-Arms at Headquarters, Aldershot, on April 1. Photo by Ball, Wilton Road.

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MOTOR NOTES

The Brooklands Racing Club

The meeting at the Brooklands Racing Club, Weybridge, originally fixed for May 18, has been postponed to July 6, owing to delay in completing the course. This, it must be noted, will be the first automobile race meeting, and it is interesting to note that the officials appointed are almost all names well known to the sporting public, although comparatively unknown in automobile circles. They are as follows:—Stewards: The Earl of Dudley, G.C.V.O., Colonel H. C. L. Holden, the Earl of Lonsdale. Judge: W. C. Manning; (Deputy) A. S. Manning. Starter: Hugh Owen. Clerk of the Scales: A. S. Manning; (Deputy) W. E. Bushby. Clerk of the Course and Racing Manager: E. de Rodakowski.

A Sporting Programme

The stakes to be competed for compare very favourably with an ordinary race meeting, and it remains to be seen whether this new form of sport will attract a sufficient gate. The card will now read:—

Entries close June 25. Distances are approximate.

Horsley Plate of 300 Sovs.

Internal-combustion Engines only.
3 Miles (1st Prize, £250; 2nd Prize, £50).
Cylinder dimensions, 60 to under 85. Weight 3,000 lbs.
Fees, £15. Half forfeit if declared before June 14th, 1907.

Gottlieb Daimler Memorial Plate of 650 Sovs.

Internal-combustion Engines only.
15 Miles "pp." (1st Prize, £500; 2nd Prize, £150).
Cylinder dimensions, 120 to under 155. Weight, 3,000 lbs. Fees, £30.

Byfleet Plate of 550 Sovs.

Internal-combustion Engines only.
10 Miles "pp." (1st Prize, £450; 2nd Prize, £100).
Cylinder dimensions, 110 to under 135. Weight, 3,300 lbs. Fees, £25.

Stephenson Plate of 300 Sovs.

Motor Cars of any description.
6 Miles "pp." (1st Prize, £200; 2nd Prize, £100).
Chassis Price not less than £600 and not exceeding £700.
Weight, 3,500 lbs. Fees, £25.

First Montagu Cup of 2,100 Sovs.

Internal-combustion Engines only.
A cup value £200 and the remainder in specie.
30 Miles "pp." (1st Prize, Cup and £1,400; 2nd Prize, £400; 3rd Prize, £100).
Cylinder dimensions, 155 to under 235. Weight, 2,600 lbs.
Fees, £50.

Marcel Renault Memorial Plate of 550 Sovs.

Internal-combustion Engines only.
12 Miles (1st Prize, £400; 2nd Prize, £100; 3rd Prize, £50).
Cylinder dimensions, 85 to under 110. Weight, 3,000 lbs.
Fees, £25. Forfeit £20 if declared before June 14th, 1907.



Ninety-five motor-boats are entered for the Monaco meeting, which begins next week. The great majority of the boats are French, but England, Italy, Germany and Switzerland will all be represented.

THE MONACO MEETING: A PANHARD MOTOR-BOAT, WHICH WILL COMPETE IN THE RACES

Educated Animals

I flattened out my third dog last Sunday, and I do not think it is a bad record for six years. Nobody could care for dogs more than I do, but considering the intelligence possessed by the canine species on most subjects, it is perfectly extraordinary the silly things they do when they see a motor. My last victim owed his decease entirely to his master, who went for him with a stick directly we appeared on the scene. Naturally, this took his attention off the car, and he walked straight into mine. The secret is that a dog does not appreciate speed, and really never knows that a motor travels faster than a horse until too late. A Detroit farmer expresses the animal view of automobilism excellently.

Pigs, Chickens, and Geese

He says geese will always look after themselves. He is quite right. A goose never gets flurried, and after having stopped the car coolly turns round and hisses at you. My farmer friend says chickens and dogs must be kept off the roads. Pigs, like geese, take care of themselves. They see an automobile coming and immediately turn and make as fast as they can for the barnyard. A chicken starts a lot of monkey business and gets caught. A dog is smart, but has not learned to judge speed, and is surprised by the rate at which an automobile travels. He thinks he can run out across its path and bark at it, as he is used to doing with horses. The next generation of dogs will probably be "wiser to the game." A cat makes some fool move, but can dodge like lightning. A cow is stupid, but is big enough to be safe.

The Wrong Way Up

Friend: "The man you knocked down with your car said that he got your number all right, and didn't care if you did get away."
Motorist: "What number did he say?"
Friend: "66."
Motorist: "What luck. He must have read it while turning one of his somersaults. My number is 99."

The Cost of Exhibitions to Motorists

Mr. J. W. Stocks, in a letter to the Technical Press, expresses views which I have frequently ventilated in this column. Summed up, it is that there are far too many shows, and that these are paid for by the buyer, indirectly, as the manufacturer, having spent the money on exhibitions, naturally recoups himself on the price of his car. Mr. Stocks says:—

The total number of shows held, or to be held, are thirteen (exclusive of the real motor car show at Olympia), and all are held within fourteen weeks.

The average number of motor-car exhibitors for the first seven shows named (excluding Olympia) was thirty-three per show, and I think it is putting the matter at a very small estimate if we say each exhibitor shows £2,000 worth of motor cars, representing £66,000 locked up for at least fourteen weeks.

The carriage to and from the shows is certainly not less than £5 per car, which means that over £9,000 goes into the railway companies' pockets for the thirteen shows.

Then assistants. Certainly each exhibitor will have not less than two assistants at £3 per week each, which means that for the shows the trade have to pay away £2,574.

Stand space, at an average of 1s. per square foot, comes out at £9,000. On the top of this every exhibitor, I think, may be said to average £50 each for signs, fittings, and carriage backwards and forwards of the signs and fittings; so here is a further £21,500.

The net result of this is: Railway carriage amounts to £9,000; assistants' wages, £2,574; stand space, £9,000; and fitting up stands, signs, etc., £21,500, making a grand total of £42,074 actually gone out of the trade without, in my opinion, any benefit to them or to the customer.

The writer winds up his excellent letter with the suggestion, which I cordially endorse, that there should be one London show, one Scotch, and one Irish, and that the matter should be taken up and decided by the Society of Motor Manufacturers.

Back to the Road

Messrs. Barnum and Bailey, in America, have under their serious consideration the desirability of conveying the whole of their staff, menagerie, etc., by road instead of rail. It is estimated that the cost to the Company every day they are travelling amounts to £200 for freight alone, and although the cost of the train specially built for their requirements will be thrown away, they think economies are to be made by coming back to the road again. Here is a chance for the "Renard" Train indeed. Barnum's is, of course, immense, and probably two or three hundred cars will be required. At present the transfer from the railway to the show-grounds is a very expensive matter, entailing as it does removal by wagon. This would be entirely done away with, and the places to be visited would not necessarily be confined to direct railway routes, as is the case at present. Here lies an opening for a good contract for some manufacturer, and as Great Britain is ahead in heavy-type cars it will stand a chance, though I am afraid the Fiscal Question comes in, and the *ad valorem* duty is an obstacle.

GRAPHICUS.

Changes at the "Zoo"

Londoners are proud of their "Zoo;" but having once made a tour of it with a guide-book too many of them seldom go again, unless it is to take a country cousin, or unless they have more than the common interest in zoology. It is not among the easiest places to get at. Perhaps that is one reason why so many Londoners are unaware of the tremendous change that has taken place during the last three years—the term of office, or thereabouts, of the new management. Further changes are now going on, and still more are in prospect. It will soon be almost unrecognisable to all but *habitués*. The general aim of what is being done is to give the large family more room, and conditions more adapted to their mode of life. The little round pond, with a platform and a chair in the centre, wherein fat seals used to perform daily for their meals, is gone, and in its place there is a miniature lake, with rocks, sea-shells, and the general aspect of sea-shore. The pond is more than six feet deep and is overhung at the west end by lofty rock-work of limestone, arranged in ledges for the seals to lie on. This rock-work is the home also of the penguins.

At the back of the sea-lions' pond is a comparatively new aviary for the numerous gulls, herons, cormorants, and other aquatic birds which the Society possesses. It is a cage so spacious that there is plenty of room for flight. To most people the owls' aviary will be unfamiliar. It was erected in 1905, and all the nineteen sheds are now inhabited by splendid specimens. Just behind the antelope-house is a miniature park in which the antelopes and elands have an occasional run in winter and plenty of freedom in summer. The squirrels now live in an enclosure containing a grassy bank, trees, and a small pond, and they will run up the side of the wire-netting and take nuts from one's fingers. The old otters' cage is gone, and is replaced by a large pond with islands. The waders' aviary — a conspicuous addition — has another large stretch of water, a sandy bank, a pebble bank, water-lilies, and bulrushes. These are only some of the reforms. Many animals which used to be kept indoors are found to do better in the open air. New buildings are springing up all round, others are being enlarged, and old ones are disappearing. The new guide-book, too, is a vast improvement.

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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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With their time-honoured formalities the ancient Royal charities called the Royal Maundy were distributed on Maundy Thursday in Westminster Abbey to sixty-six old men and sixty-six old women, one of each sex for each year of His Majesty's age. The allowance in lieu of clothing is 45s. to each man and 35s. to each woman, and each receives a red and a white purse, the red containing £2 10s., and the white silver pennies, twopences, threepences, and fourpences (the number corresponding with the King's years). The distribution was made by the Dean of Westminster, Lord Hugh Almoner, and the Rev. Canon Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Almoner, and the scene, with the Beadle of the Abbey with the Mace, the Yeoman carrying the gilt dish containing the alms, the choristers, wardsmen, and Yeomen of the Guard, was very picturesque.

The King's Maundy: Distributing His Majesty's Bounties in Westminster Abbey

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

DEATH.

ENO.—On the 27th March, at Wood Hall Dulwich, ELIZABETH ANN, beloved Wife of JAMES CROSSLEY ENO, aged 79.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
TO-DAY (Saturday), April 6, at 2.15 and 8.15.
THE RED LAMP. By W. Outram Tristram.
Mr. TREE and Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER
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MUSICAL NOTES

Thanks to that beneficent arrangement whereby all England makes holiday at Easter time, during the last week or two concert-givers have ceased from troubling and critics have been at rest. There have, of course, been the usual Good Friday concerts, but with these it is hardly necessary to deal at length. The Royal Choral Society must, by now, know the music of the *Messiah* absolutely by heart, seeing that ever since its institution it has given two performances of that oratorio per annum. Nor does the orchestral concert given by the Queen's Hall Orchestra in the afternoon demand very serious criticism, for the numbers of which it was composed are all very old friends which have been played by Mr. Wood at Promenade, Symphony and Sunday Concerts without number, while the sacred ballad concert which took place at the Queen's Hall in the evening, though it obviously gave intense edification and satisfaction to a densely packed audience, could hardly be regarded as coming within the domain of what Mr. Max Beerbohm has described as "Art with a capital H."

As, therefore, the immediate past has been devoid of matters of intense musical interest, it will be as well now to look a little further back. Perhaps the most striking feature of the last few months has been the great increase in the number of musical entertainments that have taken place over the same period in previous years. For some unfathomable reason, it has been taken for granted that the months between Christmas and Easter are the worst in the year for concert-giving. Incipient Pattis and budding Paderewskis, labouring, apparently, under the delusion that their society friends are obsessed with a passion for hearing their performances, invariably delay their first appearances and their annual concerts until May or June, apparently oblivious of the fact that the dear Duchess, the bounteous Baroness, and the rest of their high-born acquaintances are far too fully occupied with other and more alluring pleasures to have time to attend their modest concerts, even if they wished to do so. Consequently, the incipient Pattis and the budding Paderewskis are, as a rule, compelled to waste their efforts on rows of empty seats.

Why January and February should be anathema maranatha to recitalists is not particularly clear. This year a few of them have been more than usually active during those months, and the result of their efforts will, it is to be hoped, encourage others to follow their example. Their concerts have invariably attracted larger audiences than they ever attract during the summer months, and they have been singing and playing to a couple of hundred people where they would otherwise only have sung and played to a couple of score. If the lesson thus taught would only sink into the hearts of a few of their brethren it would be a matter for congratulations all round, for May and June are terribly overcrowded, and young aspirants for fame defeat their own ends by giving recitals then.

With regard to the season of German opera, the less said about that fiasco the better. It opened with high hopes, and so excellent were the performances and so large the houses that there seemed every prospect that a winter opera season would become one of the regular features of London musical life. Then came the sudden and unexpected *débâcle*, a *débâcle* all the more to be regretted, since it must of necessity discourage others from following the lead set by the ill-fated syndicate. It is much to be feared that years must pass before the memory of that unfortunate season is lived down and other bold spirits are tempted to follow in its promoters' footsteps.

A propos of opera, there has always been a certain amount of mystery attached to the method by which the Covent Garden authorities select their novelties, and it certainly appears that they order things better in New York. At Mr. Hammerstein's next season, for example, Mlle. Mary Garden will appear, and will sing the principal parts in Charpentier's *Louise*, Massenet's *Thais*, and Debussy's *Pelleas et Melisande*. Now all of these works have met with enormous success on the Continent, but we have had no chance of hearing them in London, nor, so far as I am aware, has there ever been any talk of producing one of them. Yet there must be hundreds of music-lovers here who would welcome an opportunity of making the acquaintance of these operas, of which so much has been said and written. Debussy's music, moreover, has had no small vogue on this side of the Channel of late, and his songs and chamber music figure constantly in our concert programmes. Charpentier's works are less familiar, but his *Louise* has been hailed as one of the finest operas produced by France in recent years. Surely it is high time that we were given an opportunity of judging of its merits for ourselves.

J. D. H.

A Grand Old Man of Science: Lord Lister

It is proposed to commemorate Lord Lister's eightieth birthday by the republication of all his scientific papers, an appropriate way of conveying to him the admiration and esteem with which his work and character have inspired his contemporaries.

Joseph Lister was born on April 5, 1827, at Upton, Essex. His father, Joseph Jackson Lister, took a keen interest in scientific questions and did much for the advancement of science by the improvements he effected on the microscope. Lister received his early education at University College, London, where he came under the influence of Sharpey, whose teaching aroused in him a love of physiology which has lasted his whole life.

As a young man Mr. Lister possessed two valuable assets, a first-class microscope and an unbounded enthusiasm for scientific investigation. It was natural therefore that his early investigations, begun as a student, should deal with such histological and physiological questions as the structure of involuntary muscular fibre in the iris and skin, the flow of lacteal fluid and kindred subjects. It is impossible here to do more than refer to these early works; their quality indicated a high capacity for original research. As a house surgeon his interest in the diseases of wounds was keenly aroused, and he tells how, when examining with his microscope the slough from a case of hospital gangrene, he sketched bodies which he imagined might be the *materies morbi* in the shape of some kind of fungus.

Syme was at that time in the fore-front of surgeons, and, on Sharpey's advice, Mr. Lister visited Edinburgh with the view of "taking six weeks of Syme's clinic." The six weeks extended into years, for Syme's personality, teaching, and practice made a great impression on Lister. During this period he acted as House-Surgeon, and as an Assistant Surgeon in the Royal Infirmary. In those early Edinburgh days, never satisfied with merely carrying out the routine duties of a surgeon and teacher, Lister engaged with great diligence in the investigation of questions relating to surgical pathology, such as inflammation, thrombosis, suppuration, and the coagulation of the blood. The need of a more intimate knowledge of these subjects constantly obtruded itself on the mind of one earnestly desiring to improve the principles of surgical practice.

In 1860 Lister was appointed Professor of Surgery in the University of Glasgow. It was while acting as Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary there that he made his great discovery which initiated a new era in surgery.

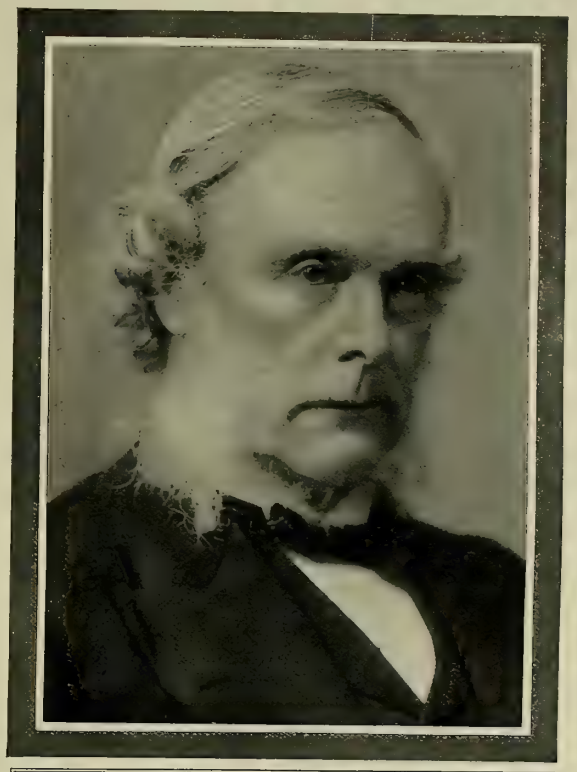
To realise the revolution in surgery that has been the outcome of Lister's work one must endeavour to picture the state of affairs before the introduction of antiseptics. Almost all wounds, accidental and surgical alike, underwent a process of inflammation and suppuration, accompanied by much pain and loss of health. The most trivial operations were not infrequently followed by pyæmia and death. Many patients died rather than face the dread ordeal of operation. Erysipelas, septicæmia, pyæmia, tetanus, and hospital gangrene were one or all almost constantly present in the wards of hospitals, and occasionally an institution was visited by a severe and fatal epidemic of one of these. The miseries of the wounded in war and the horrors of field surgery at that time beggar description.

There was no knowledge of the cause of these diseases; they were supposed to be constitutional, and when such untoward results followed an operation performed with all skill, the surgeon took no responsibility and was regarded as in no way to blame, but rather as the victim of misfortune. In Glasgow such diseases were distressingly prevalent. Sir Hector Cameron, then a dresser of Lister's, speaks of five deaths from pyæmia following amputation within one week in one ward, in which were other cases of pyæmia and hospital gangrene

Such an appalling state of affairs acted on Lister as a stimulus to renewed strenuous endeavour to remedy the evils. It was just at this period that Pasteur demonstrated conclusively that the atmosphere produces decomposition in organic substances, not on account of its oxygen, as had been previously maintained, but because it contains micro-organisms which owe their energy to their vitality. Putrefaction is a fermentation of organic matter caused by the vital action of these living germs. Lister, with the scientific imagination and intuition of genius, realised the value of these observations of Pasteur's in relation to the subject of wound diseases. The great deductions which Lister made were (1) that "putrefaction" in wounds was caused by microbes, (2) that these were introduced from the outside, (3) that "putrefaction" might be prevented by keeping the wound free from germs, (4) that this might be effected by the employment of some substance which would destroy the microbe. The Antiseptic System was founded on these principles. Starting, then, with the idea of destroying, by an antiseptic substance, the germs in the wound, in everything coming in contact with the wound, *e.g.*, instruments, and in its surroundings, Lister made his original tests with carbolic acid—a fortunate selection, for it is still regarded as one of our best germicides.

The method was first tried on compound fractures, which formerly gave such bad results that, in the severer cases, amputation was frequently resorted to without any attempt being made to save the limb, so grave were the risks of delay to the life of the patient. In such cases, from the outset, the results were remarkable, the wound healing and the bone uniting just as in the case of simple fracture. Similar happy results were obtained in wounds following injuries and surgical operations of the most varied types.

During the time spent in Edinburgh, where he returned to succeed Syme, and in King's College, London, he devoted much energy to improving and simplifying his methods. Always a student, his investigations on the subject of disease germs were constantly pursued, and from his own work, and that of others stimulated by his great idea, much light was thrown on the nature of infections. He found that putrefaction, accompanied by bad odour, was not a necessary concomitant of septic infection, but that there appeared to be germs of different species causing different pathological changes. The correctness of these views was soon completely established by bacteriological investigations. For long the new doctrines were regarded with great scepticism by the medical profession. The younger men, however, especially those who had the opportunity of studying under Lister and seeing his work, realised its importance and gave their loyal support. His clinics became centres of light and leading, visited by surgeons from all parts of the world. The antiseptic system and the aseptic system—the latter a natural development of Lister's work — steadily gained ground, till at the present time they dominate the practice of surgery throughout the world. Honours and distinctions have been showered on Lister, not only from his own country, but from most of the civilised countries of the world.



LORD LISTER
Whose Eightieth Birthday is Celebrated To-day (Friday).

It has been aptly said that the history of surgery can be conveniently divided into two periods, "before Lister" and "after Lister." It would, indeed, be impossible to overstate what Lister's work has done for suffering humanity. It has practically abolished the horrors of the hospital wards to which reference has been made. Many young surgeons have never even seen a case of hospital gangrene following operation. It has tended to sweeten the conditions of life in the vicinity of the sick; buildings formerly saturated with infective germs are now wholesome and pure. It has enormously reduced the frequency of that former bane of the maternity hospital, puerperal fever. It has lowered the mortality and alleviated the sufferings of the wounded on the battlefield. It has opened up new fields for surgery, making possible many things before impossible, by means of which countless lives are saved. At home and abroad, on the outposts of civilisation, it is a potent factor for good. The words which Lister once addressed to Pasteur may with equal truth be applied to himself, "Truly, in the whole world there does not exist anyone to whom medical science owes more than to you."

Messrs. Kent and Co., who have been identified for so many years with refrigerators and knife-cleaning machines, have adopted electricity as a motive power for the latter machines, and by an ingenious arrangement prevent any possibility of waste of current, besides effecting a saving in labour. In the case of the refrigerators they are able now to do away with the zinc casing, and to use compressed asbestos painted over with a patent varnish which can easily be cleaned. This has met the demands of the War Office and other experts on hygiene, who are, we understand, satisfied with the results obtained by this new invention.



The Russian sailors had a good time in London. They considered themselves King Edward's guests, as the visit was due to His Majesty's thoughtfulness in telegraphing from Biarritz his wish for their entertainment in London. The men—110 of them—with a few officers, found a splendid fog waiting for them, but they did not care for it so much as for their visits to the Hippodrome—where they shook hands with the giantess—and the Alhambra, where they were agreeably surprised to see the Alexandroff troupe of Russian dancers and singers. At this gala performance the men sat in the balcony and the officers in the boxes. Admiral Sir John Fisher was there, with Lord Tweedmouth and Sir E. Grey.

The Tsar's Tars in London: The Gala Performance at the Alhambra

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET



THE LAKE AND RUSTIC BRILGE IN SUMMER



A PATH AMONG THE FLOWERS



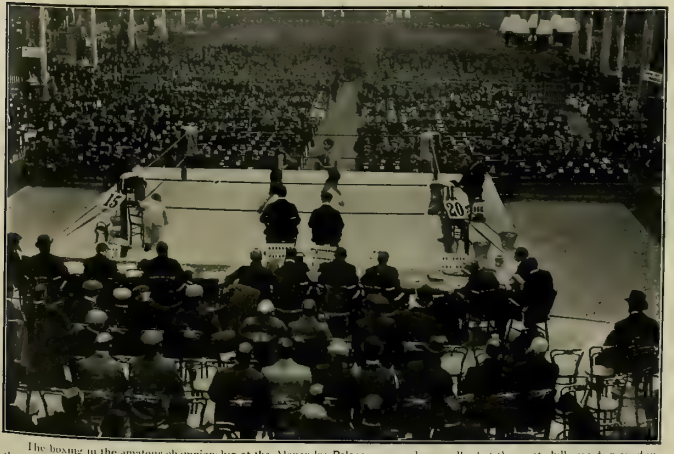
THE OLD MANSION



"THE BISHOP'S WALK"

Central Park, Ilford, has been enlarged by fifty acres adjoining the Valentine estate, and the opening ceremony took place last week. Trees, gardens, lakes and the "lagoon" make the Park one of the most beautiful breathing spaces round London. A fifth of the new acres, comprising what are known as the American Gardens, and valued at no less than £10,000, is the gift of Mr. Holcombe Ingleby, as a memorial to his late mother. The rest was purchased. The lagoon and lakes are crowded with fish. The mansion, which is surrounded with flower-beds, was built in Queen Elizabeth's time, and was the residence of Archbishop Tillotson. Photos by Hawkins.

SYLVAN ILFORD: SOME CHARMING SPOTS IN THE NEWLY OPENED PARK



The boxing in the amateur championship at the Alexandra Palace was good generally, but the most skill was displayed in the bantam and feather and light weights. In the feather weights Mr. C. Morris (Polytechnic B.C.) beat Mr. H. Holmes (Columbia B. and A.C.).

THE AMATEUR BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP AT ALEXANDRA PALACE: THE FEATHER WEIGHTS



In the Amateur Fencing Championships at Caxton Hall, Westminster, the other day, Mr. Seligman regained the championship.

MR SELIGMAN, AMATEUR FENCING CHAMPION

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

THAT an unrepentant sinner has been granted a lifetime wherein to make his peace with Heaven, and that his unhappy wife, before becoming a mother, has been spared the knowledge that every hour was bringing her husband nearer to the gallows, are considerations to which no right-minded person will feel indifferent. Nevertheless, the reprieve of the man Rayner strikes a grievous blow at those safeguards of society whereof the death penalty is one of the most important. Tried by a just and merciful judge, convicted without any recommendation to mercy, the murderer of Mr. Whiteley might well have been supposed to have as little chance of exciting popular pity as any criminal that ever stood in the dock. A blackmailer and a deliberate murderer (as his own handwriting proclaimed), he was also, in his own opinion, a parricide. Why a person who tries to blackmail an old man whom he professes to believe to be his father, and then shoots him dead, should be exalted to the position of a popular hero, is a sort of puzzle which may well perplex the psychologist.

* * * *

With something like three millions of money to devote to relieving the financial burdens of the nation, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has a very obvious duty before him. That duty is the reduction of the Income Tax. Common justice and sound finance alike point in that direction. The Income Tax was originally a war tax, and it is nothing less than a public scandal that it should be maintained at the rate of a shilling in the pound in time of peace. The prolongation of that state of things is not only a grievous hardship in itself, but also deprives the nation of a most obvious and easy method of raising revenue in time of exceptional emergency. These are facts which Mr. Asquith ought to take into consideration. But as to his so doing—well, as Mr. Chamberlain once said, we are "hopeful, but not sanguine."

* * * *

When little David Copperfield tramped down to Dover to find his Aunt Betsey, the first thing the good lady did was to ask Mr. Dick what was to be done with the boy. To which that philosopher replied, "Why, if I was you, I should wash him." That is precisely what General Lyautey is going to do with the Moorish town of Ujda. The officer in command of the French corps of occupation has given orders that Ujda is to be washed. Inasmuch as this will be, probably, the first bath that Ujda has taken since it was founded (about a thousand years ago), the job is likely to prove neither easy nor pleasant. But those who know the hygienic conditions of most Moorish towns will easily believe that the odours of Ujda are as potent and peculiar as the seventy separate smells which tradition attributes to Cologne. The genuine *bouquet d'Afrique* is, in fact, a thing apart.

* * *

That persevering philanthropist, the British Prime Minister, does not seem to be getting much "forrader" with his well-meant scheme for the international limitation of armaments. Prince Bülow and Signor Tittoni have met at pleasant little Rapallo (where the German Chancellor is enjoying a holiday); they are understood to have discussed the programme of the Peace Conference, and their views upon things in general are reported to be "in complete accord." If that be so, their agreement hardly promises well for our good Sir Henry's pet project. Because, if there is one thing that is certain as sunrise it is this—that Germany is not going to let this Conference, or any other, tie her hands. The sooner that elementary fact is thoroughly understood the better for all parties concerned.

* * * *

It is most pleasant to be able to affirm, without fear of controversy, that the improvement in manners and methods of personal gratification which has happily characterised the British population of late still continues. What between splendidly fine weather, an exceptional amount of employment, skilled and unskilled, on offer, high wages and cheaper food, Eastertide, 1907, might well have brought with it a renascence of the riotous rowdiness which, not many years ago, made Bank holidays so distasteful to the more respectable classes But so far from that coming into evidence it is on all tongues how admirably the masses conducted themselves. There were, of course, some isolated instances of too large a consumption of barley bree, and it is quite possible that had Dr. Dawson Burns postponed the publication of his annual report until after the holiday the lugubrious statistics of drink in which he revels would have exhibited larger inflation. But, admitting all this, it remains a fact past gainsaying that the holiday-makers must have spent most of their savings on locomotion. They did not, it is true, altogether abjure creature comforts, but Mr. Workman consumed them in company with his buxom spouse and youngsters instead of selfishly stopping at public-houses for his own gratification alone. It is a notable change for the better in the national morality, and in view of the rapid progress already accomplished by the operation of natural forces teetotallers might well tone down their fierce propaganda of compulsory abstinence until the full outcome of the temperance movement is revealed.

* * * *

Is Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman sorry or the reverse that the Labour party has got among the breakers? There is no question about its internal condition; what between Socialists, "Advanced" and "Moderate," Social Democrats, the old-fashioned Trade Unionists, Hardieites, Hyndmanites, and the few who still swear by John Burns, the so-called "party" is not a party at all, but a chance collection of miscellaneous schismatics. The various factions only nominally combine in the House of Commons, and even that degree of unity would not be observed but for the necessity of presenting a respectable appearance to the outside world. But this show of unity melts away instantly on popular platforms, and as the audiences listen to the ever-flowing torrent of denunciations they must feel disposed to exclaim, copying from the Roman cynic, "How these Labourites love one another!" It is mainly the fault of Mr. Hardie and his wire-puller, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, that matters have come to such a catastrophic pass; they persisted in forcing the Socialistic pace in the conviction that Continental Socialism had come to stay in England.

* * * *

The agrarian uprising in Roumania has its danger for the peace of Europe at large. With chaos practically dominant in the localities destitute of military garrisons, it may be counted on as certain that the revolted peasants will commit horrible savageries, like the *jacquerie* in the French Revolution, and also that the troops will respond in kind. The Bucharest Government seems to be in two minds, swaying between weak attempts at conciliation and the employment of the rifle as a pacifying agent. But it is outside the anarchic State that the main peril to Europe comes into sight. Austria-Hungary, Germany, even Russia, broken down as she is, have their eyes on the semi-civilised land whose possession all of them have coveted at one time or another. In the days before the Eastern Question was put to sleep by European diplomacy, Roumania often threatened trouble, but until the present disturbances began, it was generally imagined that the population, once so volcanic, especially among the mountains, had settled down to industrial pursuits. To that extent, therefore, the present *jacquerie* is distinctly "a bolt from the blue," and a very unwelcome one for the continued tranquillity of Christendom.



H.R.H THE SULTAN OF JOHORE, K.C.M.G.

who entertained the Duke of Connaught on his recent visit to the Malay Peninsula. The present Sultan of Johore was born in 1873, and was proclaimed Sultan in succession to his father in 1895. As Crown Prince he visited Europe in 1890. He is an enthusiastic big game hunter, polo player, and automobilist, and has proved himself a popular ruler. The State of Johore has an area of 9,000 square miles, and a population of nearly a quarter of a million. Photo by Vandyck.



Party feeling ran very high during the by-election at Hexham last week, and the militant section of the women suffragists worked most actively in opposition to Mr. Holt, the Government candidate. Our illustration shows two of their leaders, Miss Annie Kenney and Miss Mary Gawthorne, writing on the pavement appeals to the electors to vote against Mr. Holt. It was the same two ladies who cornered Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in the Cannes express a few days later, and gave him a very unpleasant quarter of an hour. Sir Henry did his gallant best to hide his feelings, but the ladies came away with the impression that "the by-election policy of the suffragists was especially embarrassing to the Liberal Government."

"THE WRITING ON THE PAVEMENT" AT HEXHAM: THE BY-ELECTION POLICY OF THE SUFFRAGETTES

A Forecast of the Royal Academy—I.

Now that Show Sunday has revealed its secrets, we may judge pretty well of the exhibition we may expect from the Royal Academy. A few artists have not been showing, such as Mr. Sargent, Mr. J. J. Shannon (in America), Mr. La Thangue (in Italy), and others, such as Mr. Hemy and Mr. Wyllie, still in this country. Others—at the head of them Sir L. Alma-Tadema, into whose "Emperor Septimus Severus and his Family at the Coliseum" he has just painted his 1,630th figure—will not be ready with their chief pictures; nevertheless classic *genre* will be fairly well represented.

Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, who has completed two out of three of his pictures, has dealt in the larger one with the myth of Jason and the grim and beautiful Medea, painted in the exquisite scheme of colour characteristic of him. This picture will enter the collection of Mr. Wolf Harris. The other, a work of great charm, illustrates "The Pot of Basil," and shows the lovely, mournful Isabella on her knees embracing the vase, and the flourishing growth which she waters with her tears. Mr. Macbeth paints an original realisation of "Diana Discovered in the Bath by Actæon," and Mr. Arthur Hacker a simple nude figure of "Psyche," which softly and sweetly recalls memories of Watts, Leighton, and Burne-Jones, and yet is entirely Hackerian in feeling. Mr. Herbert Draper has designed, in a Tiepolo-like composition, a large upright picture called "The Pearls of Venus." Aphrodite, nude to the waist, a figure of great elegance, and, of course, admirably drawn, stands on a rock above blue seas that wash the stony cliffs beyond, decked in the pearls offered her by attendant nymphs who emerge from the waves; a characteristic canvas, free from any obvious influence of Leighton, except in mastery of drawing and beauty of form and feature. From the President, Sir Edward Poynter, come three little pictures (his large portrait of the Duke of Northumberland in his robes being unfinished)—"The Nymph of the Sea," somewhat recalling the pretty seated figure in the cave in his "Storm Nymphs" of 1903, and "The Nymph of the River" fishing, almost as charming as "The Nymph's Bathing Place" of the following year. Then there is "Lesbia and the Sparrow," as well as three admirable water-colour landscapes, to be mentioned later. Mr. Dollman's "Bellona" may, perhaps, be included in this category.

Fancy, illustrating ideas less classic, will be appreciated in many canvases—pictures of poetic and romantic *genre*. Mr. Solomon, it is true, goes back to the days of Biblical creation in his picture of "The Birth of Eve," a large upright, in which Adam lies tortuous, in not unnaturally disturbed sleep, while the beauteous form of the first woman rises at the Creator's demand from his side—a fair figure charming alike in line and colour. One of the most striking figure subjects will be from that rising young artist, Mr. F. Cadogan Cowper, whose picture was bought for the Chantrey Collection a couple of years ago. This year he has painted a large picture representing the Devil, disguised as a troubadour, in a convent, standing on a form and singing a love-song to the surrounding nuns. He tells as a quiet spot, or mass, against the gorgeous stained-glass window, and the chief interest is to be found in the effect, as shown in their faces, on the nuns young and old. The painting is more or less Pre-Raphaelite in scheme of colour and execution, and is certain to attract widespread attention. A smaller picture is not less accomplished, and is in the spirit of the early Florentines. Mr. C. E. Perugini displays his refinement and tender perfection of colour and draughtsmanship in a love picture of "Ferdinand and Miranda," as well as in a fancy portrait of a fair girl listening to a blackbird: it is called "A Woodland Symphony." Mr. Blair Leighton sends "Tristram and Isolde," Mr. A. A. Dixon "The King's Daughter," Mr. C. M. Q. Orchardson a subject suggested by Omar Khayyám, "The Inverted Bowl," and Mr. Wetherbee "The Enchanted Sea."

Mr. Seymour Lucas, eschewing any definite incident gives us "The Rehearsal"—three men, playing lute, viol, and violoncello, accompanied by a lady at a virginal—in which he once more paints like a modern Jan Steen or Metsu. These are pictures by which Mr. Lucas will be remembered. Here, perhaps, should be mentioned Mr. Fred Roe's "Ring of Harmony," Miss Henrietta Rae's "Roses of Youth," and Mr. Campbell Taylor's "Rehearsal."

(To be continued)



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON FROM A SKETCH BY C. E. ELDRED

Owing to the favourable weather, salvage operations have been proceeding apace on board the wrecked liner Jebba, in Ramillies Cove, Devonshire. The first articles to be taken from the wreck were the passengers' belongings, which were hauled up the precipitous cliffs to a place of safety.

THE WRECK OF THE JEBBA: SALVING THE PASSENGERS' LUGGAGE

A Ladies' Violet Farm

A farmhouse in a quiet corner of Sussex, sun-favoured, and where blow only gentle airs, is the homestead of an acre devoted to the culture of the violet. Not "the cult," for this is a business affair, in which the æsthetic pleasure comes by the way, a fragrant addition to toil. But the toil is fragrant, too; for a violet farm, like this acre at Henfield, is still a garden, as much a delight, as much a theme for poets. And the violet farm, or garden, on the gentle slopes at Henfield, may surely justify a song with the best-sung of gardens, seeing that its blooms—ever of the spring — are reared with the tender hands of women. As to the profit-making — has money ever before been so delicately earned? The two ladies who farm the Henfield acre will tell you that no manner of earning a living, or of adding to a slender income, is more delightful than theirs. They work all the year round, planting, transplanting, rearing, tending, weeding, picking, doing all the skilled labour themselves. A little hard digging, only about a fortnight's in the twelvemonth, is done by men. Violets do not grow in marketable quantities so easily as you might think. The ground must be tempered to their needs. Here, at Henfield, are no stream-margins, no banks whereon the violets grow to please themselves. They have to be made to grow to please others. The flame in their perishing little petals must be fed with care. The violets are grown along the lie of the land. Picking and sending to the English markets go on from October to April. From April to June the clumps are planted out under frames for autumn cutting. From June to August the land lies barren.

Long rows of frames are full of blooming violets which need the fresh morning five o'clock air, plenty of water, constant attention to their health, and warmth at night when frosts are about. Violets are heirs to many ills—nine several sorts of afflictions have to be battled with, and specially the dread red spider. All this means that the two ladies have to spend long hours in the open-air. They are up at five every summer morning, and at seven in the winter. The ground round the open air violets needs working to ensure fine blooms for gathering; but the finest are gathered from the frames, and the morning's harvest is taken to the house for packing and despatch to all parts of the world. You may see violets from Henfield in Egypt and India. You may get from there a basket such as Queen Alexandra accepted the other day (like that illustrated). The demand for the beautiful long-stemmed Henfield violets is increasing, though all the old blue china pots in England might be filled from there already. And so more violets will be glowing in new beds next spring. R. A.

COURT AND SOCIETY

The King's Plans

THE King and Queen will, by the time these lines appear in print, have fairly started on their Mediterranean cruise in His Majesty's yacht Victoria and Albert. Their Majesties are expected to pay a private visit to Gibraltar, where the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife have been staying with their children, and the yacht will also touch at Naples and Palermo. Even at Biarritz King Edward spent much time over important State despatches. His Majesty has often been described as our permanent Foreign Minister, and it is one of the penalties which he pays for his unique influence among the Great Powers that he must never be for very long out of reach of a telegraph wire. It is pleasant, however, to know that everything possible is done on board the yacht to lighten His Majesty's labours, and it is evident that he himself never enjoys any holiday so much as this annual cruise among the enchanted Mediterranean isles. Nevertheless, he will be back in London on the 26th or 27th, preceding the Queen, who will probably return in more leisurely fashion by sea, arriving at Portsmouth about May 1st. His Majesty will be at Newmarket for the First Spring Meeting.

The King and Ireland

The interesting rumour is current that the King intends to spend the last fortnight of May in Ireland, staying at the Viceregal Lodge in Dublin, and visiting the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Lismore Castle, and Lord and Lady Londonderry at Mount Stewart. Many imaginative things have been said about the King's attitude towards Irish politics, and it has even been asserted that His Majesty is a convinced Home Ruler. There does certainly seem reason to believe that as Prince of Wales he did not wholly share Queen Victoria's intense antipathy to Mr. Gladstone's two Home Rule Bills, and he more than once went out of his way to testify his warm regard and admiration for the veteran Liberal statesman. But it is obviously absurd to attribute a party attitude to the most scrupulously constitutional monarch that ever reigned over us. It is just because the King is so absolutely above party strife that he has been able to show his strong interest in Ireland. His visits have been frequent, and his reception has always been significantly cordial.

Point-to-Point

What may be called the point-to-point season is now in full swing, and to-day His Majesty's faithful Commons hold their annual race meeting at Kineton, in Warwickshire. That good sportsman, Lord Willoughby de Broke, will entertain the point-to-pointers at lunch, and though the present House is distinguished rather for earnestness than for an interest in the noble animal, he will find among his guests some, at any rate, of his old friends of the '95 Parliament when he represented the Rugby Division. Mr. J. M. Fuller, the new Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, who is the moving spirit of the meeting, only entered the House of Commons in the year when Lord Willoughby de Broke left it. Next Saturday the Bar hold their point-to-point meeting at Redstone Farm, Hawthorne Hill, Maidenhead, and Sir Gorell Barnes presides in the evening over the customary dinner of the Pegasus Club.



MISS MARY CURZON
A *débutante* who has attracted much attention.
Photo by W. and D. Downey.

Notable Visitors

We are to have at least two notable foreign visitors this season. King Chulalongkorn of Siam is expected to come on to London after his reception in Paris. Though more than one Siamese Prince has been educated in England, this will be, we believe, the first visit paid to this country by the monarch himself, and it is to be hoped that he will carry home with him nothing but agreeable recollections of British hospitality. The other visitor, Prince Fushimi, of Japan, who is already on the Continent, is coming to London to return thanks for the Order of the Garter conferred on the Mikado last year, and he will be allotted a noble suite of rooms in St. James's Palace.

A Beautiful Débutante

Miss Mary Curzon, who was presented at the second Court, attracted general attention by her singular beauty. Had she been born a century or so earlier, our gallant forefathers would assuredly have hailed her as the reigning "toast;" as it is, in these less ceremonious days, her beauty is so striking that it may be referred to without offence. Miss Curzon was the belle of the Cottesmore Hunt ball in February. She is the only daughter of Colonel the Hon. Montagu Curzon, a great hunting man, who has represented Leicestershire in the House, and who has a pleasant place in the county, Garatshay. Miss Curzon, who is still very young, will find many friends in society. The Duchess of Abercorn and Lady Emily Kingscote are her aunts, Admiral Sir Assheton Curzon-Howe is her uncle, and Lord Howe is her cousin. Moreover, through her mother she is related to the FitzRoys and the Duncombes.

A Wiltshire Wedding

Wiltshire was much interested in the marriage of Miss Madge Holmes-a'Court, the only daughter of Margaret Lady Heytesbury, to Mr. Henry Edward FitzHerbert, which was fixed to take place last Thursday at Heytesbury. The bride, who is only nineteen, has been much admired for her dark beauty, and her lovely, expressive eyes. Her mother, a daughter of the late Mr. J. N. Harman, of Tedmartin, is well known for the interest she takes in local administration; she has been "chairman" of her parish council for some time, and has recently been elected to the larger sphere of the district council. Miss Holmes-a'Court is related to the venerable and philanthropic Lady Herbert of Lea, and she also calls cousin with Colonel Charles a'Court Repington, whose writings on military subjects have done so much to guide public opinion. The bridegroom, who is a lieutenant of the 4th Battalion Lincolnshire Regiment, comes of one of the oldest families in the country, the Derbyshire FitzHerberts, who have been seated at Tissington Hall ever since the fifteenth century. He is the fourth son of the Rev. Sir Richard FitzHerbert, who died last year, and his mother is one of the Warwickshire Arkwrights. His eldest brother, Sir Hugo, is unmarried, but his brother William married, some years ago, Lady Nora Maitland, daughter of Lord Lauderdale, and sister of that gallant colonel of Roughriders, Lord Maitland.





MR. HENRY E. FITZHERBERT
Photo by Dickinsons.

MISS MADGE HOLMES-A'COURT
Photo by the Cosway Gallery.

Married on April 4.

We much regret that Mr. Wilfrid Ashley's politics were wrongly described in our issue of March 16. Mr. Ashley's return for the Blackpool Division at the General Election was a most notable Conservative triumph. Not only was the tide of Liberal victory stemmed in the division, but Mr. Ashley enormously increased the majority, beating the Liberal candidate by three thousand and sixty-one votes on a poll of over seventeen thousand.



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. PARDOY

In addition to her other troubles, Russia is suffering at present from the horrors of famine, an area several times the size of Great Britain being affected in the south-east provinces. In the Kazan district the Tartar peasants have even bartered their children in exchange for bread. Much has been done by various charities towards alleviating the misery, and the State has given away grain in large quantities, but the difficulty of distribution has been very great, the railway lines being blocked by snow.

The Russian Famine: A Convoy bringing Corn and Fuel to the Starving Peasantry of Molvino, near Kazan

CLUB COMMENTS

By "MARMADUKE"

Most of our energy was in our heads; most of it now is in our feet! Our predecessors thought, read, wrote and disputed much; we are seldom still. The trains, tramways and omnibuses in modern England are generally filled with travellers, and the traffic increases annually. The New Idleness is to read!

There is the New Reading—a development that has not received the attention it deserves, and may have serious consequences. Those who came before us generally read their books and newspapers carefully; they frequently made marginal notes in the former and cut out articles and paragraphs from the latter, which they pasted in scrap-books. Their reading formed their taste and style, and much of the information they obtained in this direction accompanied them through life. Skip-reading is an accomplishment of our own time. An ordinary man or woman of to-day can extract all the requisite information out of a newspaper in less than five minutes by the exercise of this new sense—for it is little else than this. The eyes race down a column, pick up instinctively an essential word here and there, and the brain fills in the intervals intelligently, producing a *précis* which is sufficient for the purpose.

That, however, is the form of reading which our predecessors always deprecated, and for the reason that it makes no impression on the mind. They read for the future; we read for the present We are generally satisfied if we have secured the outlines of the plot, the essential features of the subject, the bare circumstances; we have there sufficient material for present use, and are indifferent as to other considerations. It is continually said that the men and women of to-day have short memories, that few remember the contents of a book a year or two after having read the latter, and that even the most sensational events are forgotten in a comparatively short time. How could it be otherwise where skip-reading exists?

The new sense that has been mentioned is one which has never been alluded to before in print, and is, therefore, interesting, if only for this circumstance, for it opens out an untouched subject. The instinctive picking out by the eyes of essential words, and the connecting process by the brain, are peculiar efforts which must quicken the intelligence enormously. It may be that what we lose by not reading carefully—in the direction of forming the taste and style, and storing well-matured information—is amply compensated for by the increased rapidity of perception, by the cultivation of what might almost be described as instinctive perception. That, however, is a complicated matter which it is unnecessary to do more than outline here.

The serious aspect of the situation is this, that skip-reading gravely affects the writers. The author of our day soon perceives that careful work has little or no value. He attends already far less to detail than did his predecessors, and centres his efforts on producing poster-effects—sensation heaped on sensation, and striking situations. Style, polished writing, elaborate thought, careful study of character, brilliancy, flashes of wit are daily becoming scarcer in our literature. The essay is almost dead, the poem is pining away, the "standard work," which for ages will be a prominent feature in every well-chosen library, now seldom appears—it is apparently the death of the highest form of literary effort!



THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN GOING TO PRAY AT THE CHURCH OF THE VIRGIN OF THE HOLY DOVE, MADRID

MEMORANDA FOR THE COMING WEEK

TO-DAY

Lord Roberts opens a new rifle-range at Marlow.

House of Commons Point-to-Point Races, Kineton.

MONDAY, APRIL 8

The House of Commons reassembles.

The Law Courts: Easter vacation ends.

Royal Court Theatre: *The Silver Box*, 8.15.

TUESDAY, APRIL 9

Nomination of candidates for the Shrievalty of the City, Guildhall.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10

Easter Banquet, Mansion House.

Japan Society: Baron Kichuchi on "Female Education in Japan," 8.30.

THURSDAY, APRIL 11

French Bull Dog Club: Show, Royal Horticultural Hall.

FRIDAY, APRIL 12

Royal Navy Club: Annual dinner, Whitehall Rooms.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13

Eighty Club: Dinner to the Colonial Premiers.



DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. BLANCO

PREPARING FOR A GREAT EVENT IN SPAIN: ORPHANS IN A MADRID CONVENT AT WORK ON THE ROYAL LAYETTE



A PRIEST PERSUADING THE PEASANTS TO DISPERSE



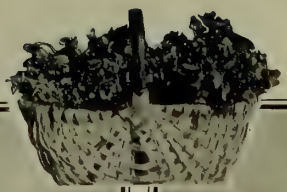
ANNOUNCING IN THE STREETS THE CALLING OUT OF THE RESERVES

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, R. CARNEGIE

Our Special Artist-Correspondent in Braila, the most important trading town in Roumania next to Galatz, writes regarding the disturbances as they affected the town: "The peasants outside Braila tried to force their way in. This, however, was opposed by the troops, and the infantry, two deep, blocked the road, while cavalry waited in the rear in case they should be required. Three times the Procurator called upon the revolters to disperse, but he was answered with defiant shouts and threats. Many bared their breasts and shouted: 'Shoot! we don't care!' At a critical moment, however, a priest arrived, and, planting himself between the drawn-up troops and the mob, harangued the latter, and eventually persuaded them to retire to their homes, thus saving much bloodshed. Eight classes of reserves were called out here in Braila, and a sergeant and bugler went round the town reading out the order to the people at street corners. The bugler sounded his bugle to attract attention."

The Roumanian Rising: Scenes during the Disturbances in Braila

AN ACRE OF VIOLETS





"A FARMHOUSE IN A QUIET CORNER OF SUSSEX"



LONG ROWS OF FRAMES ARE FULL OF BLOOMING VIOLETS—



—WHICH NEED THE FRESH MORNING AIR—



—PLENTY OF WATER—



—CONSTANT ATTENTION TO THEIR HEALTH—



—AND WARMTH AT NIGHT WHEN FROSTS ARE ABOUT

How Two Ladies Work a Violet Farm in Sussex

Photos by Clarke and Hyde.

AN ACRE OF VIOLETS



THE GROUND ROUND THE OPEN-AIR VIOLETS NEEDS WORKING—



—TO ENSURE FINE BLOOMS FOR GATHERING—



—BUT THE FINEST ARE GATHERED FROM THE FRAMES—



—AND THE MORNING'S HARVEST IS TAKEN TO THE HOUSE—



—FOR PACKING, AND DESPATCH TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD



"MORE VIOLETS WILL BE GLOWING IN NEW BEDS NEXT SPRING"

How Two Ladies Work a Violet Farm in Sussex

Photos by Clarke and Hyde.



THE LATE SIR HENRY ELLIOT

Distinguished Diplomatist, was the second son of the second Earl of Minto, and was in his ninetieth year. He was British Ambassador in Constantinople and Vienna. Photo by Elliott and Fry.



THE LATE SIR AUGUSTUS HEMMING

A former Governor of Jamaica, was born in 1841, and entered the Colonial Office in 1860. He was appointed Governor of British Guiana in 1895 and Governor of Jamaica in 1898. Photo by Elliott and Fry.



MR. R. D. HOLT, M.P.

Returned by the Liberals for Hexham by a majority of 1,157, a reduction by 928. Has made two previous attempts to enter Parliament, twice contesting the West Derby Division of Liverpool.



MR. L. V. HARCOURT

New Cabinet Minister, and has well deserved his promotion. Has shown great ability as First Commissioner for Works, and is as popular in the House as in his constituency. Photo by R. J. W. Haines.

THE THEATRES

"THE PALACE OF PUCK"

Very interesting in an experimental way is the new fantastic comedy, *The Palace of Puck*, by Mr. William J. Locke (of *Morals of Marcus* fame), with which the HAYMARKET reopened on Tuesday. Mr. Anthony Hope, in his most successful play, makes one of his characters say regretfully "If love were all." Mr. Locke's text is that love is all. Perish hide-bound convictions, away with Mincing Lane, forget business: live, love and be joyous: seize the fleeting moment and make the most of it. That is what he suggests, and if he does not wholly convince, at least he entertains us. Very fantastic is the setting and conception of the play. There is an old French château where a young and freakish American millionaire entertains his Bohemian friends—artists, sculptors, models, musicians, *et hoc genus omne*. All are young and enthusiastic and virtuous. They flirt, become engaged, and talk rhapsodical nonsense. Into this bizarre assemblage is suddenly plunged a sedate English family—Mr., Mrs., and Miss Podmore—who have come on a motoring tour to France in order to make their neighbours at Stoke Tootington envious when they return. Their motor breaks down, they come to the château for refuge, and floods in the surrounding country prevent their leaving it for a week. In this week Puck and his friends teach them much. They are shaken out of their respectability. Mr. Podmore succumbs to the charms of a beautiful model; Mrs. Podmore listens to the vapourings of a young musician; Elsie Podmore gives her heart to a penniless painter. They forget Stoke Tootington; they very nearly fling respectability to the winds, and then Puck saves them. As from a dream the middle-aged couple awake and fall in love with each other anew. These temporary divagations have awakened the souls of each—the oddities with whom they flirted have only served a purpose; but the daughter is allowed to run away with her hero. This eerie compound of realism and fantasy is admirably acted by a brilliant company, which includes Miss Marion Terry, Miss Miriam Clements, Mr. Fred Kerr, and Mr. H. V. Esmond, and it has been received with great favour. It is wittily written and deftly handled, and though the atmosphere of unreality is a difficult one to sustain throughout three acts, Mr. Locke has been singularly successful.

MELODRAMA AT THE LYCEUM

If there is a public in London which requires full-bodied melodrama it should surely be satisfied with the excellent fare now provided at the handsomely re-decorated Lyceum. Popular prices prevail—the stalls are five shillings, and the rest of the house in proportion—and Mr. Walter Howard's "stirring romantic play" is admirably staged. It is called *Her Love Against the World*, and the action takes place in a sort of Ruritania, with the result that we have picturesque uniforms and romantic incidents. There is a villain whose villainy is superb, a hero who suffers terrible tortures of mind and body, a beautiful Princess for whom it is quite worth while to suffer, and there is also a dash of comic relief, though this, I am bound to admit, is of a very depressing character. Patriotic sentiments, thrills, and plots abound throughout the four acts, and in the end virtue is handsomely rewarded, while vice with a sword through its heart lies stark on the ground.

DRAMATICUS.



During his stay at Biarritz King Edward has been instrumental in staying the hand of the spoiler and preserving for France an historic monument. In a conversation with the Mayor of Biarritz, His Majesty expressed his regret that the town of Bayonne was pulling down the picturesque old "Porte de France," which was historically interesting and gave the town a characteristic appearance. His remarks were transmitted to the Minister of War, who was so much impressed that he decided to preserve the monument, to the gratification of our King.

SAVED BY THE KING: THE PICTURESQUE PORTE DE FRANCE AT BAYONNE

Our Supplement

The portrait of Dickens by Maclise in the National Portrait Gallery (reproduced in colour in our supplement), is, perhaps, the most popular of all the novelist's likenesses, many as they are. It was painted in 1839, the period of "Nicholas Nickleby," and is one of several Dickens portraits by Maclise—the pencil sketch of Dickens, his wife, and her sister, and that of the reading of the "Chimes" to Carlyle, Jerrold, Blanchard, Forster, and others, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, will be recalled. Of Dickens's artist friends, and he had many, "Mac," the "dear old friend and companion," had a great place in his heart, and the last public utterance of the novelist was a glowing tribute to the painter—"gentlest and most modest of men"—at the Royal Academy Banquet of 1870. Maclise had died three days before, and in a few weeks Dickens had also passed away.



THE LONDON SCOTTISH RETURNING FROM CHURCH AT ALDERSHOT

As usual, the Volunteers had a busy time at Easter, and marches, sham fights, and church parades were the "order of the day." The London Scottish marched through parts of Surrey, Berks and Hampshire. They stayed for two nights at the barracks of the 2nd Cameronians at Aldershot, and on Easter Day attended Church there. The Royal Naval Volunteers had a sham fight on Easter Monday. A detachment landed at Birling Gap, and marched over the Downs for Eastbourne. They were, however, driven back, and, being unable to reach their boats, were captured at the Gap. Photos by Charles Knight and J. Coster.



A NAVAL SHAM FIGHT AT BIRLING GAP

THE VOLUNTEERS' EASTER: SCENES OF PEACE AND WAR



CHARLES DICKENS

FROM THE PAINTING BY DANIEL MACLISE, R.A., IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

Of The
UNIVERSITY of ILLINOIS

THE F.O. BAG

By Lucien Wolf

THE proposal to erect a statue of the late Lord Salisbury in the Foreign Office comes rather late, but it is on that account, perhaps, all the more welcome. It is a first and gratifying test of the enduring claim that the late Premier's life-work makes on the thoughtful intelligence of his countrymen. Lord Salisbury never played to the gallery, and consequently never stirred any gusts of popular enthusiasm. Another man, more concerned with personal *réclame*, would have had Committees working for memorials of his career on the morrow of his death, only to find his title to them disputed five years later. Lord Salisbury's fame rests on surer foundations. He was a patriot who never boasted of his patriotism, who gave himself to what he once called "the unedifying and unattractive warfare" of politics from the purest sense of duty, and in a spirit of the rarest self-denial. His was really one of the finest characters and most brilliant intellects that have ever appeared in English politics, and, to my mind, he was also, in a sense, a very great statesman. At any rate, for fifty years he served his country laboriously and devotedly in the highest positions in the State, and if his political achievements, through no fault of his own, were not quite equal to his talents, he certainly sustained the dignity, the purity, the courage, the discipline, the intellectuality and the industry of public life at a very lofty level.

I have always been something of a "croaking raven" on the subject of the 1904 Morocco transaction with France and its sequel in the Act of Algeciras, and I have never concealed my belief that both are fraught with perils to British interests. Nevertheless, in cases of this kind one should remember the wise and public-spirited maxim of the late Lord Salisbury: "Conservatives are bound by their own principles to uphold, as laws, alterations which, as projects, they opposed." This duty is, of course, equally incumbent on Liberals. Now, the Convention with France is, for better or worse, an essential factor of our present foreign policy, as approved by both parties in the State, and the Act of Algeciras is a part of the public law of Europe as well as of Africa and America. Hence it is the duty of every Englishman to make the best of them. Hence, too, so far as the present action of France in Morocco is justified by these two diplomatic instruments, we can only give her our loyalest support, and if any evil come of it we must see it out with her. As a matter of fact, France has acted with patience, and also with scrupulous correctness and good faith. In view of the provocation she received she had no need to confine her reprisals to Ujda. I doubt whether Great Britain or Germany, in similar case, would have been as circumspect, the Act of Algeciras notwithstanding. Although her present intervention cannot be directly used to force the Sultan to fulfil his pledges in regard to the Act of Algeciras—that being no part of the mandate confided to France by Europe—it is welcome as likely to have that effect. An indefinite prolongation of the present anarchical interregnum is extremely undesirable. It is not only a stultification of Europe, but it is in no small measure a menace to the peace of the world.

A strangely impressive and powerful personality was that of the late M. Pobiedonoszeff. In his person was embodied not only the spirit of Reaction in its most unyielding form, but all that was finest in the political and ecclesiastical traditions of that school. It seemed as though the doomed cause of Autocracy had gathered up in him all its strength and all its virtues to make one last dash for victory against the overwhelming odds of democracy. He was a standing confutation of the theory that Despotism is necessarily cowardly, dishonest, self-seeking, inconsistent with culture, and without an intellectual case to oppose to Liberal doctrine. The honest fanatic has always been recognised as the most dangerous of men, and this theory is strikingly illustrated by the life of M. Pobiedonoszeff; for it was almost entirely owing to the wonderful intellectual and moral strength of this one man that the forces of Russian Liberalism, which had almost gained their cause in 1881, were held in check for nearly a whole generation. No man was ever more sincerely religious or more profoundly patriotic than he. His private life, too, was without blemish. He lived laborious days, and in the midst of the most corrupt society in Europe never asked a favour for himself or promotion for his kinsmen, though his influence in the State was without limit. At the same time, he was one of the most brilliant minds of the progressive epoch in which he lived and which he hated. He knew everything in European literature from Thomas à Kempis to William Morris. It is strange that so Christian and so cultivated a man should have excommunicated Tolstoy. The explanation, of course, is that he was a Tory patriot before everything else, and the first duty of patriotism with him was to secure the unity of the Russian people on the basis of Autocracy and the Church as by law established.



MR. SYDNEY OLIVIER, C.M.G.
New Governor of Jamaica.
Photo by Elliott and Fry.



MGR. MONTAGNINI
whose papers, seized when he was Papal Nuncio in Paris, are causing considerable sensation in France.



THE LATE DR. ERNST VON BERGMANN
Famous Surgeon.
Photo by Horsburgh.



THE LATE DR. MAUCHAMP
Stoned to death by Moors at Marrakesh.

From this conception of his duty his malign activity as a persecutor followed quite naturally and logically. He was not without a sense of right, for he was one of the few European notabilities who spoke out strongly against the infamies of the Dreyfus case, and who publicly expressed their conviction of the innocence of the Jewish Captain. But this was due more to an instinct for justice than to religious toleration. Of the latter quality he really had very little. If he was the declared enemy of Roman Catholics, Stundists, Jews and Mohammedans—though he often protested that his alleged enmity to those confessions was political rather than theological—he was not less the foe of dissent within the bounds of the Orthodox Church. We may see this in the series of remarkable annual reports he presented to the Tsar in his capacity of Over-Procurator of the Holy Synod. His harshness towards the village popes and the quasi-Socialistic sects among the *moujiks* did more than anything else to strengthen the seditious movement in the Russian masses. His most remarkable achievement was the abrogation of the unpublished Liberal Constitution of Alexander II and the re-enactment of the absolutist *régime* in the famous Manifesto of April 29, 1881, which he drafted for the new Tsar, Alexander III. He himself told the story of his dramatic intervention in that crisis in a letter to Prince Meschtcherski, which that gentleman published in the *Grashdanin* in July, 1896. To the end of his days he never wavered in his conviction that his action on that occasion, though open to criticism on moral grounds, was abundantly justified by the supreme interests of the nation. Five years ago he re-discussed the question with a friend of mine. "You do not know our people," he said with impressive earnestness; "a Parliament in any form would be the ruin of Russia!" He lived, however, to see all his efforts wasted, for a Russian Parliament was in tumultuous session on the very day that he breathed his last.

Despite his personal modesty, the late Count Lamsdorff was not without a touch of patriotic arrogance. I remember hearing a good story in illustration of this at a luncheon given by the *Chargé d'Affaires* of one of the Great Powers in St. Petersburg some years ago. Our host was talking of the Balkan Question, and he related that when Count Lamsdorff was at Sofia the Bulgarian Foreign Minister asked him what Russia would do in the event of *les autres grandes puissances* taking a certain course. "*Les autres grandes puissances!*" drawled the Count with very marked *hauteur*. "*Mais, mon ami, la Russie n'est pas 'une grande puissance'; elle est une partie du monde!*" While the guests were laughing at this story my neighbour, a distinguished French diplomatist, whispered to me maliciously:—"*Cela veut dire—'Je ne suis pas un homme; je suis un éléphant. Je ne parle pas; j'écrase!'*" This, in truth, was the spirit of Russian statesmanship before the war.

Professor Ernst von Bergmann, who was seventy, was the *doyen* of German surgeons, and had occupied the chair of surgery in the University of Berlin since 1882. In the Franco-German War he accompanied the German troops, organised the Ambulance Service, and was very successful as an operator. In 1866 he had also been in the field with the Prussians during the Bohemian campaign, and in 1877 was in a third campaign, this time with the Russians in Turkey. The painful controversy between the late surgeon and Sir Morell Mackenzie, when the latter was called to perform the operation upon the Emperor Frederick, will be remembered. Not long ago he performed a slight operation on the present Emperor, and recently was summoned to Constantinople by the Sultan. He was well known for his brusqueness. "Order your coffin at once" was one of his answers to a patient. He once—in Latin—advised decapitation as the "only proper operation." Unfortunately, his patient was a Latin scholar!

Dr. Emile Mauchamp, whose stoning to death by Moors at Marrakesh has given rise to the French occupation of Ujda, the Moroccan town not far from the Algerian frontier, was a young man—he was born in 1870—of great promise, who had been in Morocco only since 1905. His services to the French there had been considerable, and his medical duties under the Government were performed with great ability. Before going to Morocco he was Doctor to the French Hospital of Saint Louis de Jérusalem. His death is deplored by Frenchmen both as a loss to their country and to science.

THE BYSTANDER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

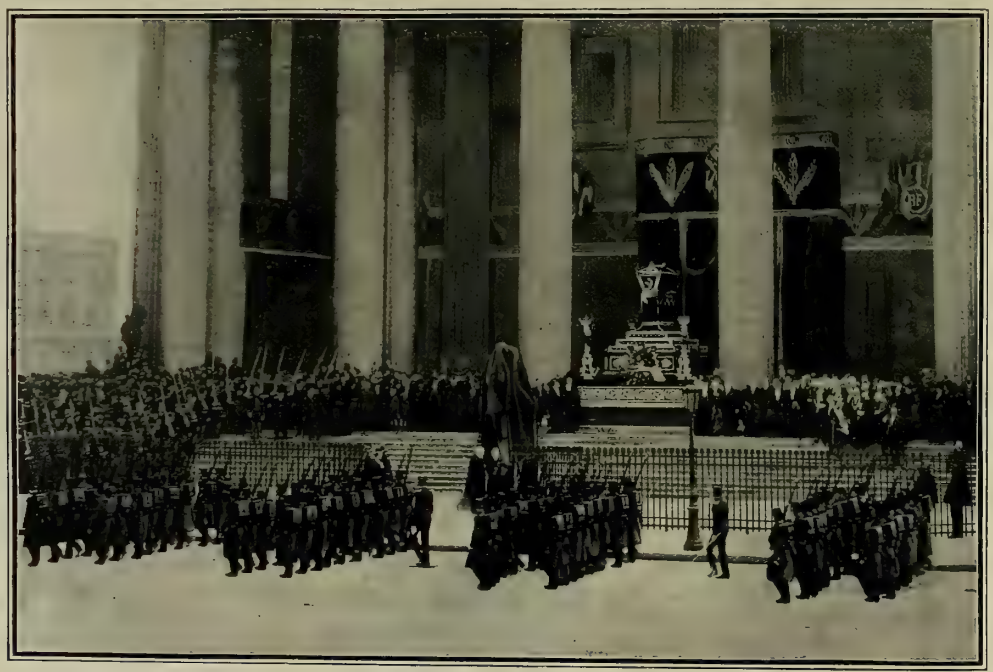
YAH! April Fool!! Do not misunderstand me. This is not meant as anything rude towards my countless readers. For it is quite impossible for them to be April fools, or May fools, or fools of any description throughout the year. The expression is merely intended to convey that the April fool, as a speciality, no longer exists. In the days of my childhood the April fool was plentiful. On the first of the month, All Fools' Day was appropriately celebrated, and of the making of April fools there was no end. But the memorable First has come and gone, and the general public have wotted little of it, and if any of my readers had sold one of his friends on that occasion, and then shouted at the top of his voice, "April Fool!" he would probably be regarded as a candidate for admission to the nearest lunatic asylum. The fact is, the making of April fools is a handicraft that has fallen into disrepute. Whether it is that the foolishness of mankind is so liberally distributed over the other eleven months of the year that there is not enough of the raw material left to be transformed into the manufactured article I am unable to say. Whether people are fools all the year round instead of devoting their attention to the profession—and there are not a few of our acquaintances who could fill the *rôle* of professional fool with very great success—only on the first of April, it is scarcely for me to determine. I am sorry indeed that we do not retain the good old-fashioned custom of making fools of our friends on the first of April, but probably they make up for it by making fools of themselves all the year round.

The other day I read in the papers that the Borough Road Railway Station had been finally closed. Now I don't know that this will make much difference to me, for I think I have scarcely used it more than once or twice in my life. But I have been wondering how this will affect "the nobility and gentry of the Borough Road and its vicinity," concerning whom Mr. Hare, in his superb rendering of Sam Gerridge in *Caste*, used to wax so eloquent. They will probably be reduced to coming to town in a carriage and pair or a motor-car. This is another blow to the aristocracy.

We are well used to the postcard giving us the particulars of the latest novel, with the opinions of the Press thereupon, but the other day a novelty in this line reached me. It contained a few opinions of the Press and a great many of those of the author's friends. If this kind of thing is likely to be popular, it strikes me it will be somewhat embarrassing. After the author's friends have been exhausted, it is possible the views of the author's household may be quoted. The latest lady's novel, "Doddlewig," will probably be thus exploited on postcards: "I have split my waistcoat with laughing over 'Doddlewig.'"—*Uncle Bulger.* "I have wept profusely over some of the tender passages."—*Aunt Hoosetty.* "I am proud of the whole work."—*Father.* "Surpasses Dickens."—*A Friend of the Family.* No library complete without it."—*The Tame Cat.* Then the household might be represented thus: "Shows an accurate knowledge of the hupper suckles."—*The Butler.* "The children won't go to sleep till I read them a chapter of 'Doddlewig.'"—*Nurse.* "It has caused both tears and laughter in the servants' 'all."—*The Housekeeper.* "An agreeable relief when blackleading the dining-room stove."—*Tweenie.* "Missus knows what she's doin' when writin' about 'osses."—*Head Coachman.* "You should hear Jeames read it."—*Mary Jane.* "Ah, Mary Jane do mouth it out beautiful."—*Jeames.* After all this, no opinion of the Press would be required, and "Doddlewig" should be an assured success.

The other day I was reading of a portrait of Sir Godfrey Kneller, by himself, that had recently been purchased for five shillings, and in the course of the notice the writer said, "Before Reynolds's time the saying was, Shakespeare in poetry, Kneller in painting." It is difficult to understand how this could have been a general saying; it must be rather ascribed to individual opinion. When Reynolds returned from Rome in 1752 and set up a studio in St. Martin's Lane—where the Duke of York's Theatre now stands—he had a good many callers who were astonished and some of them horrified at the novelty of his work. His old master, Hudson, told him he did not paint nearly so well as when he left England; and one Ellis, a pupil of Kneller and in his time a popular portrait painter—though we know little of him nowadays—said, "Ah! this will never answer. Why, you don't paint in the least like Sir Godfrey." Reynolds endeavoured to give reasons for his method of work and to explain his principles. But his opponent would have none of it. He angrily exclaimed, with the usual oath of the period, "Shakespeare in poetry and Kneller in painting!" and walked out of the room.

How long ago is it since I said the perpetual undermining of London, by means of tubes, tunnels and drains, would eventually lead to the downfall of the Tower, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's Cathedral? And how I was jeered at when I made the remark! The first three, as far as we know, have not yet suffered. But the fourth is in a parlous state, and the cracks and fissures in the building are far more serious than is generally known. What is denominated the interim report by the Committee of Experts is a very grave one, and demonstrates the fact that the L.C.C. sewer, if proceeded with, will constitute a great danger to the stability of the Cathedral. If this be the case, one would think there was only one course to be pursued, and that is to construct the sewer in another direction.



The funeral of the famous French chemist and scientist, Monsieur Berthelot, and of his wife, took place on Monday last at the Pantheon, and was attended by President Fallières and all the Ministers. The front of the building was draped in black, and the coffins were placed on a monumental catafalque of violet velvet. After the ceremony within the building, where the "Marseillaise" was sung by the choirs of the Opera, and M. Briand, Minister of Public Instruction, delivered an address eulogising the illustrious dead, the catafalque was removed to the outer portico. General Dalstein, the Military Governor of Paris, saluted the remains, and two divisions of troops filed before the catafalque, flags being dipped as they passed.

THE FUNERAL OF M. BERTHELOT AND HIS WIFE AT THE PANTHEON: THE TROOPS MARCHING PAST THE CATAFALQUE

MOROCCO THE MYSTERIOUS

THE occupation of the Moroccan town of Ujda by the French, under the command of General Lyautey, may very likely prove an event of the utmost importance to the future of the Shereefian Empire. That future was, as we all know, supposed to have been benevolently settled with beautiful unanimity of the high contracting parties by the General Act of the Conference of Algeciras. Morocco was to enter upon the path of peaceful progress under the tutelage of Europe, as represented by French and Spanish police officers; and the Powers, instead of wrangling as heretofore over the prospective heritage of the Sick Man of the "Far West," were to allow each other an absolute equality of opportunity and to accept, alike in the letter and in the spirit, the gentle doctrine of the open door. But the Powers, even if they were all equally sincere, had reckoned without one rather important factor in the problem—the Moor. Far from seeking to second the efforts of his European friends on his behalf, the Moor has perceived an excellent opportunity for perseverance in his old policy of playing off the rivals—for rivals they are and must be—one against another, and, in particular, of seeking the protection of Germany and displaying his too long suppressed hatred of his French neighbours. How far German intrigues can justly be charged as the cause of the new-born arrogance of the Moors towards the French is a question which we profess no competence to decide. But, whether through a belief in the omnipotent protection of the mighty "Sultan of Brus" (Prussia), or from the reluctance of the French Government to proceed to extremities, Moorish fanaticism and arrogance have indulged, during the past few months, in a perfect orgy of outrage at the expense of the French. One Frenchman has been shot dead on the beach at Tangier, others have been attacked and nearly murdered, and now the stoning and stabbing to death of Dr. Mauchamp at Marakesh has brought matters to a climax. In view of the fact that the authors of these outrages have never been punished, and that the Maghzen evidently disbelieves in the determination of France to exact punishment and compensation, the French Government have decided not merely to resort to the futile method of a naval demonstration at Tangier, but to send troops across the Algerian frontier and occupy Ujda until such time as their demands shall have been fully complied with. Now, that is just the one thing which the Moors really do fear, and it is, likewise, the one thing which they have thought they need no longer fear since the Conference of Algeciras. But they are now undeceived. France has taken the decisive step, and there is no European Power that can openly dispute her right to take it. The right to protect one's nationals against outrage by the subjects of a semi-barbarous State is inherent in every civilised Power, and the lesson which France is now reading to the arrogance of the Moors is one that is badly needed, and has been too long delayed. Were the recent series of outrages to be prolonged with impunity no European life or property in Morocco would be safe. France, therefore, is doing not only her own work, but that of every Power that has any practical interest in Morocco. She is the informal mandatory of Europe.



MULAI ABD-UL-AZIZ, SULTAN OF MOROCCO

It has been said of the northern coast of Africa that the farther west you go along it, the farther east you get. That sounds like a paradox, but it is perfectly true: Suez is infinitely less primitively Oriental than is Cape Spartel. Whereas we use the term "Western" as equivalent to "civilised," Moghreb-el-Acksa, "the Far West," as the Moors call Morocco, is the complete negation of everything that we mean by civilisation. The tourist who crosses from Gibraltar or Cadiz to land at Tangier, is apt, in his innocence, to imagine that he is going to see Morocco. He will see nothing of Morocco in Tangier. He may climb up the long street past the mosque, of which our photograph shows the minaret, may watch the Cadi administering what is facetiously termed justice in the open air, may stare at the wretched prisoners in the gaol (which gaol is extremely Moorish), and may marvel at the picturesque crowd of buyers and sellers in the great Souk, or market-place, at the top of the town; but all the time he is in a cosmopolitan centre, filled with the social flotsam and jetsam of the Mediterranean littoral, and reeking with the diplomatic intrigues of the Powers whose representatives abide under the forest of flags which waves over the various Legations. To your true Moor Tangier is an infidel-ridden place, a veritable gate of Gehenna, polluted by the presence of the "Nazarenes," whom Allah, in His good time, will surely sweep to perdition. No; we must go further afield to find the real Morocco: it is not to be met with in Tangier.

Where, then, shall we find the real Moghreb-el-Acksa? If things were fairly quiet, and the road to Fez were open to tourists, we should only have to hire horses, tents, and, perhaps, a ragged escort of Moorish soldiers, and ride across country to the northern capital. Fez is called the northern capital because there is another in the south, which is Marakesh, otherwise called Morocco City. There are, furthermore, two other cities which claim the dignity of capital, Mequinez and Rabat; but these are really only halting-places for the Sultan in the course of his peregrinations. Fez—or Fas—was founded so long ago as the eighth century of our era by the son of Mulai Idrees, a "Shereef" or lineal descendant of the Prophet, and one of the first Arabian missionaries to arrive in Morocco. The founder of the city lies buried in the great mosque of the city—a spot so sacred that the "Nazarene" or Jew who should attempt to enter it would inevitably share the fate of poor Dr. Mauchamp at Marakesh. The population of Fez, which belongs to the old Berber, or aboriginal, stock, rather than, as at Marakesh, to the Arab race, is exceedingly fierce and fanatical. That Fez is in the real Morocco may be seen from our photograph of the city gate. There, between the battlements, you will see a row of black dots, which are nothing else than heads of criminals, or of foes slain in battle, which have been handed over to the Jews to be pickled, and then to be erected on this Moorish Temple Bar as a warning to all whom it may concern.

Marakesh, the southern capital, lies, as our illustration shows, in an oasis of date-palms at the foot of the range of the Atlas. High above the dark green of the palms and the white walls of the houses rises, like a tall lily from a garden bed, the minaret of a mosque of the Koutoubia—the glory of Marakesh. The city covers a large area with its network of narrow lanes, and the Jews, as is customary in Morocco, dwell exclusively in their "Mellah," or Ghetto, which is completely walled off from the quarters of the true believers. It was within the walls of the "Mellah" that some French residents took shelter on the occasion of the murder of Dr. Mauchamp.

And now a word about the Sultan of Morocco, the "Lord of the Red Parasol," Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz himself. Here, again, we must realise that we are in the land of paradox. The present Sultan is a weak, but exceedingly well-meaning, young man; he would like to endow his subjects with the blessings of European civilisation. But it would, perhaps, be better for Morocco if his father, Mulai Hassan, were still alive. Mulai Hassan was a strong man—a tyrant of course, but a strong man So, too, was his great Wazeer, old Ba Ahmed. When the old Sultan died his successor was, at first, under the tutelage of Ba Ahmed. But Ba Ahmed went the way of all flesh, and then came the chance of the Europeans who were on the watch to introduce the young Sultan to that famous "civilisation" of ours. Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz's notions of European civilisation may be compendiously described as being of the mechanical toy order—plus the attractions of French ladies of the *corps de ballet*. Bicycles, bioscopes, photographic cameras, motor-cars (though there are no roads in Morocco to run them on), were poured into Fez, to the intense indignation of the orthodox, but to the infinite enrichment of the fortunate gentlemen who were lucky enough to get the orders for them. How much money, wrung from his impoverished people, the Sultan has squandered upon his puerile pleasures it is impossible to say. But it is certain that he has largely lost the respect of his subjects, who regard him as tainted with infidel principles and practices, and at any time we might learn that the reaction against his heresies had resulted in his removal by one of those mysterious strokes of fate which occasionally fall upon Oriental potentates. The fact that Mulai Abd-ul-Aziz is still on the throne of his fathers is not the least strange of all the strange things in that land of mystery which is Morocco. Our photographs are by Charles Rider-Noble.

THE RETIREMENT OF A COMMODORE.—Probably there is no one better known in the Transatlantic service than Captain J. G. Cameron, R.N.R., F.R.G.S., Commodore of the White Star Line. Captain Cameron has been in command of the crack liner Oceanic since she was launched some thirty years ago, and during that time he has made the acquaintance of innumerable notables, among them ambassadors, statesmen, captains of industry, and, in fact, every class and condition of traveller. Captain Cameron's numerous friends, however, will not entirely lose sight of him, as his retirement is qualified. He has been appointed to the important position of Marine Superintendent at Southampton for the service from that port to New York, which has just been established by the White Star Line, and which will be inaugurated by the maiden voyage of the new twin ship the Adriatic, of 25,000 tons, from Southampton on June 5 next.

The Lord Chancellor, supported by the Speaker of the House of Commons, will preside at a special festival dinner on behalf of Westminster Hospital, to be held on May 10, in the Hall of the Inner Temple, by the kind permission of the Benchers. Several ladies have promised to act as hostesses on the occasion, including the Duchess of Norfolk, the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, and the Lady Horatia Erskine. Among those who have also consented to support the Lord Chancellor on this occasion are the Prime Minister, the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Marquis of Tweeddale, the Marquis of Salisbury, Viscount Knutsford, and Mr. A. J. Balfour. Mr. H. T. Anstruther and Mr. Walter H. Erskine are acting as honorary secretaries to the festival.

EUROPE'S LATEST PROBLEM: SCENES IN THE LAND OF THE MOORS



THE SULTAN'S TROOPS OUTSIDE FEZ



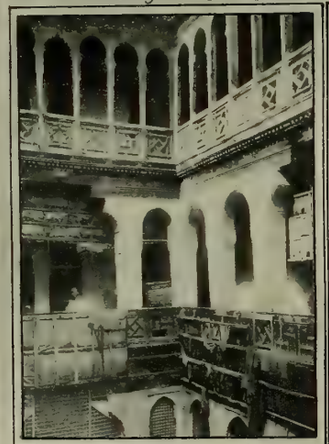
FEZ WITH MOUNT ATLAS IN THE BACKGROUND



SIR H. MACLEAN & STAFF



THE INNER WALLS MOROCCO CITY



THE OLD MARKET HOUSE FEZ



GENERAL VIEW OF FEZ



GENERAL VIEW OF MOROCCO CITY



THE BIG GATE MOROCCO CITY



VIEW OUTSIDE FEZ



ENTRANCE GATE WITH DECAPITATED HEADS FEZ



VIEW OUTSIDE FEZ



DATE PALM ROAD 4 MILES FROM MOROCCO CITY

EUROPE'S LATEST PROBLEM: SCENES IN THE LAND OF THE MOORS



THE SULTAN'S TROOPS OUTSIDE FEZ



FEZ WITH MOUNT ATLAS IN THE BACKGROUND



SIR H. MACLEAN & STAFF



THE INNER WALLS MOROCCO CITY



THE OLD MARKET HOUSE FEZ



GENERAL VIEW OF FEZ



GENERAL VIEW OF MOROCCO CITY



THE BIG GATE MOROCCO CITY



VIEW OUTSIDE FEZ



ENTRANCE GATE WITH DECAPITATED HEADS FEZ



VIEW OUTSIDE FEZ



DATE PALM ROAD 4 MILES FROM MOROCCO CITY



LORD CASTLETOWN. THE SULTAN. LORD LOCH.
AN INTERESTING TRIO



A STREET IN TOURIST-HAUNTED TANGIER



THE PRINCIPAL STREET IN MEQUINEZ



ENTRANCE GATE TO THE KASBAH, MEQUINEZ



THE PORT OF RABAT, WITH HASSAN TOWER

A Modern Interview.



Daughter: "Mamma, they say that you did not do all that you ought to have done for me. You did not have proper attention paid to my teeth when I was little, and so, by and by, they will be bad. Then I shall not be so strong as I ought to be. What do you say to that, Mamma?"



Mamma: "And so my dear girl will regularly rinse her teeth with Odol the first thing every morning and the last thing at night, and will brush them and gargle her whole mouth, and afterwards come and give me a kiss. And then everything will be all right."



Mamma: "My dear, I am afraid that it is true. Only I did not then know any better. But I will put the matter right now; and explain it to you. Look here, then: The old way of cleaning teeth with tooth-powder or tooth-paste is now quite given up, because it is insufficient and imperfect."



Daughter: "O Mamma, I have done that already for a week. I took the bottle from Papa's washstand!"

Mamma: "Ah! then that is why your kisses have been so sweet lately!"



Mamma (continues): "You see, it is all wrong, because it only scrubs the outside of the teeth. It does not prevent the fermentation and decomposition which take place, particularly between the interstices of the teeth. We therefore have to use a preparation which not only cleanses the teeth but also insures them against decay, and the only one which is a sure guarantee for the preservation of the teeth is Odol."

Daughter: "Then that is what I wanted to know."

For children's use the solution of Odol should not be made too strong, as the delicate membrane of their mouths is much more sensitive than is the case with adults.



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THE GENIUS OF THIS LIFE, COMMON SENSE!

'We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on,
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.'—Whittier.

Nothing happens by Chance. We have Eyes and see not.

THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH THAN ARE DREAMT OF IN OUR PHILOSOPHY.

It is for you to find out why your ears are boxed.

AN IMAGE OF HUMAN LIFE. INCAPACITY MEETS WITH THE SAME PUNISHMENT AS CRIME.

NATURE'S LAWS.

'Nor love thy life nor hate; but whilst thou livest live well.'—Milton.

'Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon us winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to *learn at least* the names and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allows his sons, or the State which allows its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us—*and, more or less, of those who are connected with us*—do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are *what we call the laws of Nature.* The player on the one side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, *just* and *patient.* But also we know, *to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake*, or makes the smallest *allowance for ignorance.* To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of



overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And who plays ill is checkmated—*without haste, but without remorse.*

'My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather *lose than win.* And *I should accept it as an image of human life.*

'The great mass of mankind are the 'Poll,' who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. *Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again* Nature's pluck means *extermination.*

'Ignorance is visited as sharply as *wilful* disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the *blow without* the word. It *is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.*"—Huxley

'*Nature's Laws*, I must repeat, are eternal; her small still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No man can depart from the truth without damage to himself.'—T. Carlyle.

'Into man's hands is placed the rudder of his frail barque that he may not allow the waves to work their will.'—*Goethe.*

SUBSTANCES IN THE BLOOD THAT ARE HURTFUL AND INJURIOUS TO HEALTH AND LONGEVITY

We quote the following from a well-known writer on Pathology:—

'Now, a word on the importance of the regular and proper action of these excretory organs and of the intestinal canal. The former separate substances from the blood that are hurtful if they are kept in the blood. The waste substances that are got rid of by the intestinal canal include the parts of the food that are not digested and certain secretions from the intestinal canal, especially from the large part of the intestine. These substances are injurious if left in the body, as certain portions of them are reabsorbed into the blood, especially the foul organic matter in them, so that if these various excretory organs do not perform their functions in a proper manner, waste substances are either not separated from the blood or are reabsorbed into it and poison it, and as the blood is distributed to the various tissues of the body they are not properly nourished and they become degenerated, weak, and incapable of performing their proper functions, so that the regular action of these excretory organs of the body is of the greatest importance with regard to health, for not a single tissue of the body can be kept in a proper condition if the waste substances are not got rid of in the manner they should.'

Were we to mention the many and various diseases caused or produced by blood poisoning, it would require more space than we have at command. To hinder the poison from gaining admission, you must sustain the vital powers by adding to the blood what is continually being lost from various circumstances, and by that means you prevent the poison being retained in the body. The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is to take away all morbid poisons and supply that which promotes healthy secretions only by natural means. The chemical nature or antidotal power of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is to expel the foreign substance or render it inert (by natural means only). If we could maintain sufficient vital power we could keep the poison from doing any harm. That power is best attained by following the Rules for Life (see page 10 in Pamphlet) and using, according to directions, Eno's 'Fruit Salt,' which by its healthy action keeps the secretions in perfect order only by soothing and natural laws, or in other words it is impossible to overstate its great power in preventing unnecessary suffering and disease.

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"PLACE AUX DAMES"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

Two cheery souls have disappeared this week from Society. The Hon. Helen Henniker and Mrs. Macdonald both possessed strongly marked individualities, and both cultivated gaiety, the joy of life, and the high spirits and *insouciance* which are rapidly becoming things of the past. Mrs. Macdonald was a true Irishwoman, hearty, amusing, kindly and good natured. Both she and Miss Henniker went everywhere and did everything. Miss Henniker's vitality and love of good company were such that she could not endure solitude. A well-known member of Society, she will be much missed and regretted by troops of friends, for she had that rare quality of understanding the generation of the day, even if in point of years it was not hers, of entering into its amusements and ideas, and of commanding the sympathies of the young. Such women never grow old, and Miss Henniker enjoyed herself to the very last, when her patience and good temper under suffering elicited the admiration of all who knew her

At the very moment when no word of objurgation is too bad for the Smart Set, one is glad to find a woman like the Duchess of Montrose singled out by the University of Glasgow for the rare compliment of receiving the honorary degree of LL.D. She is one of the only four women thus honoured, one of whom is Miss Weston, the sailors' friend, the other two being personally connected with the University. The Duchess has grudged neither time nor trouble in greatly advancing all the best philanthropic interests of Glasgow, and has worked unweariedly in the cause of charity and the relief of sickness. The Elder Hospital and Nursing Home are her especial care and the recipient of her most devoted attention. Ladies of high position can command great influence, an influence radiating from their own sweet and charming personality, an influence no mere vote could give, and the Duchess has always made use of this influence in the cause of all that was good and useful. The doctor's gown is a becoming garment, and ought to suit the Duchess's handsome face to perfection.

We are growing accustomed to street accidents, and the dangers of the traffic, which can in nowise be exaggerated, cause us neither hesitation nor fear, yet were it not for the police we should see far more in London. Abroad they occur constantly; indeed, only recently, the Queen Mother of Spain, while driving in her motor, knocked down a woman and her child, and killed the baby. The poor Queen returned in floods of tears to the palace, and no doubt will regret the incident to her dying day; but with the number of vehicles, and the speed at which they are driven, it is almost impossible for the best driver to avoid mishaps. Timid people do the rashest things, dart out suddenly into the wheels, start or stop or spring back; while children have a bad habit of running in front of a motor to see how near they can go. No one nowadays can afford to moon or saunter in the street, to indulge in day-dreams or brown studies. "Life is real, life is earnest"—a constant dodging of danger and trial of nerves, a race in which the man who slips is lost. What the effect will be on the nerves of the next generation one may scarcely surmise. Meanwhile, he who walks must walk warily.

But the dangers of London streets are nothing to the dangers of Paris. There are motors and tram-cars and carriages there, but in addition one must dread the "Apaches," or street robbers. No woman can safely walk alone. She is liable to be knocked down and robbed, perhaps even murdered, for a five-franc piece. In some parts of Paris men scarcely dare to penetrate, but for women the promenade becomes almost impossible. Unfrequented parts of the Bois de Boulogne are as dangerous as Morocco. In the days of the Empire these hordes of barbarians did not exist; but the Republic has economised in its police, and the result is a city where women dare not walk alone.



Mr. Balfour looks ready for a holiday.

The taximeter cab is said to be already reaping a golden harvest, and its advent will be hailed by no one more gladly than by women. Women's little meanness took the form of paying the bare legal fare, and this the cabby never forgave. He was not gallant; he insulted a woman because he knew she was weak and easily alarmed. If one compared notes, one found that in the end, though not willingly, the woman always paid more than the man, under coercion. Coarse abuse is so unpleasant to a sensitive woman that she will do anything to avoid it, and she was too matter-of-fact to toss him an extra twopence for a glass of beer, as the more knowing man does, and thus secure immunity. Whether the taximeter in congested traffic—as the little machine ticks out remorselessly, and one has to sit still and watch one's money dribbling away, minute by minute—will content women's frugal minds remains to be proved. Anyway it is a comfort to know exactly what there is to pay.

I note that the Post Office demands girls of sixteen to eighteen as telephone operators. The age seems somewhat juvenile for the work they have to do. In the great commercial crisis in Wall Street the telephone girls could barely cope with the strain and the severe labour. A second batch of girls was kept in readiness to take the places of those that fainted and fell out. On the lounges they lay about like half-dead flies, and grew pale and weary from exhaustion. This must be worse even than tight-lacing or dancing all night—for the mental strain is as violent as the physical fatigue, and must certainly leave ill effects behind. The fact is, advocates for women doing men's work fail to realise the greater delicacy of the machinery of nerves involved, and the fact that, though a woman may perform prodigies of endurance for a little space, she cannot keep up the endurance indefinitely.



"Who goes home?": A sketch in the Members' Lobby.



Mr. Arnold Lupton's obsession: "Who said vaccination?"

WEARY LEGISLATORS: SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS BEFORE THE EASTER HOLIDAYS

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

MADEMOISELLE DE LESPINASSE

The Marquis de Ségur has enjoyed the good fortune of access to a number of documents among the archives of the noble French and Spanish families concerned, enabling him to give the life-story of Julie Jeanne Eléonore de Lespinasse (born 1732, died 1776) more completely and continuously than has hitherto been possible. An anonymous translation of his "Julie de Lespinasse" has been published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

The author solves the mystery of her parentage by a pretty reasonably conclusive theory that she was the daughter of the Countess d'Albon, heiress of a great house in Dauphiné, by Count Gaspard III. de Vichy, a brother of Madame du Deffand. She would be thus an illegitimate niece of the autocrat of the *salons*, who brought her to Paris as a sort of humble companion and treated her with an affectionate tyranny that was not long in turning to the jealousy that never pardons when the courtiers of the patroness are found transferring their allegiance from the patroness to the *protégée*. The elder lady set down the counter-attraction of the younger to deliberate treachery, and not without apparent cause. In any case we have to account for the mystery, much more interesting than that of her parentage, of how it came to pass that Julie de Lespinasse, without beauty, or wealth, or rank, or intellectual distinction, became Queen of the literary and "philosophic" world, with the whole Academy under the feet of its acknowledged "Muse." Possibly a main cause of her "catching on" may be found in a comparison of her *salon* with those of her principal rivals :—

Independence and variety are its watchwords. Madame Geoffrin's flock are bound under a strict law. The tyrannical wisdom and rough tolerance of this arbitrary daughter of the middle classes bind their ranks in salutary fear. "One mayn't utter a word," groans a victim. . . . Madame du Deffand certainly maintains no policeman, but her profession of enlightened indifference towards large questions, and her disdainful scepticism and horror of reasonings, banish the highest themes from her *salon*. Morality, religion, or politics are hardly admitted, and, even so, seldom otherwise than as material for raillery and epigrams. Madame Necker talks of little else than social economics and the political situation. Dissertations rather than conversation are the rule round her table, until her friendly suppers might really seem an academic session.

"General talk," says Grimm, "never languished here"—that is to say, *chez* Mademoiselle de Lespinasse—"but, under no obligation, the company turned to other issues as it felt moved." The main interest of her life, however, was the systematic cultivation of emotion in herself and in others. M. de Ségur finds in her wild frenzy for the Comte de Guibert, the cold and embarrassed lover of a frantic mistress, while she was—in a confused sort of fashion—the plighted wife of the Marquis de Mora, a tragedy of remorse and passion. Even on the evidence of her letters alone, the present-day diagnosis of her case would be egotism *plus* hysteria, *plus* the opium habit, to which her addiction was extreme. How far her career of social ambition and cultivated excitement is to be reckoned successful may be judged from her own description of her own *salon*, written to Guibert in 1775 :—

Do not tell me that Society has resources. It is to me an insupportable constraint. . . . Surrounded by all these prigs, blockheads, pedants, fools, and abominable persons, I have thought only of you and your follies. . . . Heavens! how I hate and despise them.

We are apt to see the Parisian *salon* of the eighteenth century through a haze of literary glamour; here we get more than a glimpse of its *vie intime*. The translation leaves much to be desired. Such an expression as "Hell and little houses" is likely to puzzle a reader who does not at once realise that "*petites maisons*" has the regular signification of "madhouse;" and this is but one instance, among many, in which the language of the volume has to be rendered back into French in order to reach its meaning.

"LITERARY FORGERIES"

Mr. J. A. Farrer's account of notable "Literary Forgeries" (Longmans, Green and Co.) provides delightful reading for persons of a cynical turn. "The forged literature of the world in general, or of a particular country," he observes—

presents the spectacle of an inexhaustible mine, the contemplation of which fills the explorer with consternation as he thinks of the marvellous ability and industry displayed in the illicit working of its glittering veins. His only course in such bewilderment is to concentrate his attention on a few particular workers, and to study the writings of those who in this line of labour have attained to most distinction, and made their names in some sense representative of the nationalities that produced them.

This process of judicious selection has enabled him to deal as fully as the general interest of the subject requires with those extraordinary adventurers who, unlike the plagiarists, seek to pass off their own masterpieces as the work of others. Their motive has by no means been always mercenary. At least as often as not, it has been archæological ambition, as in the case of Annius of Viterbo, whose "recoveries" of lost histories and chronologies threw the learned world into a confusion from which it has scarcely yet quite recovered; or craving for notoriety, as in the case of Psalmanazar; or the necessity for backing up a theory, as in that of Lauder, who detected Milton in "conveying," and then invented more evidence than he found; or sheer delight in mystification, as in that of Wagenfeld and his lost books of Philo. But the cynic will find his pleasure less in the devotion of learned scholarship, brilliant imagination, enormous industry, and diplomatic genius to the falsification of literature and history, than in such cases as those of Ireland's Shakespeare forgeries :—

For here were documents fabricated by a mere boy, of no special learning or education, and, instead of being in any way concealed, exposed most openly to publicity and criticism; yet in an age of learning they deceived many of the very elect of the learned world. If ever there was an incident calculated to inspire learning with a perception of the wisdom of sobriety and modesty



JULIE JEANNE ELÉONORE DE LESPINASSE
(AFTER CARMONTELLE)
From "Julie de Lespinasse." By the Marquis de Ségur. (Translation. Chatto and Windus)

of judgment in matters literary, it was the case of the lad in the lawyer's office who for his own sport carried such unspeakable havoc into the camp of the learned.

With the author's suggested defence of Chatterton's invention of the Rowley poems as part of a design to compel attention to them, and then to reveal himself as their real author—a course warranted if not by the ethics yet by the recognised practice of literature—most persons will, we think, willingly agree. We cannot say as much for his ascription of the *Eikon Basilike*, solely on internal evidence, to Bishop Gauden. The resemblance between the *Eikon* and the acknowledged works of Gauden was accounted for by Christopher Wordsworth as due to the King's familiarity with the Bishop's sermons, and to the Bishop's with the writings of the King. This argument Mr. Farrer calls "special pleading." Of course it is nothing of the kind in the only proper sense, and in no improper sense any more than Mr. Farrer's to the contrary. And thus a question that ranks with the identity of "Junius" and such-like endless controversies is left precisely where it was before the appearance of this otherwise curiously interesting volume.

THE PYRENEES

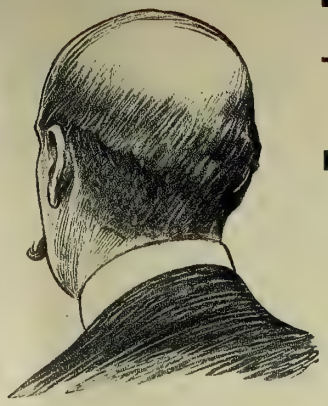
"A Book of the Pyrenees," by S Baring-Gould (Methuen), is the latest addition to a popular topographical series on which the author has for some time been engaged. All the books in the collection are "much of a muchness"—which means that, though they are not actually good, judged by any strict standard, they are fairly entertaining and even instructive in their light, informal, and disjointed way. In the present instance, however, we have the paradoxical case of a book about mountains containing absolutely nothing of interest to mountaineers, Mr. Baring-Gould neither indicating the way to climb the peaks, nor troubling to recall their ancient history. He has nothing to say of the ascent of Canigou by Peter of Arragon, who encountered a winged dragon on the summit, as Fra Salimbene relates, in the eleventh century, or of the ascent of the Pic du Midi by M. de Candale, Bishop of Aire, in Gascony, and first translator of the works of Euclid into French, recorded in the Chronicle of De Thou. He does not mention Darcet, who made the Pyrenees the subject of the first lecture ever delivered in the French language before the Institut de France. We search his index in vain for the names of Monge and Palassou. Count Henry Russell only gets a passing word, and Ramond de Carbonnière, who accomplished the first ascent of almost every peak in the chain, only gets a paragraph. These are omissions which stand insurmountably between Mr. Baring-Gould and any claim to be regarded as the historian of the Pyrenees. On the plains, however, he is more at home. He tells us about Wellington's campaign against Soult, about Clément Marot and his metrical version of the Psalms, about Bernadette and her visions at Lourdes about the remount depôt at Tarbes, about the qualities of the various curative waters, about the atrocities committed by Catholics and Calvinists in the days of the religious wars, about the eminent citizens born in this, that, or the other town or village. There are plenty of photographs, and there is a map; and the volume, on the whole, is one that the Pyrenean tourist may be recommended to buy and take with him.

TWO NOVELS BY LUCAS CLEEVE

The issue of three novels in a couple of months from a single pen is sharp work. It also means sharp work for a reviewer with many more novels to read than Lucas Cleeve's. Her "Selma," the first of the three, we have already noticed. We have now before us "The Rose Geranium" (T. Fisher Unwin) and "Her Father's Soul" (John Long).

"The Rose Geranium" is an account of the vacillations of a British Ambassador, first at St. Petersburg and then at Paris, who, having discovered his wife's intrigue with an *attaché*, cannot decide whether to make her or himself respondent in a divorce suit, or whether to call out her fellow culprit, or whether to get rid of the whole unpleasant business by condonation. The latter course is finally adopted; the now repentant wife is conveniently killed off, not without suspicion of suicide; and a full statement of the circumstances, left by her for the purpose, is communicated by her lady's maid to all the leading newspapers. Its prompt publication ruins the career of the *attaché*, while the widower, consoled by a more congenial mate, is left, it is to be hoped, to display more decision of character in foreign than in domestic affairs. The story will probably please such readers as may have been attracted by its outline.

"Her Father's Soul" is a study in occult psychology. An English lady of rank is the mother of a daughter by a Maharajah of high intellect and aspiration, who, when he dies, misses Devachan—which may be roughly rendered Heaven—through his lapse from the ascetic standard of a Yogi. Esoteric adepts will, doubtless, appreciate the relation between the souls of father and daughter—if, indeed, they be not one and the same—enabling the latter, by means of a sacrificial suicide on her wedding morning, to open Devachan forthwith to the two souls or the one, whichever they or it may be. Of the theological speculations of this young Eurasian lady we will only say that they are very much what would be expected of a mind with a mystical crick in it and suffering from a severe indigestion of "all the books: Boehme and Swedenborg, Lessing, Hegel, Leibnitz, Herder, Fichte, Kant, Schelling, and Helmont;" and that they are quite out of place in a novel. Of course we are aware that people who like this sort of thing are too numerous to be ignored: and to them, therefore, a recommendation of "Her Father's Soul," as in every way suited to them, may fittingly be thrown.



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For Men of Taste

DEWAR'S WHISKY

MARGARET OF THE MARTELLO TOWER

Written by VIOLET A. SIMPSON

A Story of 1812

Illustrated by P. B. HICKLING



"*The eyelids opened, and the eyes were looking straight up into hers.*"

BEHIND Beachy Head the midwinter sun was setting, to streak the smooth Channel into a reddened pathway which reached right from the Point, crested as with a fiery diamond, up to the Tower, and to Margaret's very feet as she stood on the top and looked across the Bay. And she smiled with the proud fancy that even the Great Sun could not help sending a special Good-night to his England, and paving his own passage to this bulwark of English liberty, at once so dear a home and a source of such intense pride to its custodians. For it was the middle of that first strenuous quarter of the nineteenth century, and Margaret could not even remember what Peace meant. Moreover, she belonged to a race of Naval heroes. She could no more have helped that keen realisation of and glory in all that meant the National welfare than she could have lost her love and understanding of the sea. It showed in her very personality. A Viking's daughter, or a Sea-maiden risen from the foam crests of the Channel she might have been, standing there, upright and strong, with just that clear open expression which comes to sea-faring people as a kind of natural heritage—for ever on the "look-out," but not on the things of man's making.

She shielded her eyes with one sun-burnt hand, the other laid caressingly upon the 24-pound gun swinging on its pivot ready for action.

The Tower rose so close to the edge of the cliff that there was only a drop of some fifty feet from its summit to the beach where the tide, now at flood, was lazily soughing. Standing out almost in the centre of that stretch of Sussex seaboard, it was the most important of all the Towers as being the residence of the officer in charge of the coast defence. To right and to left along the coast-line, slightly curving up to Galley Hill eastwards, sweeping boldly round Pevensey Bay to the Point, the remaining Towers sat dotted at intervals squat and solid, like chess-castles knowing their value and so content to wait their time to make the winning move in the game.

The white of the quarried stone with which the bricks of the upper part of the Towers were dressed, glittered in the clear atmosphere as if newly polished, and the cannon on the top stood out like ebony images.

In serpentine lines the Downs ran inland from the Head, a variegated harmony in colour—blue, grey, tawny, green, and russet brown—in sympathy as it were with the moods of sea and sky. So still was the air, so keen and crisp, that every pebble on the shore, every brick in the houses of the hamlet lying away down to the right, every broken ridge of chalk in the cliffs across the bay, was as defined as if cut out in bas-relief.

The sea-gulls swooping now lost themselves like ghosts against that more vivid whiteness of the chalk cliffs, now reappeared out of the sea with feathers quivering as if to shake off their burden of sun-filled water. They formed presently in a thin row, hovering just along the swell of a big wave far out to sea. Margaret caught her breath.

"It might be the French coast-line," she said, and she stretched out her arms suddenly.

"In God's good time we shall get news," said the old Lieutenant. "Prepare for the worst, as we say in the Navy, and hope for the best."

He was bending over the swivel of the gun with a can of oil. His tones were gruff, but he left his work and stumped over to put his hand on his daughter's shoulder. His wooden leg and glass eye were at once a source of sorrow and congratulation. The limb had been shot away and the eye lost in the Siege of Gibraltar, necessitating his retirement from active service. But, as compensation, he had obtained, perhaps, the most coveted shore appointment to be had

just then, being offered residence in the principal Martello Tower, with the local command of the system of Channel coast defence. The Lieutenant was a proud man that day, and it chanced that the holding of the post brought the only balm possible to them in the one sorrow they had to face. Margaret's only brother was a prisoner at Cherbourg, and it was as much consolation as could be given in such a grief for father and sister to be able to pass the time there in view of the sea, as near to him as might be, and knowing that if he were suffering for his country the active responsibility for its defence was theirs still.

"They may exchange presently," said the Lieutenant. He took up a telescope from the inner ledge and wiped at his glass eye as if he had forgotten it was incapable of shedding tears.

"It has been so long . . . Eight years . . ."

"It brings the end the sooner," answered the Lieutenant, and he scanned the horizon carefully. It was a ceremony that always accompanied any reference to the sailor-son, and invariably ended with the same remark, "It is safer than if he were on active service."

And Margaret smiled—sadly—for all three would have preferred the risks of open warfare to the safety of a French prison. The sun made rainbows of the tears in her eyes, and she moved round away from it and the sea, resolutely counting the houses, doubled and jumping, in the hamlet to her right, till they had settled down again into normal numbers. Her dimmed sight prevented her from seeing a figure—a man's figure—limping along the beach to the Tower, and he had reached its foot before she saw him, pausing with his hand on the rail of the wooden draw-ladder fixed outside the building and leading to the entrance door mid-way up it. From where Margaret stood she had the ladder in full view, and the stranger too, though his wide-brimmed hat concealed his face.

He stood for some time, first looking up at the Tower, and then round at the sea. Then began to ascend. Very slowly, as Margaret noticed. His left arm was in a sling, and he climbed by the help of the rail, dragging one foot after him.

At the top, on the square landing-stage outside the door, he paused, but before knocking glanced up, and raised his hat. Margaret suddenly guessed that he must have approached knowing her to be there, for from where he stood now she could not have been visible.

"There is someone at the door," she said. "Janet has left. I must go."

"The sun will be down in ten minutes; there is going to be a change, too."

The Lieutenant nodded towards the far horizon. A shadow was rimming it, like a dark mist lifting from the sea.

"Yes. The gulls fly in——"

The sun dropped at that instant behind the Point; the bright pathway merged in a grey sea, and along the Downs long dull purple shadows absorbed the varying colours. In the hamlet the windows, bereft of sun-reflection, darkened as if tired. Margaret shivered.

"Carry my can, will you? I will take the despatch-box," said the Lieutenant. The box contained the secret orders, charts, and plans for the coast defence, and never left his side night nor day, except when Margaret was in personal charge of their living-rooms on the middle floor. When both father and daughter were occupied, either above on the parapet or below in the storage basement, the Lieutenant kept it within sight. The Tower was never left empty.

Margaret took up the can, and went quickly down the spiral staircase. Ah! how good the warmth and brightness seemed as she reached the last step! The circular space had been partitioned off into four tiny apartments; a living room, with a kitchen behind, and two bedrooms. What help Margaret needed was given daily by a woman from the hamlet—the tiny rooms served herself and her father well enough. She waited just to light the lamp on the table, then opened the door.

The visitor swept off his hat—and his gesture was too graceful to be quite English, she thought. It made her hesitate and scan his face more closely than in ordinary courtesy she would have done, to meet the brightest eyes she had ever seen—and she dropped her own. . . . It was no common vagrant, anyway.

"Madame — Fräulein — Mistress? I am addressing Miss Tredeherne?" He paused and bowed. "Pardon me—I have come with news from Captain Tredeherne—a fellow-prisoner with me at Cherbourg."

"My brother! Basil!"

In the sudden reaction of amazed joy she stepped back, leaving he entrance free. He followed so closely that he was over the threshold before she realised it.

"May I introduce myself, Fräulein? I am Captain Johann von Martel, an Austrian by nationality. . . . I was taken prisoner by the French at Austerlitz. May I show you my letters—my credentials? With your permission——"

He spoke with a foreign accent, and the little movement of the hand as he drew a packet from his vest was un-English too. Before Margaret could reply he had opened the packet, and was spreading its contents before her. She glanced uneasily at the open door. He looked at her, and then crossed and shut it.

"The Fräulein feels the draught?" he remarked suavely. It was not the draught that Margaret minded, but his presence. It was against all rules and regulations for any unknown person to set foot within the Tower—and here, in the very one where the plans and orders were deposited!

He suddenly held out a piece of paper. "It is good! A true likeness!"

"Oh, it is himself!" exclaimed Margaret. In an instant all else was forgotten. Her lips were pressed to the picture; she held it at arm's length only to kiss it again the next moment, oblivious of a stranger's presence. Then, down on her knees by the table she dropped to scrutinise the paper more closely.

"It *is* his hand! . . . My letters to him . . . His signature!"

Von Martel placed his left hand, outstretched, upon the paper in front of her.

"And his signet-ring," he added softly, and made as if to slip it off. Before he could do so, Margaret in her impatience had drawn the ring from his finger herself. He winced, soft as her touch and fingers were, drew back, then submitted. Margaret was as unconscious of his confusion as of the intimacy of her own action.

She was busy fumbling at the back of the crested lozenge. It slid away, disclosing two tiny strands of interwoven hair, one black, one fair as her own, with an infinitesimal "M. B." set in seed-pearls.

"Oh, yes, our hair," she murmured. "Oh, my poor Basil! Eight years . . ."

She took up the letters, scrutinising them with painful intensity. Von Martel's eyes swept round the apartment. His lips moved inaudibly.

"Six-foot walls . . . windows—loop-holes, set alternately for fighting . . . stairs in the thickness of wall to upper story . . . stairs in left-hand corner down to stores . . ."

The partitioned rooms were very tiny. Upon the quarter-circle of the outer wall hung cutlasses and muskets. The latter were slung as if loaded for instant use; the cutlasses, despite the rusting sea air, shone bright, evidently polished day by day. There was just room for the table in the centre, two chairs set by the fireplace, and a seaman's iron-bound chest. One low doorway opened into the kitchen from one line of wooden partition; two from that which ran centrewise across the circular space. That into the kitchen stood open, the fire from within threw a blaze across the whitened stone floor, catching the rows of polished pewters on the dresser by the way. A kettle was singing on the hob; before it lay a black Persian cat. On the chair beside the fire was a heap of needle-work.

And Von Martel let his eyes rest lingeringly, longingly upon the scene, and their hard grey softened.

And then he glanced down upon Margaret's head bowed over the letters—each hair curling alertly in the heat of the lamp beside her, and the curve of her smooth cheek and pink ear just visible. He let his thoughts relax, hearing and sight of outward things dulled for the moment, while there rose up suddenly the vision of a home when he, perhaps—the vision that comes to the homeless wanderer so easily when he is unexpectedly brought into contact with a life and circle other than his own, wherein something predominates over bloodshed and intrigue.

"*Margaret!*"

Unperceived the Lieutenant had reached the curve of the stairs.

"*Margaret!*"

The tone was authoritative, and more—amazed reproof rang through it.

Von Martel started: Margaret sprang to her feet. She wheeled round, one hand still grasping the papers, her face burning.

"Oh, father, 'tis news from France. . . . This gentleman—Captain Von Martel"—she paused to indicate him—"brings letters from Cherbourg. . . ."

The Lieutenant stumped noisily down the remaining steps.

"Not after sunset," said he, and stopped significantly a few paces away.

Von Martel saluted gravely.

"I bring credentials from your son. . . ."

"From Basil!" The Lieutenant made a step forward, then back.

"From Basil. . . . Oh, father! He has come to bring us news. . . ."

"Not after sunset," repeated the Lieutenant automatically.

"But to give us news!"

The Lieutenant folded his arms upon his chest.

"Rules and regulations," he repeated. "*After sundown no stranger, or other than the regular inmates of the Tower shall set foot within it.* You understand me, sir?"

"But, father——"

The Lieutenant did not look at his daughter; his lips were set tight.

"We mean no discourtesy," began Margaret. The tears filled her eyes; she turned with a quick beseeching little movement towards Von Martel, then to her father. Going swiftly up to the latter she put her hand on his arm. He freed himself.

"Dis-courtesy? None. I obey orders. And the sun set ten minutes ago."

He stumped towards the entrance. Von Martel had to step aside. Margaret held out her hand to him; he took it as if unwillingly, but held it close. His eyes were riveted upon the brass-clamped despatch-box under the Lieutenant's arm.

"Oh, without food or welcome—to turn you out, Basil's friend, it is, oh, it is——"

A cold blast swept in, choking her voice. The Lieutenant had set the door wide.

"There are rooms and plenty in the hamlet," he said. "I speak to a soldier? Well, I am in His Majesty's Navy. Orders are orders. At any time to-morrow you will be welcome, *welcome!*" His voice broke. "After sunrise, before sundown," he added. He glanced at the papers.

"Do them up, Margaret, and let this kind friend respect my decision and motives, and return to-morrow. Mention my name, Sir, at the Severn Inn, and, if you please, accept its hospitality as my guest. I would accompany you, but am forbidden as custodian to leave the tower. Good-night, sir."

He withdrew his gaze from the table as if it hurt him, saluted gravely, and, tucking his despatch-box afresh under his arm, stumped towards one of the inner doors. Von Martel looked at Margaret, and smiled.

"Oh, do not let it distress you. I am a soldier, I understand."

"Without food, or welcome, or shelter——"

"I am a soldier," repeated Von Martel. "And if those tears are for me, they are consolation enough. You will like to keep the sketch? Yes? Ask your father if I may not leave it. Ask him, quick——"

The Lieutenant had disappeared within his own room. Margaret slipped after him. The door, with a sudden gust of wind, banged to after her.

In that second Von Martel darted across to where the steps led down to the storage chambers, and disappeared.

When Margaret came back, the papers were fluttering about the floor, the sketch lay on the table, the door was open, the visitor gone. But the papers might have been dead leaves, the picture a fallen tile. She passed them quickly by, going straight out to the little platform. Leaning over the rail, she stared down into the darkness, her head bent low to listen. But only the whistling wind and the roar of the sea answered. Ten minutes later, bolts and bars were up for the night.

II

The wind howled about the Tower like some live thing praying to come in to shelter; Margaret, starting to wake and grasp the sketch and letters, dozing again with horrible visions of tortured prisoners whom she was unable to help, lived over and over again those minutes of strain and sense of impotent revolt. Ah, sure, what a night to have turned out such a messenger! And how tired and hungry he had looked! She could see the look in his eyes now, the thin hands. What a cruel act of inhospitality! Duty? Rules? She understood them, yes, and had obeyed; but after obedience came rebellion.

She could bear it no longer. Rising and dressing herself, she determined to sit up for the remainder of the night by the kitchen fire; her dreaming then would at least be under control.

The fire was still alight; she raked it together, piled up wood, and put on the kettle.

But the wind seemed playing worse tricks now; surely those were moans, human moans? She listened, scolded herself for nervous fear, stirred the fire, and caught herself listening again.

From the inner room came stertorous snores; the Lieutenant was evidently sound asleep. Through the chinks of the windows, set at cross angles to each other round the Tower, the wind shrieked like the quarrelling of angry people. But there was something else—and she felt that it was human. Margaret hesitated, then lit the safety lantern, climbed the stairs to the top of the Tower, and unbolted the trapdoor.

The wind smashed it back upon her, and the light went out. She groped her way round the battlement, felt over the gun, made sure no one was there—how foolish to suppose it—and returned. As she neared the kitchen she heard the moans again. It occurred to her that her cat had perhaps been trapped in the cellars. Re-lighting the lantern, she descended. The stairs led straight down into the basement, vaulted, and filled with kegs and bales. The silence was profound—then all at once came that strange moaning from the far corner. In a moment she was wedging her way through boxes and tubs towards it. A block of bales, piled one on the top of the other, stopped her, then she perceived that there was a space left between the block and the wall, the opening ingeniously concealed by a couple of kegs twisted round at an angle. Lifting her lantern so as to throw the light over them, she saw the outline of a man's figure, curled up close to the wall. Half hidden in the shadows, his face showed but as a vague white patch. Yet it was not fear which seized Margaret in that first moment, but a strange instinct of protection. So far from calling to her father for help, her impulse instantly was to shield. Setting down the lantern, she ran up to the kitchen, seized upon water and brandy, and scrambled over the kegs down beside the prostrate figure. Ah, so it was he! She drew a long breath as she gently lifted Von Martel's head upon her lap, and began to bathe it. What a boyish face it looked now, with those keen eyes closed, and the hair tumbling in a sweep over them. There rose within her an odd sense of tenderness, a curious intimacy, as if out of the whole world he belonged to her, and to her alone, lying there so entirely at her mercy, so utterly dependent. Suddenly the eyelids opened, and the eyes were looking straight up into hers—a look of recognition so complete that Margaret found herself meeting it with equal abandonment of reserve in her own. It was as if the two had in that instant beaten away the past years during which they had been strangers—stretched out into long years of intimacy those few moments of meeting. The colour rose in her cheeks: he dropped his eyelids, and moved restlessly. A chill went through her; it seemed as if he had purposely drawn a veil between them.

"I fell," he said, with deliberate distinctness, though his lips moved stiffly. "I fell down the steps going—going—out—meaning to—go——"

"But my father has been down here——"

"I crawled here. He did not see me—I fainted then."

"You crawled in here? You have been here since yesterday evening?"

He nodded, but with an effort, then looked up. Yes, the veil was there—a shadow, a constraint. Margaret shivered at the touch of something suddenly unreal, and he winced. For he knew it was the lie that he was telling which had risen up between.

"If I could get to the door, just up the steps, I would go—and no one need know."

Margaret's fair face flushed.

"If it *was* known?"

"We should be under arrest——"

"Hush," he interrupted. "What was that?"

The noise of wind and sea would have prevented their voices from being heard, even as they had not heard footsteps on the floor above them. But the loud clang of the outer door, as it shut to, rose above all other sounds.

"It is my father going out on his rounds of inspection. At four every morning he starts—till half-past six."

"Then it is too late——?"

"Too late now."

He stumbled to his feet, then staggered against the wall, closing his eyes.

"I will not ask you to conceal anything. Tell him on his return. But I am faint—hungry—cold."

"Oh, you have had nothing since yesterday?"

"No."

"Oh!"

She looked round at the stone steps, steep and jagged, pressed both hands over her eyes, and was silent; but when she took her fingers away, her uplifted eyes were serene.

"We owe it to you to help you now," she said. "If you can manage to get up to the kitchen I will do all I can. And then you must go—— What was that you said?" She broke off abruptly. His lips were moving silently. "It sounded like—like—*love and war*," added Margaret, then checked herself, going on hurriedly. "And then you must go. And then I will tell my father what I have done."

He smiled queerly.

"You take the responsibility?"

Margaret impulsively threw out her hands.

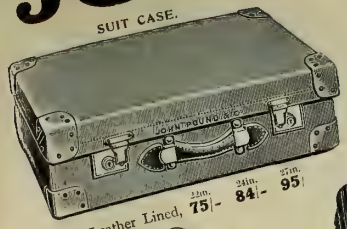
"Ah! If it is wrong, it is doing right too. I may be wrong—but if you saw yourself! Come, come," she finished abruptly.

He stooped and, unperceived put his lips to the hem of her gown.

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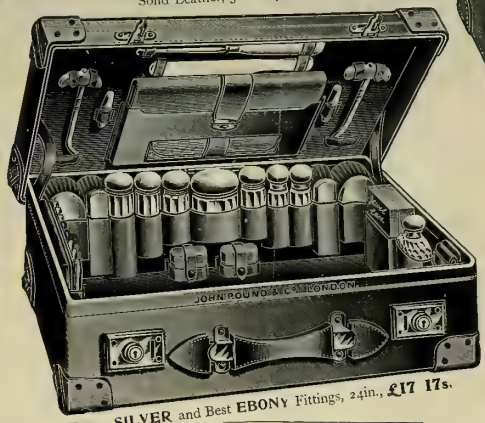
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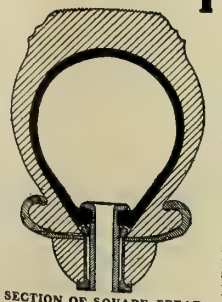
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"All's fair in love and war," he murmured. But Margaret did not hear the words this time. She was busy rolling away the kegs in their path.

At the stairs she stopped, and slipped her arm under his. And he smiled, accepting the help, and together slowly they climbed the steep stone steps. The upper rooms were warm with light. The fire blazed, the kettle was singing.

"So this is your home?" he said, wistfully.

Margaret nodded over her shoulder—she was pulling forward the big chair. He threw off his cloak, wrapping it cautiously round a square bulky object which, unperceived by her, he had carried up with him, and sat down. Margaret began to set out glasses and plates. He leant back, shading his eyes with his hand, and watched her closely as she moved about. She mixed, presently, a tumbler of hot spirits and brought it to him.

A toasting-fork hung by the range. He stretched out his hand, unhooked it, and took the loaf from her hands.

"Let me help—do something for you," he pleaded. Margaret smiled, and put a footstool by his feet, and the tumbler close beside him; then stood and watched him as he toasted the bread. She had oddly forgotten the strangeness of the situation. "You are going to share my breakfast?" he said.

"I will have some milk," said Margaret.

She drew a chair up to the table, and they looked across at each other, and smiled again. He cut a slice of bread, toasted it, buttered it, and placed it on her plate.

"Ah, *let* me," he said. "If you only knew what it meant to me to be allowed to do it."

Margaret's blue eyes met his questioningly.

"You were a prisoner too? I only ask because——"

"I have no home," he interrupted. "But it was not quite that . . . I was thinking of you, and your presence." There fell a silence upon them, he looking into the fire, and she on him—furtively, as she stood beside his chair. The clock struck six.

"My father will come back at half-past," said Margaret. And she wondered at the dullness of her own voice.

"The time has flown," he replied. He got up, and, taking the half-emptied tumbler, looked at her.

"I drink to your health and prosperity and safety—*always*." His voice lingered on the last word. "And to our next meeting." There it quivered. He hastily put the tumbler to his lips, and drained it.

"I will come again in the morning. . . . When your father is here."

He strode out, and without another word of thanks or farewell disappeared into the night.

Margaret stood where he had left her, staring out into the darkness blankly, as if something had gone out of her life, and the emptiness hurt. She listened to the sound of his footsteps, laboriously climbing down the wooden ladder, and knew by the crunching of the beach when he had reached the bottom.

It was pitch dark. She stepped out on to the little platform and leaned over the rail.

Was it, had it been a dream?

She shifted slightly, so that she could look within the Tower. There was the blazing fire, the plates in disarray, the emptied glass, the chair with its cushions indented just as he had left them. At her feet the sea was soughing and plunging, and the wind blew her hair against her face till it stung. Her thoughts went drifting.

There broke athwart them the sound of footsteps again crunching upon the beach. She waited, dully believing them to be those of her father as he returned. But that stumbling up the steps could never have been the Lieutenant's resolute way of mounting. Out of the darkness a form suddenly rose up beside her; she felt her hand staken in a warm grip, and a face came close, with eyes that looked deeply into hers.

"I have come back—now—because, because I could not leave you with a lie. All's fair in love and war they say—I said so. But I will not lie to you. I am no Austrian. My name is not Von Martel. I never was a prisoner with your brother. I stole the papers and sketch for credentials—as a spy. I am a Frenchman. My name is De Montsignis. I came over to get entrance here by means of the letters—we know all your histories over there, all that can be useful—into the Tower. I had fully expected to have been given shelter for a night at least, trading on your wish to hear of your brother. I did not fall; I purposely slipt down into the cellar, and hid. I climbed up whilst you and your father were asleep, and I found and took the box of papers—what I wanted. Then, in going down again, I fell, and hurt myself, fainted, and crawled in where you found me. I could not leave the Tower till one of you had opened the door with the private keys; I could not find them. I meant to wait in the basement, and take my chance of slipping away when the coast was clear."

Margaret gasped.

"But your goodness, your tenderness, and unsuspecting pity—No, a French nobleman cannot trespass against those laws of hospitality I go back, my mission a failure We may, we shall meet again some day, but now, now I must go."

"Oh, do not go!"

"I will come back, when the war is over . . . And it shall be as the Marquis De Montsignis . . . and as . . . You will forgive, receive me then?"

She faltered, incoherent and breathless, a faint affirmative.

He bent lower as if to make certain of hearing that faint "Yes;" then his lips were pressed to the hands he held—in the next moment he had swung away out of sight.

As he went he tossed up at her feet some heavy substance. Margaret stooped mechanically to lift it. It was the unopened despatch-box.

Over the rail she leant, curving her hands round her mouth. The crunching had succeeded to those descending steps.

"Monsieur, 'Sieur——" They stopped.

"When the war is over," she repeated. And the wind and the sea voices carried down her whisper to him as if they acquiesced.

THE END



THE MACE



THE CHIEF MESSENGER'S BADGE (UPPER HOUSE)



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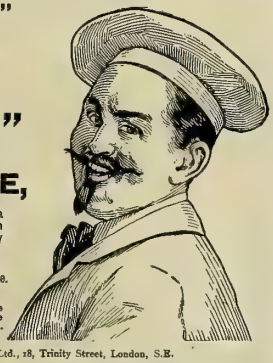
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MOTOR NOTES



THE SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER, THE WINNER ON BEXHILL TRACK



MISS DOROTHY LEVITT DRIVING UP RIVER HILL



THE MAUDSLAY CAR TURNING ON RIVER HILL

For the Flexibility Competition, promoted by the Crystal Palace Automobile Club, there were ten starters. The entries included three six-cylinder, six four-cylinder, and one two-cylinder cars, and all completed the journey, the course being via Hayes, Sevenoaks, Tonbridge, Robertsbridge, Battle and Ninfield to Bexhill and return, a distance of 121 miles. The crux of the journey was River Hill on the return, and there all the cars, except the six-cylinder Napier, the winner, had to change gear. Time tests were made on the Bexhill track.

THE FLEXIBILITY CONTEST

The Serpollet Monument.

Nearly £900 has been received by the French Committee that is about to erect a memorial to the late M. Serpollet. This is not sufficient for the cost of the monument contemplated, and the Club has agreed to receive subscriptions. The Club, in doing so, has acted on the suggestion of Sir David Salomons, who wrote to the Secretary as follows:—"I have been asked to obtain subscriptions towards the monument to be erected to the honour of Serpollet, who had many friends and admirers in England. I have been added to the French Committee, and those already upon it are all well-known men. May I suggest that all donations sent to you should be transmitted to me to hand over to the Paris Committee, and the same will be duly acknowledged. I also suggest that donations be received till May 1st, so as to limit the matter. On the French Committee are MM. Archdeacon, Knyff, Jousselin, Winby, Védrine, Verner, who are President, Vice-Presidents, &c., and many others. Serpollet has done so much in helping the movement, and had always been so friendly to England, that I trust we may help to perpetuate his memory."

Motor Boating

The "One Design Class of Motor Boats" endorses my remarks on the small cost of this form of amusement. The estimates for the boats and engines show clearly that a most useful boat can be built for little over £150. The type of boat finally accepted by the committee is of the light cruiser order, fast enough to outpace most power-boats, and seaworthy enough to enable owners to cruise anywhere inside the Isle of Wight, or such like sheltered waters, with comfort and pleasure. To maintain a boat of this description is a very small matter, and the sport may be enjoyed by many men of moderate means. Already the entries augur success, and congratulations may be made to the Motor Yacht Club for the excellence of their idea in instituting this class.

Commercial Motors

Expense of running is still a bugbear in the eyes of many people, and enterprise is not in any way assisted by the reports of the omnibus companies, which, it would appear, have considerable difficulty in making motor-buses a financial success. Somewhat in the opposite direction is the interesting statement recently

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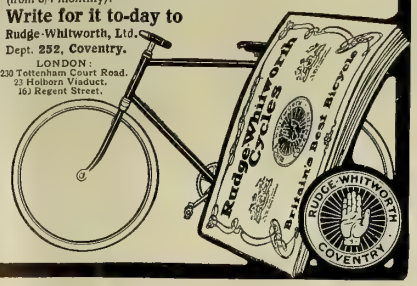
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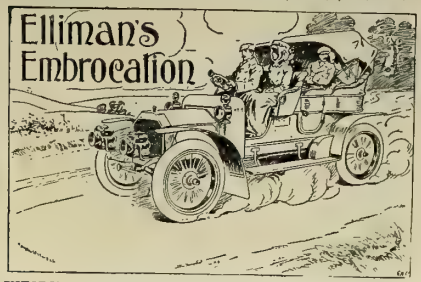
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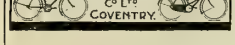
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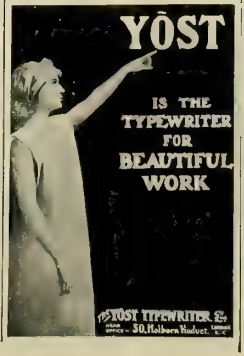
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made at a public meeting by one of the directors of the famous match firm, Messrs. Bryant and May. They have recently adopted motor-vans (Argylls), in place of horsed vehicles, for delivery of their goods within a twenty-mile radius of the factory, thus effecting a very considerable saving in cost. Various figures have been given at different times of the cost of running commercial vans, and some of the firms adopting this form of transit in its earlier days went so far as to declare it was impossible to make a saving on horse-drawn vehicles. This was, of course, owing to their taking up the motor in its infancy—in other words, being a little too far ahead of the times. Messrs. Bryant and May's figures with their "Argyll" vans are very different. They are worked out per gross, and, whilst the delivery with horses cost 1·17d. per gross, the motors have reduced the charge to ·44d. per gross. That motor traction *does* pay is obvious, as the steadily increasing number of commercial vans in London goes to prove.

The Agricultural Hall.

Messrs. Cordingley's motor show attracts as usual; but my readers may refer to my notes on previous shows, as the features are the same. Unfortunately my editor will not let me repeat my previous remarks on the exhibits. That there are too many shows is my own personal opinion, but still they draw large gates. Amongst the accessories the "Omne Tempus" coats displayed by Messrs. Samuel Bros. rather take my fancy, as they will do for any weather, decidedly a feature in a motor coat, as one cannot keep on adapting one's attire to the extraordinary changes of the English weather in an English spring. Why does a motor show attract so many people? They certainly do not come to buy—I mean the large majority. They must come to see what they *would* buy if they had the means. The number of visitors compares favourably with many exhibitions which are spectacular and provide amusement. The Agricultural Hall show is well worth a visit, even if you are "suited" for the season.

The Monaco Meeting

The annual motor-boat regatta is not to be the fiasco it seemed a few weeks ago, as entries have poured in lately, until one may expect to see about one hundred competitors. Hydro-planes—or, rather, boats built as nearly to this design as possible—are one of the features. Whether they are seaworthy enough for the Bay of Monaco on a windy day remains to be seen. The cruiser class are eminently workmanlike nowadays, and really their design may be said to emanate from the first meeting at this very spot. I well remember the flying-fish appearance of the first crafts, but the accidents were piteous. In the beautiful bay at Beaulieu I call to mind two boats of most elegant design and built for speed, but for speed only, piled up on the rocks under the Nice to Monte Carlo road. England, France, Germany, Italy and Switzerland, are all well represented from April 2 to April 14. The French seem to possess the happy knack of making a success of anything in the nature of a "spectacle," largely, I believe, because the towns involved go the "whole hog" to attract visitors, and invariably get their money back again. The annual automobile work on the Riviera is an instance of this.

A Quid pro Quo

Taking into consideration the very large influence exercised at election times by motorists in taking voters to the poll, it is only reasonable to expect our legislators to extend a helping hand to assist us in our turn. Such, however, is not the case, and as the chairman of the Motor Union recently pointed out, in so many words, a member of Parliament usually assists a Motor Bill by his absence. In his speech, the Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P., said: "I need not go into the support we are likely to receive in the House of Commons. They fight shy of any association with motors. But in response to the pledges which we sought when we were asked for the loan of cars, I may say that we have an enormous following; at all events, we had in January, 1906—(laughter)—who were prepared to support our action." Such is gratitude. But I think the least M.P.s can do after their voters have scratched all the varnish off our cars, and their agents have pasted election placards on our petrol tanks, is to support any measure which will ameliorate the position of the unfortunate motorist.

The Motor and Traffic

One constantly observes how the widening of our streets, instead of reducing the difficulty of getting through the traffic, rather increases it, if anything. The reason is that most vehicles insist on sticking to the middle of the road, instead of keeping on the near side. In Earl Russell's excellent paper on the subject, he suggested inlaid white lines on the road, dividing it into two parts. I would go further than this, and divide such roads as Piccadilly in its widest part into four, so that slow-moving traffic should keep right into the pavement. At the discussion of this paper most sane remarks were made as to standards in the centre of the streets, refuges, and lavatories, the latter instituted by our recent County Council. It was pointed out that the space occupied in the centre of our streets is worth millions, and whilst large sums are spent on widening schemes, the benefit has been thrown away in the central standards. Nothing (except an L.C.C. tram) so successfully blocks traffic as a refuge or standard in the middle of the roadway. Earl Russell proved his case to the hilt, and even went so far as to draft a Bill to carry out his ideas. Graphicus.

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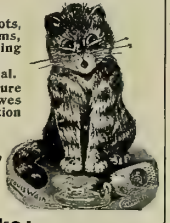
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What Might Have Happened

Printed and Published by GEORGE ROBERT PARKEN, at Tallis Street, in the City of London. Entered as Second-class Matter at New York (N.Y.) Post Office.—APRIL 6, 1907.

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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The Colonial Conference

Seven Premiers Attending It.



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Commonwealth of Australia.

The Colonial Conference will meet on Monday, and will sit three times a week for their discussions on the great Imperial matters which have brought them together. On former visits the Premiers have been the guests of the King or the Queen, but on this occasion they are the officially described guests of the nation. The most important questions before the Conference will be those of Preferential Trade and Defence. This is the fourth Colonial Conference, the other three taking place in 1887, 1897, and 1902, coincidently with the Jubilee and Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria and the Coronation of King Edward. The Premiers are staying at the Hotel Cecil. They will be lavishly, and frequently, entertained. Our portraits of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Dr. Jameson and Sir R. Bond are by Ernest H. Mills; and those of General Botha, Sir J. G. Ward and Mr. Deakin are by Steger (Pretoria), Park, and Elliott and Fry respectively.

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MUSICAL NOTES

Immensely fashionable though the rest cure is at the moment, the musical world, at any rate, remains immune from the craze. Owing to the exigencies of the holidays, givers of concerts are obliged to cease from their labours for a while at Easter time, but they obviously do so only under protest, and as soon as the few days of their enforced idleness are over they return to the charge with a zeal only too often worthy of a better cause. To Mischa Elman belongs the honour of opening the new concert season, and if only all the recitals that will take place between now and the end of July were to be equal in interest to that which he gave at the Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon there would be but small cause for complaint. The average modern prodigy is chiefly notable for two things, the speed with which he becomes famous, and the rapidity with which he disappears from the musical horizon, never to be seen again. Fame certainly came to Elman quickly enough, but, so far as the second matter is concerned, it is perfectly obvious that he is to be one of the exceptions that prove the rule, for, if ever a violinist came to stay it is surely he. Other meteors may flash across the sky and disappear, but he is a fixed star, and it seems that his brilliance, far from dwindling away, is only increasing. Never has he played more wonderfully than at his recital on Saturday. The old and the modern composers seem to make an equally strong appeal to him, and whether he was playing Bach or Saint-Saëns, Tartini or Schumann, he was invariably convincing. With the exception of Fritz Kreisler, there is surely no violinist before the public at the present moment who has such powers to charm and to satisfy his hearers. If ever a name was destined to be handed down to future generations as that of a master of his art it is surely his. The programme was very pleasantly relieved by a couple of airs from Thomas's *Hamlet* and Mozart's *Figaro*, which were finely sung by Miss Amy Castles, a splendid singer of whom we hear far too little.

To the great regret of all those lovers of chamber music to whom the visits of Dr. Joachim's quartet are among the chief delights of the year, it has been found necessary to abandon the series of concerts that was to have begun this week, owing to the illness of the famous violinist. Fortunately, however, there is not quite such cause for anxiety as was at one time feared. A week or two ago the most disquieting rumours were afloat concerning Dr. Joachim's health, but it is now announced that he has made an excellent recovery from the attack of influenza which gave rise to such apprehensions, and that only rest is necessary to complete the cure. It is sincerely to be hoped that next autumn will see him here as usual.

It is very much to be regretted that the proposals for founding a scholarship for conductors as a memorial to Sir August Manns, to which allusion was made in THE GRAPHIC recently, have fallen through. The powers that be say that such a scholarship is unnecessary, but, with all due respect to the said powers, I venture to doubt it. Nowadays we frequently see young composers at the conductor's desk attempting to direct performances of their own works, but not one in ten of them seems to have the remotest idea of how the thing ought to be done. Fortunately they are not quite so incompetent as a certain famous writer of musical comedy. This gentleman, or so the story runs, had written a new masterpiece which was to be produced at a West End theatre, and his manager thought that it would be a good idea to place the genius in the conductor's desk. The genius expressed himself as being quite agreeable, and, on the evening appointed, he duly put in an appearance with white kid gloves, a new baton, and all the other paraphernalia of office. In the overture he rather startled the big drum by giving him a lead that was meant for the bassoon, while the trombones were somewhat surprised when he made frantic gestures in their direction at a time when the first violins were supposed to be doing all the work. When the curtain rose, however, matters became even worse, for he confused the contralto by giving her all the baritone's entries, and drove the soprano to despair by waving his baton at the limelight man all through her first solo. It is said that never have accidents been so frequent at any first performance as on this memorable occasion.

Still, though young composers naturally know a great deal more than this about the art, their acquaintance with it is, as a rule, of the most rudimentary description. This is all the more to be regretted since orchestras are now springing up all over the country, and never has the future of the native conductor been so promising. Perhaps the authorities will be induced to reconsider their decision and to give some sort of a trial to this very admirable idea.

J. D. H.

A Chat with Mr. Charles Santley

By J. Douglas Hoare

NEVER, surely, has England produced a more deeply loved or more widely respected singer than Charles Santley. During his long career he has won himself a warm place in the affections of music-lovers all over the world, and well has he earned his success, for not only has he made himself a complete master of the singer's art, which so few take the trouble to acquire in these degenerate days, but he has also done yeoman service in the cause of music and has achieved not a little towards spreading a love of it throughout the length and the breadth of the land. It is only right and proper, therefore, that his jubilee should be regarded as one of the most notable events of the present year, and that his countless friends should be busying themselves in doing him the honour that is his just due. It was with a view to hearing some of his experiences and to learning his opinion of the trend of music in the present day that I paid him a visit the other day at his house in St. John's Wood.

"In the first place," Mr. Santley began, "I ought to tell you that to describe the present year as my jubilee is something of a terminological inexactitude. It is true that it is the fiftieth anniversary of my London *début*, but I had sung in public many times before that. Without counting one or two appearances as a soloist in a church choir, at one of which, by the way, I remember that I sang off the same score with the great Julius Stockhausen, I suppose that my actual *début* took place in 1853, at Liverpool.

"It was soon after this that I decided to adopt music as a profession, instead of the commercial career for which I was intended. So, with high hopes in my heart and forty pounds in my pocket, I boldly sallied forth for Italy, and on arriving in Milan I placed myself under the direction of that great teacher, Gaetano Nava, who, during the two years that I was with him, proved the kindest of friends and the most sympathetic of teachers.

"While I was in Italy I made my first appearance in opera. It was, of course, necessary for me to earn my own living with as little delay as possible, so I seized eagerly upon the opportunity of joining an operatic company that was to appear at Pavia at the beginning of 1857. I stepped the boards for the first time as the doctor in *La Traviata*, a part for which I fancy that I must have looked rather young. However, I scored a very fair success both in this and in the other *rôles* that I played.

"Unfortunately, however, this engagement did not lead to much, and I soon found myself back in Milan, feeling the pinch of poverty. It was at about this time that I had the good fortune to meet H. F. Chorley. He sent me back to London at once, with introductions to Hullah and other musicians, and it was largely through his instrumentality that I was able to make my London *début* in the *Creation* at a concert in the now defunct St. Martin's Hall. It was at this concert, by the way, that I first met that greatest singing master of them all, Manuel Garcia. He was kind enough to take an interest in my career, and offered to help me in any way that he could, an offer of which, I need hardly say, I took full advantage, to my incalculable benefit."

"And when," I asked, "did you make your London *début* in opera?"

"Oh," said Mr. Santley, "that was in an English performance of *Dinorah*, given at Covent Garden during the season of 1859. At that time I was singing almost exclusively in English, though, so far as opera was concerned, I always preferred Italian. It was not, however, until two years later that I sang in Italian opera in London, making my *début* in *Il Trovatore*."

"I suppose," I said, "that the conditions then were very different from those which obtain now?"

"Well," said Mr. Santley, "the singers were certainly paid a great deal less and worked much harder. During the two seasons in which I sang with the Pyne-Harrison combination I had to appear pretty nearly every night, while once I remember singing on alternate nights with two separate operatic companies of which I was a member, the seasons of which happened to overlap."

"Have you any idea," I asked, "as to the number of parts of which your *répertoire* consisted?"

"Not the remotest idea in the world," Mr. Santley replied, "nor can I tell you which was my favourite of them. There were, of course, a few that I did not care much about; but, for the most part, I liked them all equally well, and sometimes I felt in the mood for one and sometimes for another. I always regretted, however, that I never played Wolfram in *Tannhäuser*. It is a great part, but, unfortunately, the opera was not produced in England until after I retired from the stage in 1870."

"I suppose that you must have sung under all the great conductors of those days?" I said.

"I have, indeed, and the greatest of them all was Costa."

"I have heard it said," I continued, "that Costa was something of a martinet."

"Well, he was hardly that," said Mr. Santley. "He was strict, of course, as every great conductor must be, but he was invariably kind and courteous. I have known conductors who have raged at the singers and sworn at the orchestra and have generally behaved themselves in a manner that was altogether objectionable. Costa, however, though he always knew what he wanted and was absolutely determined to get it, was invariably a gentleman as well as a fine musician, and it was a delight to sing under him."

"The general conditions of music in London, as well as those of opera, must," I said "have changed very much since those days."

"Changed!" Mr. Santley, exclaimed. "They have altered completely. Why, when I first began singing here such a thing as a musical agent was unknown. George Dolby was the first of them, the late Mr. Vert being, if I remember rightly, his secretary. Imitators, of course, sprang up, and now, if you take up one of the papers, you will find it full of the names of them. But in those times, of course, there was no need for agents. Concerts were comparatively few and far between, while such a thing as a recital was absolutely unknown. Hallé was the first to start the idea, when he gave a series of Beethoven recitals at St. James's Hall, I fancy in the sixties. And now they are more in number than the sands of the sea."

"And what," I asked, "do you think of modern singing?"

"Well," said Mr. Santley "I hardly like to say, but——" His aposiopesis was more eloquent than words. "The fact of the matter is" he continued, "that we are in too much of a hurry in these days. Look at the streets, with their motor-cars, motor-buses and tubes. Everyone seems to want to get to the end of his journey with the utmost possible despatch. It is just the same with the singers. In the old days we used to go slowly, and I, for one, know that I have never stopped studying all through my career. But these young people seem to think that they can get to the end without working, and that they can leave their studies before they have really begun them."

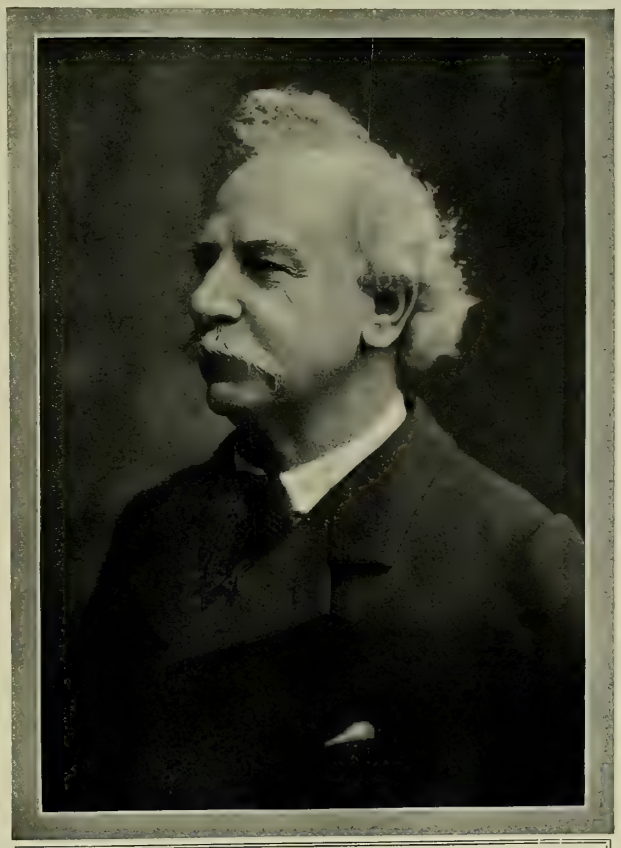
"And what," I asked, "about modern music?"

"Well," said Mr. Santley, "of course it is very wonderful and horribly clever, but it does not appeal much to me. To tell the truth, the oftener I study the old friends the more beauties do I find in them, and I am convinced that there are enough wonders still left in them to last me to the end of my days."

"I suppose," I said in conclusion, "that though you are celebrating your jubilee you have no thought of retiring?"

"None whatever," Mr. Santley replied. "Indeed, I think that I should feel lost without plenty of work to do. I have been a worker all my life, and I have no wish whatever to give it up. I can still enjoy singing, and I can still enjoy teaching, so why should I leave a life in which I am happy?"

And the thousands who still regard Mr. Santley with the veneration due to the most polished vocalist of the day will surely welcome his decision.



MR. CHARLES SANTLEY

Whose Jubilee is to be celebrated at the Albert Hall on May 1.

Photo by Lafayette, Ltd., Glasgow.



A FULL CLASS AT WORK

MAKING "CRACKER HASH"

Another Alpine Tunnel Project

What may be called the international tunnelling habit is evidently an acquired taste with which the Englishman has no sympathy, but there are other nations who can face the possibility of linking themselves together in this fashion without experiencing any of that "feeling of insecurity, of unrest, nay, possibly of alarm," which seemingly has damned the Channel Tunnel for another decade. With the Italians and Swiss, for example, the habit is so ingrained that no sooner is one such tunnel finished than they begin to contemplate another. Hardly a year has passed since the Simplon route was officially opened, and already there are three fresh projects, the "Lötschberg" Tunnel through the Bernese Alps, a tunnel beneath Mont Blanc, and a tunnel through the Splugen to link up the Italian and Swiss railways at Chur and Chiavenna respectively. The Canton of Grisons has petitioned the Federal Government for power to construct their portion of the last-mentioned undertaking, and a similar demand has been addressed to the Italian Government by a Milan syndicate, and there is every likelihood of the work being started without delay.



PREPARING "BOWLINE HASH"

The scheme for boring the Splugen originated with M. Locher, one of the three constructors of the Simplon Tunnel, and the cost of the whole enterprise is estimated at £4,480,000. It would shorten the distance between Milan and Southern Germany, as well as Eastern Switzerland; Munich, Dresden and Berlin being brought respectively fifty-six, seventy and eighty-five miles nearer than by the existing route. Starting from Chur, the line will run, *viâ* Thusis and Zillis, to Andeer at the northern entrance to the tunnel which will be carried in a straight line under the Splugen to its point of exit at the Italian village of Gallivaggio. From here to Chiavenna, as the crow flies, is only a little over five and a half miles, but the difference of level between the two places is almost 2,000 feet, and to allow for a working gradient the line will extend a distance of thirteen miles, and will describe a couple of loops. The total length of this new line is fifty-two miles, and the tunnel will be sixteen and a quarter miles long.



TESTING SEA-PIE MADE BY A NOVICE

A SUCCESSFUL SEA-COOK RECEIVING HIS CERTIFICATE

The sea-cook is to be reformed. The new Merchant Shipping Act provides that every British sea-going ship of 1,000 tons and upwards must carry not only a trained but a certificated cook. In order that the demand for instruction in the art of cooking at sea may be met, the Sailors' Home in Dock Road, Stepney, has been extended by the addition of a new building to the cookery school there. The new school was opened on Monday by Lord Graham. There are three standard dishes which every candidate must be able to cook—"Cracker hash," "Bowline hash," and "Sea-pie." The first is a dish of pounded sea-biscuits mixed with vegetables and baked; the second is a curious compound of vegetables and meat. At the new cookery school future sea-cooks are examined as to their ability to make these dishes. No certificate is granted until they can do so. Other delicacies beloved by Merchant seamen are "Danay Funk" and "Stowe Goush." Cooks are also taught how to make yeast and preserve vegetables. The school contains cooking ranges of the actual kind used at sea, and, altogether, better sea-cooks will, no doubt, be turned out of the new school than the Merchant Navy has ever known. Photos by Clarke and Hyde.

The Chef at Sea: Training Sea-Cooks in the Nautical Cookery School at the Sailors' Home, Stepney



"The Poetry of Motion!": An Impression of Bank Holiday Night on the Ripley Road

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

MINISTERS have entered upon the second lap of that sessional struggle which is, in reality, a race against time. In the case of the present session the Government have deliberately handicapped themselves—and very heavily—by their ineradicable habit of making rash promises in the vain hope of pleasing all parties. Thus they find themselves with an impossibly long list of measures standing in their name, of which only three have yet been introduced, and of which many are of a highly contentious character. When we merely mention the Army Reorganisation Bill, the Irish Devolution Bill, and the Licensing Reform Bill, we have said enough to show that the session is likely to be both crowded and tempestuous.

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But that is only the foreground. Behind the legislative programme looms the reform of Parliamentary procedure, the debates on the Budget, and, above all, that famous campaign against the Peers, concerning which we only know one thing for certain—that it will not be "all beer and skittles" for the attacking forces. On the whole, then, it is not surprising that the stalwarts of the party should be growing restive and be asking impatiently when the great victory of fifteen months ago is going to produce any positive results. One cannot help feeling sorry for the stalwarts, who are by no means at the end of their illusions, and disillusions, yet. A mammoth majority is not an unmixed blessing, as both Ministers and their supporters are beginning to find out.

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There was a passage in Lord Cromer's annual report upon the state of Egypt which has received less attention in the Press than it deserves. After giving it as his opinion that the spread of Pan-Islamism may produce sporadic outbreaks of violence throughout the Mohammedan world, his lordship added that Egypt was actually "within measurable distance" of such an outbreak last year. That is a fact which was not sufficiently realised at home at the time; but, now that we have the positive assertion by Lord Cromer of the existence of so dangerous a situation, there will be no excuse for our sentimental Radicals if they continue to egg on the seditious partisans of Egyptian "Nationalism" by their ostentatious patronage.

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Unless appearances are very deceptive, there are breakers ahead for the French Government over the pretensions of the French Civil servants to form Trade Unions. Disciplinary measures, it seems, are to be taken against the School Teachers' Federation, which has taken the lead in claiming the right to organise strikes *à discrétion*—or, rather, *à indiscrétion*. M. Clemenceau (whose admirable clearness of style is not his least merit) has pointed out to the federated teachers that the exceptional advantages which, as servants of the State, they enjoy over other citizens, impose upon them a special obligation to abstain from any rupture of their contract, a thing which no civilised Government can tolerate. Well, *proximus ardet Ucalegon*—we may have the same trouble in this country before long, if the Government persevere in their course of abject surrender to every demand of the Labour party.

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Whatever Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his colleagues may think of the worthlessness of "squalid bonds," it is certain that the Colonial Premiers do not mean to allow the questions of Preferential Trade and the establishment of an Imperial Council to be waved away by the hands of our British Podsnaps. Sir Joseph Ward, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, and successor of "King Richard" Seddon, has prepared some very explicit resolutions dealing with both those subjects, and the Halifax Board of Trade have especially memorialised Sir Wilfrid Laurier, requesting him to bear in mind the benefit which Canadian agricultural products would derive from the admission of British goods to the markets of the West Indies at lower rates than those charged on goods from foreign countries. Thus the forces which make for Preference gain strength visibly, and will ultimately become irresistible.

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Really, though, our distinguished visitors are in some danger of being killed with kindness. The programme of dinners and luncheons which has been published is enough to bring on an attack of acute dyspepsia in the case of a mere home-keeping Englishman. But these over-sea Britons are made of stronger stuff—at least, for their sakes, we devoutly hope so. Perhaps it is a good thing, after all, that Colonial Conferences are not held every year. We should be incapacitating too many Colonial Premiers!

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One of the greatest of Indian Pro-Consuls appeals to the nation to consider whether some worthy sort of memorial should not be erected to commemorate the services of one whom history acclaims as the greatest of all. It could not have fallen to any more suitable person than Lord Curzon to remind the rulers of Hindostan of what they owe to Lord Clive. When Clive, merely a clerk, first came to the front as the organiser of victory, it seemed a hopeless task to which he set his brave and resolute hand—the effacement of both French and Dutch rule and the subjugation of the Moguls. But in the course of a few years the marvellous young warrior and statesman accomplished that tremendous task on the historic field of Plassey, since when it has only remained for England to add province after province to the territory he conquered. This, then, is the brilliant genius whose memory Lord Curzon desires to commemorate by a fitting statue, or, better still, by two statues, one on the Calcutta Maidan, another in either St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey. There cannot be any question, we should imagine, as to the much more than adequacy of public subscriptions before June 23, the anniversary of Plassey, where the Mogul power crumbled to bits, never again to be pieced together.



King Alfonso of Spain is a keen sportsman, who loves all kinds of games. He plays a fast game of tennis, and this photograph was taken during a "single" at Madrid.

KING ALFONSO AT TENNIS: A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE

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Lord Methuen undoubtedly judges aright in questioning whether the British population has in the least got over its strong aversion to conscription, in whatever form it is proposed. It is pretty evident, nevertheless, from what he said at Erith the other day, that his opinion goes almost full lengths with the opinions of Lord Roberts and Lord Milner. Like them, he would be glad if every adult Briton had gone through sufficient military training in his earlier life to afford effectual help, if required, in the defence of the kingdom. That aim can be persevered with, at all events, and we heartily congratulate Lord Roberts on the undoubted success of the rifle club movement. But compulsory service under arms during peace would be a wholly different matter, and Lord Methuen gives excellent counsel to the nation to make the best of what it is prepared to undertake. Mr. Haldane's scheme of re-organisation certainly contains some germs of conscription, especially in regard to the Militia and the Volunteers.

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While leading European statesmen blow the trumpet on behalf of universal disarmament, the plaguey little Republics of Central America pour scorn on the wild proposal by slitting throats whenever a chance offers. Nor can their neighbours, the United States and Mexico, be induced to put a stop to the murderous game. There are some, indeed, who do not hesitate to suspect that President Roosevelt and President Porfirio Diaz wish the wretched strife to continue, on the chance of being able to pick up some fragments out of the hurly-burly. But apart from the brutal selfishness of such a policy, it ignores the fact that other countries have interests in the isthmus and in its neighbourhood. Owing to the almost unequalled richness of the soil, these petty States have only to conduct themselves in a reasonably peaceful and honest manner to take high rank among commercial countries.

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There are some financial theorists—we will not speak of them as experts—who hold that the national credit of every country should be measured by the market price of its premier Government security. At first sight the hypothesis appears to rest on fairly substantial foundations, but it melts away when subjected to close analysis. Take Consols, for instance; for some weeks they have fluctuated round 85, an inordinately low quotation for the premier security of such a wealthy and honest land as King Edward rules over. But it would be absurd to pretend that the price has fallen to such an extent through the impairment of the national credit. It never tumbled so far even during the most critical phases of the South African struggle, whereas now there is not even the smallest shadow of impending war in sight. The depreciation is due to a wholly different cause than a collapse of our credit. Owing to the expansion and remarkable activity of British trade, many of those engaged in it have urgent occasion for additional capital to enlarge their factories before the good time slips away, and in order to get it, they offer terms of such a liberal kind as induces holders of Consols and other "gilt edged" securities to drop these valuables into the Stock Exchange melting pot.

CLUB COMMENTS

By "MARMADUKE"

The New Success is one of the curious features of the time; there has not been for centuries a generation so little concerned about posthumous greatness as is our own. "The applause of posterity will not affect me," recently said a prominent English artist; "popularity in my lifetime will procure for me prosperity; prosperity will give me improved social position, and the privileges connected therewith; popularity, prosperity, and position combined are the form of 'greatness' that appeals to the sane in these days."

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"Genius" and "the genius of success" are totally different conditions. The genius generally swims against the stream; those who have the "genius of success" with it. The former sees clearer than does his generation; he is ridiculed, opposed and neglected, but continues along the course he knows to be right—and the world eventually recognises that he was correct, but often after he is dead! He has striven for a principle, has sacrificed all personal considerations to obtain its triumph, and the struggle for an object which will enrich humanity has been an absorbing delight to him, notwithstanding his privations, mortifications and disappointments. His is a glorious character.

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The reader has only to examine the prominent men and women of the time to see that few are—unselfishly—endeavouring to educate the public in this manner. Of course, the temptations to act otherwise are now enormously strong. A writer or painter who gives the public of to-day precisely that which it wants has a vast reward. Thousands pour into his pockets; he is acclaimed a hero from Land's End to John o' Groat's; he becomes an influence in the land, a man whose opinion weighs with his fellow-countrymen and women on almost any matter; he receives consideration wherever he goes; and he establishes a family that will inherit much of his importance. It is not to be wondered at that, in these circumstances, this generation is not producing many who sacrifice most of these alluring rewards of temporary success to benefit the race.

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Nevertheless, there are as many errors to be combated and principles to be established as there ever were, and the men will arise presently who will not be seduced by temporary or personal interests. Ours is the generation of the rapid transition, and it has the failing of that condition; it also has the good qualities. The contention of the writer is that there is as much genius in our time in this country as there has been in almost any age, but that the inducements to swim with the stream now are so numerous, and so attractive, that many who have the combined brain and character are seduced into producing work which will be profitable to themselves instead of aiming principally at profiting others.

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The New Public is a quantity which is as yet overlooked. "The Public" is still a phrase which is mostly used contemptuously; but the New Public is enormously educated, experienced, and even refined, as compared with the Public of the past. A "genius" who has now a correct perception of a matter which is as yet unperceived by most, would have far less difficulty in convincing his contemporaries than had his predecessors. There is at the moment a splendid opening for "genius" in every direction if it will only be true to its instincts and faithful to its promptings. The New Success, however, is the enemy!

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The Sins of the Suburbs would be a good subject to exploit now that "The Sins of Society" have been denounced. The misconduct of members of "society" would not have such serious consequences to the community at large did not those in the suburbs adopt them. Did that connecting link not exist the evil would be, more or less, localised. Moreover, were the suburbs to make the contrast obvious between their excellence of behaviour and the misconduct of a group in "society," the latter would, in time, be compelled to reform, if only to avoid the disapproval of the public. It is an almost imperceptible line now that divides "society" in England from the rich, educated, and refined in the suburbs, and it is unfortunate in this respect that many in the latter quickly adopt injudicious behaviour which they imagine is permissible because those in the former practise it. Luxury exists now in the suburbs as it never has before—and the regrettable developments of luxury are not much more absent in those districts than they are in the West End. The demoralisation of the middle class would be a very serious matter.



ONE OF THE DREADNOUGHT'S PETS: "TOGO," THE WARD-ROOM OFFICERS' CAT, IN THE MUZZLE OF A TWELVE-INCH GUN



The experimental cruise of the Dreadnought to the West Indies was in every way thoroughly successful. She proved herself an excellent sea-boat, with manœuvring powers far in advance of any ship fitted with reciprocating engines, and in regard to speed she has beaten all previous records. She passed through all the trials that were carried out in a most satisfactory manner, the only hitch that occurred being two boiler mishaps, which resulted in several men being injured and one boiler being rendered useless for the voyage. Germany is so greatly impressed with the performances of our finest battleship that she has just ordered two more vessels of the Dreadnought type, each of 19,000 tons, in addition to the two German Dreadnoughts of 18,000 now building in the Imperial Dockyard, Wilhelmshaven. Photos by Stephen Cribb

HOME AGAIN: THE DREADNOUGHT AT PORTSMOUTH AFTER HER SUCCESSFUL CRUISE TO THE WEST INDIES

COURT AND SOCIETY

BY the time these lines appear in print the King and Queen will be in full enjoyment of their Mediterranean cruise. Before leaving Toulon His Majesty paid a most significant visit to the Iéna, and did homage to the memory of all the brave French sailors who perished in the explosion on board the battleship. Nothing could have been more happily inspired than this visit, which, as His Majesty himself explained, was prompted by no motive of curiosity, but was simply a personal mark of sympathy with those gallant victims to the call of duty. If anything could serve to strengthen the links which now unite us to France it would assuredly be these thoughtful actions on the part of our Monarch. It is significant, by the way, that His Majesty's interest in the beautiful old gate at Bayonne, which was threatened with destruction, and to which we referred a week or two ago, has had the happy result of saving it. No doubt the King will in consequence be frequently appealed to by antiquaries all over Europe who are anxious to protect the memorials of the past from vandalism.

Their Majesties' Holiday

From Toulon the King and Queen proceeded to Cartagena to meet King Alphonso and Queen Christina. The reception given to both their Britannic and their Spanish Majesties was a magnificent outburst of popular enthusiasm, something of which was doubtless due to the thought of the important event expected at Madrid.

At Cartagena

The programme of dinners and receptions for the Colonial Premiers is now practically complete, and it certainly is a formidable list. It is regrettable that Dr. Jameson has been obliged, on the score of ill-health, to decline all invitations, and he will be represented at these social functions by his colleague, Dr. Smartt. The principal festivities will, of course, be the entertainments given by the King, the Prince of Wales's dinner and reception on the 17th, the great review at Aldershot, and the naval review on May 3. Our Colonial visitors are sure to enjoy particularly their visit to Knebworth and its beautiful gardens on the 30th, and Lord and Lady Jersey's garden party at Osterley Park on May 4. Lady Brassey, moreover, will give two of her famous musical evenings, and Lady Lucas-Tooth, the wife of the chairman of the Bank of New South Wales, will have an evening party at the Ritz Hotel on May 3. The Pilgrims' banquet at the Savoy on the 19th will undoubtedly be a scene of "undiluted distinction"—to use a happy phrase of Mr. Balfour's—though it is not easy to see what connection this purely Anglo-American society has with the Colonies.

The Colonial Premiers

Not many smart weddings are in prospect, the only one of any importance next week being that of Mr. John Hope and Miss Dunsmuir on Monday. It was a happy thought to fix this wedding during the visit of the Colonial Premiers, when everybody will be talking about the Colonies, for the bride is one of the eight daughters of the Hon. James Dunsmuir, a very large landowner in British Columbia, who, after serving as Premier of that go-ahead Colony, became its Lieutenant-Governor last year. The bride's mother is an American by birth, the daughter of Mr. Surles, of Fayetteville, North Carolina. The bridegroom, who is the only son of Mr. Edward Stanley Hope, C.B., Registrar of the Privy Council, is the brother of Lady Kerry, and he is the nephew by marriage of Lord Rosebery, Lady Leconfield, and Lady Mary Hope. His mother is one of the daughters of Sir John and Lady Constance Leslie, of Glasslough.

Next Week's Wedding



MRS. HORACE SMITH-DORRIEN
The popular Wife of a popular General.
Photo by Keturah Collings.

It seems to be generally agreed that Major-General Horace Smith-Dorrien is to succeed General Sir John French in the coveted Aldershot command. General Smith-Dorrien, who is at present commanding a district in India, married, some five years ago, the beautiful Miss Schneider, the only daughter of Colonel Schneider of Furness Abbey. The bridesmaids and the page were all little children, and they each received a gift with a large "O" in diamonds, for the bride's name was Olive. The bridegroom's old friends, bronzed veterans who had fought with him in the Zulu, Soudan, Tirah, Nile, and South African Wars, mustered in strong force at the ceremony, for there are few more popular officers in the service. In India, Mrs. Smith-Dorrien shares her husband's popularity to the full, and Aldershot is certainly to be congratulated on acquiring so charming a *châtelaine* for Government House.

Mrs. Horace Smith-Dorrien



MRS. LESLIE-MELVILLE
A Charming London Hostess
Photo by Keturah Collings.

It is difficult to understand why Smith should have come to be regarded as an undesirable name; certainly Major-General Smith-Dorrien's elder brother, who is the lord paramount of the Scilly Islands, and lives at the incomparably beautiful Tresco Abbey, is in no wise ashamed of it—indeed, he has actually added it to his patronymic by Royal license, and now appears as Mr. Thomas Algernon Smith-Dorrien-Smith, on the principle apparently that you cannot have too much of a good thing! He descends from the same ancestor as Lord Carrington, the late Lord Pauncefote, and Sir Henry Bromley; and it is curious that that ancestor married a lady with the uncommon Christian name of Fortune. Major-General Smith-Dorrien is a cheerful, humorous man, who has risen very rapidly in the service, for he is not yet fifty. He is almost as good a transport officer as Sir Edward Ward, who, according to the story, was declared to be the best since Moses; and he is also a keen sportsman, which will be no disadvantage to him at Aldershot. An amusing story is told of how he escaped from the disastrous battle of Isandwahla; he reached the banks of the Buffalo River, with the Zulus in hot pursuit, and there was nothing to be done but to try to swim across—a most dangerous business. Fortunately for the young subaltern, a runaway charger also arrived at the river bank at the same time, and straightway plunged in. The subaltern thereupon took tight hold of the horse's tail, and was towed across in comparative comfort! So he lived, not only to fight another day, but also to become colonel of the Sherwood Foresters, the famous "Old Stubborns," who have so many battle honours on their colours.

The Great Family of Smith

One of the most delightful features of London society is that there are quite a number of ladies who seem to be born with the gift of entertaining. Their names do not figure in the newspapers, for they make no attempt to feed huge crowds, but they give little dinners and dances, the charm of which is not soon forgotten by the guests. Of this group of hostesses certainly one of the most popular and charming is Mrs. Leslie-Melville, who is noted for her good looks and for her exquisite taste in dress. The only daughter of the late Colonel Hamilton Harvey-Kelly, her first husband was Mr. Allan Daly, a barrister, and she married again, two years ago, Mr. Alexander Brodrick Leslie-Melville, a nephew of the late Earl of Leven and Melville. Mr. Leslie-Melville's mother is a first cousin of the venerable Viscount Midleton, the father of Mr. Brodrick.

A Successful Hostess

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein has given her patronage to the concert to take place next month at Grosvenor House in aid of the Funds of "Our Dumb Friends' League" Animals' Hospital. Madame Marthe Gavarret, of the Paris Opera, is coming over from Paris especially to appear at the concert, and Mr. John McCormack has also promised to sing.



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I. FROM A SKETCH BY WALTER KIRTON

Our Correspondent in the famine district in China—a district comprising the Central Eastern portion of the Empire—writes:—"In the famine country anyone who has any food of any sort has to guard it night and day. One 'wealthy' farmer showed me his coign of vantage. It was a small circular corn-stack beside a pit. The stack had been hollowed out under the thatch, and a snug chamber was thus formed, in which he and his son took turn in their nightly watch. In the pit was kept the slow-match, necessary to 'touch off' the ancient muzzle-loading gun. Thus armed they are ready for any robbers, starving and desperate, who may prowl around. In my sketch are seen the threshing-floor—simply a level bit of hard ground—and the threshing-roller; and, just beyond, the grave-mounds, which are always conspicuous near habitations."

The Great Famine in China: A Farmer and his Son Guarding their Scanty Store of Grain from Robbers

THE F.O. BAG

By LUCIEN WOLF

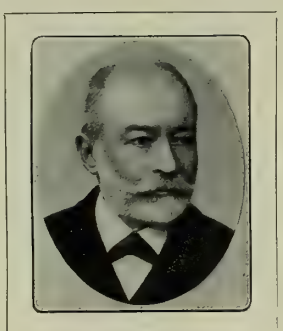
PEOPLE in this country, I think, take the Montagnini revelations much too seriously. It is, of course, not surprising, for the social conscience here is opposed to discreditable games with *petits papiers*, and if ever we play them ourselves it is only because some very serious issues are at stake. The *Times*, for example, would never have touched the Pigott papers, even if they had been genuine, had it not felt that the vital interests of the State were involved. Hence, when we see revelations of this kind in another country we are apt to attach an exaggerated importance to them. So far, nothing in the shape of a serious conspiracy against the French Republic has been disclosed by Mgr. Montagnini's papers. It is true that they afford a disagreeable glimpse of sordid intrigues and manœuvres in the every-day work of the Cardinal Secretary of State, but this is no news to anybody who knows what the *coulisses* of politics are, and especially those of Pontifical politics. On this head there are pages in the Hohenlohe Memoirs which yield nothing to Mgr. Montagnini's *carnet* in piquancy. But even if the contents of these papers had been ever so serious I doubt whether they would have had much effect in France. The fact is that the game of *petits papiers* is played out. There is never a crisis but at once there comes a deluge of documentary revelations. It has become a part of the normal methods of political controversy, and people now attach no greater value to it than to the Pickwickian epithets of fiery orators in the Chamber. A little time ago the Reactionaries had their innings with General André's delation *fiches;* to-day the Radicals retaliate with the Montagnini *dossier*. The Man in the Street is, of course, vastly interested in the documents themselves, but he does not count. The man who does count either takes no notice, or, if he is a Radical, feels elated at being able to pay off old scores, or, if he is a Conservative, recognises the thrust and prepares to parry it with further *petits papiers*. It is the game which interests these people, not the papers, and consequently the revelations themselves fail to impress anybody seriously.

Nevertheless, the game is a discreditable one, and it is a deplorable symptom of the unwholesomeness of the whole political atmosphere in France. In this country we are all most anxious to avoid creating difficulties for the French Republic, and especially for M. Clemenceau, who is a very good friend of ours. Nevertheless, it would be idle to deny that the raid on the Paris Nunciature, and especially the examination and publication of its archives, have created a painful impression among our official people, and indeed among all who have the decencies of public life at heart. No one will accuse me of undue partiality for the Clericals, but I frankly avow that I can see little moral difference between M. Clemenceau's violation of the immunities of the Nunciature, and the sorry transaction by which the *fiches* of the Grand Orient passed into the conspiring hands of M. Guyot de Villeneuve. The inviolability of diplomatic documents is one of the most sacred axioms of public life. The attempt of M. Clemenceau to discriminate between documents dated before the rupture and those of a later period is quite inadmissible, because, in the first place, it is by no means certain that Mgr. Montagnini's diplomatic status was ended with the rupture, and, in the second place, this discrimination could not be carried into effect without examining the documents, which at once sets their inviolability at naught. It must be remembered that this doctrine of inviolability is not conceived in the interests only of the State to which the documents belong, but in those of the whole family of nations, and the reason is that the correspondence of an Embassy, Legation, or Nunciature is generally concerned with the political relations of a large number of States. Judged by this standard, even the post-rupture documents of the Paris Nunciature should have been held sacred, for, as we know now, they bristle with embarrassing references to foreign Powers and their diplomatic representatives.



THE LATE DR. GEORGE JOLLOS
The Russian Editor assassinated by the "Black Hundreds."

M. Demeter Sturdza, the new Roumanian Premier, has played a considerable part in European politics, besides being a veteran of Eastern European statecraft. His name will always be closely associated with the evolution of the old Danubian Principalities into the modern Kingdom of Roumania. He was one of the conspirators who dethroned Prince Cuza, the last of the Hospodars; he is the only survivor of the Ministers who secured the election of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern as Cuza's successor in 1866; and the eventual recognition of the Kingdom of Roumania by the Powers in the early eighties was largely due to his diplomatic skill and patriotic unscrupulousness. His political genius is essentially diplomatic. His best work, to my mind, has been performed in the international field, for as a domestic administrator he has owed more to good luck than to genius. A graduate of German Universities, he has always been intensely Germanophil. After the last Russo-Turkish war he turned his back on "the Divine figure from the North"—who, however, had not behaved very divinely to Roumania—and cultivated close relations with the Triple Alliance. By means of a secret military convention with Austria-Hungary, the provisions of which are now pretty well known, he carried Roumania into the Bismarckian system. The great Chancellor consequently held the little Moldavian Boyar in high esteem, and frequently entertained him at Varzin and Friedrichsruh.



M. DEMETER STURDZA
The New Roumanian Premier.



The body of Dr. Mauchamp, the French Government physician who was murdered in Marrakesh, was conveyed to Mazagan, on the west coast, for interment, as it was feared that if the burial took place near the site of the crime the grave would be desecrated. The departure from Marrakesh was attended by the principal officials of the town, and 25 Moorish soldiers accompanied the coffin all the way—a distance of 125 miles. Photo supplied by Underwood and Underwood.

TRANSPORTING THE REMAINS OF DR. MAUCHAMP FROM MARRAKESH TO THE COAST

When last M. Sturdza was Premier, in 1903, I spent an interesting afternoon with him in his pretty stucco villa in the Strada Merkur in Bucharest. There is nothing palatial about a Roumanian Minister's residence. The whole of the Strada Merkur, with its two-storied villas surrounded by pretty gardens, reminds one of a secluded corner of St. John's Wood. The Minister received me in a large room on the ground floor, fitted up in Oriental fashion, with gaudy carpets, divans and hangings. Thence he led me into his library, a long and narrow room packed with books to the ceiling. More books and papers were piled on the immense work-table, and still more books overflowed on to the floor. Here we talked for quite two hours, largely of politics, but chiefly of literature. For M. Sturdza prides himself on being an *intellectuel*. He is permanent secretary of the Roumanian Academy of Sciences, and besides editing two formidable volumes of Roumanian historical documents, he has dabbled extensively in philology, ethnography, archæology and folk-lore. In politics he is nominally a Liberal, but his temperament seemed to me to be quite reactionary. Even in some of his ideas of government he is a Nationalist of quite an exploded racial type.

I trust it will not be accounted to me for ungallantry if I venture to point out that there has been a falling-off lately in both the quality and quantity of Ambassadresses. Whether this is due to the general tendency to mediocrity in public life it is difficult to say, although some such explanation would agree very well with a theory I have long held, that the higher you raise the average level of human intelligence, the more you must starve the geniuses. This may seem at first sight a bizarre idea, but it has, I think, a solid, scientific foundation in what is known to anthropologists as Galton's Law. Thus I should account for the scarcity of women of genius by the enormous increase of Suffragettes, and people of that class. However that may be, it is certain that in the Diplomatic world women no longer play the great rôles in which they distinguished themselves during the whole of the last century. We still have a few charming hostesses, but they are only pale reflections of brilliant women like Princess Pauline Metternich—still happily flourishing in Vienna—Harriet Countess Granville, the Marchioness of Dufferin and Princess Paul Esterhazy. As for the political Ambassadress, she is altogether an extinct species. There are no parallels to-day to Princess Dorothea Lieven, to the Duchess de Dino—of whom her uncle Talleyrand said that she was "the cleverest man or woman he ever knew"—of Madame Walewski, Madame Le Hon, or even of Lady Bloomfield, whose "genuine English arrogance" so much angered Prince Bismarck. This no doubt makes for the comfort of our Foreign Offices, but it robs diplomacy of a good deal of piquant interest.

More remarkable than the inferior quality of our Ambassadresses, and far less accountable, is their diminished quantity. The gaieties of Vienna, for example, are just now seriously dimmed by an actual famine in this respect. The Viennese have heard with consternation that the new French Ambassador, M. Crozier, is an old bachelor, and the new Spanish Ambassador a widower. It is not difficult to understand the alarm this announcement has created, for these lonely personages are joining a Diplomatic Corps which is already quite dull enough. Both its *doyens* are wifeless, the *doyen* of the Ambassadors, the Papal Nuncio, being, of course, an *ex-officio* celibate, and the

Written by H. W. LUCY

This Week's Parliament

Sketches by RALPH CLEAVER



Mr. Walter Long returns from the holidays more sunburnt than ever.

doyen of the Ministers, the Belgian Minister, Baron de Borchegrave, a widower. Moreover, the vice-*doyen* of the Ambassadors, Mahmud Nedim Pasha, has left his wife on the Bosphorus, and both the Italian and Russian Embassies are innocent of womankind. The Legations of Greece, Bavaria, Switzerland, Sweden, and Persia are in the same sorry case. Only three Ambassadors—the British, German and American—are provided with wives. Nor is this tendency to celibacy an ephemeral accident, for the junior members of the service, from whom future Ambassadors and Ministers will be recruited, are emulating the single-blessedness of the *Chefs de Mission* in increasing numbers, and many of them are already on the shady side of middle age. Thus the Councillor and all the Secretaries of the German Embassy and the Spanish and American Councillors are unmarried. A similar tendency has been observed in other European capitals, but I believe that nowhere is the mischief so great as in Vienna, and certainly nowhere is it more acutely felt than in that frolicsome city.

The latest victim of the "Black Hundreds" in Russia, Dr. George Jollos, was one of the most gifted men I ever knew, and withal of a most engaging modesty. He was a brilliant journalist, a sound lawyer, a learned economist —he was one of Schmoller's favourite pupils—and a courageous and patriotic fighter for freedom. I met him in Berlin the year before last at a supper given at the Palast Hotel by Dr. Paul Nathan, the genial and accomplished colleague of Dr. Barth in the



Mr. L. V. Harcourt wants money for the upkeep of Hampton Court Palace.

Editorship of the *Nation*. He was then acting as Berlin correspondent of the *Ruskija Viedomosti*, of which paper he became Editor when, last year, the electors of Poltava called upon him to represent them in the first Duma. I was much struck by his quiet earnestness as well as by the moderation of his views and his masterly grasp of the Russian political problem. Like Herzenstein, who was done to death in the same way last year, poor Jollos was a tower of strength to the party of Constitutional Liberalism in Russia.

In the Second Lap

When, on the eve of the Easter recess, the Prime Minister announced that the House of Commons would resume debate on Monday in this week, an anguished cry rose from the benches to the left and right of the Speaker. It was one of the little tendernesses of Mr. Balfour's rule that he invariably asked the House to reassemble on a Tuesday. The convenience is obvious in the case of members who live in the country. In order to be in due attendance at Westminster on Monday, it would for many mean travelling on a Sunday. Even members resident in town addicted to the week-ending habit would prefer to extend their rest over the Monday. "C.-B." proved obdurate. Duty first, pleasure after, is his motto. The House accordingly resumed work on Monday. But where was its leader? The newspapers reported him flitting between Cannes and Paris, leisurely making his way back to London. No one grudged him the extension of holiday. But remembering the heroism of his attitude when weaker brethren asked for an extra day the incident excited remark.

In accordance with tradition that goes back to the days of Disraeli, Supply was put down as the first Order of the Day on which the House buckled to again. The arrangement is universally popular. It excuses the attendance of members who convince themselves that, without counting them in, there is certain to be a quorum to discuss pence and shillings. It pleases Ministers because, this way of looking at it being exceedingly popular, attendance is slack, and the fewer members there are to talk the more votes are passed.

Thus it fell out on Monday night. The gathering was scanty and a record night's work was done in time for the adjournment to take place at a quarter past eight. This result was largely contributed to by the tact and suavity of the First Commissioner of Works in charge of the votes. He led off with an appeal to the Committee to pass the whole of the votes for public works and buildings so that he might get forward with them. He hinted at the certainty that, with the assistance of the guillotine, they would, willy nilly, be carried in August. In the meantime the building season would be nearly over, and a year's opportunity lost. He adroitly rounded off the appeal with volunteering to postpone the vote for his own salary, an arrangement which, as he said, would provide opportunity at the end of the session for any criticisms that might in the heat of summer be bred in the heads of hon. members.

With that fellow-feeling that makes men wondrous kind, Mr. Akers-Douglas, "Lulu's" sometime predecessor at the Board of Works, loyally backed up this appeal. For all practical purposes the votes might as well, even better, have been passed forthwith. Save for an occasional remark from the First Commissioner, explanatory of particular cases, nothing useful was added to general information in the five hours' conversation that followed. It was mainly conducted by Sir Frederick Banbury and Mr. Alpheus Cleophas Morton, a plain statement of fact that throws a flood of light on the sitting. The junior member for the City and the ex-London County Councillor, who, by strange chance, is member for a Scotch constituency, vied with each other in the number and the inconsequence of their speeches. Sir Frederick proclaimed a "desire to support the First Commissioner of Works against the member for Sutherlandshire." Alpheus Cleophas retorted with an expression of the "hope that the First Commissioner of Works would not be led astray by such nonsense as fell from the lips of the Junior Member for the City." "Lulu" smiled impartially on the combatants. He could not refuse them the privilege of chattering if only he got his votes. In this desire, as stated, he abundantly succeeded.

The rest of the week has been chiefly occupied by discussion of Mr. Haldane's Army scheme arising on the second reading of the Bill enacting it. It is a stupendous undertaking, involving not only the expenditure of millions of money, but the safety of the country.



Sir Howard Vincent looks very glum over Mr. Haldane's suggestions with regard to Volunteers.

When first propounded it met with forbearance from the Opposition, which promised comparatively early passage. Further consideration has, however, not endeared it to their mind. It was finally resolved in the councils of the Front Opposition Bench to meet the motion for the second reading with an amendment declaring that whilst the Government proposals destroyed the Militia, discouraged the Yeomanry, and imposed new liabilities on the Volunteers, they would not at a period of national peril provide an adequate force for home defence or prompt support for the regular army in the field.

This comprehensive indictment was supported by Sir George Wyndham in a speech exceeding the length of an hour. The Opposition, of course, have no hope of success in the Division Lobby. There is no doubt that in the end the latest of a hitherto disastrous succession of Army Reform schemes will be carried. But in Committee, Ministers being harassed by constant attack, and hampered by the closing in of time limits, the Opposition expect to carry some not unimportant amendments. However that be, this development of organised opposition to the Army scheme renders more than ever impossible the carrying of anything like the full list of measures with which a sanguine Ministry greeted the opening of their second session.



Sir Edward Grey put up by the Government to defend the Army Bill.

ON THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY

A Complete Story

Written by WOLMER WHYTE

Illustrated by SYDNEY SEYMOUR LUCAS



"'Highwaymen! . . . Zounds!' . . . He fired the pistol high into the air."

THE old town of Canterbury was seething with a howling mob of discharged soldiers, for Way's Regiment of Foot, which had arrived home from the war but three days since, had formally been disbanded. The town was in an uproar, for their six years of hardship in Spain made the soldiers glad to be home again, their freedom from the bonds of discipline made them glad to be alive, and their copious libations of ale were stimulating their already sufficiently exuberant spirits.

In the principal inn the officers of the regiment were gathered together in the large parlour, anxious enough to be off and home to their friends. A glass to the memory of fallen comrades, a glass to the Earl of Peterborough, one more to the old regiment, and yet another in farewell, and there was little left to be done. Many of them had, however, debts to settle—debts incurred at dice and cards during the campaign. Money had been scarce, for their pay had seldom been forthcoming at the time when it was due, so their currency had been chiefly note of hand. Previous to the disbandment the whole regiment had received its arrears of pay, together with additional pay for fourteen days "in recognition of valuable services performed during the war with France." So now or never was the time to settle up.

Captain James Carey, after studying a memorandum, found that his debts amounted to £48 10s. The sum he had just received in settlement of all his claims upon Her Majesty, Queen Anne, was £49 15s. 6d. He went round the room, paying out various sums until he had liquidated his debts, and then looked with a queer smile at the whole of his personal estate—£1 5s. 6d. He joined three others in a chaise and posted up to London.

The four old comrades separated on arrival in the capital. Three of them were anxious to see their relations and friends after being so long parted from them, and though Captain Carey had no one waiting to welcome him, he left the others with a hearty hand-shake and agreed that it was good to be home again. His share of the cost of the chaise had swallowed up a large proportion of his money, and his future was presented to him in the shape of a conundrum. He walked along Pall Mall and up St. James's Street, wondering how long he could live on five shillings. He reached White's, and glancing into the doorway, pictured to himself the scene within, which convinced him that five shillings were insufficient to provide him with a single meal. He stepped northwards briskly.

"Captain James Carey, of Way's, has fought six years in Spain for Her Majesty Queen Anne, God bless her," he said to himself. "He has had a musket ball through the fattest part of his leg, a long-legged French cavalryman's sword tickling the inside of his floating ribs, and his eyebrows and lashes burnt up by an infernal hand grenade. God bless the Queen."

The last calamity had been a sore trial to him, and for some months after the accident he had avoided the society of the ladies of Barcelona. But now his eyebrows and eyelashes had grown again, and, contemplating his poverty-stricken state, he wished himself back in Spain.

"For these dire disasters Her Majesty awards me fourteen days' pay—five pounds and twelve shillings—and has no further use for my services. God bless the Queen."

He walked on jauntily, the passers-by turning to look at the bold soldier whose deeply tanned face so obviously proclaimed his recent return from the wars.

"So," he continued his reflections, "since Her Majesty, God bless her, is not disposed to support her gallant soldier, Captain James Carey, the gallant soldier must e'en exact toll from her dearly beloved and faithful subjects."

Now Captain Carey was proposing to himself no extraordinary thing, for many good officers of Queen Anne, King William, and King James had found, on the disbanding of their regiments, no other means of livelihood than that of a knight of the road. The life presented attractions for a soldier beyond the primary object of gaining gold, and Captain Carey's spirits rose at the prospect. He turned down the Edgware Road by Tyburn Gate and walked on until, as dusk fell, he entered the village of Kilbourne.

The more he thought over his plan to win fortune the more convinced he became that it was the only course open to him. The prospect of having something to do was vastly pleasing, and the only drawback was that if Margery Wingate should hear of it before he had gathered sufficient wealth to enable him to settle down as a country gentleman, his chances of winning her would be gone for ever. Ere he left with his regiment for Spain he had won Margery's heart, but Sir Richard had firmly refused to consent to the union. An ensign of a regiment of foot, with nought in the world but his pay, was not the man to marry his daughter. An ex-captain of a regiment that did not exist, seemed even less likely to find favour with Sir Richard, Captain Carey thought, and it was the realisation of this fact that forbade him to attempt to see Margery until he could go to her father as a suitor such as would find favour in his eyes. But throughout the six long years of continuous fighting the picture of Margery had dwelt in his mind, and he had ever looked to his return to England as the day when he would see her again. And now he had resolutely determined not to see her—of his own free will had denied himself the happiness that had been looked for and longed for through six years of exile.

One letter he had received from her during that period, and the bearer of it had been her brother—the only other child of Sir Richard—a newly commissioned ensign who had come out with a draft. Alas! he had fallen at the storming of Montjuic—his first fight. Carey had loved the boy more for being Margery's messenger than for being her brother. One passage in the letter he had read again and again. It ran as follows:—

"I cease not to show my father, by my indifference to the gentlemen whom he invites to take supper with us, the futility of his hope that one of them may win my love. Nor do I hesitate to declare to him, when he taxes me with having no heart, that I have, indeed, a heart, but that it beats for one only, and that for him it will not cease to beat until the blood has ceased to flow. I am, I fear me, a sore trial to him, and frequently he has upbraided me in anger, but not of late. He does indeed love me well, and sometimes I even fancy that he is softening towards you somewhat, but I cannot tell with certainty, for he has ever refused to mention your name."

At times this passage would raise a spark of hope in Carey's breast, but the recollection of his interview with Sir Richard convinced him that there was no hope while he remained poor.

These unhappy thoughts pursued him as he walked through the village, and it occurred to him that he was not approaching his new calling in the proper spirit. He pulled himself together and decided to think of the business in hand. The first necessary of a highwayman was a horse. He had none. A heavy pistol he had, and a sword; a horse was all he wanted.

He turned up a lane to the left, opposite an old Grange, and passed through the two little hamlets of Brantensbury and Mapes. The road passed through a wood outside Mapes, and as he stepped into the gloom of the trees he heard the faint sound of a horse's hoofs ahead.

"It appears that I shall not lack a mount," he said to himself, and after walking a little way on to get further from the village, he stepped off the road and stood among the trees to await the coming of the horse. It approached at a walking pace, and, when nearly abreast of him, Captain Carey stepped out and stood in its path. The suddenness of his appearance made the animal shy violently. With a bound the soldier sprang at horse and rider, and seizing the latter round the waist with his right arm (holding the horse's rein the while with his left hand) he brought him heavily to the ground. In a trice Captain Carey had hitched the horse's rein to a tree and returned to the fallen man. The latter was sitting up rubbing his head, and to Carey's astonishment he saw that he wore a black mask.

"So!" said Captain Carey. "It is to a gentleman of the road that I owe my horse."

The dejected highwayman grunted sullenly.

"I fear me," continued the soldier, "that you do not make the gift freely, so, to teach you better manners, I will ask you to hand over what gold you have upon you—gold gained, I doubt not, nefariously, against the laws of this country."

The highwayman protested that he had not a gold piece upon him. Times were bad, he said, and travellers upon the road few and well-armed. Not for weeks had he held up a single chaise.

The Captain did not believe him. He proceeded to search the highwayman, and was soon rewarded by feeling a fat silk purse. He drew it forth and found that it contained not less than twenty guineas. The highwayman was a low, scoundrelly looking knave, and Carey did not doubt that he deserved to be robbed of all he had. But recollection of his own absolute penury made him reluctant to reduce another to the same state, so he drew forth about half of the guineas and flung them into the highwayman's lap.

"Here is half of your gold, fellow," he said, "'tis more than *you* ever left with a traveller on the road, I warrant. Take off your mask; 'tis a pity that you should conceal your beauty. Take it off, I say."

The highwayman, who had been disinclined to obey at first, tore off the mask. Carey took it from him, and, mounting the horse, rode off. As he trotted down the road he heard the highwayman cursing volubly, but his spirits, seldom at low ebb, rose to their highest at the feel of the horse between his knees and the chink of the guineas in the purse.

"But they will not take me far," he said, thinking of the guineas, and, coming to a lane on the right, he turned into it, guessing by its northerly direction that it must lead him to the Edgware Road again. The lane passed through the Crikle Woods, and, although he slowed the horse to a walking pace, in about a quarter of an hour he emerged into the great high road where it rose over a considerable hill. Riding to the summit he found that the road stretched straight for miles both ways, and not a light was to be seen save the distant lights of London.

It was a dark night—just the night for a highwayman, thought Captain Carey—and he felt well content as he dismounted to cast an eye over his horse. It was a fine beast, and Carey, although a foot soldier, was a good horseman, and knew enough of horseflesh to tell a good mount. Ever and anon as he passed his hand over the animal he raised his head and looked either way along the road, but no light told of an approaching chaise. He examined the mask which he had taken from the highwayman, and did not at all relish the idea of wearing it after the dirty fellow he had left sitting in the lane. He realised, however, that if he were going to have any luck that night he needs must wear it, so, with a grimace, he wiped the inside of the little piece of black cloth vigorously on his coat sleeve.

He was getting tired of being a highwayman, when a light, which he had not noticed before, caught his eye. It was in the direction of Edgware, and he gazed at it eagerly and was satisfied to see that it was coming towards him. There was a clump of pines by the side of the road, and he led the horse under the trees, hitched the reins to a branch, and looked out at the approaching vehicle. He could hear, faintly, the rumbling of the wheels, and as the light reached the bottom of the long hill upon which he stood he looked to his own pistol and that of the highwayman in the holster, adjusted the mask over his eyes and mounted his horse.

By the sound of the approaching hoofs he could tell that there were only two horses harnessed to the vehicle, and he concluded, rightly, that it was a pair-horse chaise. It was half-way up the long hill, coming at a walking pace. Captain Carey waited in the shadow of the trees. When the chaise was nearly abreast of him he spurred his mount sharply, and the beast sprang out into the middle of the road. Levelling a pistol at the postillion, he shouted "Stand!" in as terrifying a voice as he found it possible to assume, although the novelty of the thing tickled him so inopportunely that his voice broke slightly in utterance. It lost none of its terrifying effect thereby, but rather gained a coarseness that suggested the brutal ruffian. The postillion, who was a sturdy fellow, aimed a terrific blow at his head with the handle of his whip, but Carey dodged the blow and retaliated so heartily with the butt of his pistol that the man dropped from his horse like a log.

Riding up to the window of the chaise, Carey thrust the muzzle of his pistol inside, and a woman's cry of fear rang out on the night air. Peering in to reassure the lady, the tender-hearted Captain was horrified to recognise in the gloom the pretty face, all white with fear, of Margery Wingate—the face that, despite the ladies of Spain, had remained graven on his memory through all the years of the war. He quickly drew back and, like a flash, a way out of the difficulty occurred to him as he remembered that he was masked. Riding to the back of the chaise, he so spurred and reined in his horse that the poor brute set up a jigging, his hoofs clattering on the hard road loud enough for a troop. And in the midst of the clatter Captain Carey raised his voice.

"Highwaymen! By God! A pretty business on the Queen's highway. Zounds! fellows, I will have all three of you haled before the magistrate in the morning."

He fired the holster pistol into the air, and the loud report evoked another scream from poor Margery, which nearly broke Carey's determination to see the thing through. But he steeled his heart, and drawing his sword clashed it noisily against the sheath, while the occupants of the chaise pictured the deadly combat that was going on between the highwaymen and their unknown friend.

Carey did not dare to continue his performance too long, lest either occupant of the chaise should screw up sufficient courage to lean out of the window to see the fierce struggle. Still shouting, he tore off the mask, flung it away, dismounted, and giving his steed a hearty thwack with the flat of his sword sent him galloping down the road towards Edgware.

He fired his pistol at the imaginary, fleeing highwayman and crying: "I have seen your face, fellow, and the gallows shall have you yet," he walked round to the window of the chaise.

"Lady," he said, "there is now nought to fear, the scoundrels have fled and——"

"Captain Carey!" she cried, surprised, and her face, pale enough before, glowed rosily.

"Mistress Margery! Can it be?" he exclaimed, with well-feigned astonishment.

"Aye, Captain Carey," said the gruff voice of Sir Richard Wingate, "and we are in your debt to a greater extent than you think. Had those ruffians rifled me, the losses I should have sustained would have been beyond repair."

"The more fortunate was I, sir, to arrive upon the scene so fortuitously," responded Carey.

Sir Richard stepped out of the chaise and, taking off one of the lamps, he and Carey approached the postillion. They found he had recovered conciousness, although he was still dazed. A draught of rum from Sir Richard's flask pulled him together somewhat, and while the baronet was tending him, Carey returned to Margery to allay her fears.

"He is recovered from the nasty blow the highwayman gave him," he said reassuringly.

He took her little hand and looked into her eyes.

"'Tis six years since I saw you last, my sweet Margery, and you are changed not at all."

"Ah, Jamie, six years of hardship and peril for you, and six years of anguish for me."

"And the years to come?" said Carey, taking her other hand.

"The years to come—the years to come——" Her eyes shone brightly with happiness, and Carey knew that she was his—knew that she had broken down her father's opposition to their union.

The postillion, being revived, mounted, and Sir Richard insisted upon Captain Carey accompanying them the rest of the way to London. They needed, said Sir Richard, a guard, and Captain Carey had indeed proved himself a worthy and gallant protector.

"Four determined cut-throats," murmured Margery, wonderingly, "defeated and put to flight by one gallant gentleman."

"Nay, nay, Mistress Margery," laughed Carey, as he climbed into the chaise, "'twas not more than three."

THE END

THE CHURCH LADS' BRIGADE

Lord Methuen and Mr. Lewis Wigram, Governor and Hon. Treasurer of the Church Lads' Brigade, write:—"May we again ask for space in your columns to draw public attention to the Church Lads' Brigade? The Brigade is now in its sixteenth year, and the work for which it was founded has proved increasingly useful in the religious, moral, and physical training of British youth. To-day there are 1,145 companies in the British Isles and 112 in our colonies, forming altogether 117 battalions. The fact that it has secured the voluntary services of nearly 6,000 clerical and lay officers will be acknowledged as a great achievement. The Brigade enjoys the recognition and support of the Archbishops and Bishops, of those of the clergy who are acquainted with its objects and methods, and of many prominent men both in military and civil life. Under its system of military organisation, combined with religious influence, the lads are trained by their officers in the use of the rifle, in drill, in physical exercise, and in manly sports. The lay officers also unite their efforts with those of the clergy on the side of religious and moral training. Thus order, obedience, and discipline are inculcated, wholesome society is provided, and everything is done to overcome the evil by bringing out the latent good qualities which exist in every lad. As is usual at this time of the year, the governing body are making a special appeal, not only for the funds which are necessary for the maintenance and extension of so large an organisation, but for assisting lads to go to the summer camps. Contributions should be paid to the Church Lads' Brigade, London Joint Stock Bank, Pall Mall, or to the Honorary Treasurer at the Headquarters, Aldwych House, Catherine Street, Aldwych, W.C."

"PLACE AUX DAMES"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

Easter, for once, was a brilliant success; no cold winds, no drenching rains marred the limpid beauty of the sky, the sun shone with a generous warmth, that tempted the oldest and sickliest into the air, and fully justified the early holiday. There could be no doubt that people enjoyed themselves according to their capacity. The multitude of bicycles proved that that useful machine is not yet out of favour. The roads fairly belched out clouds of fine choking dust, in the midst of which pedestrians, motorists, cyclists, and vans laden with trippers calmly disported themselves; but the real place of enjoyment for the quiet philosopher was the garden, where hyacinths and daffodils filled the air with sweet scents, the tulip trees were a sheet of white blossom, and the birds sang as if their little throats would burst. The sun was even too hot, and in its full blaze the veriest sun-worshipper scarcely dared to linger. But as we all our "winter garments of repentance fling," let us beware of the future, and remember the old proverb, "Till May is out ne'er cast a clout." The careful housemother who packs away her children's winter clothes at this season will probably have to nurse them through future illnesses, and the wan girl who dons her thin skirt and pneumonia blouse learn to rue her carelessness.

The abundance of cowslips, primroses and daffodils well served the purpose of the schools and churches at Eastertide; a golden glow filled the churches, while baskets of flowers were used for the school entertainments—the little plays and old English dances and spring tableaux which are gradually refining and improving the children's taste. Much credit is due to the volunteer workers and the teachers who toil hard, and patiently, to produce a successful result. We may well regard with wonder the wealth of hidden talent—dramatic, artistic and musical—that still lies fallow among the poor, when we see the eager children so enthusiastically entering into the spirit of the entertainment—so graceful are they and so teachable. When the Puritan spirit gives way to a more genial recognition of human nature, much of the coarseness, vice, and unintelligence which now distresses one will disappear.

I note that people are always talking about the simple life, and wondering how they can lead it. Just now, when Paterfamilias is groaning over the new taxation of servants, the way seems clear enough: do with fewer servants. Let it be considered the act of the vulgar millionaire to keep idle and useless dependents, simplify the service of the table, and let each woman—wife, daughter, or sister—undertake some of the housework. There are plenty of things an educated woman can do better than a servant—dusting china, making pastry, arranging flowers, butter-making, or plate-cleaning, the latter requiring much care and attention, which clumsy fingers cannot give. Old silver is very soft, and easily bent, and every one knows the sorrow caused by some beautiful old piece of plate which comes to table bent and battered. What is expected nowadays of the single-handed man-servant or the over-worked and inefficient parlour-maid in the way of plate-cleaning in small households is absurd. Here there is a chance of carrying out the simple life. Let the young lady lend a hand! When she finds how easily slender-stemmed glasses come to pieces in one's hand, how terribly quickly the dents and the bruises happen in silver, she will dispense with some of the daily silver, give less attention to her silver table, and learn sympathy with her servants.

The curious bent of a murderer's mind is a fact that taxes all the ingenuity of the psychologist. Why people commit murder, why some people seem to be born with an innate love of cruelty, which eventually develops into murder, how far cruelty is connected with a highly strung, highly luxurious nature, are all intensely interesting problems. Many murderers are said to be good husbands and fathers, to have warm affections and a benevolent temperament, and yet they are carried away into crime by some sudden impulse. Of a murderer who killed a young girl recently from jealousy, his mates reported that he had never done a mean thing, and was universally respected. What causes the impulse in an otherwise good man? and have we all of us the undeveloped faculty of slaying in our natures? I fancy we have. I have known many cruel girls and cruel women who appeared soft and gentle externally, and the worst cases of cruelty to children are usually found among women.

The dog worship condemned by Father Vaughan is, alas! no myth. We all of us know the woman—no longer the lonely old maid, credited with an inordinate love for dogs, cats, and parrots—but the young beautiful mother of children, who offers lavish worship at the shrine of her canine pets, who hires trained nurses for them, kisses and pets them effusively, gives them the softest cushions to lie on, the best morsels of fish and chicken to tempt their pampered appetites, who makes herself a slave to their whims and fancies, and spends pounds in gold and silver dog-collars, fur coats, and embroidered wraps. These only bore and trouble the little creatures, who are far happier living according to nature. Such exhibitions are loathsome to right-minded people, who love their dogs adequately and respect them rightly. A dog in shoes and coat, with a pocket-handkerchief and goggles, knows and feels that he is ridiculous, and resents it accordingly. He would far rather be joyfully hunting a bunny in the shrubbery, to return to his master happy, dusty, with scarlet tongue hanging out of his mouth and tail cheerfully wagging. The silly woman seeks to thwart nature, but nature invariably revenges herself.

I see a plea is now put forward for greater dignity and seriousness in treating the toast of "The Ladies" at public dinners. It is suggested that the toast should be given directly after that of the Royal Family, and that comic allusions and jokes are most irrelevant and objectionable in view of the important position achieved by modern women. Alas! humour never was the strong point of the sex, and we shall have less fun and gaiety when the suffragettes rule us. "The Ladies" will become as grave and funereal a subject for after-dinner speaking as the Army, the Navy, and the Primrose League are now. A witty speech about women invariably cheered up the dullest of banquets, and sent everyone away in good temper.

The Colonial Conference

By CHARLES LOWE

THE first meeting at all resembling the Colonial Conference was held in Queen Victoria's Jubilee year, 1887, and the credit of initiating it belonged to the then Colonial Secretary, Mr. Edward Stanhope. There were certain questions which happened to be urgent at the time, and he invited the Colonial Governments to send over representatives to discuss them. But the Imperial note was not then very strongly struck, though the Conference had been opened by the Marquis of Salisbury.

The next meeting of the kind, ten years later, came about by a sort of afterthought. The Colonial Premiers were invited to attend the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, and it occurred to Mr. Chamberlain to suggest that their presence in London "might afford a valuable opportunity for informal discussion." It was thus that the second Conference became one of Premiers, which the first was not. On this occasion the Premiers expressed the opinion that it would be desirable to hold periodical Conferences of the kind, which was another great step forward.

The result was the Conference of 1902—following on the previous year's link-of-Empire-fashioning tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Colonies—which discussed the political and commercial relations of the Empire and its naval and military defence. The most important of its resolutions was one declaring that "free trade (within the Empire) is in the present circumstances impossible, and that preferential trade is desirable, Great Britain reciprocating any advances by the Colonies in this direction." A permanent Federal, or Imperial, Council was again suggested; and meanwhile a long step in this direction was taken by the resolution that Conferences of Premiers should be held "as far as practicable at intervals not exceeding four years." Strictly speaking, therefore, the fourth Conference ought to have been held last year, but, owing to special circumstances, it had to be postponed till now.

This fourth Conference—which, as Lord Milner suggests, ought no longer to be called "Colonial" but "Imperial"—is likely to mark an epoch in the history of our Empire. Many subjects affecting the prosperity and consolidation of this Empire will be discussed, including defence, naturalisation, emigration, judicial appeals, uniformity of patents and merchandise marks, reciprocal admission to certain professions, extension of British interests in the Pacific, the metric system of weights and measures, reservation of bills, &c.; but by far the most important and momentous question will be that of preferential trade, or reciprocity of commercial treatment between Mother and Daughters.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who will again speak for the Dominion at this year's Conference, as he did in 1897 and 1902, represents the strong French element in Canada, just as the names of Sir John MacDonald and Lord Strathcona stand for the still stronger Scottish ingredient in the new and vigorous nationality emblemed by the maple leaf. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was born in 1841. In turn he tried law and journalism, but politics proved to be his true *métier*, and he gained a seat in the Quebec Legislature. It was not till 1874 that he entered the Dominion Parliament, where he soon made for himself a name as "a Liberal," to quote his own words, "of the English school—a pupil of Charles James Fox, Daniel O'Connell, and the greatest of them all, William Ewart Gladstone." Soon he became leader of the Liberals, and for eighteen years from 1878 he headed the Opposition. He then received the office which he still holds, and one of his first acts was the adoption of the British Preferential Tariff. In one word, he is the pride of his Canadian countrymen and a pillar of the Empire, which he yearns to see federated on a commercial basis, to begin with. He is accompanied, among others, by his Ministers of Finance (Hon. W. S. Fielding), Militia (Sir F. W. Borden), Marine and Fisheries (Hon. L. P. Brodeur).

With Sir Wilfrid Laurier there crossed the Atlantic to the Conference the Right Hon. Sir Robert Bond, Premier of Canada's neighbour-colony, Newfoundland, also a great advocate of reciprocal tariffs, though not yet altogether enamoured of the idea of a permanent Imperial Council any more than is the Dominion. Sir Robert is of Devonshire stock, was bred to the law, and at the age of twenty-seven was elected Speaker of his Assembly. In 1889 he became Colonial Secretary, and the following year came to this country in connection with the French treaties, after which he was appointed to help Lord Pauncefote in negotiating a Reciprocity Treaty with the United States. In 1902 he was again in Downing Street on treaty-making business, so that he is well versed in such diplomatic work.

A year older than Sir R. Bond, who is only fifty, is the Hon. A. Deakin, Premier of the Australian Commonwealth, which was inaugurated by the Prince of Wales in the course of his Colonial tour. At the age of twenty-one he was called to the Bar, and two years later gained a seat in the Assembly of his native Victoria. Before he was thirty he became Solicitor-General, Minister of Public Works, and Minister of Water Supply, and in order to study the various methods of irrigation he visited America, Egypt, Italy, and India. He was the author of the first Irrigation Act and the first Factory Act. As Liberal leader he left his mark in the Victorian Assembly, which he left, however, to enter the Federal Parliament for Ballarat. One of the chief framers of the Commonwealth Constitution, in connection with which he had come to London, he was rewarded with the Attorney-Generalship in the first Federal Ministry, and in 1903 held brief office as Premier. It was not till 1905, after various Ministerial vicissitudes, that he returned to power with the help of the Labour party. A Protectionist for Australia, he is, nevertheless, strongly in favour of preferential trade within the Empire. Dark and handsome of presence, he is a perfervid orator and altogether a man of power.



Miss Botha (Sister). Miss Helen Botha (Daughter). Mrs. Botha.
General Botha's two youngest Sons.

General Botha has brought with him to England his daughter Helen, the centre figure of our photograph of his family, and his sister, Miss Botha, on the left. Photo by R. Steger, Pretoria.

GENERAL BOTHA'S FAMILY, TWO OF WHOM, HIS SISTER AND DAUGHTER, HAVE COME WITH HIM TO ENGLAND

He is accompanied by his Minister of Customs, Sir W. Lyne—a man tall, hale and genial, the very type of a Briton. "I am a Tasmanian by birth," he said; "but my father was born in England, my mother was a Scotchwoman, and my wife came of an Irish family, so that I think I am a pretty good British combination." In addition to that—or rather, perhaps, in consequence of it—Sir William is hot for preference.

Another good Briton, though of a different type from his big and burly predecessor, "Dick" Seddon, is Sir Joseph Ward, Premier of New Zealand, who is in his fiftieth year. The intimate friend of democratic "King Dick," he was also his natural successor. Both were self-made men, as all Colonists must be; but whereas big and bluff "Dick" Seddon was careless of his personal appearance, his short and slight fellow-adventurer in New Zealand, who was born at Melbourne, developed into a well-groomed and polished personage, with something about him of the cosmopolitan man of the world who knew his way about London, Washington, New York, Ottawa and Rome. As to Rome, it is related of him that, when there, he read off a Marconigram and translated the dots and dashes into choice Italian—an example of his general culture. The holder of all kinds of ministerial offices, it was, perhaps, as Postmaster-General that he most distinguished himself, and he introduced universal penny postage both within and beyond his Colony. His private business was mainly that of a grain exporter, and once he refused £18,000 offered him by the people of New Zealand to recoup him for certain private losses. He is a great worker for the Empire, and advocates preference, but wants New Zealand to remain "white."

Very much whiter, at least than South Africa, of which the chief representative will be the Hon. Leander Starr Jameson, Premier of Cape Colony. As in New Zealand Joseph Ward was the natural successor of "Dick" Seddon, so to Dr. Jameson, at the Cape, it fell to inherit the political mantle of Cecil Rhodes. It is needless to detail the career of "Dr. Jim"—how that he was born at Edinburgh in 1853, studied medicine in London, went first to America in search of health, and then to Kimberley, where he formed a friendship with Cecil Rhodes, who made him Administrator of Rhodesia, and chief executor of the famous "Raid" into the Transvaal, for which he had to suffer ten months' imprisonment in England. He was through the siege of Ladysmith, after which he was returned for Kimberley to the Cape Assembly in the Progressive interest, and for the last three years he has been Premier with an ever-increasing hold on the loyalty of his Anglo-Dutch people. He, too, is hot for tariff reciprocity, as well as for a scheme of common Imperial defence. He is accompanied by Dr. Smartt, Commissioner for Crown Lands and Public Works, an Irishman by birth, and, like his chief, a medical man by training.

After the Cape comes Natal, which also sends its Premier, Hon. F. R. Moor. He began life as a diamond-digger at Kimberley, but returned to his native Natal to take up the work of farming. He was one of the men who gained responsible government for his colony, and for several years he acted as Minister for Native Affairs. Last November he was called upon to form a Cabinet in succession to that of the Hon. J. C. Smythe. Mr. Moor shares the views of his fellow Premiers as to tariff preference and Imperial defence.

Last, but not least, comes the Premier of the Transvaal, General Louis Botha, ex-Commander-in-Chief of the Boer Armies, who defeated us at Colenso and drove us from Spion Kop. Forty-one years of age, General Botha is a model of a man, standing some six feet high, broad, powerful, and well knit. He speaks English perfectly, if with a slight Dutch accent. "Now that we live under one flag, and are subjects of one Empire," he said before starting for England, "let our quarrels cease, let us forget our differences, let us meet and assist each other to adjust our difficulties."

THE THEATRES

"THE TRUTH" AND "VOTES FOR WOMEN!"

The two theatrical events since last writing have been a comedy by Mr. Clyde Fitch, produced at the COMEDY Theatre, and *Votes for Women!* a "dramatic tract," by Miss Elizabeth Robins, which comes in the brilliant series of Vedrenne-Barker matinées at the COURT. To take them in proper sequence one must deal first with Mr. Fitch's comedy, *The Truth*. As Sir Charles Wyndham revives *The Liars* at the CRITERION this Saturday, it would not have done to call the play *The Liar*, but that would have described it better, for its heroine, Becky Warder, is a pretty and fascinating "tarradiddler" who prevaricates constitutionally. She is a victim of heredity, and ought to undergo a cure, if vices of heredity can be cured. Instead of this, however, she nearly breaks up her happy home, and shakes the confidence of her loyal, devoted, and unsuspecting husband, who takes six years to discover what anyone else discovers in six minutes—namely, that his wife never tells the truth except by accident. When his eyes are opened at last he is relentless, and leaves her. She has, as he now discovers, deceived him so outrageously that he will not believe her when she swears, and truly, that she is guiltless of a culminating folly. Poor Becky flies to Brighton to her dissolute father, from whom she has inherited the unfortunate trait in her character, and he tries to patch up the quarrel by telling more and bigger lies—on the tell a lie to save a lie principle—but Becky has learned her lesson and refuses to support him, and her husband, who worships her, gives her another chance. The first two acts are admirable comedy; the last two acts are melodramatic and farcical. It is true that they show picturesquely to what a pass lying has brought the young wife's father and so serve a moral purpose, but the farcical element is a blot. One great merit, though, of the play, which, whatever its faults, is exceedingly entertaining, is that it affords Miss Marie Tempest a fine opportunity of showing her powers. We knew before that she was a great comedienne, but here she shows herself also as an emotional actress of great gifts. Hers is a brilliant performance, and she is ably supported by Mr. Dion Boucicault, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, Miss Rosina Filippi and Mr. Dawson Millward.

Miss Robins's *Votes for Women!* belongs to quite a different category. It is of the pamphleteer order, and is grim earnest. If you want to hear all the arguments in favour of women's suffrage most eloquently and earnestly set forth, go and see it, and, even if you are not convinced, you will be delighted with the brilliant presentment of a Trafalgar Square meeting, which is compressed on to the miniature stage of the COURT Theatre. Miss Robins is desperately in earnest, and so is her heroine, Vida Levering, a young and beautiful woman (charmingly played by Miss Wynne Matthison), who, after having had an unfortunate affair in the past with a rising young politician, emerges from it purified and ennobled with a burning desire to help to right all the wrong from which women suffer or think that they suffer—all the injustices which they experience at the hands of men! When the politician, now on the verge of taking Cabinet rank, is constrained to offer to repair the wrong he has done her however, she wisely will not let him attempt the impossible, but instead converts him to "the cause," and whole-heartedly he promises to champion all women as reparation for the wrong he has done to one. As a play the "dramatic tract" is didactic—in fact it is not, and does not pretend to be, a play at all; but it is admirably written, and the scene where the suffragettes make telling speeches from the base of the Nelson column to a running comment of interruptions and amidst intermittent uproar, is beautifully realistic and delightfully entertaining, for the deadly earnestness of much of it is mixed with much real humour. On the COURT Theatre programme there is, by the way, a very interesting announcement. The Vedrenne-Barker management abandons Sloane Square after this season and moves to the Savoy Theatre, where, with a fine and central theatre, much may be anticipated when the new season opens in September.

DRAMATICUS.



"Grosvenor" singing "A magnet hung in a hardware shop.

THE SAVOY REVIVALS: A SCENE IN ACT II OF "PATIENCE"

Photo by the Dover Street Studios.

A French opera-bouffe company is at present paying a successful visit to London at the CORONET Theatre, under the direction of M. Rene Debrenne. This week very creditable performances of *Le Petit Duc*, *Les Mousquetaires au Couvent* and *La Fille de Madame Angot* were given. Next week *Les Cloches de Corneville*, *La Mascotte*, *Le Jour et la Nuit* are to be in the programme. M. Debrenne has brought over a strong and talented company, and the CORONET is well worth a visit any evening of this short French season.

The great Irish International Exhibition, to be opened at Herbert Park, Dublin, by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland on May 4, will prove an irresistible addition to Ireland's undoubted natural attractions. The exhibition, which is to cover fifty-two acres of ground, will be devoted to the entire range of Art and Commerce, giving, of course, special prominence to features of a purely Irish character. It may be noted that there are several distinct routes from England to Ireland, and that the railway companies concerned are arranging for special excursions at reduced fares. We understand that the gas, steam, and coal cooking apparatus manufactured by the Carron Co., of Carron, Stirlingshire, will be supplied to the whole of the Exhibition's catering departments.

MEMORANDA FOR THE COMING WEEK

TO-DAY

Royal Institution: Professor Silvanus Thompson's first lecture on "Studies in Magnetism," 3.

Pegasus Club: Annual dinner, Sir Gorell Barnes presiding.

Northern Circuit: Banquet, Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole.

MONDAY, APRIL 15

Colonial Premiers: Earl Beauchamp's dinner and Countess Beauchamp's reception, 13, Belgrave Square.

TUESDAY, APRIL 16

Gray's Inn Grand Day: The Prince of Wales dines with the Benchers.

Colonial Premiers: Presentation of Freedom of the City; Guildhall luncheon; Eighty Club dinner.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17

Colonial Premiers: Prince of Wales's Dinner, Marlborough House.

Golf: Oxford v. Cambridge, Hoylake.

Philharmonic Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.

THURSDAY, APRIL 18

Royal Blind Pension Society: Banquet, Lord Winchester presiding, Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole.

Strolling Players Amateur Orchestral Society: Concert (Ladies' Night), Queen's Hall, 8.30.

Colonial Premiers: 1900 Club Dinner, Albert Hall.

FRIDAY, APRIL 19

Colonial Premiers: Pilgrim's Banquet at Claridge's, Earl Roberts presiding.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20

Colonial Premiers: Prime Minister's dinner, 10, Downing Street.



After an anxious voyage of two days, the salved portion of the Suevic, comprising two-thirds of the total length of 550ft., reached Southampton in safety, and was moored alongside the River Test Quay. The ship was cut through near the refrigerator-room, and the section opened to view displays a tangled mass of pipes, broken woodwork and other ship's gear. The part saved contains 1,700 tons of cargo, and the work of discharging this is now proceeding. The bottom and the engines are reported to be practically undamaged, and the White Star Line have given orders to construct a new bow for the vessel. Photo by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

HALF A SHIP IS BETTER THAN NONE: THE SALVED PORTION OF THE SUEVIC SAFE IN HARBOUR

A Forecast of the Royal Academy—II.

Among the purely historical works is Mr. Gow's interesting picture of "Cromwell," and Mr. Bundy's remarkably clever "After Sedgmoor," in which is seen, in a barn or hay-loft, a wounded soldier tended by a fair young girl and by her mother, who, as he lies among the hay, binds up his injured leg. The charm and human interest of the subject are remarkable. There is also Mr. Bundy's amusing "Roundhead and Cavalier." The men, meeting in a hostelry, in the fashion of Mr. Pott and Mr. Slurk, sniff audibly at one another before, perhaps, proceeding to active hostilities. Mr. Paddy is represented by "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers."

Prominent among the pictures of modern life, if it be finished in time, will be Mr. Frank Dicksee's charming scene of a young girl on her knees making, half-ashamed, a delicious confession to her mother. It is not a large canvas, but true sentiment is not to be measured by square feet. Emotion of a more "robustious" kind will be seen in a picture which is assured in advance of tremendous popularity—the Hon. John Collier's "Mariage de Convenance," in which a stern and somewhat contemptuous mother stands by her unwilling daughter, who has thrown herself despairingly on the bed—a domestic tragedy eloquent to the dullest soul. Mr. Beadle is grimly realistic in his picture "At the Docks," and Mr. Melton Fisher the polar contrary in his dainty "Dancer"—a sort of Genée, prettily poised on her toes, in muslin and tights, with a floating scarf, and shown in the contending illumination of footlights and many-coloured Chinese lanterns. Mr. Stott has an interior showing a mother with her naked baby, a sort of Sussex version of Josef Israels, very poetic alike as to sentiment, colour, and lighting. Mr. Ælfred Fahey paints a Pre-Raphaelite picture "with a purpose"—an early Victorian girl with a shot bird before her; it is called "Sport!" inspired by the sentiment which impelled Mr. Watts to paint his protest against the slaying of birds for ladies' fashions. An unaffected piece of delightful childhood is Mr. Bramley's "The Pink Nightgown;" and Mr. Talbot Hughes has a moonlight subject in "The Zither."

The portraits, of course, are numerous, and noteworthy examples come from Mr. Sargent, Mr. Shannon, Sir Luke Fildes, Mr. Dicksee, Mr. Bramley, and Professor von Herkomer. The latter has painted some sixteen or more in the year, in both mediums; but of those that go to the Academy "Mr. Stacey-Clitherow" and "Mrs. McColl" are the most striking—the former a singularly realistic and vivid piece of portraiture. Mr. Bacon has an enormous family piece, in which, for its size, the Vicar of Wakefield would have rejoiced, and Mr. George Henry, the latest Associate, portraits of "Mrs. Arthur E. Franklin," and a niece, we believe, of Lord Justice Bigham, as well as two admirable full-length fancy portraits, in which not likeness but colour and lighting afford the problem for solution. Mr. Arthur Hacker's most attractive portrait is of a pretty little boy going a-fishing, Millais-like in conception; the Hon. John Collier has an excellent likeness of the late Sir Michael Foster lecturing in front of his blackboard; Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, a lady with her dog, and his son; and Mr. Hugh Riviere, "The Countess of Leitrim." Mr. Melton Fisher has one of his most refined pictures in a lady singing to a lute, and Mr. Nowell and Mr. Clausen (with the spirit of Piero della Francesca upon him) are among the most felicitous painters of heads. A decorative picture of singular charm is Mr. T. C. Gotch's "Golden Youth," showing a dancing procession and Peter Graham, Mr. MacWhirter, and Mr. Joseph Farquharson, will be fully represented—the first-named by Scotch kine on the moors, with a breaking rain-cloud in the distance in the one canvas, and in the other with the rosy clouds reddened by the sunset. Mr. MacWhirter sends two pictures of Scotland—"A Highland Ravine, Glen Affric," and "St. Mary's Falls, Glen Cannich," as well as a view of the Lake of Lucerne from above the town, and a Mediterranean sunset seen from Les Fins. Mr. Farquharson has been industrious with two snow pictures, an old woman carrying faggots through a forest, a Highland spate, and a cattle scene beside a loch. From Mr. Alfred Parsons comes "A Hillside Farm," and a second, a fine view of the same country; and from Mr. Spenlove, a fine broken woodland scene and a picture of old Bruges, in the snow, with a priest entering a house of mourning. Sir Ernest Waterlow has one of his finest works in "A Yorkshire Dale," and spirited pictures of "A Chalk-pit on the South Downs," and "A Dorsetshire Millstream;" and that brilliant veteran, who always remains the earnest student of nature, Mr. H. W. B. Davis, four pictures—"After the Heat of the Day," "After the Thunder Shower," "Midday," and "Fields on the French Coast."



VANITY VOGUE ALERT VIKING STORM KING THE YOUNGSTER LUCILLE

Perhaps the most conspicuous of Mr. Vanderbilt's horses, whose arrival in this country for the Olympia Show in June has made such a stir among lovers of horseflesh, are the two magnificent road fours of greys and bays. The greys are the team used for Mr. Vanderbilt's famous "Venture" coach—which is also coming to England with other American vehicles. They are splendidly matched, and you spell their names (all except one) with a "V," to match the coach and the name of the owner. They are Viking, Vanity, Vogue, and Storm King, which has replaced Venture. Viking and Storm King are the wheelers, and Vanity and Vogue the leaders, all measuring 16 hands. The Youngster is one of the team of bays, and is said to have the most "showy" action of all Mr. Vanderbilt's stud. Alert is what is known in America as a "run-about" horse, a class used chiefly for fast light work. It is said that Alert can cover fifteen miles in an hour. Lucille is a champion saddle mare. Among others from Mr. Vanderbilt's celebrated Rhode Island stud, which, with those mentioned, are now getting into condition at Hendon for the Olympia Show, are ladies' pairs and singles, brougham and victoria horses and landau horses.

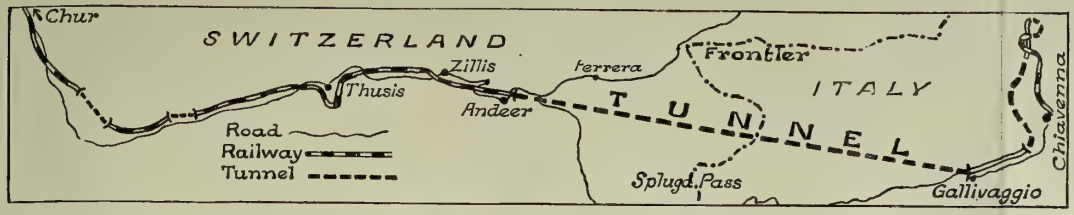
AMERICAN HORSEFLESH IN ENGLAND: SOME OF MR. VANDERBILT'S SPLENDID ANIMALS FOR THE OLYMPIA SHOW

A SKETCH BY FREDERIC WHITING

The landscapes seem to be even more numerous than the portraits. Mr. Stott's rustic love-makers walking across the field by moonlight, suggest an idyll, and are, indeed, extremely idyllic; but the landscape's the thing, with its mystery and its poetry. He has, too, a picture of cattle on the road, wending their way homeward as night falls. Mr. Clausen has an almost classic, or at least a monumental, composition in his scene of the building up of a hayrick, and he advances further than usual with his moated farmhouse, and his original sunset-piece and his dark moonlight night. Sir Edward Poynter shows a fine sense of style in his water-colour landscapes, "The Wild Highlands," "Bamborough Castle," and in a less, though still notable, degree in "The Poetic Hour"—which is a view in his own London garden. Mr. La Thangue has two Sussex landscapes, "A Sussex Autumn" and "A Sussex Stream," and two subjects from Liguria—"Ligurian Grapes" and "Making Ligurian Lace." The three Scotsmen, Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. MacWhirter, and Mr. Joseph Farquharson, will be fully represented—the first-named by Scotch kine on the moors, with a breaking rain-cloud in the distance in the one canvas, and in the other with the rosy clouds reddened by the sunset. Mr. MacWhirter sends two pictures of Scotland—"A Highland Ravine, Glen Affric," and "St. Mary's Falls, Glen Cannich," as well as a view of the Lake of Lucerne from above the town, and a Mediterranean sunset seen from Les Fins. Mr. Farquharson has been industrious with two snow pictures, an old woman carrying faggots through a forest, a Highland spate, and a cattle scene beside a loch. From Mr. Alfred Parsons comes "A Hillside Farm," and a second, a fine view of the same country; and from Mr. Spenlove, a fine broken woodland scene and a picture of old Bruges, in the snow, with a priest entering a house of mourning. Sir Ernest Waterlow has one of his finest works in "A Yorkshire Dale," and spirited pictures of "A Chalk-pit on the South Downs," and "A Dorsetshire Millstream;" and that brilliant veteran, who always remains the earnest student of nature, Mr. H. W. B. Davis, four pictures—"After the Heat of the Day," "After the Thunder Shower," "Midday," and "Fields on the French Coast."

Mr. Alfred East has painted four remarkable canvases. The first is "The Nun's Garden," the whole picture symbolizing the repose and greyness of their kindly lives; the second, "The Reception of the Matador," at Algeciras, outside the bull-ring; the third, a powerful study of a storm, full of grim movement; and the fourth, a large conception of that strange, picturesque, volcanic region of France—"Puys"—with fanciful converging religious processions marching to the perched-up shrine. A picture of early spring dawn will be contributed by Mr. Fred Hall; Mr. Meade sends "Noon;" Mr. F. Milner the much-painted "Château Gaillard;" Mr. Hughes-Stanton a large view of the walled city of "Legovia, Spain;" Mr. Frank Walton, "A Surrey Sandpit" and "Weather and Whim;" Mr. Briton Riviere, "The Crest of the Hill;" and Mr. David Murray, Mr. Arnesby Brown, Mr. Adrian Stokes, and Mr. C. E. Johnson are all expected to be strongly represented. The sea is not so often represented as in former days, but Mr. Wyllie, Mr. Napier Hemy, Mr. Somerscales, and Mr. Robert Allan have all been busy.

A NEW TUNNEL THROUGH THE ALPS





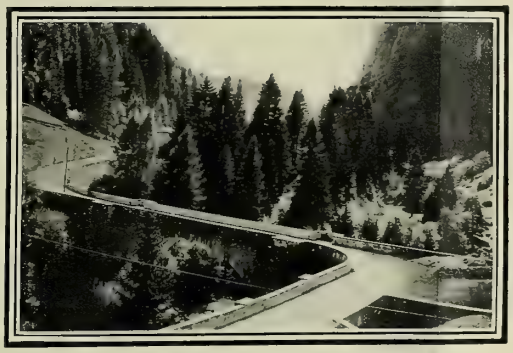
CHIAVENNA, THE ITALIAN TERMINUS OF THE SPLUGEN LINE



GALLIVAGGIO, AT THE ITALIAN END OF THE TUNNEL



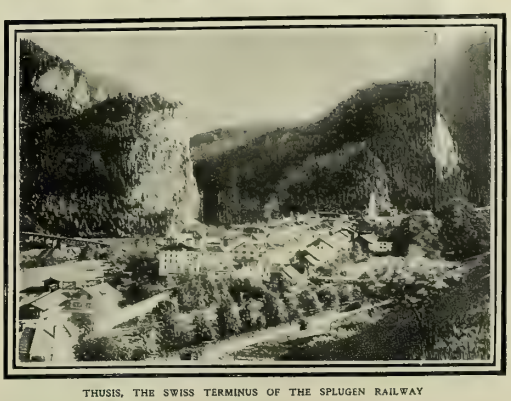
THE FRONTIER POST ON THE SPLUGEN PASS, UNDER WHICH THE TUNNEL WILL RUN



A PICTURESQUE CORNER OF THE ROAD NEAR THUSIS



ANDEER, AT THE SWISS ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL



THUSIS, THE SWISS TERMINUS OF THE SPLUGEN RAILWAY

The Proposed Tunnel Under the Splugen: Some Points of Interest on the Route

DOINGS ON THE RIVIERA: EVERY-DAY SCENES ON THE ITALIAN AND FRENCH COASTS FROM ALASSIO TO CAP MARTIN

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER



AT THE POST OFFICE. ALASSIO.

"GIVE ME SOME CARTOLINAS, POSTCARDS, FOR UNA LIRA, AND, ER, DONNEZ MOI THE CHANGAY."



MORNING EXERCISE. SAN REMO.

MENTONE IS ONLY NINE MINUTES BY RAIL FROM MONTE CARLO. THIS IS CONSIDERED A POINT IN FAVOUR OF MENTONE.





MOTOR TYPES.



LOTS OF HATS AND A LITTLE CHARITY. SKETCH AT A "FÊTE DE BIENFAISANCE"



INTERNATIONAL TENNIS. ENGLAND V ITALY.



BAND MORNING ON THE PROMENADE. SAN REMO.



HOTEL GARDEN MUSICIANS

ON THE MARCH

ON A DUTY VISIT TO THE OLD TOWN, MENTONE.



ON THE WAY TO TEA AT THE NEW PAVILION. CAP MARTIN.



'ARRY RECORDS HIS VISIT ON THE ALOE



BLESSING THE BUTCHER'S MEAT. AN EASTER CEREMONY.



A FLY CATCHER



THE ALMOND BLOSSOM WAS LATE THIS YEAR AND BUSINESS WITH THE ALMOND BLOSSOM "SCHOOL" WAS DELAYED.



THE NEW GREEN HAT.



"WHAT'S IN A NAME?" OR, IN AN ADDRESS.?" THE SAVOY HOTEL.

ALASSIO.

Our artist writes: Alassio is a quiet little place with a compact "residential villa" crowd, practically all English, the hotels also being filled with our countrymen and women. San Remo is cosmopolitan, with a numerous English and German colony. Mentone again is very English, and owes much of its popularity to its being only nine minutes by train from Monte Carlo, where its visitors spend much of their time. Most of them put at least their noses into the picturesque Old Town of Mentone. Here and there the old town is musty and fusty, and generally just where it is most picturesque, but it appeals strongly to lovers of colour and quaintness. At all places there are the usual Charity Bazaars for the poor, for church restoration or building funds, and so on.

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THE NEW GREEN HAT.



"WHAT'S IN A NAME"? OR, IN AN ADDRESS.?. THE SAVOY HOTEL. ALASSIO.

Our artist writes: Alassio is a quiet little place with a compact "residential villa" crowd, practically all English, the hotels also being filled with our countrymen and women. San Remo is cosmopolitan, with a numerous English and German colony. Mentone again is very English, and owes much of its popularity to its being only nine minutes by train from Monte Carlo, where its visitors spend much of their time. Most of them put at least their noses into the picturesque Old Town of Mentone. Here and there the old town is musty and fusty, and generally just where it is most picturesque, but it appeals strongly to lovers of colour and quaintness. At all places there are the usual Charity Bazaars for the poor, for church restoration or building funds, and so on.

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS AND ARTISTS TOO



"LHASSA"
COLONEL SIR T. H. HOLDICH, K.C.B., R.E.



"AN ARAB SHEIKH"
MAJOR-GENERAL R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL, C.B.

WE readily agree with Captain Gambier, who writes the preface to the catalogue of this exhibition, that the art-work of the officers and men here displayed shows a delightful aptitude and a most praiseworthy effort in the direction of refinement, cultivation, and utility. But we cannot entirely endorse his opinion, in the sense in which he gives it, that these artists are exactly "steering a middle course between the pedantry of the over-cultured and the blatant buffoonery of the impressionist of the ultra school." Nevertheless, we recognise the phrase as a good one. With a few exceptions, the contributors are exhibiting amateur work, healthy, honest, often highly interesting from the point of view of subject, rarely indeed "blatant," and never "over-cultured." Captain Gambier himself is a clever sketcher. Colonel Fawkes uses pure water-colour in the pretty, old-fashioned way beloved of our forefathers; Major Clive Dixon has humour, and expresses it in a way that recalls Mr. Hassall; Colonel Creek proves a pleasant gift of colour in his masonry of the "Arco d'Augusto;" Captain Anderson shows he knows how to make a picture in his "Mouth of Grand Harbour, Malta;" Colonel Sir Thomas H. Holdich gives a well-drawn and instructive view of "Lhassa;" General Baden-Powell contributes a spirited picture of a "Sheikh" a-galloping *à la* Lady Butler; and Major Matthews paints Lord Roberts "in review order" in an effective little picture. These, like Seaman Whitehead, whose water-colour of "H.M.S. Powerful" reflects great credit upon him, are of the non-professional order. The professionals include Lieut. Haldane MacFall, Mr. Raven Hill, and Captain Jones, each of whom, in his own line, shows excellent things. But perhaps the exhibitor of the most striking capacity in his own line is Captain Neville R. Wilkinson, of the Coldstream Guards, who is a fine draughtsman and designer. His "Beech Trunk," in pencil, is a wonderful study, Düreresque in manner, and a most beautiful example of P.R.B. work. His etched bookplates and initials are also good, especially his bookplate for "George Sidney Herbert." In all respects the exhibition is of very high merit indeed, and may become an annual affair. We trust that public appreciation will justify and ensure so capital an intention.

M. H. S.

The Society of Twenty-five English Painters have decided to alter their title to "The Society of Twenty-five Painters," thus rendering all artists who are born British subjects eligible for election as members. Their exhibitions will henceforth be held at the Goupil Gallery, 5, Regent Street, and several new features will be introduced, such as a summer exhibition of sketches. All the members have been invited by the Mayor of Barcelona to exhibit at the forthcoming International Exhibition in that city.

The exhibition of portraits at the Cosway Gallery, 171, New Bond Street, illustrates the astonishing progress made of recent years in photographic art. Mr. Cosway, a pioneer of the coloured photograph, has been experimenting for many years to secure a softly modelled, delicately coloured likeness, akin in appearance to the coloured mezzotints of the eighteenth century, so highly prized by collectors, and his results prove that, in artistic hands, the modern photographic print may be made a foundation for quite as beautiful effects as the old line or mezzotint engraving of former days.



"LORD ROBERTS ON HIS ARAB CHARGER 'VOLONEL,' ON WHICH HE RODE TO KANDAHAR"
MAJOR J. C. MATTHEWS



"MOUTH OF GRAND HARBOUR, MALTA"
CAPTAIN D. M. ANDERSON, LATE 8TH HUSSARS

Some Exhibits in the Naval and Military Exhibition at the Bruton Galleries

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Elegant proportions are but a poor possession without good health and spirits, and the over-stout person who contemplates trying some old-time method of reducing weight by partial starvation and drugging had better by far remain stout. Indeed, the condition of weakness and depression brought about by such drastic methods is in reality incompatible with the idea of beauty. The thin, limp body, flaccid skin, sallow complexion and general air of dejection and fatigue are not by any means prepossessing. Moreover, the constitution may be irretrievably undermined by the treatment. At best, these wasting processes only produce a temporary decrease of bulk when the treatment is persisted in, for in no wise do they rid the sufferer of the root-evil, viz., the tendency to put on flesh which, with many stout people, seems to be constitutional. This, however, is, after all, only a fallacious notion, for Antipon, whilst rapidly absorbing and ejecting the superfluous and partially diseased fatty deposits, does overcome the root-evil, and so effects permanent cures in every case where the few simple directions are consistently followed. Not less important as a factor in the cure are the splendid tonic properties of Antipon, which have a marked beneficial effect on the entire alimentary tract. The appetite is much improved, as also are the digestive powers. The normal quantity of wholesome, flesh-forming food taken (there are no irritating limitations as to dietary beyond the restrictions dictated by ordinary prudence) is properly digested and assimilated, and nutrition is perfected. Who can doubt for a moment that such a sound scientific system of reducing weight and restoring strength and vitality at the same time produces the most surprisingly beneficial results? Hundreds of grateful men and women have voluntarily thanked the Antipon Company for renewed health and energy, as well as for restored symmetry of form. What Antipon has done for them it will do for any stout reader of these lines. Even the trial of a single bottle will prove its capabilities. Why delay this trial when so much depends upon ridding the system of the insidious growths of fatty matter that impede the action of the heart and other vital organs and so endanger life itself? Antipon acts from the very first. A day and a night after the initial dose there is a reduction of weight varying between 8oz. and 3lb., according to individual conditions. This is followed by a daily diminution until restoration of normal weight and natural proportions, when the doses may cease, the cure being complete and final. The feeling of exhilaration and *bien-être*, the ease of movement and the alertness of bearing, the renewed enjoyment of healthy outdoor exercise—these advantages alone, apart from the prepossessing appearance and youthful energy and healthfulness, are worth infinitely more than a course of Antipon treatment will cost you. Antipon is agreeable to the palate, and, being a liquid, easy to take. It is neither laxative nor the reverse, and can be taken at any hour without dread of discomforting after affects.

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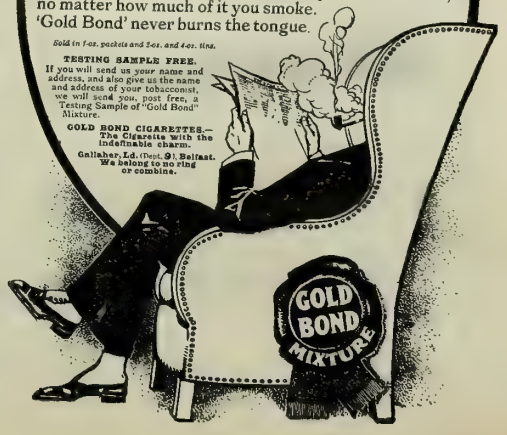
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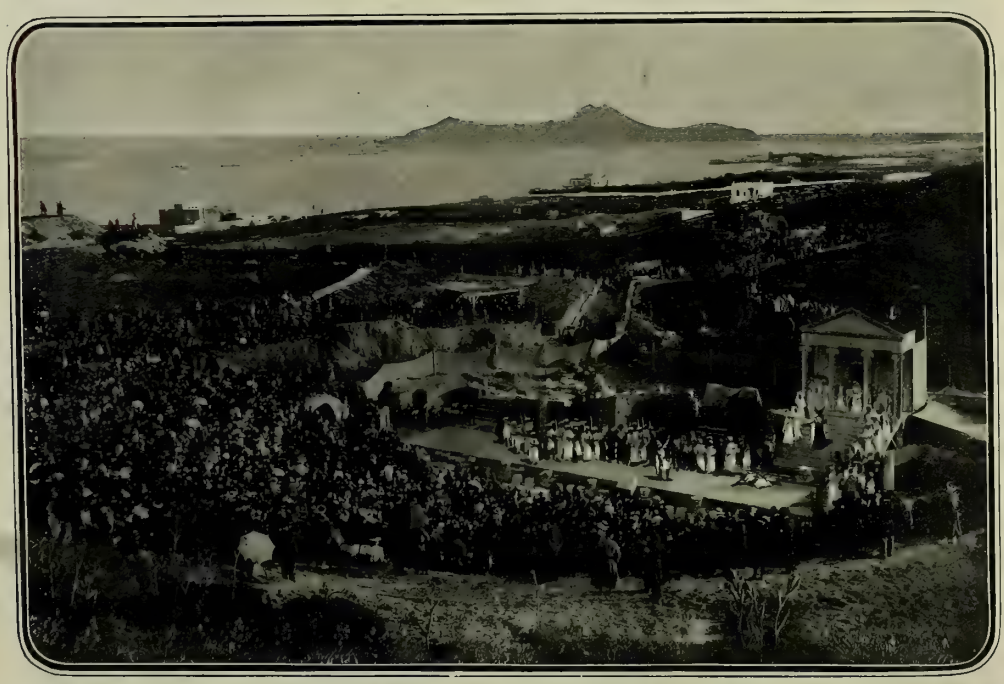


FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SPICER, DOVER

DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON

On their departure from this country Queen Alexandra and her sister, the Empress Marie Feodorovna of Russia, with Princess Victoria, crossed from Dover to Calais by special steamer, the Queen and her daughter going on to Toulon to meet King Edward, and the Empress going to Biarritz. Both their Majesties wore black. The royal sisters walked down the station platform at Calais together for the special train, and travelled in each other's company as far as Longneau, where they parted.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE ROYAL SISTERS: QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND THE EMPRESS MARIE OF RUSSIA AT CALAIS



The ruins of Carthage were the arena of remarkable scenes at Easter, when, in the remains of the ancient Roman Theatre, two plays were presented by Parisian players. "The Priestess of Tanit" was given on one day, and "The Fall of Carthage" on the day following. The productions were arranged by the Carthage Institute (the Tunisian Society of Science, Letters and Art), and highly pleased very large audiences. The plays were strongly Carthaginian in flavour, and all the costumes and adornments were historically accurate, being based on discoveries among the ruins. Pageants were also arranged in which the peoples—Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, and others—associated with Carthage were represented in proper costumes. Photo by Trampus.

A CARTHAGINIAN PAGEANT: A SCENE IN "THE PRIESTESS OF TANIT," PLAYED IN THE ANCIENT ROMAN THEATRE AT CARTHAGE

Van Houten's



"At sight of it my gloomy soul cheers up My hopes revive and gladness dawns within me."

Ambrose Phillips.



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FRENCH TROOPS ON THE MARCH NEAR THE FRONTIER SEPARATING MOROCCO FROM ALGERIA

THE BYSTANDER

"*Stand by.*"—Captain Cuttle

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

At a recent matinee of the Stage Society at the Imperial Theatre I am informed that cards containing a courteous command that all ladies should remove their hats during the performance were freely exhibited in various parts of the auditorium. Though doubtless a deal of grumbling and protest ensued, I am told that before the play began every hat was removed, and that such a hatless audience at a matinée had never been seen before. This is particularly interesting to me, as I was one of the earliest to protest against the selfish custom when it was first instituted, and I have been complaining in this column on the subject ever since. I have always maintained that a little firmness on the part of the managers would at once put an end to the trouble. Long ago I sang on this subject in the pages of *Punch*, and the concluding lines of the verses ran thus :—

Now let managers quickly decide
To issue at once their fi-*at*,
That ladies should all leave outside
That terrible nuisance—the Hat!

For why should we ten-and-six pay—
Now managers answer me that?—
To see at a long mati-*née*,
Just naught but the feminine Hat?

Why, indeed! It is clearly shown that the management of the Stage Society, by a little courteous firmness, were able effectively to extinguish the matinée hat nuisance. It is sincerely to be hoped all other managers will speedily follow this example. If they had at once issued their fiat the evil would have ceased to exist long ago.

It is to be feared the custom of tipping will have a serious effect on the success of the new taximeter cabs. When you take a ticket at a railway station you never think of tipping the booking-clerk, so why should you be obliged to bes ow a fee on the driver of a motor-cab? Aforetime there have been great complaints with regard to the extortion of the hansom cabby and the impositions of the driver of the growler, but, if what I hear be true, they are nothing to what the drivers of the new motor-cabs expect for their services. From long personal experience, and a pretty accurate knowledge of the London cab-fares, I may say that I consider the reports with regard to the overcharges by the drivers of the hansom and the four-wheeler very much exaggerated. I have employed these men at all hours of the day and night for many years past, and have generally found them moderate in their charges, civil and obliging, and always grateful for a gratuity when bad weather, late hours, or extra work demanded it. But if the new motor-cab drivers are to be allowed to pick their fares, to refuse customers that they do not think sufficiently valuable, and to be always expecting a tip at the end of their journey, I think such conditions will prove a serious drawback to a very promising project.



GENERAL LYAUTEY, COMMANDING THE TROOPS WHO OCCUPIED UJDA



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF DR. MAUCHAMP

The unfortunate doctor had adopted Mussulman costume in order to be *persona grata* with the natives.

Why does not some popular periodical give us the market days of country towns, also the afternoons of the weekly half-holiday? If I make an excursion, as I very frequently do, to some quiet country town, I like to see it in its usual guise, and behold it in its everyday aspect. But for want of the information indicated, I am often landed there on a market day when all the inns are crammed to repletion and the principal street is well-nigh impassable by reason of crowds of jovial, stout, red-faced agriculturists. Or sometimes I arrive on the occasion of the weekly half-holiday, and then the town appears to especial disadvantage. All the shops are closed, and all the people are away. It gives you the impression that half the town is dead and the remainder gone to its funeral. Now one might avoid both these disadvantages if the information required could only be found in some popular and available form.

It is satisfactory to find the absurd project for moving the great fish-market from Billingsgate to Shadwell has been abandoned. But it is said great improvements in the present market and its approaches will be made. These were required long ago, and if they are the result of the proposal for removal, the agitation has certainly not been in vain. I wonder whether it will include my favourite scheme—the construction of a riparian promenade below bridge. If something could be done in the way of embanking the wharves between London Bridge and Billingsgate, if the same thing could be accomplished between Custom House Quay and the Tower Wharf, we should have a fine riverside walk from London Bridge to the Tower Bridge. I fear such a vast improvement as this is hardly likely to be accomplished, but I sincerely trust the idea will not be lost sight of by those in charge of the improvements in this particular quarter.



THE PRINCIPAL GATEWAY AT UJDA



THE FIRST FRENCH MILITARY POST ON THE FRONTIER NEAR UJDA

Ujda was occupied by the French troops under General Lyautey recently without opposition. It is a typically Moorish town, and is the southern capital of Morocco, with a population of 60,000. It lies close to the Algerian frontier, and the French troops, therefore, had no difficulty in reaching it. The troops consist of 3,000 infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and two batteries of artillery. The occupation was made as imposing as possible. The guns fired five rounds of live shell (for the soldiers had no blank ammunition) and the tricolor was hoisted over the principal mosque. One of the first things the French did was to cleanse the town. The inhabitants took it all very calmly, and hawkers and vendors of every sort have never known such a time of prosperity. Marrakesh, where Dr. Mauchamp was stoned to death, is in a very unsettled state still, and there is much alarm among the few Europeans there. Ujda will be occupied until the Sultan makes suitable reparation for the Marrakesh murder.

THE MOROCCO CRISIS: THE OCCUPATION OF UJDA BY THE FRENCH TROOPS



THE LATE CANON MACCOLL
Famous Controversialist.
Photo by Bassano.



THE LATE MR. FREDERICK BOWKER
Well-known Solicitor.
Photo by H. W. Salmon.



MR. CECIL W. PAGET
New General Superintendent of the Midland Railway.



MR. R. T. CORYNDON
New Resident Commissioner for Swaziland.

Our Portraits

The late Rev. Malcolm MacColl, D.D., Canon of Ripon, who was in his seventieth year, was an ecclesiastical politician whose voice was heard for forty years in many of the most explosive controversies of his time. As pamphleteer and newspaper correspondent his pen was never at rest, whether the matter in question were the denunciation of the Sultan, the disestablishment of the Irish Church, or Home Rule. He was a Gladstonite in matters both of Church and State, and long enjoyed Gladstone's friendship. He was a Scotsman, born on a sheep-farm, the son of a labouring man in Inverness.

The late Mr. Frederick Bowker was well known as solicitor to the Tichborne family throughout the famous trials, and as the solicitor to whom Lord Coleridge owed his first brief. He was in his ninety-third year. He held the position of chapter clerk to the Dean and Chapter of Winchester for forty-eight years. One of his sons, Alfred, was Mayor of Winchester at the time of the King Alfred celebration; another is Captain William James Bowker, D.S.O, of the Somerset Light Infantry.

Mr. Cecil W. Paget, who has been selected for the newly created position of General Superintendent of the entire Midland Railway system, is the son of Sir Ernest Paget, Bart., chairman of the company. He is only thirty two years of age, but has been long connected with the Midland Railway in various important positions. His present appointment is part of the reorganisation scheme of the company, and is an arrangement closely resembling that adopted on the great American railroads. Mr. Paget is married to Lady Alexandra Godolphin Osborne, daughter of the Duke of Leeds. Photo by F. C. Coleman.

Mr. Robert T. Coryndon, the new Resident Commissioner for Swaziland, is now Administrator of North-Western Rhodesia, and has had a lengthy experience of South Africa. He served in the Bechuanaland Border Police, and in the Matabele War (1893) and Rebellion (1896), and he has also been a hunter of big game. He was born at Queenstown, Cape Colony, in 1870. Photo by Thomson.



The new post-office at Aberdeen, built at a cost of about £50,000, was formally opened last Saturday by Mr. Sydney Buxton, Postmaster-General. Lady Lyon, wife of the Lord Provost, posted the first letter, and the Postmaster-General was afterwards entertained at luncheon by the Corporation along with about two hundred other guests. Photo by J. MacMahon, Aberdeen.

THE NEW POST-OFFICE FOR ABERDEEN

At the Scala preparations are going on apace, and *The Judgment of Pharaoh* is now in full rehearsal. The production may be expected about the 22nd inst. The date of the play is that of the time when the children of Israel were a flourishing agricultural nation under the rule of patriarchs, and should be fixed somewhere between 1,000 and 600 B.C.

Prebendary Carlile asks us to state that it is untrue that any one of the English dockers who went to Hamburg was assisted by the Church Army, nor have any of its funds been devoted to this purpose.

Messrs James Buchanan and Co. have been appointed by Imperial Warrant Whisky Distillers to the Emperor of Japan.

In order to increase the popularity of Oxo the proprietors are giving away free of charge enlargements of customers' own photographs. These are mounted to measure 23in. by 19in., and are beautiful reproductions. For particulars for obtaining one of these, application should be made to Oxo, Portrait Department, 4, Lloyd's Avenue, E.C.

NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS FOR APRIL
(SUPPLEMENTARY LIST)

*0109. "RIENZI" Overture. *Wagner.* By the Band of the Coldstream Guards.
2-228. "THE GONDOLIERS" (selection) *Gilbert and Sullivan.*
2-229. "YEOMEN OF THE GUARD" (selection) *Gilbert and Sullivan.*
777. LA LIKETTE. Two Step. By the Bohemian Orchestra.
0543. "LA BOHEME." *Puccini.* By La Scala Symphony Orchestra.
02082. HOSANNAH (Easter Song). Sung by Evans Williams.
9375. COMING OF THE YEAR: Church Bells, with Organ.
42703. VESTI LA GUIBBA. *Pagliacci.* Sung by Herr Carl Jörn.

As we now have a revival of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, *The Gondoliers* selections, besides three charming songs from *The Yeomen of the Guard*, should be very acceptable. *La Bohème* selection is admirably recorded, every instrument being plainly distinguished. With numerous songs, recitations, and instrumental music, the April list presents an excellent and most varied selection.

* New Gramophone Records published by the Gramophone and Typewriter, Ltd.



In the Grand Military and Heythrop Hunt Point-to-Point Steeplechasing last week at Chipping Norton, the Heythrop Hunt Race was won by Captain Yates on Lord Vic, Mr. M. Fenwick (on The Curate) being second, and Captain Price (on The Valley) third. Colonel P. A. Kenna's Twister won the Army Light Weights, Captain C. L. Van der Byl (on Red Prince) the Army Welter, and Mr W. Pearman's Kilkenny the Farmers' Race.

CAPTAIN YATES RIDING LORD VIC, THE WINNER, IN THE HEYTHROP HUNT RACE



Lord Dalmeny, on Petroleur, won the M.F.'s Steeplechase at Kineton last week, beating Viscount Helmsley (on May Day) by six lengths. Mr. W. H. Long was third. This is the first time for fifteen years that the House of Commons Point-to-Point Steeplechase has been run. The revival, however, was marked by a remarkable oversight. The National Hunt rule of giving notice of the fixture was not complied with.

LORD DALMENY WINNING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS STEEPLECHASE ON PETROLEUR

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JERSEY, The Grand Hotel (Premier of Channel Islands. Moderate Tariff)

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NORTHERN INDIA

"There is, perhaps, no region in the world where the inhabitants live under more diverse conditions, and where they have been more directly influenced by their environment than in Northern India." So writes Mr. Crooke in the first chapter of his admirable book on the Natives of Northern India, in the "Native Races of the British Empire" series (Constable), and certainly this volume treats of a country where manners and customs and even culture are a great deal more varied than in the lands which have been described in its predecessors. There is, first of all, considerable racial variety; for the early history of the land is one of invasion and possession by an immigrant race—the Aryans of philology—and then there is the complicated question of caste, all the more complicated because caste-division does not entirely correspond with any other form of classification, social or economical. For instance, the aborigines, particularly the hill Dravidians, "were not condemned to discharge the meaner industries," and "still maintain in many places the status of landlords;" so much so that at the installation of a Rajput ruler "it is a necessary part of the rite of investiture that his brow should be marked with blood drawn from the thumb or toe of a Bhil. He thus becomes admitted by the covenant of blood into the kin of the ancient rulers of the land." The chapters on caste are written in a most lucid and interesting manner, and it is safe to say that Mr. Crooke's is the best popular exposition of a difficult subject, and one which must be understood if it is desired to obtain a true picture of native life in India. It is impossible to treat fully the question of religion in a book of this size, and with regard to Hinduism the author has wisely contented himself with emphasising the extraordinary variety of beliefs embraced in the word, and with giving an excellent sketch of the survivals of the aboriginal forms of worship found in many places in the continent. The general life of the people from birth to death is handled in a series of most interesting chapters, and the illustrations, which are from photographs, are good. As to the last, it is a pity that the order of the plates should have been changed without corresponding alteration in the text references.



The statue of William of Orange which the German Emperor is about to present to King Edward is a bronze figure 9ft. high, the work of the German sculptor, Heinrich Baucke, who was assisted in the details of the historical dress by the Kaiser himself. A duplicate is to be erected on the terrace of the Royal Palace in Berlin. The site chosen for the statue is in front of Kensington Palace, "in the neighbourhood of the Orangery," as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman jocularly informed the House the other day.

A GIFT FROM THE KAISER: THE STATUE OF WILLIAM III.

THE GOVERNMENT OF OUR EMPIRE

During the last few years Mr. Walter Meakin has been amusing himself by travelling in the many countries, islands, etc., which go to make up the British Empire. We now have the benefit of his travels in his "The Life of an Empire" (Unwin), a somewhat weighty volume, in which we are told not only how the British Empire was built up, but also what an improved Empire it would be if it were governed on the lines suggested by the writer. He first gives a very undefined sketch of the growth of the Empire, beginning with the Druids and finishing with the events of the present day. He then describes all the Colonies and the dependencies. Next we have a chapter on the Rulers of the Empire, from which we learn that every individual member of the community is a ruler. He allows that "the small clerk we see hurrying to catch his train or quaking before his master because he is late, does not remind one of a great Emperor, and yet he is a small part of one." The Native Question, not only in South Africa, but in all our Colonies and dependencies, is another important matter which the writer settles to his own entire satisfaction. In the Transvaal he would turn out the Chinese, send the Kaffirs to work on the farms, and have only white men to work in the mines. That the mine-owners cannot afford to pay the wages necessary to keep a white alive, does not matter. The object of the author in writing the book is to popularise the idea of an Imperial Federation and of the formation of an Imperial Government; but he fails to show, or at least to make the most of, any advantages that might accrue either to the Colonies or the Mother Country. He says that the chief matters for the Imperial Government would be the Navy and Army, Foreign Policy, and the funds for sustaining these; and the great advantage of Imperial Federation to Great Britain herself would be a reduction of her military and naval burdens, and the assistance of Colonial statesmen in the government. The advantages to the Colonies would be direct representation in Imperial policy, and a share in the Navy. In return for this they would have to pay their share of the financial burden. In this case it rather appears the Colonies would have to pay a long price for a doubtful advantage that they are not particularly anxious to have. The author's intentions are good, but we think he did not properly estimate the magnitude of his subject.



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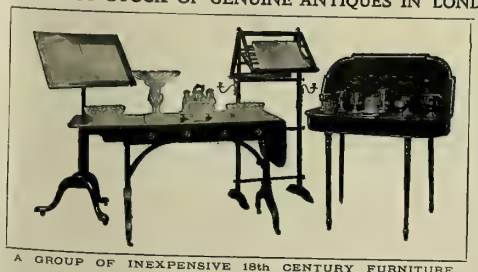
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GLASS

The new volume of the "Connoisseur's Library," published by Messrs. Methuen, on "Glass," by Edward Dillon, is on the same complete and sumptuous scale as its predecessors, the coloured illustrations being of exceptionally fine quality and execution. The splendid collections in the British and Victoria and Albert Museums have, of course, been available for Mr. Dillon for his work, and abundant fresh material has been provided of late years for the history of the primitive glass of the Egyptians, the knowledge of the glass manufacture of the Near and Far East, and the beautiful and curious Byzantine work. In Egypt, to which marvellous land the origin of all the arts can be traced, the manufacture of glass was long carried on, and it is from there that the earliest specimens of glass vessels have come; the little vases known as unguentaria, alabastra, and phialæ, which were in favour with the Egyptians and Greeks for a thousand years, are unsurpassed for brilliancy of colour and the purity of their glassy paste. The discovery of the blowing iron, of course, gave an immense impetus to the general use of glass; the discovery was made, Mr. Dillon thinks, in Syria or Mesopotamia in the third or second century B.C. The art of blowing glass, he says, was known, no doubt, if not fully developed, at the time when the kingdom of the Ptolemies and of the Seleucidæ fell under the rule of the Romans. By them it was, before long, brought to perfection and carried into every corner of the West, so that by the second or third century of our era the production of glass in Europe was probably greater than at any subsequent time, at least until quite recent days. Egyptian and Roman, and some few specimens of Greek glass form most interesting sections in all museums, and the little chevron-patterned vases are sought after by all art lovers. In an interesting chapter Mr. Dillon describes the glass of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, whose graves have yielded some remarkable specimens of drinking cups, and numberless curiously decorated beads. The Saracenic East of the thirteenth to fifteenth centuries produced enamelled glass which is the most magnificent and decorative of all. Technically, says Mr. Dillon, the interest of the group is supreme, for this application of solid enamels, translucent or transparent, to the surface of glass was a new departure, and preceded the use of any material of the kind in the decoration of porcelain and fayence. The ancient mosque glass-lamps of Cairo are among the most beautiful of all, and there are several fine specimens given among the coloured plates of Mr. Dillon's book. Of the famous Venetian glass he has much to say; glass has been made in Venice for seven hundred years, but "what we especially think of as Venetian glass—the graceful vessels of endless variety of form, thin and diaphanous, in which the skill of the glass-blower attains its most complete expression—these were the produce especially of the sixteenth century." Mr. Dillon brings his history of glassware down to our own famous English glass of the Georgian period, and the modern revival in this interesting and attractive branch of art industry, and his book must always be a standard work on the subject.



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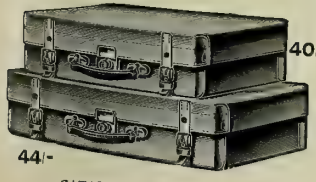
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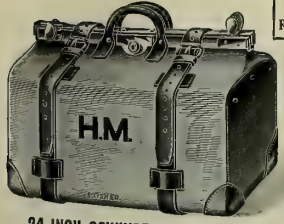
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"The description which you give me of your difficulty scarcely varies from that of which I am so often told. Work has become a drudgery and life a heavy thing. You tell me that you go to bed feeling tired, and that you wake in the morning almost equally tired, that your food is distasteful to you, and that little things which used to sit lightly upon you have become heavy burdens; that even pleasure is toil. I know you have worked hard through many years and have had much mental strain. This may in a measure account for your weakness, which is not brought about by any condition of actual disease, but which seems to arise from an even greater trouble, namely, that your nerve-force is seriously overspent.

"It is important to understand that in these days of worry and over-excitement, the over-work, mental and physical, to which most of us are subject, calls forth an undue expenditure of strength, and that to recuperate the vigour we have lost we must consider what sort of food or remedy we require.

"Of course the whole question of proper nourishment requires much thought and experience. Many forms of food and many restoratives are recommended, but having had to do with a great many people who have impaired their digestive organs, and whose nerve-power has been seriously undermined, I do not think that I have come across anything which I believe a more suitable nutrient for all forms of weakness than Sanatogen. I do not know if you have tried it, but it seems to me, under the conditions such as you have described, an ideal preparation, because it provides a valuable tonic-food in the most suitable form. It consists, I believe, in the nourishing element of pure cows' milk, incorporated with which is a special nerve-tonic containing phosphorus. It has an invigorating power on worn-out nerves, and gives tone to exhausted tissues to a surprising extent. The feeblest system and the poorest digestive organs are able to assimilate it, when they can really touch little else. I am strongly of opinion that you cannot do better than begin a course of Sanatogen if you wish to regain your strength.

"I have watched the effect of Sanatogen on people who have come here, and whose nervous systems have been entirely undermined. In the case of such people, one of the greatest difficulties with which we have to contend is their sleeplessness. I have proved under these circumstances that Sanatogen is most valuable.

"Sanatogen undoubtedly restores sleep and invigorates the nerves, and it braces the patient to health, for I have noticed that with the restoration of the digestive organs the mind becomes more quickly active, and work, both mental and physical, becomes more easy, and the freshness and keenness which such people have lost, apparently altogether, return gradually, and bring with them an enjoyment of life and a feeling of hopefulness not hitherto experienced.

"When the body is subjected to a course of Sanatogen, the blood condition improves, the skin assumes a more healthy colour, the invigorated nerves are braced to a more healthy tone, and the whole human machinery is made fit for exercise and work and for fulfilling its functions in the most perfect manner"

The above is an abstract from a letter addressed by Lady Henry Somerset to an intimate friend. In view of the public interest associated with the subject of the letter, the recipient has obtained her ladyship's gracious permission to make the contents more widely known. Additional information and interesting literature on the same subject may be obtained, free of charge, on application to the Sanatogen Co., 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C. Sanatogen is sold by all Chemists, in packets, at 1s. 9d., 2s. 9d., 5s. and 9s. 6d.

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Some New Novels

"THE COUNTRY HOUSE"

The members of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pendyce's house-party at Worsted Skeynes in October, 1891, supply Mr. John Galsworthy with material for some amusing portraiture as the groundwork of his new novel (William Heinemann). The story, what there is of it, is the entanglement of the son of the house with a neighbour—another of those women who seem to be attracting the special attention of novelists at present, as candidates for the divorce court without any real excuse. The incident, however, reads as if Mr. Galsworthy inserted it out of deference to an idea that a story must have a plot, but that the obligation is fully satisfied by the merest formal concession. The humours of Worsted Skeynes are too photographically realistic to stand in need of the conventionalities of fiction.

"THE CRUISE OF THE MAKE-BELIEVES"

Frankly, Mr. Tom Gallon's new story (Hutchinson and Co.) is disappointing. It is a romance that might have turned out a fine novel, but insufficient care in making some improbabilities convincing has all but spoiled it. The story tells how a rich man, Gilbert Byfield, paid court to a pretty slum girl. He is confronted with many difficulties, and, instead of facing them, he adds to them by constantly putting them aside. His ultimate success is due to Providence and not to his own pluck. Thus the hero fails to gain the reader's admiration, and when he nearly loses Bessie Meggison, it is she only for whom one feels. Bessie is a delightful and charming character, and the best creation in the book; and happily that good feeling which marks all Mr. Gallon's work, a quaint Dickens touch in characterisation and description, a quiet humour, and a pleasant, straightforward style, have saved the book.

"DOCTOR GORDON"

Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins has not done herself justice by the publication of "Doctor Gordon" (T. Fisher Unwin). If we were to be told that it was an immature performance, written before making her mark with stories of an entirely different character, we should not be surprised. Otherwise, she will be well advised to avoid any further entrance into the already overcrowded region of sensational mystery. If she is tired of her delightfully realistic studies of old New England, her readers are not, nor likely to be. There is no sort of reality about the mysterious country doctor, who, suggesting at the outset a possibly novel treatment of the double life, is, without interesting us and quite incomprehensibly, passing off his wife for his sister in order to protect a niece from the aimless persecution of her apparently lunatic father. The agonies of cancer are employed to complicate matters without need or reason. It is because of our admiration for the qualities of Mrs. Wilkins's distinctive work that we cannot give the best of welcomes to a novel from her pen in which none of them are to be found.

"JOHN PAXTON: GENTLEMAN"

The always entertaining Jesuit of fiction is fairly out-Jesuited by the astounding pair of domestic chaplains to a Roman Catholic family of high position in an English county, who occupy the most prominent place in "John Paxton: Gentleman," by Valentine Trail (Greening and Co.). The manners and morals of Fathers Ambrose and Langley take the breath away almost as completely as Mr. Trail's emendation of a familiar Horatian passage into "*Fustum et tenacum propositi virum*;" or his ascription to Absalom of a refusal to be comforted. We would willingly impute some share of his eccentricities to that general scapegoat, the printer; but they are too unconventional as well as too numerous to make such a division fair. Whether the novel is meant for burlesque or for serious melodrama is as difficult to decide as to reconcile its mediæval situations and mysteries with an era of bridge and motor-cars. If—to give it the benefit of the doubt—it be intended for burlesque, the author will no doubt be well content to share the penalty of being misunderstood with such illustrious satirists as Swift and Defoe.



TO BE OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES ON MONDAY: THE NEW WING OF THE ROYAL OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL, RICHMOND

NOTES.

The first part of the spring publishing season — the three months ending about Easter — has brought nothing more sensational than the half-crown novel. There are, however, not many signs that the publishers are going to issue half-crown novels all round, at any rate for the present. It is not easy to sell double as many half-crown novels as six shilling ones.

Sir Herbert Maxwell's admirable "Life of Wellington" has reached a sixth—and "popular"—edition. This is in one volume (Sampson Low), at such a price as will bring it within reach of nearly everybody who wants it, and those who are interested in Wellington cannot do better than get it. It is excellently, even handsomely, produced; contains maps, battle plans, portraits, and other illustrations, and differs from the former editions only in "appearing between one pair of boards instead of two pairs," for it is unabridged.

For a modest £7,000 you may purchase a set—"exceptionally choice"—of the first four folio Shakespeares; for a trifling £4,000 a perfect copy of Caxton's first edition of the "Golden Legend;" for a paltry £2,000 a first edition of the celebrated "Biblia Pauperum;" for—but let us refer you to Messrs. Sotheran's latest catalogue (admirably illustrated, 2s. 6d.) of second-hand books and manuscripts—"Bibliotheca Pretiosa"—in which you will find described £40,000 worth of some of the rarest and best things that ever expanded a bibliophile's heart. It is a perfect catalogue, and to issue that, as has been said, is the supreme virtue of a bookseller.

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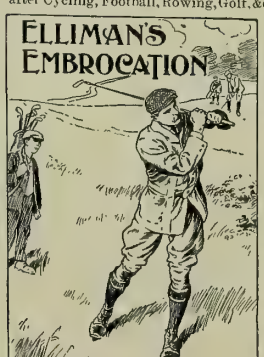
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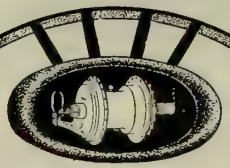
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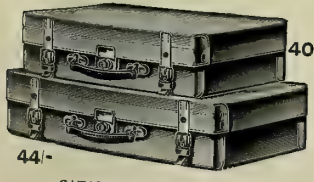
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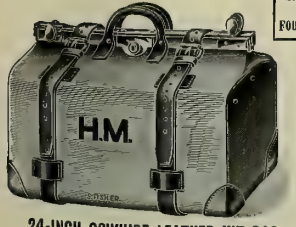
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MOTOR NOTES

Aeroplanes

One of the most interesting exhibits at the Agricultural Hall this week is the portion of the Show devoted to aeroplane models under the auspices of the Aero Club. Colonel Capper raised the question in his lecture at the Automobile Club as to whether the best results were to be obtained from models or full-size machines. Judging from the recent flight of M. Santos-Dumont, attention may well be directed to models in the first instance. The motor is practically the only part of his machine which is not a total wreck, and after the time he has devoted to the perfection of the apparatus, the result can only be deemed most disappointing. The aeroplanes at Cordingley's Motor Show take various forms, but some of them are worthy of the most minute examination, and the Exhibition can hardly but forward the movement.

When is Business Done?

When is the most business done in selling cars, and when is the best time for the Shows? If one were certain of immediate delivery of the best makes, certainly early April is the time one would choose to order; but if the car can only be delivered three months after the receipt of the order, November is preferable. As far as the success of the Show goes, the Agricultural Hall has nothing to complain of, although many makers are not represented. Certainly those to whom the advent of spring brings a longing for a car will be able to satisfy themselves at Cordingley's Show. There are many novelties staged, to which I cannot, unfortunately, devote sufficient space; but my advice to intending purchasers of motors, or adventurous competitors for The Graphic and *Daily Graphic* "Flying Mile" £1,000 Prize is—go and see for yourselves!



GENERAL VIEW OF CORDINGLEY'S SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL

More Penalties

A motorist was, a short time ago, mulcted in heavy damages for leaving his car unattended for *ten minutes*, during which period a carriage and pair took fright at it and thus caused an accident. The case is of great interest to motorists, as it has always been assumed that one could leave a car standing for twenty minutes, with gas and ignition cut off, without any fear of breaking the law. The judge decided the case on the point as to what is a reasonable time for "loading or unloading," and as the defendant was conveying a pair of vases it was held that the period he left the car was not reasonable, and that, therefore, he was responsible to the tune of £35. A clear space of ten feet was allowed for other vehicles to pass the car, and considering the number of horse vehicles one constantly meets left quite unattended, it is hard to realise where the difference lies.

The Hooded Van

In contradistinction to the above case is the by-law affecting covered vans. In London the L.C.C. enact that a vehicle shall be so constructed that the driver shall have in front and at both sides an uninterrupted view of the traffic. To comply with this law it is only necessary, as everyone is fully aware, to cut a hole about three inches square in each side. This the authorities take as "having an uninterrupted view" of the traffic. I am glad to see the Motor Union is taking the matter up, as no vehicle is so fraught with danger to other users of the road as this. Only a short time ago I nearly had my leg broken—not in a motor, but on a horse—by the driver of a covered van turning without in any way keeping a look out for passing traffic.

The Ways of a Chauffeur

Frequently one sees complaints from men who have entered the ranks of motor-car drivers, that they are unable to obtain good situations. A short time ago I noticed a letter from a chauffeur, in which he said that no one wanted a good mechanic for a driver. I think he is quite right, but at the same time he has nothing to complain of. He was asking £3 10s. per week, and no doubt for his capabilities he was worth it. The car of to-day, however, does not require a £3 10s. man. It is not necessary to carry a veterinary surgeon in one's carriage, nor is it necessary to carry a skilled mechanic in one's car. I admit with two or three cars it would no doubt pay to keep a fully

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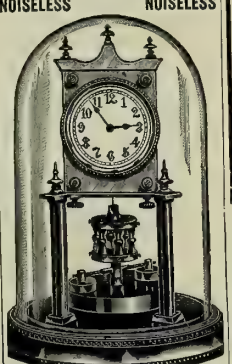
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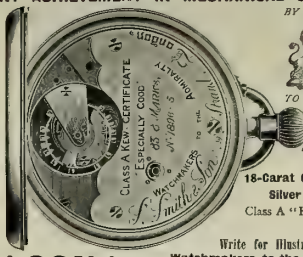
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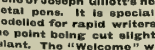
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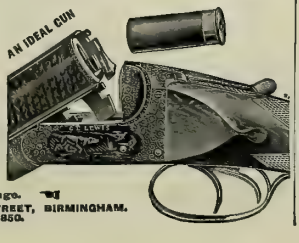
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An Easter Coincidence

Coincidences are rather frequent just now down Reigate way, and one policeman, at least, is not pleased with their frequency. Good Friday, as everybody knows, was a beautifully fine day, and the air on top of Reigate Hill being particularly bracing, a certain inspector thought that he would take a walk up the steep ascent and see how things looked from the top. By a curious coincidence, an Automobile Association patrol also came to the conclusion that the air on top of the hill would be good for his health. About the same time of day a constable on the Sutton-Reigate road decided to extend his beat to the Tea House near the top of Reigate Hill. Strangely enough, an Automobile Association patrol happened to be going in the same direction. A third policeman in plain clothes was lounging aimlessly in front of the Tea House, apparently with no particular business on hand. An A.A. patrol, who seemed to have nothing better to do, was also in the neighbourhood. Now it will be seen that as the inspector moved to the Tea House in one direction and the constable in another, the three policemen met simultaneously with the three patrols. The inspector, like a true strategist, took in the situation at a glance, and decided that it was high time for afternoon tea.

The Motor Yacht Club

Very considerable revision has taken place in the by-laws of the Club, and, in consequence of the success of last year, it has been found possible to make great reductions in the prices charged for cabins and meals in the Enchantress, whilst various alterations and improvements will be noted. The new rules will be in the hands of all members shortly. The rules for the one-design sailing-boats will be bound up under the same cover. The floor of the Enchantress's engine-room is completed, and the companion from the upper deck set up. This is somewhat narrow, as, in order to avoid having a practically perpendicular ladder, it has been necessary to build a small platform half-way down and give a bend to the steps. The convenience of being able to descend straight down into the room without wandering past the kitchen quarters will be a great advantage. Painting has been going on apace, nearly the whole of the upper deck having had its first coat of white lead, and being ready for the enamel that it has been decided to lay on.

Acetylene Lamps

The question is frequently discussed by both motorists and anti-motorists as to whether dazzling headlights should be allowed. I confess I am quite unable to understand how one or the other can do anything but give thanks to the inventor—first because he is saved from manslaughter, and secondly because he is still alive. Joking apart, it is absolutely necessary, both to the motorist and the passers-by, that he should have the best possible light. I admit, and am sorry, that the modern acetylene lamp is very objectionable to meet, but at the same time it is comforting when one comes across a car at night to know that you are seen long before you actually meet. Motors in many ways are a nuisance (unless one is a motorist), but they have come to stay, and I for one am always glad to note that a motor in the distance has a good headlight. It means safety, which, in these troublous days, is something, and, knowing that, I am content to pass over without comment the fact that I am unable to see where I am going for some time after the car has passed.

GRAPHICUS.



An accident of an unusual nature occurred the other night to a motor-car in France, on the road from Saint Sévère to Vire. The car, which contained four passengers, charged into the barriers at the level crossing on the Caen-Fougère line, broke through the first gate, but was stopped by the second, and came to a standstill across the metals. The occupants had hardly time to jump out and get clear when an express train came flying past, dragged the car a distance of nearly two hundred yards, and then dropped it, a shapeless mass, by the side of the track. It was the old story of Stephenson's locomotive and the "coo," brought up to date.

DONE FOR: THE REMAINS OF A MOTOR-CAR THAT COLLIDED WITH A TRAIN

Our Supplement

When the Nereids, incensed at Cassiopeia's boast that her daughter Andromeda was more beautiful than they, prayed Neptune to avenge the insult, the Sea God devastated the Kingdom of Cepheus with a flood, and a terrible sea-monster appeared. His wrath, the oracle of Ammon declared, could only be appeased by the sacrifice of Andromeda. So she was bound to a rock in the midst of the waters, and left as a prey to the dragon. But Perseus came by, and, touched with pity and love, slew the monster, saved Andromeda, and received her as his reward. The fine fairy tale of ancient Greece has been the theme of most painters and sculptors of classic subjects, but Lord Leighton's picture (reproduced in our Supplement) is probably more popular than all others. It was painted in 1891. As with all his pictures the late P.R.A. took enormous pains with it. Though he did not make so many studies as for the "Captive Andromache," for which there are fifty-nine drawings, he executed elaborate studies in chalk. These he supplemented with two of the Tanagra-like plaster figures which he was so fond of modelling as studies for his paintings. It is one of his most admirable compositions. For once the marble-coldness of his art is warmed with Promethean fire. The colour is brilliant. There is a wonder of blue in sea, and a radiance in the figures; a gleam and glow imbuing the picture with something of the beauty of a stanza from Keats.



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IMPERIAL INSTITUTE. Open Free Daily, 10 to 4. The Proprietors of *The Daily Graphic* have arranged for the exhibition at Imperial Institute, South Kensington, of a Relief Chart of the World on a large scale. The movements of British Fleets and the Coaling Stations of the Empire are graphically indicated, whilst the changes in the positions of the Ships are periodically recorded. The large model occupies a central position in the Public Galleries of the Imperial Institute, and forms a popular and instructive addition to the Collections illustrating the Resources and Products of British Possessions which are on view there.

THE BYSTANDER

"*Stand by.*"—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

"Come now toward Chertsey" we read in Mr Shakespeare's drama of *King Richard III.* And the other day I came in that direction and found myself standing on the bridge, gazing on the one hand at the water foaming over the weir, and at the other on the site of Barney's cottage mentioned in "Oliver Twist." Then do I follow in the footsteps of Bill Sikes, Toby Crackit and Oliver, take my way along Bridge Road, through London Street and Guildford Street, then turning to the right and presently bearing away to the left in the direction of St. Anne's Hill, always steering accurately by the Dickens chart, presently I find myself close upon a delightful early Georgian house enclosed by fine old walls. Over these walls did Messrs. Sikes, Crackit, and Oliver clamber; but I, not being of the housebreaking persuasion, am courteously admitted through the front door, am allowed to inspect Mrs. Maylie's most comfortable residence and grounds, and am even permitted to view the notable scullery-window through which Oliver made his entrance in the dead of night. I have known this mansion for many years, and so accurately is it depicted in the novel, I should imagine Charles Dickens must at one time have had an intimate acquaintance therewith.

The great charm of Chertsey is that it does not change. I have been acquainted with it well-nigh all my life, and saye that the "Crown" has been rebuilt and an interesting old curio shop has been removed, I see but little alteration in the place. It still retains its air of distinguished repose and dignified old fashion. A quaint house in Windsor Street where I once nearly took lodgings in the days of my youth is absolutely unchanged. It still has the same old-fashioned white blinds and the brass knocker still gleams gloriously in the sunshine, though you wonder it wasn't polished out of existence years ago. Albert Smith's cottage in a little side lane may still be seen, outwardly the same as in his day, and his father's house—still occupied by a member of the medical profession—wears pretty much the same aspect as when occupied by the physician known as Dr. Aston in "Christopher Tadpole." In "The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury," and "The Pottleton Legacy" Chertsey has been considerably utilised. If I mistake not it figures frequently in the first under the name of Clumpley, and in the second as Pottleton. Of the hospitable mansions in and about Chertsey, of the explorations of the Abbey River, of the wanderings over St. Anne's Hill, of the tarryings at the Golden Grove, of the walks about Thorpe, Laleham, Addlestone and other pleasant places in the neighbourhood I would gladly gossip if space would permit.

Why is there one law for the omnibus and another for the train? I have asked this question before, but I feel compelled to ask it again, because I saw the other day that both a conductor and a passenger had been fined in consequence of the overcrowding of an omnibus. This seems very hard. Why should not the same rule apply to railways? If it did I know I could often have had sundry guards and innumerable passengers fined on the Underground on Sunday nights. Why, bless your heart, I have often travelled from Earl's Court to Charing Cross with twenty-four persons in a first-class carriage, with two of the stoutest standing on my toes and doing their best to ruin a pair of patent leather shoes. Why, may I ask, is there not a Strap-hangers' Association, and why do they not take stringent measures to remedy this state of things? Surely if it is illegal to overload a 'bus, it should be equally illegal to overcrowd a train.

Since I called attention to the ghosts that have been let loose in Chelsea by the demolition of Paradise Row, I have been informed of unquiet spirits that have appeared in other parts of London, notably in the City. This I am not at all surprised at. From time immemorial the City, with its narrow streets, its ancient houses, and its quaint traditions, has been a most comfortable asylum for ghosts, and as long as they were not disturbed they conducted themselves in an orderly and respectable manner, only appearing, when they wanted a little change of air, to caretakers, ancient housekeepers, night-watchmen, the guard at the Bank of England, and superstitious policemen. But during the last thirty years so many alterations and changes have been made in the City, so many ancient buildings have been demolished, that many well-behaved ghosts have been rendered homeless, and, consequently, desperate. This will possibly account for the remarkable apparitions that have recently occurred, and will probably be responsible for many more to come.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer

By A Liberal M.P.

As compared with prominent English statesmen of a former generation Mr. Asquith may, perhaps, not unfairly be described as a self-made man. It is true that he had the advantage of a liberal education at the City of London School and at Balliol College, Oxford, but he was not born within the sacred circle of great families who in previous times used to divide between them the principal offices of State. He made his reputation in the House of Commons solely by his own exertions, and he made it very rapidly. He had only been a few years a member of Parliament before he was picked out by Mr. Gladstone and made a Cabinet Minister. This striking success was primarily due to the remarkable lucidity and precision of Mr. Asquith's early speeches in the House of Commons. These qualities have always marked his oratory—if, indeed, the word oratory can be applied to speeches from which the artifices of rhetoric are so rigidly excluded. While other prominent Parliamentary speakers make a point of elaborating their sentences till the matter of half an hour has spun out to a hundred minutes, Mr. Asquith always compresses what he has to say into the smallest possible compass. He rarely speaks for more than half an hour, and more often for less, and nobody who hears him can have any excuse for misunderstanding his meaning.

In a workaday age these are great qualities, and the House of Commons is grateful for them. They do not, of course, appeal to imagination and to sentiment as the more florid oratory of our grandfathers did; but they serve their purpose admirably, and provide an excellent model for speakers who occupy a less prominent position. To a large extent the style of Mr. Asquith's speeches expresses the character of the man. He has a practical intellect which enables him to see straight into the realities of a subject, and to strip off needless embroidery. On this account his speeches on Free Trade were of special value to the country. As he dealt one by one with Mr. Chamberlain's successive speeches during the prolonged Fiscal controversy, Mr. Asquith put on one side useless appeals to sentiment, and asked how the proposed scheme would work out in practice. Business men appreciated this method of argument, and few politicians can claim a greater share of credit than Mr. Asquith for the defeat of the Protectionist propaganda at the last General Election.

That so prominent a Free Trader should be placed at the Exchequer after such a signal victory for Free Trade, was specially fitting, and Mr. Asquith has justified the choice of the Prime Minister. His first Budget was necessarily, in his own phrase, "humdrum" in character. He had not had time to prepare any great scheme of financial reform, and even if his own preparations had been ready the House of Commons had no time to consider any far-reaching proposals. He therefore, last year, confined himself to the more obvious duties of a Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer. He swept away the Coal Duty which the Liberals had denounced when in opposition, and he deprived the duty on stripped tobacco of the Protectionist character which had been given to it by his predecessor, Mr. Austen Chamberlain. He also made further provision for the reduction of the National Debt, and finally, as a concession to the great body of the consumers, he slightly reduced the duty on tea. All these points were good in themselves, and exhausted the means at his disposal, and the only criticisms upon his Budget were from rival sections who were disappointed that their particular desires had received no, or too little, attention.

The whole work of a Chancellor of the Exchequer does not, however, consist in the preparation of a Budget. In addition he has to play a very important rôle all through the twelve months of the year in criticising, and, if necessary, in resisting, the proposals for expenditure put forward by his colleagues. In what manner, and with what success, Mr. Asquith has conducted this part of his duties is a secret of the Cabinet and of the Treasury. The general public only knows that in spite of profuse promises before the election, public expenditure has not been seriously reduced. To blame Mr. Asquith for this would be unfair without knowing what pressure has been brought to bear upon him by the Cabinet as a whole. One of the evils of our method of government is that, with the exception of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, every member of the Cabinet is anxious for an increase of expenditure in his own department, and has little concern about the necessity for economy as a whole, so that in practice the Chancellor of the Exchequer stands alone, like a modern Saint Sebastian, the mark for the arrows of all his colleagues. Nor can he count on any great support from the House of Commons in resisting demands for additional expenditure. Each section of the House, like each section of the Cabinet, clamours for more money, and it is only when Budget Day comes round, and the Bill is presented, that a word is said by the House as a whole in favour of economy. Then the Chancellor of the Exchequer has for a moment his opportunity, and can moralise on the danger of public extravagance. But before the week is out his words will be forgotten, and again he will find himself alone in attempting to resist the ever-persistent demands upon the taxpayer's pocket.



THE MAKER OF THE BUDGET
THE RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQUITH, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER
Photo by Peresford.

CLUB COMMENTS

By "MARMADUKE"

The New Happiness requires a weak conscience and a strong constitution. "Be not too scrupulous and be never still," is the phrase which condenses its leading principles. Our predecessors had not the facilities for movement which we possess; their home and their immediate surroundings were generally the all-important factors in their life—they did their utmost to make the former comfortable and attractive, and to earn the respect and affection of their neighbours, for the latter were unavoidable.

"I am seldom at home, and I know none of the neighbours," recently said the young wife of a well-known millionaire—a lady who has many friends in this country, on the Continent, and across the Atlantic. There are thousands amongst us in the same condition, and the circumstance shows clearly the extent of the change that has occurred.

Respect and repose are, therefore, elements which those who pursue the New Happiness do not consider much. There is the New Respect, which is, of course, somewhat important; it is to be attained by knowing the most popular men and women, being regarded by the public as fashionable, attracting attention by display, and by possessing the reputation of being rich. The enjoyment of the New Respect, however, does not necessitate the cultivation of those qualities which were requisite to obtain the old.

There are those who will object that these considerations only affect a comparatively small portion of the community; they forget, however, that example rides the hurricane in these days of personal and cheap journalism. A fashion is evolved in Paris, it is established in London within the week, it has spread to the provinces in a month, the housemaid is wearing an inexpensive imitation of it long before the season is closed! Affectations travel even more rapidly. The less prosperous may be compelled to remain more at home than are the rich, but the example of the latter disinclines the former to lead a "humdrum" life. It is unnecessary further to develop the idea here; every reader will perceive how the argument reaches more important matters.

There is quicksilver running in the veins of most Englishwomen now; gold in those of most Englishmen! "Give me movement, excitement, luxury," cry the former; "I must have money to gratify the craving, also to attain that importance which prosperity so easily purchases in these days," cry the latter. There is a Babel of interests in many a home at the moment. The husband returns from business full of his prospects; prices are rising or falling, there are hopes, anxieties, successes, disappointments, reverses. The wife scarcely attends to them. She has made important acquaintances. One who is her social superior has been uncivil, a rival was more expensively dressed, she has failed to obtain an invitation! The New Happiness has its drawbacks.

A people that has been enclosed by the sea, somewhat cramped by a system, and inexperienced in the customs and habits of other communities, now possesses the means of travelling far and fast inexpensively, and opportunities of obtaining much wealth and increased social position. It is pressing forwards in every direction eagerly in consequence. The new conditions will establish a fresh system in time. Then the rage for social advancement and the race for wealth will diminish, and the sober-minded English will settle down to the enjoyment of a sufficiency and home pleasures.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

DUMA number two seems rather more than likely to follow Duma number one into the limbo of lost legislatures. That there is a strong reactionary party which is longing to effect that consummation is, of course, notorious. But what we did not know, until Professor de Martens wrote to the *Times*, was that any man of the Professor's acknowledged authority as a jurist thought and even felt it his duty to say in public that really there is no other course open to the Russian Government. But M. de Martens does think that. "Dissolution," he says, "is absolutely inevitable." And then? Well, then—a little gerrymandering of the franchise, and there will be a new and docile Duma. A charming programme! But, coming from a Professor of Law, is it not just a trifle *trop fort*?

* * * *

What, however, is the matter, with Duma number two? Simply that it has much too strong a family likeness to Duma number one. So far it has done nothing—"absolutely nothing"—and has shown no sign of wanting to do anything, except to "get rid of the Government." Which is unkind of the Duma, because M. Stolypin doesn't want to dissolve it, however much some other folk may. All things considered, therefore, it is possible that the *coup d'état* may be struck at any moment, in which event M. de Martens will pat himself on the back, with the comfortable conviction that he has "done the State some service." How far his self-satisfaction will be justifiable one does not feel quite so sure.

* * * *

Mr. Tree and the company of His Majesty's must be heartily congratulated upon their successful invasion of the German capital; the public are enthusiastic, and the Kaiser himself is in his most gracious mood—which is saying a great deal. But, of course, the German critics are not letting the English actor-manager have it all his own way. Was not Shakespeare a German?—as every educated German knows—and Germans have nothing to learn about him, or how he should be played, from any mere Englishman. 'Tis a highly successful visit, and one which we really owed the Germans, in return for the capital performances of German plays which they give us in London.

* * * *

The subject of international amenities reminds us that the indefatigable Mr. Henniker Heaton has been associating himself with the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris in a valiant attempt to obtain penny postage between England and France. That it should cost twopence-halfpenny to send a letter from Dover to Calais is sufficiently absurd; but we are afraid the reformers will have an uphill task, despite the *entente cordiale*. The French Government will consider the question; but it may be presumed that they will consider it from the standpoint of revenue rather than from that of trade and public convenience. Well, we had to take our own line in the case of the Channel Tunnel, and so we can hardly complain if the French do not see eye to eye with us in this matter.

* * * *

A propos of our French friends, is it not rather a pity that M Clemenceau should go out of his way to interfere with the time-honoured *fêtes* to be held next month at Orleans in honour of Joan of Arc? For centuries past the Church has taken a prominent part in doing homage to the memory of the heroic Maid. But now the Premier must needs invoke the Separation Act, the policy of the Vatican, and the Montagnini papers—save the mark!—to forbid the military and all State functionaries from taking a hand in the proceedings, unless the Church is rigorously excluded. It appears that the Orléannais do not appreciate his attention: probably they fail to see what Mgr. Montagnini and his *petits papiers* have got to do with it. Which is not, perhaps, very surprising.

* * * *

More power to Mr. Cecil Coward! That British parent has successfully resisted the claim of a firm of money-lenders for a sum of £300, lent by them to his son, a Cambridge undergraduate and a minor. Money-lenders who tempt a legal "infant" into doing business with them deserve to be treated with all "the rigour of the game." The loan was made without the knowledge of Mr. Coward *père*, who declined to pay, on the ground that it ought not to have been made. Most decidedly, it ought not.

* * * *

Whatever else may be the product of the Colonial Conference, 1907, it is a safe prophecy that future historians will mark it as a leading milestone in the long journey of the British Empire. There is another certainty: that although the machinery of Imperial Government may outwardly appear unaltered, its operation will not be at all the same either in details or in general scope and purpose. Several of the great questions to be discussed open issues of transcendent consequence. There is far too much of a disposition among home politicians to centre most attention on the preferential duty proposal. No doubt, that carries high importance, but to the Colonial mind it is entirely overshadowed and eclipsed by the problem of giving Greater Britain a larger and more direct share in Imperial administration without laying the foundations for perpetual disputation. It is easy to conceive a situation in which the majority of the Colonial delegates in the Council would vote for their own countries' aggregate interests, and thus deprive the Home Government of that full control which is so essential for unity against the outside world.

* * * *

Turning from these none-too-cheerful forecasts to the *personnel* of the Conference, there can be no controversy about the high average intellectual quality of its members. All can justly claim the right to call themselves British statesmen in the fullest sense; there are, of course, differences between them in that respect, but it would be hard—nay, impossible—to point out one who is not fully equipped to sit in an Imperial Council, should that come into being hereafter. In its way, too, it is a noteworthy circumstance that these distinguished guests are Prime Ministers, including General Botha, the most singular individuality of all. Lately a hard and skilful fighter to oust British supremacy from South Africa, he has come to London for the express purpose of helping to cement more closely the same fabric he then sought to destroy. The student of history will remember that a similar incident occurred at the Coronation of Queen Victoria.

* * * *

When that famous but disastrous steamship, the Great Eastern, was being built on the Thames, Brunel, her designer, was reminded by Dickey Green, the great shipowner, that there were few, if any, ports endowed with adequate dock accommodation for such monsters. Brunel sniggered. "It will have to be provided," was his reply. That prophecy is being fulfilled; both on this side of the Channel and on the Continental littoral the keenest rivalry has sprung up in hurrying forward with dock extensions, regardless of outlay. Millions are tossed about as if of no account whatever, and although it is assumed by experts that 1,000 feet will form the maximum length and 85 feet the extreme breadth for many years, there are some daring maritime architects, it is reported, who are eager to design craft of twice those dimensions. We have heard of one Brobdingnagian craft—happily, still only on the "ways" of a human brain—which is reckoned to be of 50,000 tonnage, plus her coal bunkers. For such a huge construction as this would be, it would be necessary to convert the Thames near Gravesend into a dock by wharfing the one bank or the other, and dredging the enclosed space to a sufficient depth.



The career of the new Transvaal Parliament began by the swearing-in of members before Lord Selborne upon the balcony over the entrance to the Government Buildings, Pretoria, and in full view of the crowd assembled in Church Square. Photo by S. H. Nicholls, Pretoria.

THE OPENING OF THE TRANSVAAL PARLIAMENT: THE SCENE IN PRETORIA DURING THE SWEARING-IN OF MEMBERS

COURT AND SOCIETY

THE KING is not expected to return to England until the end of next week, and Queen Alexandra will, it is understood, remain abroad somewhat longer, partly in order to pay a visit to Gibraltar, where the bracing climate did so much good to the Princess Royal. Their Majesties' visit to Malta was a great success. It was a characteristically tactful action on the part of His Majesty, and should do much to allay the discontent which has arisen of recent years among the population of the island. The Maltese have an intense local patriotism, and they always maintain that they were not conquered by Great Britain, but voluntarily accepted British rule rather than that of France. To the language question, which was so acute a few years ago, was added not long ago the complication of the visit of a Scottish revivalist preacher, whose exhortations were considered to be a breach of the privileged position hitherto enjoyed by the Roman Catholic religion. Lord Elgin, on the whole, supported the preacher; but it is significant that the Bishop of Malta, who is also Archbishop of Rhodes, assisted in the reception of their Majesties, to whom he was presented by the Governor.

The King's Cruise

It seems a pity that this most interesting island is not more often visited by English people, for, although the climate is very hot in summer, it is not tropical. There is a most ancient nobility of Malta, which was represented at the Coronation, it will be remembered, by the Baroness Diar-il-Bniet, whose title is more than seven hundred and fifty years old. Quite a number of the Maltese nobles have intermarried with English families, and have taken service under the Crown. Thus Count della Catena, otherwise known as Sir Gerald Strickland, married one of Lord De La Warr's sisters, and is now Governor of Tasmania; while the Marquis of Taffia, who married the daughter of a Sussex vicar, served in the China War, and attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the British Army. The Maltese peerage is fully recognised by the Imperial Government, and it has a Committee of Privileges; no doubt the King could create fresh titles if he thought it advisable to do so, but the latest recognised title dates from 1792. The educated masses of Malta speak both English and Italian, and it must be particularly gratifying to them that the King and Queen should proceed from their historic island to meet the King of Italy at Gaeta.

An Interesting Island

The marriage of Captain Bryan Godfrey-Faussett, Equerry to the Prince of Wales, with Miss Eugénie Dudley-Ward was honoured by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who brought Prince Edward and Princess Mary. The Chapel Royal, St. James's could not contain nearly all the people who wished to be present, but the reception given by the bride's aunt, Mrs. Keith Fraser, in Lowndes Square, to which the Royal party also went, was crowded. The bride, who is not only a near relation of Lord Dudley, but also a niece of Lord Esher—who is, as is well known, *persona gratissima* at Court—looked charming in her exquisitely simple bridal dress, in which an original note was the raised embroidery of chrysanthemums across the skirt. Little Princess Mary was greatly interested in the two child bridesmaids, Lord and Lady Stradbroke's younger daughters, aged seven and six respectively. Almost all the members of the Royal Family, with the King and Queen at their head, gave presents, which testified to the regard universally felt for both bride and bridegroom.

Captain Godfrey-Faussett's Wedding



MISS EUGÉNIE DUDLEY-WARD
Photo by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road.



CAPTAIN GODFREY-FAUSSETT, R.N.
Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

Married on April 11 at the Chapel Royal, St. James's



MISS IRENE MILLER MUNDY
Photo by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road.



VISCOUNT COLE
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

Married on April 11 at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Lord Cole's wedding in St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Miss Miller Mundy brought together a large number of well-known people. The bridegroom is better known in Ireland than in London, for he is passionately fond of sport, especially hunting and racing. His mother, Lady Enniskillen, is the twin sister of Mrs. Villiers; they were the daughters of Mr. Douglas Baird, of Closeburn, the great ironmaster, and many will remember what an impression their striking beauty made in society when they first came out. They were known as the Golden Twins, partly, no doubt, in allusion to their dowries, but chiefly on account of their wonderful red-gold hair and exquisite complexion. Miss Miller Mundy comes of the well-known Derbyshire family, and her mother is a sister of Sir Charles Hartopp. By a pretty conceit she passed to the altar through a double row of her girl friends, each of whom held aloft a long wand crowned with daffodils. In her dress the bride had very few jewels—in fact, only one little brooch-pin; but the elaborate silver embroidery of her costume made up for this. The bridegroom's nephew, Lord and Lady Delamere's little boy, attended her as page. One delightful feature of the wedding was the number of old retainers and tenants of both families who were given good seats in the church.

Lord Cole's Wedding

On the very day of the opening of the Colonial Conference, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Premier, had the agreeable duty of giving away Miss Bessie Dunsmuir at her marriage to Mr. John Hope, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. The bride's father, the Hon. James Dunsmuir, who is Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, could not, of course, be present, but Mrs. Dunsmuir came over from British Columbia with her daughters, four of whom were bridesmaids. The bride's train was carried by the bridegroom's cousins.

A Colonial Marriage



MISS BESSIE DUNSMUIR
Photo by C. Vandyk.



MR. JOHN HOPE
Photo by G. C. Beresford.

Married on April 15 at St. Mark's, North Audley Street.



HORTON ASYLUM, WHICH WILL ACCOMMODATE 2,038 PATIENTS



INMATES OF HORTON ASYLUM RETURNING FROM THE GARDEN COLONY

"I LIVE in the little town of Epsom, one of the most enchanting spots near London till the London County Council blighted us." So lamented Lord Rosebery in the *Times* regarding the proposal of the London County Council to add to the number of asylums with which Epsom is already blest, or, according to Lord Rosebery, cursed. "In an unfortunate moment for us," went on his lordship's letter, the County Council "bought a large and handsome estate here called Horton Manor. From that quite legitimate operation date many calamities," for "the London County Council at once saw a suitable site for unlimited lunatic asylums, and commenced building them. . . . Palatial asylums soon reared their heads—at last in such numbers that we were forced to appeal to the mercy of the London County Council. In August last the leading residents sent a piteous appeal to our gigantic neighbour." The "piteous appeal," after a reference to Epsom's three large asylums, one epileptic colony, and one or more isolation hospitals, went on:—"Now yet another, we hear, is to be added, and it would almost seem as if the whole district were to be devoted to the maintenance of the insanity of London. Does it not, we would ask, strike your Council as hard that our little community, which is outside the area of your administration, should be selected as the dumping-ground for so great a proportion of the mental disease of the County of London?" However it struck the County Council, that body is obdurate, and "the enchanting spot" is to have its fourth asylum, and a large "population of insane Londoners" will be added to the population of sane Epsomians. But will Epsom be "blighted?" Not so, say Epsom's Urban Council. "We rather like being blighted," say Epsom tradesmen—or words to that effect. For when the Urban Council met last week and discussed Lord Rosebery's letter, they received from the Epsom Tradesmen's Association a communication denying that the asylums were doing the town harm. Also, a house and estate agent challenged Lord Rosebery "or any other inhabitant" to show that there was "incalculable depreciation of property" as the result of the erection of asylums. And the Councillors—all but two—were of exactly the same opinion as the tradesmen!



THE EPILEPTIC COLONY, ACCOMMODATING 300 PATIENTS

Memoranda for the Coming Week

TO-DAY

The Lord Mayor lays foundation-stone of the new St. James's Hall, Great Portland Street, noon.
Colonial Premiers: Prime Minister's Dinner, 10, Downing Street.
Scala Theatre: *Judgment of Pharaoh.*

MONDAY, APRIL 22

The Prince and Princess of Wales visit Lord and Lady Blythswood at Blythswood House.
Colonial Premiers: The Duke of Sutherland's dinner, Stafford House.
His Majesty's Theatre: Annual Shakespeare week; *The Tempest.*
Waldorf Theatre: *The Sunken Bell.*

TUESDAY, APRIL 23

The Prince and Princess of Wales visit Glasgow and receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and open addition to University.
Colonial Premiers: Lord Lansdowne's dinner to meet the Canadian representatives.
Lady Glen-Coat's reception.
Garrick Theatre: *The Doll.*
His Majesty's: *The Winter's Tale.*
Great Metropolitan Stakes.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24

Colonial Premiers: Parliamentary Luncheon in Westminster Hall.
Mrs. Lowther's afternoon party, Speaker's house.
Royal Colonial Institute dinner, Hôtel Métropole, 7.30.
Racing: The City and Suburban.

THURSDAY, APRIL 25

The Prince and Princess of Wales open the new Clydebank Dock.
Colonial Premiers: Dinner of the Goldsmiths' Company.
Lady Brassey's musical reception, 24, Park Lane.

FRIDAY, APRIL 26

The Prince of Wales lays foundation of new S.P.G. House, Westminster.
Colonial Premiers: National Liberal Club Banquet, Prime Minister presiding.
Annual Naval and Military Athletic Meeting, Portsmouth (two days).

SATURDAY, APRIL 27

Shaftesbury Theatre: *Lady Tatters.*



MANOR ASYLUM, WHOSE PATIENTS NUMBER OVER 700



LONG GROVE ASYLUM, NEARLY COMPLETED, TO ACCOMMODATE 2,000 INMATES

"Blighted Epsom": The Asylums which have called forth the wrath of Lord Rosebery



The Motor-Boat Racing Season opened with great *eclat* at Monaco last week. The weather was very fine, and thousands witnessed the races in Monaco Bay | Most of the boats were French. Fiat XV, however, which our photograph shows at full speed in the first race for "racers," is an Italian boat. She finished second in this race, the distance of which was fifty kilometres, in 57min. 36sec., 2½min. behind La Rapiere II, the winning Panhard boat. Photo by Branger.

The Opening of the Motor-Boat Racing Season: Speed and Spray in the Bay of Monaco



The Guildhall wore a brilliant aspect when the Colonial Premiers were admitted to the Freedom of the City of London on Tuesday. They were received by the Lord Mayor in the Library. The first of the Premiers to be welcomed was General Botha, with whom was his daughter. After the reception came the quaint ceremony of admittance to the Freedom of the City.

"Citizens of London": The Lord Mayor Receiving the Colonial Premiers at the Guildhall

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN



Sir F. Hopwood. | Mr. Winston Churchill. | Mr. F. R. Moor (Natal). | Sir Joseph Ward (New Zealand). | Sir Wilfrid Laurier (Canada). | Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman. | Lord Elgin. | Mr Alfred Deakin (Australia). | Dr. Jameson (Cape Colony). | General Botha (Transvaal). | Sir William Lyne (Australian Minister for Trade and Customs).

The first meeting of the Colonial Premiers and Ministers attending the Colonial Conference took place in Lord Elgin's room at the Colonial Office on Monday. Lord Elgin opened the proceedings by reading a telegram of welcome from the King, in which His Majesty expressed his confidence that the decisions of the Conference would tend towards the closer union of the Colonies with the Mother-Country and to the strengthening and consolidation of the Empire. After a speech by Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman each Premier addressed the Conference in turn, and then a telegram of thanks was sent to the King, and another telegram was despatched to Mr. Chamberlain expressing the deep sympathy of the Conference with him in his illness, and its earnest hope that he might be speedily restored to public life. Our illustration is from a photograph by Park, Fleet Street.

To Consolidate the Empire: The First Meeting of the Premiers of our Self-Governing Colonies at the Colonial Office

THE TILERS OF GRANADA

A Complete Story

Written by NORMAN INNES

Illustrated by FRANK DADD, R.I.



"Out o'er the abyss I held the rope. . . . 'Hold!' gasped he."

WE two lay side by side upon the hill-top, in the full glare of the noonday sun, I, Ramon José Maria de Arruel and Juan Nunez —master and servant, young lord and trusted henchman, hot brain and cool head. About us were rocks—rocks brown and rocks yellow; before us stretched broken sierras league on league. Beneath a sky cloudless and blue as in some cunningly wrought picture, was outspread the land of Andalusia, parched and arid save where a green patch, nestling in cleft or hollow, told of water and cultivation.

But our gaze neither wandered o'er ruddy crag nor scrub-grown valley; it was fixed on a cluster of red-tiled roofs crowning a rock that rose precipitously from the depths of the gorge at our feet.

"See yonder the Alcazaba with the great figs about it," said my companion softly, pointing to a pile of grey masonry about which those bright roofs nestled; "old walls and young sentinels, so they say."

"Aye, Juan, I see it, and not for the first time," answered I, "towers, buttresses, and even these young sentinels of thine; but we are here and the town beneath, and how we are to enter free men passes my wit."

A smile played about the man's thin lips, and his grey eyes glittered.

"Come, my lord," said he, scrambling to his feet, "within the hour I will show thee the way, and, by good Saint Iago, this night we shall sleep as free men in Lureal."

"Or free men and dead upon the hillside," I muttered, rising and following the man-at-arms as he strode downwards among the rocks, taking good care to screen himself from any that might be watching in the valley.

Now how came it, one may ask, that I, only son to the Count of Cala, slunk as some robber on the crest of the sierra in the company of a stout knave, swart of face and lithe of limb, e'en more the robber than I, to judge from his looks?

It was the year 1481, the year wherein Zahara fell, and Alhama also, but to a nobler breed. In Zahara I lost my elder brother, who died that stormy night, as befitted a cavalier of Spain, with his back to the wall and a half-moon of stricken Moriscos before him. In those last great wars, when one fell another was quick to take his place, fought he for Castille or Granada; so here was I, with one who had served our house from childhood, spying out this frontier stronghold in the hope of winning our way therein, that by some chance we might be of service to my sire when within the coming week he led his company to sack this haunt of Mahoun.

Twenty years had I reckoned that spring, and stout of heart and sinew was I as any stripling upon the Andalusian hills. Juan Nunez was of middle age, grey of hair and wizened of feature, but the master of three such as I for strength and craft. Foray and sack, pursuit and flight had he known since first he could wield blade, and each scar he bore had taught him a lesson that I had yet to learn.

Cautiously we slipped from boulder to boulder, now and again catching the glint of the sun upon the cuirass of a Moorish sentinel. At length we reached a stony path that wound over the shoulder of the mountain and so down to the town beneath.

Here Juan halted.

"'Tis enough," said he, flinging himself beneath the shade of a rock whence the track to right and left lay in full view.

"To Granada?" said I, glancing along the rugged path.

My companion nodded. "And but yesterday there set forth from Granada an old tile-worker and his sons bound for Lurcal, and with them a friend of mine."

"A friend from Granada?" I asked, in some surprise.

He laughed.

"A renegade Moorish lad who drives these tilers' asses. We are but two and have some business in the town, so to this boy we must trust for the safe disposal of the Moors after we have spoken with them."

Above an hour we lay in the rock's shadow, and watched the kites circling o'erhead, till in the distance we caught the ring of hoofs upon the stony path, and round a distant bend descried a train of laden asses.

I sprang to my feet in an instant with beating heart. Juan was more leisurely.

"This matter is for me, my lord," said he, drawing his blade carelessly, "should these knaves refuse our fair proposals, then must I bring them to reason. Do thou but stand by, such blood is not for thee."

Glad was I to be given but a watcher's part in our dealings with the peaceful traders that approached. Foremost rode an old Moor, white of beard, behind him followed six heavily laden beasts with three Moorish youths beside them, boys of mine own age; the renegade, Juan's friend, shambled along in the rear, peering curiously to right and left of the path.

When they were almost upon us, out from the shelter of the rock springs Juan.

"Stand, ye sons of Satan," cried he, in the Moors' speech, gripping the old man by the shoulder and wrenching him from his saddle. And I, to back him, though the business was little to my liking, drew my sword also and laid hold of the foremost of the younger Moors, while the villain renegade, creeping stealthily upon the youth who walked before him, felled him with a blow of his cudgel. Despite the suddenness of our attack and the servant's treachery, the third son made at me with a shout. Quick as light, full on his head fell the flat of my henchman's sword, and the youth sank down, paying the penalty for a cry that could do us more hurt than his short blade.

The father, seeing two of his sons wounded upon the ground, and three rogues about him, cried for mercy.

"Allah achbah, señors, we are but poor men and have but ten gold pieces among us. Take the gold, I pray thee, take our cattle, but grant us our lives."

Then spoke Juan Nunez in the Moorish tongue. "And what hast thou in the sacks that thy beasts carry?"

"Nought but tiles, señor, and limes and cements. Nought of value nor worthy of thine acceptance."

"Yet I have a fancy for these same tiles, old man. Keep thy gold and thy life, and do my bidding, and within three days thou shalt be free, and thy sons with thee; but these poor bricks and the cattle that bear them are my prey."

The Moor's face fell.

"Alas, I am undone," wailed he. "The noble Alcayde of Lurcal, Zeyn el Tarak, has bidden me come and set the tiles upon the walls of his summer court. And here am I, Achmet, of Granada, with my wares, my tools, and my cements, and with my sons to help me in the work. What avails it if thine honour spares my poor life this day? Of a surety the Alcayde will hang me ere the new moon if I fail to do his bidding."

But Juan Nunez was relentless.

"I am but a mountain thief, yet I rob where I list, and to-day, by the bones of Saint Pedro, my fancy is to make tiles my spoil, not gold."

In vain the Moor cried out upon fate; no pity knew we; nought but tiles, and that the Saints knew right well, would serve our turn.

"And of thy garments, Sir Moor, we must take toll," cried Juan, a smile puckering his face, as then and there he stripped two of the young men of the better part of their dress, while they bit their lips for shame at the indignity. And with a cord he bound the old man's hands behind him, and tossing him as a sack of millet into the saddle, made fast his feet beneath the ass. The younger Moors he bound in like manner, though they that had come by wounded heads made some slight resistance, and the four were presently in the saddle as helpless as babes.

"Now to Cala with them," cried Juan to the renegade, "and hearken, Seyd, if they make a clamour, thou knowest the part thou must play."

Away they went by the road that they had come, with my comrade's threat ringing in their ears—three disconsolate figures on jaded beasts, with a grinning knave in charge of the cavalgada.

We watched them out of sight at a bend in the path, and having arrayed ourselves in the stolen garments, set out on the downward track driving the four beasts before us. And as we drew nigh the town, Juan Nunez unfolded the scheme he had laid, whereby we, after gaining entrance to the castle, might be of service to our people when they beleaguered the place.

"My lord," said Juan, "Lurcal, as thou knowest well, stands upon a hill, with the castle built upon the highest crags. Now, upon the eastern side the castle o'erhangs a gulf nigh two hundred feet in depth, and so great is the trust that the Moors place in this natural defence that the sentinels are but few on the walls crowning the abyss. It happens that the Alcayde is a young man, and having but newly married a wife, whom he would please in all things, is building hard-by this weakly-guarded wall a summer-chamber. For the decoration of this place he but lately sent to Granada for certain skilled workers. The rest thou knowest. Now it appears to me that having gained entrance to the castle and busying ourselves for a while with these tiles and cements, one or other may find a means of hiding himself, and may trust to fortune giving him the occasion of aiding my master when he assails the town."

"By the Saints and thy wit, Juan," said I, "the occasion shall not be lacking; but by the shrines of Cordova we'll need all thy craft ere we tread these hills again."

Nunez laughed, "I have played the spy amid these Moors before this day. Three years of slavery in Malaga have made of me a very Gomere but for a good Christian heart. For this same reason, if thine honour wills it, I will play the part of the old tiler, and thou must for the nonce be my Christian captive, or otherwise thy small knowledge of these people's tongue and customs will mar our enterprise."

So this being agreed betwixt us, we held on our way, being very Moors indeed to judge by appearances and apparel.

Without any questioning our race we entered the town, and up the cobbled alleys we drove the asses till we gained the castle rock. Here, being challenged by the sentinels, Juan boldly stated our business.

"Tilers are we from Granada, my brothers, come in obedience to the command of the Alcayde of this town."

And soon my comrade was in converse with these frontier warriors, telling of the dangers of the road, and of the news in Granada, while one of their number went to bear intelligence of our arrival. At length an old man came down and bade us welcome, and leading us and our cattle through many winding passages, brought us to a wide court where water was set before us that we might wash. Here we were in no small jeopardy of being discovered, for though I knew somewhat of these people's manner of washing, I made blunders so many that the old Moor stared, and it was not till Juan cursed me roughly for a Christian dog that his suspicions were allayed.

Hardly had we finished this fateful washing when the ruler of the place himself entered the court attended by two guards. The Alcayde was a young man, handsome of face and of noble carriage, grave, perchance, beyond his years, but the cares of a frontier fortress soon leave their mark on the brow of the castellan. Men said that besides being a man of courage he was a courtier of rare intelligence, high in the favour of the old king.

At his greeting my fears of discovery returned. "Who are ye?" demanded he, as we bowed low; his voice rang sternly.

"Thy servants, my lord, are tilers of Granada," answered Juan. "We come——"

But the Moor cut his speech short.

"I know ye not," said he, frowning. "I sent for my old servant, Achmet, of Granada; he was never wont to fail my bidding."

"Alas, my lord," said my comrade, his features and gesture telling of utmost grief, "good Achmet is sick of a fever in the Albaicin, may Allah watch o'er his life's thread; but receiving thy summons he sent me, Abdullah Kirim, in his stead, and I, at the bidding of my master, set our hot foot for this town of Lurcal with this youth, my servant, a Christian, indeed, but not unskilled in the mixing of cements."

Juan spoke boldly, though with all deference, and the Alcayde's brows unbent.

"And thou, Abdullah, art skilled in thy craft?" Nunez bowed low.

"Far be it from me, my lord, to think to rival the knowledge of my master, nor is it for me to open my mouth in mine own praise, yet have I set tiles in many a fair palace in Almeria, Guadix, Salobrena, aye, and in Granada itself."

And with that my crafty henchman unlaced a sack, and spread upon the ground tiles grey and tiles blue, tiles orange and tiles of amber tint, singing their beauties with praise as extravagant as ever came from tiler's mouth before or after.

The Moor's face lightened at the sight; of a truth he was a man who loved fair colour and cunning pattern, as his race have ever done.

"Follow and I will show ye the place I would have spread with these wares of thine," said the man, and he led us through a court where bubbled a fountain of water set about with citrons to a chamber newly built upon the outer wall.

"These rough stones," said he, pointing to this same wall, "I would have covered with thy tiles. These hollows" (there were five niches, a spear's length square, in the thickness of the masonry) "I would have closed in and covered also. While thy work endures thou shalt have food and lodging hereabouts, and the same reward as my friend, old Achmet."

"For thy pleasure alone, my lord, thy servant lives," answered Juan, whose eyes grew bright at the sight of these small chambers.

Scarce could he hide his joy in the Alcayde's presence, and when we were left alone to the unloading of our beasts, his words came fast.

"Indeed, Saint Iago himself must be with us, my lord," said he, 'mid the clatter of the tiles, "yonder niche will serve our purpose. What easier for one to wall the other within so fair a chamber with a jar of water and a store of food? The loophole gives light and air, and a stout iron pick will break through tiles and plaster whene'er the prisoner would be free. And here," said he, touching one of the sacks that held the cement, "is hid a silken cord, in length close on 200 feet and furnished with loops. By heaven, within a week the Count shall sleep in Lurcal."

We were lodged in this large court wherein our work lay, resting by night in a small loop-holed chamber like to those that we had to wall up and tile, and here for two long days we toiled in a fashion unknown to any tiler. Never were craftsmen so intent on the mixing of cements and the setting of tiles as were we; never was there such spreading of plaster; never did set tiles present so irregular an appearance. One day we gave to the slaking of our limes, for in this Juan assured the Alcayde lay the chief mystery of our work. And the second we gave to walling up two of the niches, daubing the bricks and stones with our mixture and striving to fix the tiles thereon. And all the while we had to bear ourselves with the utmost caution, speaking for the most part in Moorish, and observing the hours of this people's unrighteous prayers and scanty refreshment.

Upon the third day, about an hour before sunset we put our plan into execution, and, despite Juan's protest, I was fixed in my determination to be the one that should be prisoned within the wall.

"For how, thinkest thou," I protested, "that I could leave the town in safety with my scant knowledge of the Moors' tongue?"

So I, when the recess was all but walled up, crept within my narrow prison, and Juan with speed and secrecy gave me a store of bread, meat, and olives, the silken ladder, and a great pitcher of water.

"Now heaven be with thee, my lord," whispered he, as he fell to piling the rubble and laying the mortar, "to-morrow night shall find thee a fairer lodging."

To this I said "Amen," for verily no heart came nigh to sinking at the thought of the issue of our stratagem, as desperate as enterprise might be, though fraught with glorious chances. And just as Juan had thrust the last stones into their place, and was spreading the walls with plaster, I caught the sound of the Alcayde's voice.

His words came but faintly through the wall, but I heard enough to tell me he was making complaint of the tardiness of our work, and questioning my comrade as to my whereabouts.

"An hour since I sent him in quest of sand from the river's bed," answered Juan Loud enough, "but plague on the Christian dog, my lord, I must go myself and find the cause of his tarrying."

These were the last words I heard from his lips in the Castle of Lurcal, and the sound of his footsteps quickly died in the distance.

That evening I watched the sunlight fade on the bare sierra, and the stars grow bright in the heavens, and the crescent moon gleam o'er the mountains' top on a pillow of fleecy cloud as I lay on the floor of my cell staring upward through the loophole in the outer wall. A rat's hole it was, smelling most evilly of newly spread mortar, but joyously I ate a scanty supper therein and soon was sound asleep.

Never shall the memory of the weary day that followed fade from my memory. Hour after hour wore itself slowly away, though scarce an hour passed but from the sounds of many footfalls without I feared that the Moors had guessed my secret. Again and again, as I heard men pass and repass my prison, I stood sword in hand ready to break my way into the court and sell my life as dearly as I might, yet though the sound of much coming and going, aye, and of muffled speech, fell on my ears, I was left undisturbed. Nor could I put from my mind the thought of what might have befallen Juan, but as hour after hour glided by and the sun sank westward in the heavens all fear for his safety passed away.

I supped at nightfall and then waited, my ears straining to catch the earliest sound that might tell of the coming of my father's company. Should they not come my case was desperate indeed.

The new moon had set above an hour, and in spite of myself my eyes were heavy, my head nodding, when a distant cry from the mountains echoed across the valley. I sprang to my feet in a moment, and as I peered forth into the darkness a shout of flame shot up into the night, and at the same instant I heard the cry of a sentinel upon the wall above me. How my heart leaped at the sight of that lurid beacon; for joy I could have broken from my prison as hurrying feet sped through the court. Another beacon flashed into flame upon the hillside, and now the answering watch-fires were ablaze upon the castle. Drums rolled and cymbals clashed as the garrison gathered upon the battlements, and from afar in the dim valley I caught the blare of our Andalusian horns. For an hour's space the noise increased, commands of leaders, shouting of guards, the winding of catapults, and the ring of steel against steel broke on my ears in a confused medley of sound. Then stones began to fall and bolts to whistle, and ever and anon I heard the gasping cry of some stricken man, while from the further side of the castle rose the roar of two struggling hosts. Saints! was I to crouch in a cell while Spaniard and Moor were in death-grips upon the wall? My blood was afire; of a truth, thought I, of what avail will be my aid should my comrades be driven backwards? With the din of battle in my ears, I gripped my iron pick, and with my sword girt upon me, prised at the ill-set stones. Writhing in my prison I drove with all my might upon the wall, and little by little it yielded to my efforts, till at last with a crash of breaking tiles the mass fell outwards. Clutching the silken ladder I leaped from the niche into the fresh night air. For a moment I was dazzled by the brightness in my eyes. On battlement and tower were beacons blazing, while a cloud of lurid smoke lowered o'erhead.

"Free," gasped I, stepping lightly forward, and in an instant I was helpless in the grip of sinewy arms.

In vain I struggled to draw my sword, my hands were pinned to my sides, and blinded by the flashing lights my captors dragged me across the court to the further angle of the wall to that in which I had been hid. By the smoky glare I caught sight of the Alcayde in the shadow of the masonry, surrounded by some of his captains, one of whom advanced upon me as I was hurried forward.

"Did I err, my lord?" cried this man, a sweet old Moor, rough of speech and grim of visage. "By the treasure of Mecca, I have a wondrous nose for Christian or spy. See, brothers, the ladder of rope that the hound carries."

The Alcayde looked at me but said never a word; nay, he seemed all but unconscious of my presence, as well he might in that tumult, for his stronghold was sore beset.

"Death to him!" growled the Moors, as the cry of "Santiago" rang clear from the gate.

"Down with him from the walls!" yelled that ill-favoured old captain above the din of battle, "and see if his rope will avail him."

On a sudden the lord of the castle spoke. "Unhand the man," said he, in a shrill, uncertain voice. "I offer thee terms, thy life for the rope thou bearest."

Not a little did I wonder at his words, and his officers likewise, to judge from their faces, for how my ladder of silk should deliver the fortress, I could not guess.

As for my life, I cared not for it, all love thereof was lost in the bitterness of the failure of my schemes. And without hope of aught but a warrior's end, being free for the moment from my captors, I leapt with my rope upon the battlements. The Alcayde sprang toward me with outstretched trembling hands.

"Sir Moor," cried I, on a sudden guessing his meaning and in contempt for a craven who would desert his charge. "From such as thee I ask no terms. See I toss the cord astride: there falls my hope and thine," and out o'er the abyss, I held the rope.

Beneath all was gloom, for none thought to assail the crag that fell sheer close on two hundred feet, and at the moment, when in scorn for this faint-heart I would have dropped the cord into the gulf, I could but laugh in derision at the Alcayde's pale upturned face and twitching lips, could but mock at the wolfish glare in the eyes of my guards whom I had escaped, though, to do them justice, shame for their leader's speech was writ clear on those warrior faces. But shameless was the Alcayde.

"Hold!" gasped he, in entreaty rather than command. "Hold, for the love of Him that made us both."

Then, as I would have swung the rope from me, on a sudden from out the shadow of the wall stepped a woman—a woman of dark hair and brilliant eyes that flashed in the beacons' glare. With hand upon his shoulder she whispered in the Alcayde's ear, and as her lips moved I read in his face the anguish of his soul. Twice he would have called again to me, but she, loosing herself from the arm he had thrown about her, laid her hand on his twitching lips.

Then she spake, and her speech was the speech of Castille.

I flung the silken strands out into the gulf, and as I did so I caught the glint of the beacons upon my ring.

"Take this ring quickly, Señora," said I, giving it with reverence to the woman, "and say, should any seek to bar thy flight, that the son of the Count of Cala pledged thee safe conduct to Granada."

She took my ring, and plucking a jewel from off her hand gave it to me in return; and she smiled as she gave it, saying, "In memory of a good deed, knight of better heart than wit, and in token of the thanks of a brave Alcayde."

"Take her, sir, ere the walls are won," said I to her husband, as bolts and arrows sung loud o'er the further battlements.

Without a word the Alcayde caught her in his arms, while I and six of his captains, shame-faced as I, held fast the ladder.

Taut it grew in our grip with the heavy burden, and swayed as the Moor descended, but at length it hung loose, and I in foolish hope of making reparation for my past error came nigh falling into a greater. For without a thought, as the six Moors relaxed their grip, I jerked the few last strands from their clutches and would have let the rope fall into the darkness.

But even as the ladder swayed, a cry from far below, a cry of mortal anguish stayed my hand, and I trembled at the thought of how nearly I had wronged the Alcayde a second time.

"Hold fast," cried I to the Moors, scornfully, seeking to hide my shame, and as I spoke the rope tightened, the strands straining in our grip, and at length over the battlements scrambled the Alcayde, a smile on his lips, and a joyous light in his eyes. Well I knew that my comrades must pay dearly to win his keep.

"Señor cavalier," said she, "do knights of Granada and of Spain prate on some yards of silk, when the fight is hot upon the wall? Cast yon slave's gear from thee, and draw thy blades."

"Nay, nay," cried the man, in dismay, "thy life for the cord, boy."

But she caught him as he would have sprung forward unarmed towards me.

"For shame," she cried. "Art thou craven as this Spaniard. Thinkest thou a Moorish wife fears death more than does her husband? For shame, my Zeyn, thou wrongest me."

Then I, for her very beauty and her biting words, and in pity for this poor craven, cast the ladder at her feet.

"Sir Alcayde, I fight not with women," cried I, and sprang from off the wall, and being within a spear's length from them I spied a child in the woman's arms lying still and very silent as though used to these gleaming flares and din of battle. She of the brave words was weeping now, and a deep flush burned on the Alcayde's face. Bending over her he kissed the child.

Ye Saints! though for me there was death in those vengeful eyes, in that moment I knew that death only might atone for the wrong I had done that soldier of the gentle heart.

"I am a fool, Sir Moor," cried I, hoarsely, "may God give me a better wit! Let these men lay hold the ladder and be swift while thy lady may yet escape."

"Brothers," said he, in a ringing voice to his captains, "my commands are that every Moor in Lurcal respects this ring." He caught my hand, whereon shone his wife's jewel, in his and held it aloft, aye, and as he let it fall he pressed it in his own.

And away he went with his men, a warrior amid warriors.

The dawn was grey when the inmost gate was won, and shoulder to shoulder the defenders gathered, spent and wounded. In their midst stood the Alcayde, and in the lull of the fray he glanced to where I sat as if to see that his commands had been obeyed. At that moment our men broke into the court. By heaven! Juan Nunez was foremost, and among them was my sire, who called on the Moors to yield. But they for answer raised their battle cry, nor waited for their foes, but with their leader at their head charged full upon my countrymen. The clash of steel on steel, much shouting, oaths Moorish and Spanish, the groans of stricken men, and all was over. It was with a strange sorrow at my heart, despite the success of our arms, that I saw the Alcayde fall, nigh last of his band, as the dawn grew crimson above us.

Thus Castille won Lurcal, small thanks to me; yet though I won no honour that wild night, I gained that which I shall never lose, the memory of a gallant foeman, who fell amid the ruins of his home, that home he had loved so well, and of which he himself was the chiefest ornament.

THE END

A Fresh Tour in Spain

To the traveller in search of the picturesque, the towns and cities in Southern Spain are the most interesting of that romantic country. The sketches on another page were made in and about Seville and Granada. Though in these, as in other cities in Spain, such modern improvements as the electric tram and electric light are installed, much remains the same to-day as when Ibn-l-Ahmar built at Granada that wonder of the world, the Alhambra. In the old quarter of Seville, where live the gipsies and the bull-fighters, one sees such quaintness of dress and character that it is hard to believe that the scene is a reality and not a dream. Just as Murillo painted them, these people fill the markets and throng the narrow sunlit streets to-day. This suburb of Triana is divided from the city proper by the river Guadalquivir, and it is from this bank that the tableau of Seville is seen at its best. At sunset, when the cathedral glows golden in the light of the setting sun, the scene is one of the greatest beauty.

The way to Granada (a day's journey by rail) lies through beautiful country dotted here and there with ruined castles and palms and orange groves. This ancient capital of the Moors impresses one with a sense of stillness and decay. The Alhambra is a scene of beauty from the innermost courts to the entrance—called the Gate of Judgment. It is in the streets or markets, however, that the student or artist finds most of interest and novelty. Clustered against the cathedral are the sheds and buildings of the principal markets. A motley crowd fills the narrow streets. Some in shawls of scarlet and orange cry their wares, carried in the huge panniers of their be-tasselled mules. The babel of noise is deafening. Here comes an aquador bringing from the springs on the hills his "icy-cold water" (his continual cry); there a farmer in his cloak of many colours drives in his flock of turkeys. The treatment of these poor birds and of the rabbits and hares that are sold alive is a distressing sight for the traveller. Tied together by the feet in twos or fours, the poor creatures hang head downwards on the stalls or over the shoulders of the buyer for hours together. Here in their barbaric dress come many gipsies from the hills, with their haughty bearing, befitting a people with a pedigree of eight hundred years. On all the roads that lead into the city the Octroi, or Customs, keep a wary eye on contraband. Altogether, the memory of these southern cities of Spain lingers longest of all the impressions of travel in this romantic land.

Rather prosaic it seems to talk of the ways and means to such a tour as this; but, it may be added, a three weeks' holiday can accomplish it all and at little cost. The Booth Line arrange a trip, which, starting from Liverpool, also includes short visits to Havre, Oporto and Lisbon. The return journey is made viâ Algeciras and Gibraltar, and from there by P. and O. steamer to London.

A. K. T.

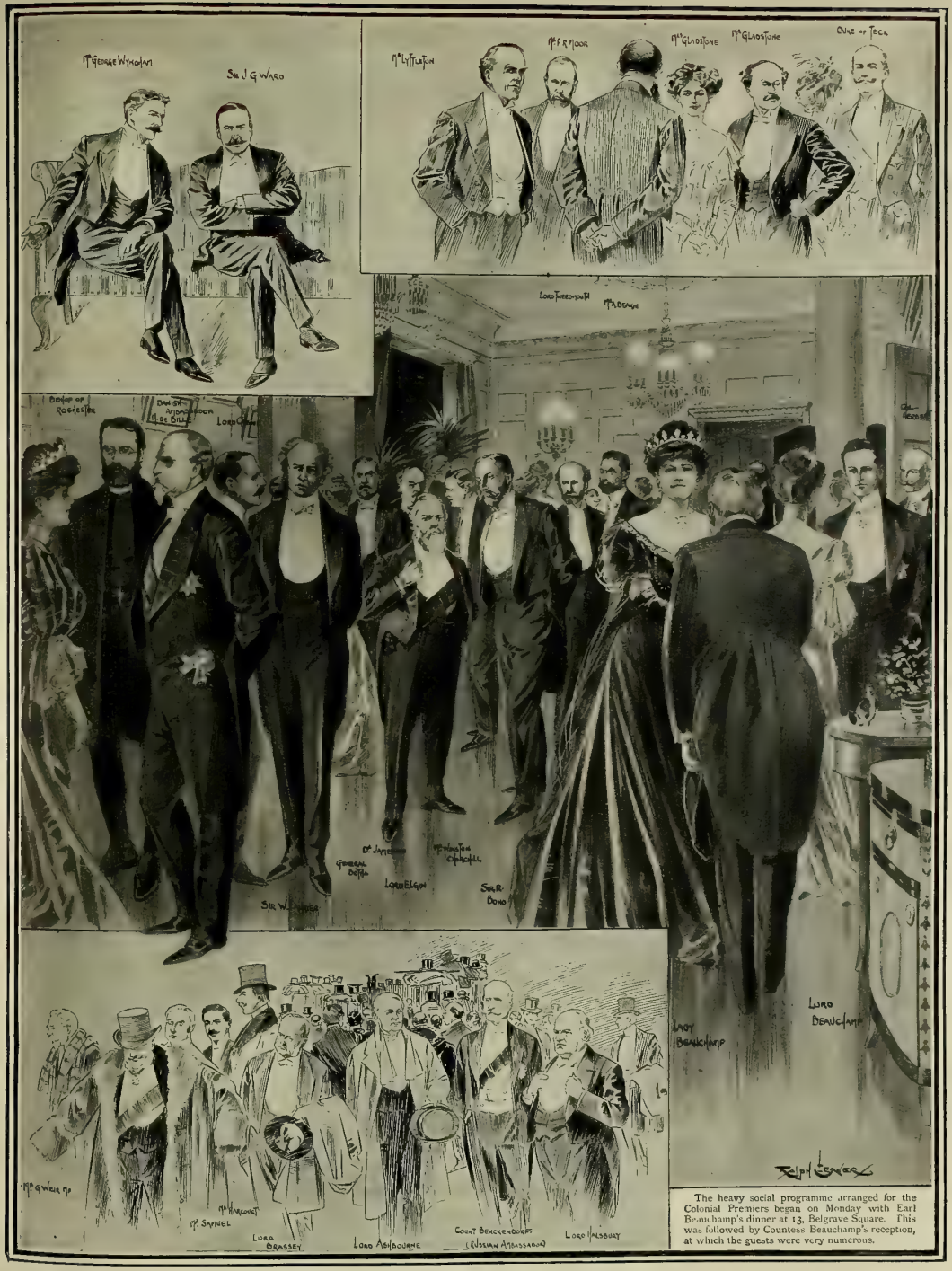


DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM A SKETCH BY WALTER KIRTON

THE GREAT FAMINE IN CHINA: A DOG-TRAPPER WITH A "CATCH" FOR HIS NEXT MEAL

Writing from the heart of the famine district in China, our correspondent says:—"Most of the dogs in the famine country are little else than skin and bone, but—they are edible. The starving people have resorted to capturing what dogs are left, and I saw a neat device for trapping them—an arrangement of springs and fish-hooks. The hooks are baited with offal, and the trap thrown in a likely spot. The dog comes up, goes for the bait, and the trapper gives a tug at the line. This releases the springs, which fly open and distend the dog's jaws, preventing him from howling, and the trapper quietly hauls him away."



The heavy social programme arranged for the Colonial Premiers began on Monday with Earl Beauchamp's dinner at 13, Belgrave Square. This was followed by Countess Beauchamp's reception, at which the guests were very numerous.

To Meet the Colonial Premiers: Lady Beauchamp's Reception at 13, Belgrave Square

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER



Sketches on a Tour through Spain

BY A. KEMP-TERBY



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. HATHERELL, R.I.

The Viceroy, Lord Aberdeen, drove to the Punchestown Races in state in a landau, with postillions and outriders. With him sat the Hon. Grace Ridley, Captain Walter Waring, and Viscount Anson. Among the Viceregal party at the races were Lord Herschell, Viscount and Viscountess Powerscourt, Mr. and Mrs. Brodrick, General Lord Grenfell (who commands the forces in Ireland), and Lady Grenfell. At the entrance to the course His Excellency was met by the Earl of Mayo, some followers and the huntsmen of the Kildare Hounds, and at the private entrance to the club-stand were the Earl of Enniskillen and Mr. Percy la Touche, who welcomed the Viceroy, and conducted him to the Viceregal box.

Punchestown Races: The Viceregal Party arriving on the Course

Musical Notes

Of late the landscape seems to have been very largely filled by the figure of that most versatile and energetic musician, Herr Arthur Nikisch. We have been hearing much of his wonderful conductor's class at Leipzig, where, among other feats, he has produced a young English conductor so talented that he has already been entrusted with the direction of affairs at a Continental opera house. We have seen him at the piano at Bechstein Hall and at the conductor's desk at the Queen's and Albert Halls, and we have heard tales of a tour that he is to make through the provinces in 1908 with the London Symphony Orchestra. Fortunately Herr Nikisch, unlike the Duke's toffee, is one of those good things of which it is impossible to have too much, and the more that we see him or hear of him the better for us.

He opened his present visit to London by accompanying Miss Elena Gerhardt at the vocal recital which she gave at the Bechstein Hall on Thursday afternoon, April 11. Here in London we are generally accustomed to associate German singing with all that is ear-splitting and nerve-racking. Asked what was the chief qualification that a singer ought to possess, the excellent Rossini is reported to have remarked, "Voice, voice, and yet again voice;" but in the Fatherland this dictum is treated to open derision. The most popular singers seem to be those who have throats like steam syrens, while if a Teuton vocalist should happen, by some oversight on the part of nature, to have been gifted with a voice that does not offend the ear, he is so ashamed of it that he sets about breaking it with all possible despatch. Miss Gerhardt, however, is one of the exceptions that prove the rule. She has been endowed with a voice of singular beauty, and in spite, doubtless, of the violent opposition of professors, the Press, and the public at large, she has cultivated it till her singing is a joy and a delight to the ear. Not only, however, is she a singer of rare finish, but she is also an artist of the front rank, with a genius for interpretation such as only the favoured few possess. Her readings of the four-and-twenty songs of which her programme consisted were those of one having authority, and there was never a moment when she failed to reproduce the spirit of the music to perfection. All those who wish to hear the songs of the great Lieder writers sung as they should be may be confidently commended to go and hear Miss Gerhardt, for they will never find a better opportunity than is afforded them at her recitals.

Herr Nikisch made his second appearance at the Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon, when he directed the first of the extra concerts given by the London Symphony Orchestra. Though they would not have ventured to confess it, there were probably a good many members of the audience who were a little disappointed at his decision to include in his selection Brahms' fourth symphony, for, played as it is usually played, it is surely the least ingratiating symphony that ever a great composer gave to the world. An eminent humorist once gave a *résumé* of the music of the last century, in the course of which he stated that, during one never-to-be-forgotten year, "Brahms found a melody," adding that during the following year "he included it in his fourth symphony and all trace of it was lost." There are, of course, plenty of charming melodies and delightful passages in this symphony, but they are only too often so obscured by the heaviness of the orchestration that not more than two or three conductors of the present day seem able to bring them out. Herr Nikisch is one of the few, and so perfect a balance of the parts did he obtain on Saturday that the obscurities vanished completely and the glories of the score stood out unclipsed. The rest of the programme was hardly less interesting. Space is too limited to deal with the very successful concert which he conducted at the Albert Hall on the following afternoon.



THE LATE MR. JAMES DAVIS ("OWEN HALL")
Popular Comedy Writer.

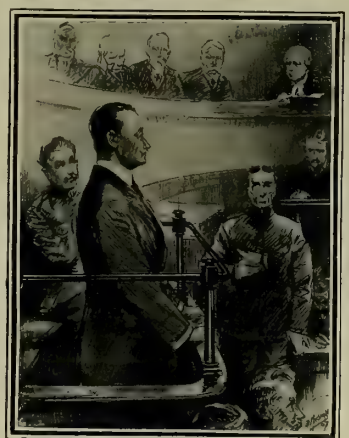


SIR ELDON GORST, K.C.B.
Lord Cromer's Successor in Egypt.
Photo by Elliott and Fry.



MR. BASIL HOME THOMSON
New Governor of Wormwood Scrubbs Prison.

It would not be amiss if other singers were to follow M. Maurel's example and compose the programmes of their concerts of excerpts from operas which are seldom or never heard in their entirety here. Scenes from Verdi's *Otello* and *Ernani*, Gluck's *Orfée*, and Méhul's *Joseph* figured in the selection which he gave at the Queen's Hall on Friday evening, and all of these were excellently sung by himself and his pupils. J. D. H.



At the Clerkenwell Quarter Sessions, last Saturday, Lord William Nevill was found guilty of stealing by means of a trick jewellery valued at £400 from a pawnbroker, and was sentenced to one year's imprisonment.
LORD WILLIAM NEVILL RECEIVING SENTENCE
Sketched by D. Macpherson.



The Bar Point-to-Point Steeplechases, held under the management of the Pegasus Club, attracted a large crowd to Hawthorne Hill on Saturday. The programme consisted of four events, the first being the Bar Heavy Weight Race, for which six started. After a good race against Mr. Howell Price's Patty, Mr. W. W. Grantham won by five lengths on Bar One.
THE BAR POINT-TO-POINT: MR. GRANTHAM WINNING THE HEAVY WEIGHT RACE

Our Portraits

The late Mr. James Davis—or, as he called himself, "Owen Hall"—was the father of many of the most popular musical comedies of the day. He was an Irishman, born fifty-three years ago, and after his education at University College practised for twelve years as a solicitor. Then he took to journalism, and twenty years ago began his career as the producer of the schemes and stories (he was not himself a verse writer) of musical comedies. *The Geisha*, *The Gaiety Girl*, *Florodora*, *The Girl from Kay's* were enormously successful, as all will remember. Such sparkling music as that of the *Geisha* of course helped its success to a very large degree. Others of his works were *The Greek Slave*, *The Silver Slipper*, and *Sergeant Brue*. Mr. Davis once aspired to represent the Irish town of Dundalk in Parliament, but polled only five votes. Photo by Ellis and Walery.

The pictures of the late Mr. James Clarke Hook, R.A., have been familiar to Royal Academy visitors for sixty years, during which time he had exhibited at Burlington House without a break. He was born eighty-eight years ago, and was a Royal Academician for nearly fifty years, a position from which he only recently retired, to be succeeded by another sea-painter, Mr. W. L. Wyllie. For it is for his sea-pictures that he will be remembered. It is true that when he won the R.A. Travelling Studentship at twenty-seven and went to Italy for eighteen months, he came back to paint pictures of history and scenes from literature—Italian history and literature, with excursions into Shakespearian and Biblical realms. But the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites turned him to landscape, and this led him to his own real domain, the sea. Here he was at home, and here he did his best work—work which earned many a warm tribute from such an apostle of Nature as Ruskin. "The Samphire Gatherer," "Lobster Pots," "Luff, Boy!" "The Morning After a Gale," "Under the Lee of a Rock," "Hearts of Oak," "The Bauble Boat," and "The Feast of the Osprey," are some of his most charming pictures, in all of which he has caught the true "atmosphere" of sea and shore, and given us scenes and incidents such as really are seen and really do happen. He produced charming etchings. He was made A.R.A. in 1851, and R.A. in 1861. His portrait by Millais is one of that painter's best works. It is with the permission of the "Art Annual," one of the numbers of which was devoted to the life and work of Mr. Hook, that we reproduce it.

Sir Eldon Gorst, Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who succeeds to Lord Cromer's great position in Egypt, will return to the country in which he has already done fine work. His first appointment in Cairo was as Attaché in the Diplomatic Service in 1884, but his first Egyptian appointment of importance was as Controller of Direct Revenues, which post he held from 1890 to 1892, when he succeeded Lord Milner as Under-Secretary of State for Finance. Two years later he became Adviser to the Ministry of the Interior, and Financial Adviser four years afterwards. He will be the first Consul-General of Egypt with a thorough knowledge of Arabic. He was born in New Zealand in 1861, and is the son of Sir John Gorst.

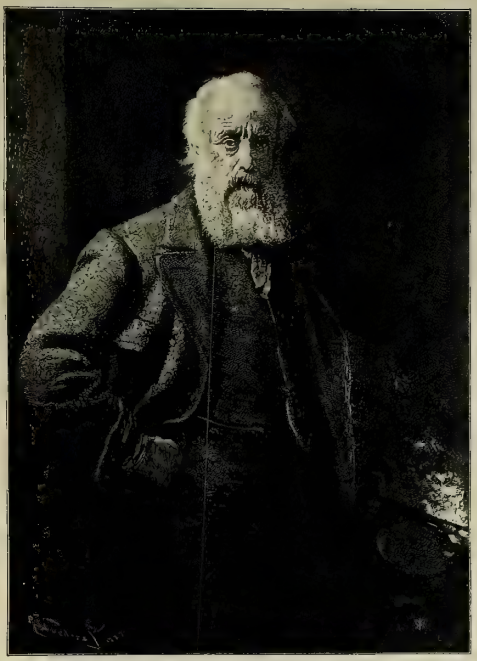
Mr. Basil Home Thomson, who goes from Dartmoor, where he was Governor of the convict establishment, to Wormwood Scrubbs, of which he has been appointed Governor, is a son of the late Archbishop of York. After leaving Oxford he entered the service of the Colonial Office, and was sent to the South Sea Islands to inquire into the disputes between the Tonga Islanders and their Premier. When the Premier was dismissed as a result of the inquiry, Mr. Thomson remained for some time in Tonga as Prime Minister. Photo by Elliott and Fry.

THE THEATRES

GERMAN INFLUENCE

For the past seven years London has enjoyed the privilege of a season of German plays, played by German players, every winter. This has had a certain effect upon English players and playwrights, for even though most of them have not witnessed these German productions, the critics have; and the ideas thus gained by the critics have affected their criticisms, and so have indirectly influenced English plays and playing. Hauptmann's low-class characters, played with most careful realism by the German players, have been one direct cause of the disappearance from our boards of the "pretty" low-life characters which used to be a disgrace to the English stage. There is plenty of character and much real picturesqueness in the lower classes, as Dickens discovered, if they are looked at by the sympathetic and intuitive eye of the artist. There was none in the middle Victorian stage convention of the short-petticoated girl, with trim ankles, neat shoes, a low-necked bodice and a pretty coloured neckerchief carefully arranged to show her throat, which a very little while ago was the utterly unreal costume usually adopted by English actresses cast for low-life character parts. In *'Op o' My Thumb*, as played at the St. James's, one laundry girl was dressed in this "pretty" painter's fashion. Though the girl's performance was good enough, her "get-up" was a distinct blot on the otherwise artistic — *i.e.* truthful — presentment of the remarkable little play. Our German guests have never been guilty of any such anachronism, and have shown us that it is unnecessary and ridiculous.

Another thing they have shown us, though it has not yet permeated to the English stage, is that suburban middle-class people have certain well-defined characteristics of dress and manners, which are a valuable asset to the theatre. German actors and actresses of ability like Fräulein Gademann and Herr Hans Stock and Herr Hans Andresen do not dress middle-class parts in the fine clothes of the upper classes, as our actors and actresses almost invariably do even now. For this reason, because we have still a good deal to learn from the methods of the German stage in the treatment of modern plays, it is a good thing that Herr Hans Andresen has been able to give us a short German season this year, and I hope that his effort to make it pay by bringing over certain distinguished players from the Munich Theatre will be rewarded by the patronage of a larger number of English people than heretofore.



THE LATE MR. J. C. HOOK, R.A.
From the Portrait painted by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A.

Herr Carl William Büller, who appeared for the first time in London on Monday night, is a comedian of great distinction. He does not rely upon any personal idiosyncrasy, but upon a deft and delicate revealment of character by means of gesture and subtleties of voice. This made his performance of the magistrate in *Der Biberpelz* extremely interesting. Instead of the monotony of the conventional stage fool, Herr Büller gave a wonderful study of the man trained to fill a post but lacking the ability to do so. He showed the official's sense of importance and power, while he revealed the man's incapacity to think sufficiently clearly or deeply to do the work of his office, and scored a great success. Fräulein Ida Müller-Bardou, who played Mother Wolff, the laundry-woman and arch thief, relied more upon "business" to reveal the character than upon the higher forms of the art of acting. She was successful in portraying the woman's innate coarseness and powers of deception, but she did not convey any hint of Mother Wolff's concealed thoughts, her slyness, or knowledge that she is the moving spring of the family, the only one with the brains to carry out the theft, which Miss Rosina Filippi was so successful in showing in the English performance. Herr Albert Heine, who came over to play in *Die Condottieri*, gave a dignified performance of Bartolomeo Coleone, the Venetian general, which was forceful and convincing without being strained. Herr August Weigert, as seen in *Die Condottieri* and *Die Gold'ne Eva*, is a "juvenile lead" possessed of a certain amount of capability and temperament, which may develop later on into something more than a mediocre talent.

The Lyric Theatre opened on Tuesday night with a revival of Tom Taylor's spirited historical play, *Lady Clancarty*, now called *Clancarty*. It was most enthusiastically received, and old-fashioned though it is in many respects, it yet remains one of the best romantic plays I know.

Mr. John Valentine's clever play, *The Stronger Sex*, has been transferred from the Apollo (to make way for *Tom Jones*) to the Royalty. This is its second move, but it is still flourishing, with Mr. Herbert Waring now playing Mr. Leonard Boyne's part of Warren Barrington, the "crushed" husband.

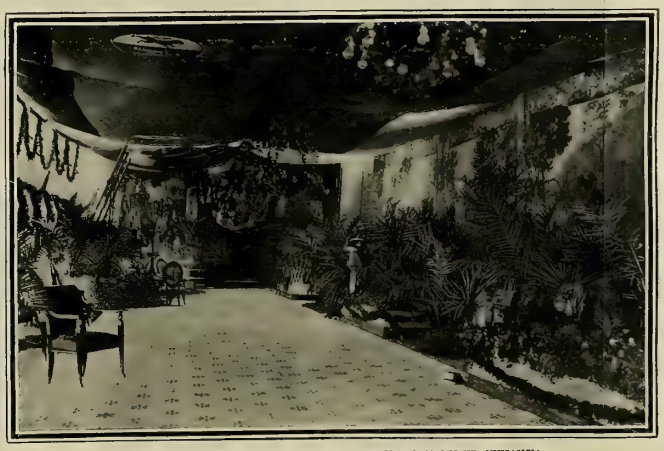
That merry farce, *When Knights Were Bold*, with which Mr. James Welch has scored a great success, is now preceded nightly by a delightful little comedy called *A Bo'sun's Mate*. This is a dramatised version of one of Mr. W. W. Jacobs's characteristic studies of seafaring men.

Dramaticus.

Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Ltd., Makers to H.M. the King, have been appointed, by special Royal Warrant, manufacturers of chocolate and cocoa to their Majesties the King and Queen of Spain.



KING ALFONSO LEAVING THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT



THE SCENE OF THE BANQUET IN THE SPANISH BATTLESHIP NUMANCIA

The festivities at Cartagena when King Edward and King Alfonso met were brilliant. The two monarchs visited each other's yachts, and dined on board the Spanish battleship Numancia, which was lavishly decorated. The saloon where the banquet took place was hung with old tapestry and gay with plants and flowers.

KING EDWARD AND KING ALFONSO AT CARTAGENA: THE EXCHANGE OF VISITS



Dublin and Naas reckon that no race-meeting in the world equals Punchestown. It is the most brilliant event of the Dublin season; it is visited by the Irish for miles round, and by many Londoners, too; the racing is always excellent, and hospitality is universal. The Lord-Lieutenant visited the races in state, and his guests from the Viceregal Lodge were the central figures of a very large and very fashionable gathering. Fashion, indeed, had a good time, for fashion at Punchestown depends on the weather, and the weather was good. Punchestown blossomed with gay spring toilettes. There were ladies in blue, purple, heliotrope; Parma, russet, and tobacco brown; in claret and all the reds; in grey—both mouse and silver—and in cream and white.

AT PUNCHESTOWN RACES, THE GREAT EVENT OF THE DUBLIN SEASON: THE THRONG IN FRONT OF THE KILDARE HUNT STAND

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. HATHERELL, R.I.



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Written by H. W. LUCY

This Week's Parliament

Sketches by RALPH CLEAVER

Still Preparing for the Fight

Considering the immense amount o' work undertaken, its national importance, and the sharpness of the controversial points involved, the House of Commons is just now a very dull place. The Conference of the Colonial Premiers runs it close in competition for the prize of public attention. On Tuesday, the visitors being fêted at the Guildhall, there was the additional disadvantage for the House that the Premier, the Leader of the Opposition, and a number of other principal members were banqueting in their company.

Apart from this accidental concatenation of circumstance, the House is still engaged in getting ready to begin its work. The process of clearing the decks for action occupied the first two days of the week. The Premier has personal charge of the New Procedure Rule involving a multiplication of Grand Committees. The Opposition, in deference to their bounden duty (which is to oppose), offered stubborn resistance to its passage. Master of legions, "C.-B." can, with the assistance of the Closure, get his own way. But, as a preliminary, a Resolution must be moved, and a day indicated arranging for application of the guillotine.

This business was set down for Monday night and occupied the whole of the sitting. As a precautionary



"FORTY WINKS"

measure, the eleven o'clock rule was suspended. But the Opposition did not think it worth while to sit far into the night fighting against hopeless odds. On the eve of the battle their Whip sounded the trumpet-cry that threatened almost sanguinary proceedings. "The Government," he genially remarked in a note appended to the urgent summons for attendance, "are physically unable to sit up late, and mentally incapable of explaining or defending their scheme for strangling the debate in the House." This looked like an all-night sitting, a trial of strength in which the Opposition would show that, though fewer in numbers, they were in better training than the adversary. But at the approach of eleven o'clock the firing fell away, and promptly, on the stroke of the hour, the House adjourned.

Discontent in the Liberal ranks at the slowness of movement in the direction of legislation grows apace. It is some weeks since a hint was given in this column that one of the principal measures forming the Ministerial Programme—the Licensing Bill to wit—would be amongst the earlier victims of the block of business. As weeks have passed, and the measure is still in limbo, its prospects have not improved. The temperance party, numerically strong on the Ministerial side, growing alarmed, have held a meeting at which a resolution was passed peremptorily calling on the Premier to introduce the Bill.

That is all very well, but, as Mr. Bright remarked at a similar d adlock occasioned by overloading a Liberal Ministry's legislative programme, you cannot drive six horses abreast through Temple Bar. Temple Bar has vanished, but the indisputable truth remains. What the Premier will presently have to do is to decide which among the many measures promised may be dropped with the least embarrassment to the Government. It happens that to a quite sufficient extent the outsider is enabled to arrive at a conclusion on the matter. The Army Bill, which has occupied many of the freshest hours of the session, must be carried. The Irish Nationalists will not brook any tampering with the pledge given to them on the eve of the opening of the session that the administration of Ireland shall be reformed in the direction of devolution to local bodies. Thirdly, after what has passed and in view of the strong feeling on the Opposition benches, the question of the relations of the two Houses must in some form or other be tackled before the Prorogation.

It is doubtful whether these three great undertakings can be fully accomplished within the natural term of the session. It is certain that if they be, nothing else approaching the magnitude of the Licensing Bill can be taken in hand. The Premier is sanguine of the results of the creation of four Grand Committees, a duplication of the allied force now at the disposal of Ministers. Of course, they will sensibly relieve the pressure on the House itself. But it must not be forgotten that their



ANSWERING QUESTIONS



IN FLIPPANT MOOD



THE RARE SMILE

full working will mean a doubling of the burden already weighing down our legislators. After working all morning and after the luncheon hour upon an intricate and important Bill, M.P.s, being after all only human, cannot be expected with full vigour and unwearied attention to take another shift of work lasting from three in the afternoon till eleven at night. If on the top of this discipline attempt is made to hold an Autumn Session, there will be prospect of the legislative machine breaking down through pure exhaustion on the part of the men who work it.

The undertaking of the Irish Nationalists to abstain from lengthening debate under pledge of release when the Devolution Bill is brought in, is a considerable factor in the current eclipse of the gaiety of Parliament. The seal of silence does not extend to the Question hour, during which there are occasional flashes of boisterous humour. These are certain to be called forth when any members from the North of Ireland of avowed Orange proclivities rise from the benches above the gangway. The appearance on the scene of Mr. Moore or Captain Craig with a question evokes an outburst of personal assault which the Speaker habitually ignores. Thus on Tuesday Captain Craig, joining in a catechism designed to bring out the alleged comparative immunity of Ireland from crime, one of the Redmondites followed him with inquiry, gravely put, whether the sale in Ireland of a certain brand of inferior whisky was not responsible for such crimes as are recorded. Now Captain Craig is the son of a house famed for its Irish whisky. It was a poor joke, but the wearied House gratefully laughed.

Some Characteristic Attitudes of the Chancellor of the Exchequer

THE QUEEN'S COMMAND

The photograph shown on this page of Mr. Edward Lloyd is the sequel to one of those pleasant incidents so often associated with Her Majesty the Queen and her well-known love of music. It came about in this way. The composer, Mr. Edwin Greene, dedicated his song, "The Fleeting Years," by special permission to Queen Alexandra. Her Majesty was greatly taken with this pretty song, and, having been for some time the possessor of a Gramophone, commanded the firm who make this machine to have a record of this song made. Intimation of the Queen's wish was at once sent to Mr. Edward Lloyd by the Company, and he, although living in retirement at Worthing, journeyed up to London, to the City Road, and made an excellent record, which was at once forwarded to Her Majesty, who graciously accepted it and wrote thanking Mr. Edward Lloyd and the Company.

Apart from the fact that the photograph of Mr. Edward Lloyd was taken when he was actually making the record, with Madame Adami accompanying and Mr. Whitehouse playing the 'cello obligato, there is shown, probably for the first time, the whole arrangement necessary in a laboratory of this kind. The piano and accompanist are raised on a hollow sounding-box just behind the singer, who stands a little distance from the trumpet projecting from the wall, on the other side of which is the recording apparatus and plates of soft material on which the precious sounds are for ever imprisoned. These can only be released when the possessor of a Gramophone places a reproduction of the record in the form of a black disc on the turn-table, and the needle again awakens the voice of the singer as the rapidly turning disc engages the point traversing the wonderful sound wave lines.

Science has certainly placed one more pleasure at our commands, and Mr. Edward Lloyd performed a pretty act in thus gratifying the Queen's wish, in so utilising the wonderful science of sound-recording.

It can be seen that one trumpet is taking Mr. E. Lloyd's voice, and the other is gathering up the strains of the 'cello played by Mr. Whitehouse.

It is not surprising that the Gramophone, in its world-conquering progress, should have found its way into favour with Her Majesty, for her interest in modern inventions is well known, and that other universal favourite — the photographic camera — numbers her amongst its most devoted adherents. Her love of music was inherited from the Queen of Denmark—herself a brilliant pianist—whose three daughters were all highly trained in this accomplishment. When, as Princess of Wales, she lived at Marlborough House, every room in her apartments contained a magnificent piano, and whenever she visited her old home in Denmark, or stayed with either of her sisters, many hours of each day were spent by the Royal ladies at their pianos. Queen Alexandra's taste for vocal and instrumental music, of course, does not stop with her own performances, for she is an exceedingly fine judge of all forms of music, and some years ago, shortly before the death of Queen Victoria, she braved all the discomforts of a week at Bayreuth in order to hear in their entirety Wagner's greatest works, bearing with the utmost good humour all the rigours of the "simple life" which she was forced to lead there. Any good performer who came to London was certain of a "command" to Marlborough House in the old days, when a great deal of playing and singing was often heard on Sunday evenings. Such a privilege fell to the lot of Mr. Edward Lloyd more than once, but a "command" to sing into a Gramophone for Her Majesty is an altogether unique honour, and the occasion is well worthy of being illustrated.

It seems difficult to believe that more than six years have elapsed since Mr. Edward Lloyd bade adieu to the London public at the great gathering at the Albert Hall. Unlike the generality of singers, he chose to retire while his powers were still in their prime, and though he is over sixty years of age his voice shows as yet no signs of decay. The greatest concert tenor of the latter half of the Victorian era started life as a choir-boy at Westminster Abbey—his father was vicar-choralist there—and as a boy soprano he sang at the wedding of the Empress Frederick and at the first Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace. It is said that his voice never broke, but passed from the child's to the adult voice without any sort of interregnum. At any rate, in the middle sixties we find him as principal tenor under his old friend Barnby at St. Andrew's, Well Street. In 1871 he came prominently before the public at the Gloucester Festival in Bach's "St. Matthew" Passion, and within a wonderfully brief period he had taken the leading position, which he held until his retirement, creating for at least twenty years the principal tenor part in practically every English oratorio and cantata written for the Musical Festivals.



Mr. Edward Lloyd Making a Gramophone Record for the Queen

Coming Changes in Locomotion: The Renard Train

It does not require any very extensive knowledge of roadways and vehicular traffic to prophesy great changes in the near future. Since the passing of the Motor Act of 1896, the expansion of the motor-propelled road transport vehicle industry has been marvellous. Only two years ago the number of motor 'buses in the metropolitan area could be counted on the fingers of one hand. To-day there are probably 800, and their passenger-carrying capacity is proved by the fact that last year they carried over 185 millions of passengers over distances approaching 30,000 miles a year, and that the total distance travelled by the 800 'buses would equal 24 millions of miles.

Unfortunately, the application of the motor to omnibus vehicles has been too hurried and too rapid. The economics of transport work have not been properly studied, and respect for the surface maintenance of our roadways has been considered to be a negligible quantity. The effect of this want of consideration is forcing forward the question of safeguarding the highways, and Parliament will probably in the near future deal with these problems not in the interests of any one particular body, as was the case in the early days of railways, but with a view of securing that the cost of the maintenance of our roadways being borne by the users, care being taken that nothing is done which will hinder the solution of that difficult question—how to get labour back to the land. Farmers to day greatly deplore the lack of labour, yet unemployed crowd the streets of our great cities. One remedy that should help to bring back prosperity to the farmer, and induce the labourer to stay with him, would be a more economical, rapid, and convenient method of road transport.

It was a recognition of this fact which created the Light Railways Act. The very poor success which has rewarded this Parliamentary effort is attributable to the fact that Light Railways are confined to a single track, whilst many of our best agricultural areas are far removed from them and ordinary railways, owing, doubtless, to the opposition which existed to the railway in its early days.

The history of the evolution of modern road transport systems provides many examples of the obstacles that are thrown in the way of progress in this country. We are, however, becoming day by day more liberal in our attitude towards new inventions. Capital which was formerly very shy is now always forthcoming for any genuine undertaking. This is not surprising when the large fortunes which have been earned by the more enterprising section of the public are remembered. Who, for instance, would have thought a few years ago that the Motor industry could have assumed the large and profitable business it is to-day? Yet it was only in 1896 that the barrier to the introduction of the Motor on our roadways was removed.

Much remains still to be done, and large incomes await those who have the enterprise to avail themselves of their opportunities.

The Renard Road and Rail Transport Corporation is not an over-capitalised venture, the total capital being only £250,000. It starts, however, under excellent auspices, and the support of many of the most eminent engineers and scientific authorities of the day. The chairman of the Company is the Right Hon. Lord Ribblesdale, P.C., who is also chairman of the Assam Railways and Trading Company, Limited, and he has for his colleagues such men as Major-General Sir John C. Ardagh, K.C.M.G., a member of the Board of Administration of the Suez Canal Company; Mr. Philip Dawson, M.Inst.C.E., of the firm of Kincaid, Waller, Manville, and Dawson, the eminent engineers; and Captain C. C. Longridge, M.Inst.M.E., a Director of the Daimler Motor Company (1904), Limited; together with the French Directors, the Chevalier Henry Laurent, Chairman of the Societé des Magasins du Louvre, Paris; and M. Edouard Louis Surcouf, the eminent engineer, who has been associated with the Renard Train project from the first, and is responsible for many valuable improvements on the original invention. The profits, too, on existing orders are already more than sufficient to pay satisfactory dividends on the capital.

We drew attention to the Renard Road Train in a recent issue, and now need only say that it consists of a light locomotor used for steering purposes, and to generate the power, which is transmitted by means of flexible couplings to each vehicle, so that each separate unit of the train becomes self-propelled. The steering mechanism is very ingenious and effective. Each unit is provided with radius steering rods, linked together and connected with the steering gear of the tractor, a complete guiding power resulting, compelling each car to follow exactly in the path of the locomotor, and applying equally to forward or backward motion. The advantages this possesses over ordinary methods of mechanical road traction may be briefly stated as follows:—

1. The adhesive load necessary to propel the train is distributed over one-third of the axles of the whole train, instead of being concentrated on one axle, as in the case of traction engines, the wear and tear of road surfaces and damage to bridges being consequently reduced by at least one-third. Very much heavier loads can be carried without damaging the roadway.

2. In a train of four vehicles, there are four pairs of driving wheels distributed at equal distances over the whole length of the train, so that in the event of the driving wheels of the first vehicle getting into a bad piece of road and therefore losing their grip on the surface, the remaining three pairs of driving wheels—some of which, at any rate, will probably be on a firm surface—will continue to propel the train and push the first vehicle over the soft hole. This enables the train to take outlying country roads (which are frequently in a bad state of repair) better than any of the ordinary motors and engines which depend for adhesion on one or more pairs of driving wheels concentrated at the head of the train, and to surmount hilly country which at present is only open to lightly loaded wagons when drawn by powerful teams of horses.

3. By the application of the brake blocks, all the driving wheels throughout the train come under the action of the brake simultaneously, the train can be brought to a standstill very quickly, and at the same time only causing a fraction of the damage to road surface that would result from a train of similar weight being stopped by brakes applied to one pair of wheels only.

4. An effective steering gear enables many vehicles to be run in one train with perfect safety to itself and the other traffic using the road. The cost of wages of drivers and van men, which at present forms a heavy proportion of the total money charges in all mechanical road traction methods, is therefore considerably reduced.

The French Government have declared the Renard System to be of general utility, and is issuing, out of the public funds, subsidies to those Departments who grant the use of their roads for the System, the new Company has already found it necessary to prepare plans for greatly enlarging the works at Billancourt, the French orders in hand alone being greatly in excess of the output of the present plant. They have also, in order to avoid delay in the delivery of trains, entered into an agreement with the Daimler Motor Company (1904), Limited, for the sole manufacture of the Renard Train, for Great Britain, and for the whole world outside France. The *Times*, dated March 11th, 1907, referring to this fact, states:—

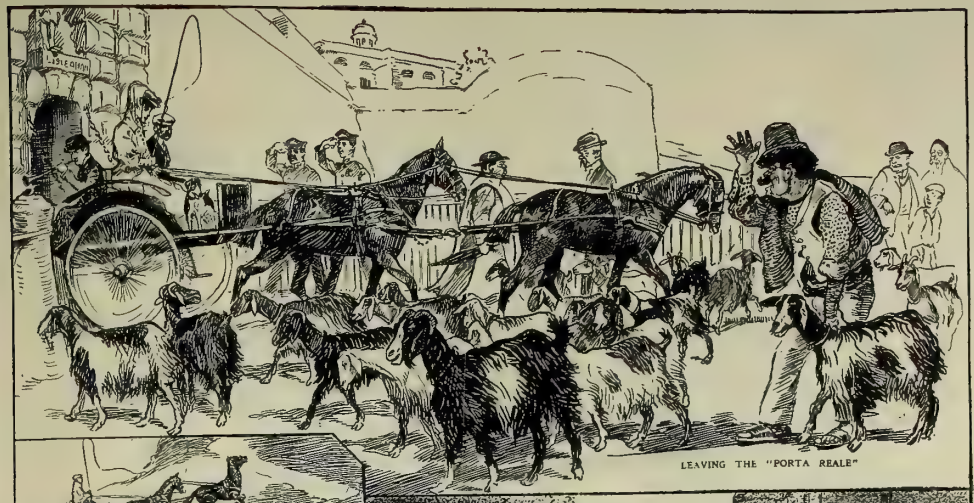
> "The best guarantee of the value and potentialities of Colonel Renard's invention, shown for the first time in England, although it has been at work for a substantial period in France, is that the Daimler Company, one of the most flourishing and best-managed houses of automobile manufacturers in the world, has held it to be worth while to undertake the sole manufacture of the Renard Train, not for Great Britain only, but for the whole world outside France. Knowledge of men rightly goes for some thing in forming a judgment as to the possibilities of an idea in these cases; and when Mr. Manville, Mr. Percy Martin, and Mr. E. M. C. Instone have taken up an idea in a concrete form, the man who writes that idea down chimerical is in peril of writing himself down as an ass."

Experts who have closely examined the Renard System are unanimous in their belief that there is a very great future before this industry. Colonel R. E. Crompton, C.B., R.E., one of the greatest living experts on traction, predicts for Renard Trains great prosperity. Those who have been engaged in introducing the Renard business into this country, and who are familiar with all the details, and with all the work which is now being carried on in connection with this matter, know well that Colonel Crompton is not over-sanguine in his prediction. Railway managers and those who are interested in the transmission of goods from place to place, see in this new method possibilities which have hitherto been deemed impossible.

One railway manager estimates that, to his line alone, the possession of three or four trains will mean the addition of many thousands a year to their revenue. In many localities to-day, residents seldom or never travel by rail, but with Renard Trains passing their door the difficulty of facing a long cross-country journey disappears, and thus numerous passengers will be added to the already large number carried by the various railways. And, secondly, it is believed that the plan of supplying motive power to each vehicle, instead of hauling, can easily and very successfully be adapted to ordinary railway work, thereby greatly reducing the weight of the present locomotives, increasing the speed of the train, and also diminishing the strain on the permanent way. That such a company as the Renard Road and Rail Transport Corporation will have great dividend-earning possibilities, under these circumstances, goes without saying. In Great Britain alone a very handsome revenue is certain to be forthcoming to the Company, and when it is remembered that the Company will control the whole of the world's patents, and that vast projects in Canada, America, Russia, Germany, etc., are available for the Company's operations, the Directors need have very little fear of being able, year after year, to meet their shareholders with stories of continued success and handsome dividends.



THE RENARD TRAIN GOING UP HILL



LEAVING THE "PORTA REALE"



HILL-CLIMBING



THE SUMMONS TO LUNCH



AN INCIDENT OF THE ROAD



THROUGH THE STREETS

In Valta, which the King took in the course of his Mediterranean cruise, a favourite pastime of British officers is tandem-driving and picnicing with their lady friends. It is a common thing to meet a drove of goats outside the Porta Reale. In spite of the hills and narrow roads, which sometimes scarcely allow two vehicles to pass, the drives are much enjoyed, like the picnics, to which the party is often summoned by the same deafening brand of horn used as a danger-signal in the streets.

The King's Mediterranean Cruise: Tandem-Driving and Picnicing in Malta

DRAWN BY H. D. COLLINSON MORLEY

THE F.O. BAG

By LUCIEN WOLF

ENGLISHMEN may well dwell with pride on the marvellous story of Lord Cromer's career in Egypt. All that need be said on the personal aspects of that story has already been said. There is no eulogy that has been pronounced on it which even the most captious critic does not find literally true. But there is another aspect of it which appeals to me with even greater force. I like to think of it as one of the title-deeds of British Over-Sea Dominion. In Lord Cromer, as Lord Milner wrote of him fifteen years ago, "the qualities of the race have triumphed." He is not an exception but a type—a type, that is, in character, though exceptional in quality. British to the tips of his fingers, he has been in our generation the finest example of the race of Administrators and Empire-builders who have so often justified the ebullient and masterful expansiveness of Anglo-Saxondom by their sagacity and dogged perseverance, their tactful forbearance, their undaunted courage, their vigilant silence, and, finally, their amazing success. We are sometimes told that the old qualities of the Proconsuls have been atrophied by the telegraph wire, that there is no longer any scope for personal initiative, and that had Clive lived to-day, Hindostan would have remained unconquered. These are the fretful pulings of mediocrity. Genius will always assert itself, and even Downing Street, which is rarely overstocked with it, is almost invariably powerless before it. Lord Cromer's career is a proof. He imposed his will with equal effectiveness on Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, on Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The secret of his success is perhaps more a problem for the psychologist than the politician. The mystic will say of him that he was always the type of the strong Englishman, serving no party but the permanent trend of the destinies of the race, and that thus, perhaps, he was in subtle touch with the essentials of every variety of British character.



LORD CROMER, THE MAKER OF MODERN EGYPT

WHOSE RETIREMENT, AFTER FORTY-NINE YEARS' PUBLIC SERVICE, HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED

Photo by Beresford.

It is curious to note how completely Lord Cromer fulfilled the hopes with which his appointment as British Agent was originally hailed in Egypt itself. I was turning over the other day a file of the *Bosphore Egyptien*, which so combatively represented French interests on the Nile in the early days of the British occupation, and I was much struck by an article of welcome addressed "To Sir Evelyn Baring," by its editor, in September, 1883. "Hitherto," says the writer, "we have demolished. To-day we must reconstruct. The task is heavy, but it is not beyond the strength of the new Minister." The following passage is quite prophetic:

> We now see before us a future of beneficent change, pacific and prosperous. At the risk of being contradicted by events, we do not hesitate to avow our hopes. Sir Evelyn will defer to rights and will respect susceptibilities. He will avoid exclusiveness. He will shut his door to the solemn folly which disguises itself under a profound and falsely humanitarian policy. He will remember the past, and he will combine all the elements of progress in one indestructible sheaf for the welfare of Egypt.

The enthusiasm of the writer of this article—no less a person than M. Octave Borelli, afterwards so inevitably known as a violent Anglophobe—was due to the fact that Sir Evelyn Baring had at the time a scheme for endowing Egypt with a Constitution on which the French residents based very sanguine hopes. This scheme was in essence the same as that put forward by Lord Cromer in his last report as an alternative to the Capitulations. Its fundamental idea was that an Egyptian nationality did not exist, and that Egypt was essentially an international colony. Hence, if self-government were granted to the country it should be given to all the nationalities. This was in striking contrast to Lord Dufferin's scheme, which assumed that the Fellah and the Copt constituted an Egyptian nationality, and that they could be trained to become a self-governing people. The foreign residents were not enamoured of Lord Dufferin's scheme, and the French were especially hostile to it, because they feared that it would crystallise the British predominance in the country. With Sir Evelyn Baring's scheme—as far as they understood it—they were, however, enchanted, for the Government of Egypt by the foreign colonist meant inevitably government by the French. Of course, those were the days when the withdrawal of the British garrison was still within the field of practical politics. Hence Downing Street was in a hurry to establish some sort of an Egyptian constitution to take the place of the old irresponsible Khedive and also of the new illegal British Resident. Still I am very doubtful whether Sir Evelyn Baring's scheme in 1883 was quite like what M. Borelli took it to be.

The idea of a Parliamentary Constitution for Egypt is very seductive, but its practicability may well be questioned. Islam has never taken kindly to Parliaments. Schemes of this kind are, however, not new in Cairo. Arabi and Mahmoud Samy drew up a bi-cameral Constitution in 1881, but it never got beyond the paper stage. Then we have had Lord Dufferin's Constitution, which, instead of forming and educating an Egyptian nation, has vegetated in obscurity, contemned by the people and ignored by the lawgivers. Of the two schemes now before the public, it is difficult to speak enthusiastically. The Nationalist scheme of Mustapha Kamel cannot be said to be "broad-based on the people's will," while Lord Cromer's scheme of a Parliament of foreigners elected by a nominated college of voters is not quite convincing as a plan of popular self-government. The difficulties of the whole question remind me of an amusing story of Ismail Pasha. Some of his Ministers, anxious to display their zeal for progress, were one day discussing before him the desirability of a Constitution and of *corps constitués*. The witty Khedive listened attentively, and when the eloquence of his advisers was exhausted, said with a smile: "*Croyez-moi, en Egypte il n'y aura jamais de corps vraiment bien constitué que le corps de ballet!*"

If I were asked what was the most striking feature in the field of international politics to-day, I should say it was the restoration of the Mediterranean to its old primacy among the questions by which the relations of the Great Powers are determined. From the time of Homer—whenever that may have been—the "Inland Ocean," as Disraeli once called it, has been the centre from which all international politics has radiated. During the latter half of the nineteenth century, however, it was deposed from this position by the gradual growth of the German hegemony on the Continent. Under the Bismarckian system, the Mediterranean was relegated to a second place, and was, in fact, the care of a special League, which was practically an annexe of the Triple Alliance. To-day all this is changed. A new Mediterranean League is now virtually in existence under the statesmanlike headship of King Edward, and it fills the whole forefront of the international stage. This is the theoretic synthesis of the meetings and conferences at Cartagena, Athens, and Gaeta, of which the newspapers have lately been so full. It is idle to speculate on how much or how little politics was discussed at these conferences. The fact that they have taken place implies a political *rapprochement*, if not an actual *entente*. Whether this *entente* will develop into a new dynamic force is the great question of the immediate future. It certainly cannot stand still, for to talk of the maintenance of the *status quo* in countries like Macedonia and Morocco is to confess the moral bankruptcy of Europe.

Last week I ventured to question the legality of the expulsion of Mgr. Montagnini, but I little dreamt how soon my doubts would be justified. The trial of the Abbé Jouin has now shown that the one charge brought against Mgr. Montagnini cannot be sustained. When, last December, M. Clemenceau was questioned in the Chamber as to the reasons for the raid on the Nunciature and the arrest of its custodian, he declared that Mgr. Montagnini had been guilty of transmitting, on behalf of the Vatican, orders to three French *curés* instructing them to break the law. The three *curés* were arrested, but a few weeks later two of them were released for want of evidence. Last week the trial of the third, Abbé Jouin, took place, and, although he was convicted, it was admitted by the Judge that there was nothing in the evidence against him to connect him with the Nunciature. It will be interesting to hear now what reparation M. Clemenceau proposes making to Mgr. Montagnini and the Vatican.

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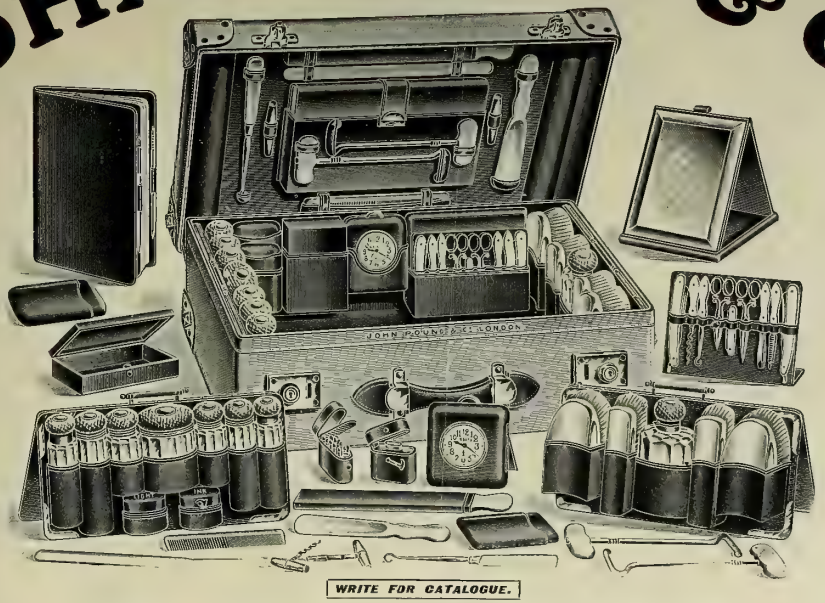
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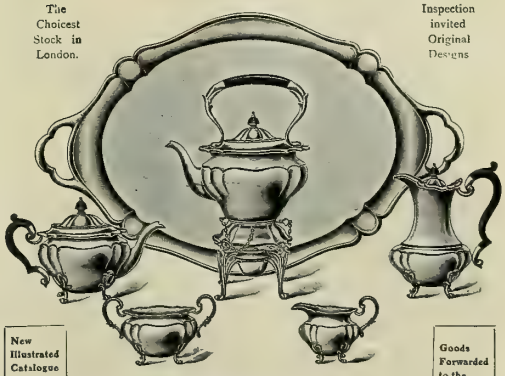
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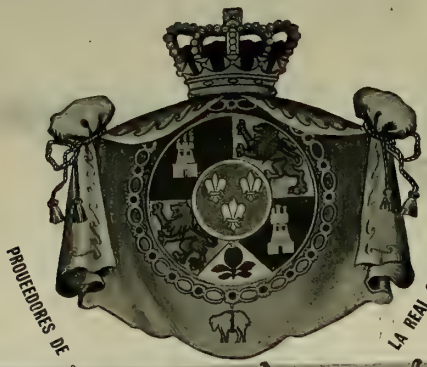
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"I must write and tell you how much I enjoy listening to your wonderful Gramophone. The latest Records are indeed marvellous, and each time I hear one increases my admiration and enjoyment. I also think them most instructive as well as a very great delight!"



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HAT TRIMMINGS FROM THE OCEAN



A SEAWEED HARVESTER



A SAMPLE OF FEATHERY SEAWEED USED IN MILLINERY



RETURNING FROM THE MUD-FLATS WITH A DAY'S GATHERING

Seaweed would at first seem rather a commonplace and unsuitable material with which to trim hats. Indeed, there is only one variety that is at present used to any great extent for this purpose. Some years ago seaweed attained a widespread popularity and became very fashionable, so much so that the demand far exceeded the supply, which is at all times strictly limited, for though the harvest time lasts from October until the beginning of April, the entire amount collected annually for commercial purposes is only some twenty or thirty tons.

The Isle of Grain is the home of the seaweed harvesters. The "weed," as it is known locally, is not cultivated in any way, but drifts ashore and is picked up upon the beach and foreshore at low tide. Exactly where it comes from does not seem to have been definitely ascertained. Some of the inhabitants are of opinion that it grows in the deep waters of the North Sea, and others think that its native place is in the shallow waters of the Thames estuary. Be that as it may, the Island of Grain is the only part of the coast upon which it comes ashore in marketable quantities.

Harvesting the weed provides a precarious and uncertain employment for practically the whole poorer-class population of the island. Each gathers for him or herself independently, and disposes of the result to dealers, who in turn forward it to London and foreign houses. A northerly gale brings most seaweed ashore, and a single gleaner has been known to pick up half a hundredweight in a morning. At other times, when the wind is in the wrong direction, none will come in for days. The present market price of the partially dried seaweed, from which all rubbish has been removed, is about sixpence per pound. It must be remembered, however, that the weed is extremely light and feathery, so that a pound, when dried and prepared for use, represents a considerable bulk, and, in the ordinary course, much labour in picking.

Queen Alexandra, whose antipathy to the ruthless destruction of birds for the sake of their plumage is so well known, has done much to bring seaweed back into popular favour as an adornment for hats by recently purchasing a quantity for that purpose. When skilfully blended and artistically arranged in combination with artificial flowers, the fairy sprays of this slender and charming seaweed are capable of producing exceptionally fine effects. In fact, hats so trimmed form quite a feature of some of the famous West End establishments at the present time, and bid fair to become increasingly popular in the near future. The scope of seaweed for decorative purposes is, however, by no means confined to millinery. It can be purchased in a variety of shades at a moderate figure from most large drapery establishments, and will be found most useful for table and room decorations generally. Great care must be exercised if it is to be used near candles or other naked lights, as the dressing used to preserve its fluffy appearance sometimes renders it highly inflammable.

B. J. HYDE.



CLEANING THE WEED FOR THE MARKET



THE WOMEN'S TASK: PICKING OVER THE ROUGH WEED

From Photographs by Clarke and Hyde

Safety on the Line

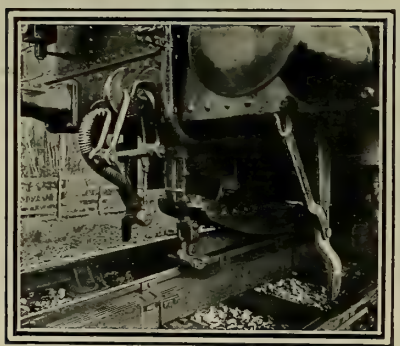
The accompanying photographs show the newest method of railway signalling at work. It is a system by which the engine-driver and his fireman in their "cab" have all the usual signals brought before their eyes and ears on the engine as they travel. For the new device there are not only visible but audible signals. In case of danger the driver is suddenly confronted in his cab with the word "danger," and at the same time he hears a shrill steam whistle, which will blow till he stops it. If the signal is "all right" he sees the words in white and hears an electric bell, which will also ring till he stops it. How is it done? By electricity, of course. There are three parts of it—one on the line, two on the engine. A ramp, or short rail, raised above the ordinary metals, is laid midway between the rails. The ramp is connected by electric wires with the signal-box. A shoe is fixed to the engine below. In the cab is fixed the little box which shows the signals to the driver, fitted with its whistle and bell. The whole is set at work when the shoe comes in contact with the ramp. Our photographs were taken on a section of the Great Western Railway between Reading and Henley.



INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR OF THE SIGNAL-BOX

Our Supplement

"The ladies' painter" was Horace Walpole's epithet for Sir Peter Lely, and in a sense no artist better deserved it. For Sir Peter's ladies are certainly more entertaining than his men. They interest us far more, though we no longer care for their little ways, such as posturing as goddesses, languishing "the sleepy eye that speaks the melting soul," as Pope sang of them, and other affectations of sentimental 1660. We must blame 1660 as much as Sir Peter and the beauties of Charles II.'s Court; for though 1660 did not mind laughing at itself in the comedies of Congreve and Wycherley, it liked its painted portrait to be a thing of more dignity. The ladies desired to go down to posterity as Dianas and St Catherines, languishing the sleepy eye, and speaking the melting soul. No portrait is more characteristic either of the time or of Sir Peter than that of Lady Bellasys (reproduced in colour in our Supplement). We have here Sir Peter at his best, in his most glowing mood, and the result is a portrait if not of dignity at least of elegance; if not piquant at any rate not unanimated, and a masterpiece of its kind. It was painted in the artist's best period, and is worthy of its place among the famous "Beauties" at Hampton Court.



HOW THE ENGINE'S SHOE COMES IN CONTACT WITH THE RAMP

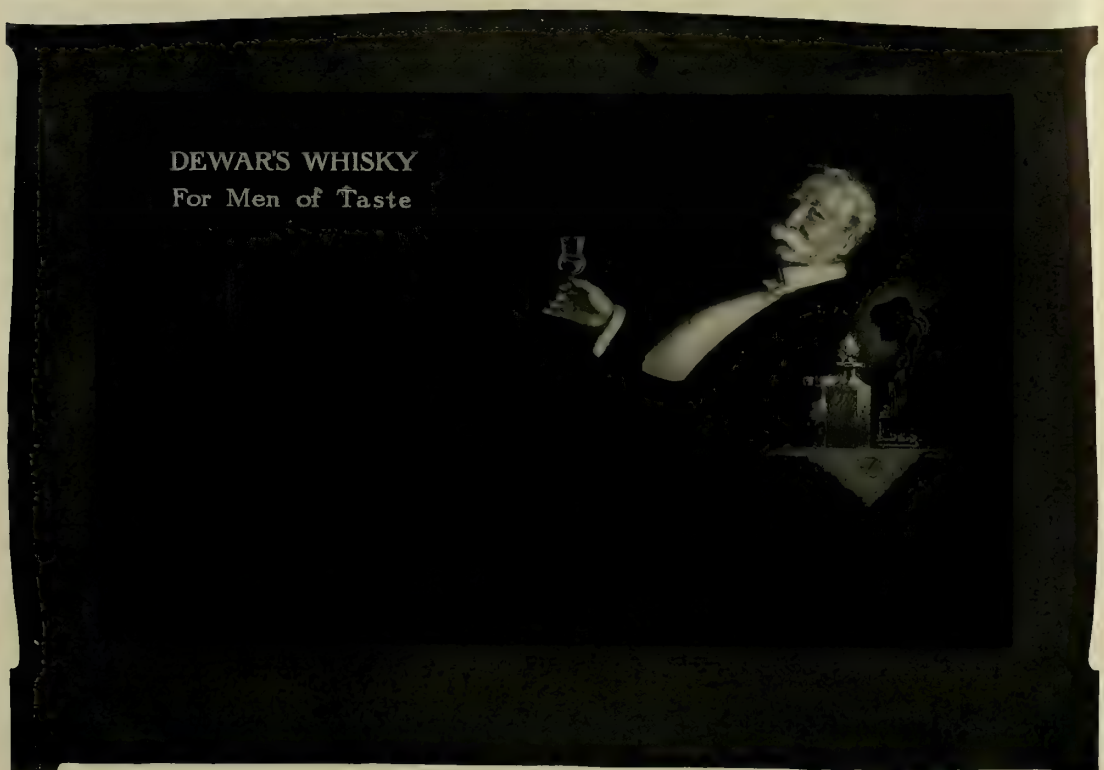


THE RAMP IN THE CENTRE OF THE RAILS



THE POSITION OF THE SIGNAL-BOX IN THE CAB

SAFETY ON THE LINE: THE LATEST THING IN RAILWAY SIGNALLING





"LADY BELLASYS IN THE CHARACTER OF ST. CATHERINE"

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR PETER LELY, IN HAMPTON COURT PALACE

"BISHOP'S VARALETTES ARE WHAT YOU WANT."

THERE are scarcely any men, and but few women, to whom this advice might not be given with advantage. We live such busy lives, and there are such numerous temptations to enjoy the pleasures of the table, and these, combined with lack of leisure for exercise, inevitably lead to the accumulation of waste products in the system. Hence it is that so many suffer from

Gout, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout,

gouty indigestion, gouty eczema, sciatica, lumbago, or kidney troubles, or the premonitory symptoms of these ailments. Self-defence is the first law of Nature. Certainly the most elementary prudence would lead one to seek

Protection from Gouty Ailments,

which cause such acute suffering, and even disable many of their victims. Uric acid disorders have become so widely prevalent that scarcely any men, and few women are now found who are not threatened with, or suffering from some form of gout, rheumatism, rheumatic gout, gouty eczema, gouty indigestion, sciatica, lumbago, and kidney troubles.

To all who compose this vast majority—those who have inherited a gouty tendency, those who have acquired it through easy self-indulgence, enjoyment of good living, or lack of leisure or inclination for active exercise, to those, even, who are just beginning to notice some of the warning symptoms of trouble to come, the law of self-defence says :

"You need Bishop's Varalettes."

Nothing is more common than to hear men and women complain that they cannot eat a meal without its being followed by acidity, heartburn or flatulence, that they are beginning to notice that their joints are a bit stiff, swollen or inflamed, so that they find it rather more difficult to bend them, or that they experience occasional shooting pains. Whenever such complaints are heard the obvious reply is : "Bishop's Varalettes are what *you* need." Supposing you notice little lumps on the outer rim of the ear, or similar concretions under the skin of arms, breast, or legs, or that you are in the habit of passing grains of uric acid or sediment, "Bishop's Varalettes are what *you* need." If you have dull aching on the right side of the body as a result of torpid liver, or an unpleasant irritation in the palms of the hands or the ankles, and burning on the skin, then, again, Bishop's Varalettes are what *you* need."

These symptoms demand

immediate attention. Numberless men and women who have found themselves suffering from some of the above warning symptoms, or who know they have inherited the gouty tendency, have begun to take

Bishop's Varalettes as a Preventive,

and have thus gained complete immunity from gout, rheumatism, rheumatic gout, gouty eczema, gouty indigestion,



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sciatica, lumbago, and kidney troubles. That is one of the great advantages of Bishop's Varalette treatment. It prevents gouty ailments of every description, and thus overcomes the liability to future suffering, and the intense pain or serious illness, which are the fate of the gouty subject.

Bishop's Varalettes as a Remedy.

If, however, you have neglected to take Bishop's Varalettes as a preventive, and are consequently now suffering from an attack of one of the gouty complaints, what can Bishop's Varalettes do for you? In the first place, they will remove from your system that irritant and poisonous waste matter, uric acid, which has caused your complaint by lodging in joint, nerve, tissue or muscle ; and accompanying this removal the attack of gout, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago or other gouty affections will gradually disappear. This relief in itself may be all you dared hope for, but, having gained it, you only need to take Bishop's Varalettes at intervals to prevent absolutely a recurrence of your complaint. This is not mere theory. Thousands of men and women who were formerly martyrs to some form of gout are now able to keep entirely free from it by the occasional use of Bishop's Varalettes. Bishop's Varalettes are not only the one successful remedy for gouty disorders ; they are also the one successful preventive of all uric acid complaints.

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"PLACE AUX DAMES"

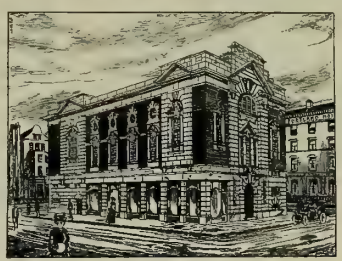
By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

The social world just now is given over to the young, who claim its bloodless victories. The principal hostesses are youthful, some of them even untried. Among them are Lady Denman, Lady Beauchamp, Mrs. Lewis Harcourt, and Lady Crewe, and several young mothers intend to display their talent as dance-givers in the coming season in honour of their daughters' *débuts*. While a mass of dignity and importance attaches to the well-known houses such as Lansdowne House, Devonshire House, and Londonderry House, there clings a peculiar charm about the young and untried hostess. She is anxious to please, full of urbanity, unlike some elderly ladies who used to hold out an unwilling finger and turn their heads away, in manner of "greeting," to their nonplussed guests. They generally possess pretty homes, decorated in the latest and brightest of styles; they have good cooks, and indulge in original fancies of their own. Thus there is always a slight sense of joyful expectation, of novelty, and surprise about the young hostesses' efforts. It is all as it should be; the old houses close, but the new open wide their doors; and with the new generation comes more gaiety and luxury, more brilliancy and taste.

London is growing more beautiful daily. Not only are the great thoroughfares—Piccadilly, the Strand, and the lovely avenue down the Mall, which affords one of the finest prospects imaginable—all improvements, but in the little houses, in what would formerly have been called mean streets, one notices the greatest advance in taste. Not only the bright marble or tile doorsteps, the quaint bow windows, the tasteful balconies with their floral burdens, which invariably elicit the admiration of the foreigner new to London, but in the cat-walk, or back garden, care and skill are making themselves felt. Some are beginning to use their little gardens with love and discretion; others aim at a more severe and Italian style. Here may be seen the flagged pavement, the Etruscan vase or statue, the tall bay-tree in its square pot, the old sun-dial, and the carven seat. Back gardens are really glowing objects of beauty. In the spring the apple and pear trees, the flowering shrubs, lilac and laburnum, the multitude of bright-hued bulbs, pansies, and wallflowers, make the little strip of sun-flecked border into a bower of delight. With trouble, ingenuity, and interest it is wonderful what may be done. Books there are that treat alone of town gardening, and show how energy and time can best be bestowed. Mistakes to be avoided are the overgrown ivy, the big ugly laurels that used to be so popular; climbing nasturtium, sweet peas, and jasmine may clothe the sooty wall when it has been cleansed, and in the beds can be grown carnations, lilies, most of the annuals, irises, gladioli, and even dahlias. A large garden may thus be rendered stately and beautiful, as is seen at Holland House, while a small plot of ground proves a joy for ever to the flower-lover.

The Japanese appear to have very clear and sensible ideas as to the respective positions of men and women, and the education to be given to the latter. Baron Kikuchi, in an address on the education of women in Japan, stated that "everyone in Japan assumed that girls were going to be married and become wives and mothers, and based education on that idea. One of the latest lessons given in the elementary schools was on the duty of man and woman. The teacher said 'The man must become master of the house and pursue his calling, while the woman takes charge of the house, so both must help each other to make a home.' Manners were not to be neglected, and both must cultivate knowledge. It was a mistake to suppose that woman was inferior to man; they each had their duty, though it was not the same."

In one quality the modern woman seems sadly deficient, and that is in the art of walking. The grace that distinguished the beauties of past days as they moved across the ballroom, or crossed the road to their carriage, has absolutely disappeared. The clinging robes of the Empire are being revived, but no woman can be found fit to wear them gracefully. Even on the stage actresses are clumsy and ungainly, and in their smart clothes look like dressed-up models. The peculiar, subtle grace of Ellen Terry and her sisters is entirely absent. There is no symmetry of poise, movements are angular, awkward, and abrupt, and the beauty of motion is only personified in the case of a few rare dancers like Mlle. Genée. I suppose it is the absence of etiquette, the decay of dancing, and the plethora of games that cause this strange loss of a precious gift. To those who love beauty the gait of a woman is an object-lesson. Watch the lissome Spaniard, the alert Frenchwoman, the Egyptian peasant walking like a princess, her pitcher poised exquisitely on her head, the Indian maiden in her veil, with bare feet, traversing the rice-fields, and then look at the Englishwoman rolling, sprawling, striding, stumping, waddling, slouching, and mincing down the street—and wonder!



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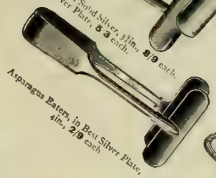
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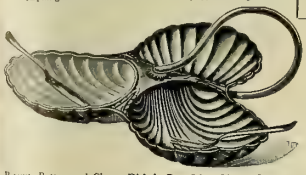
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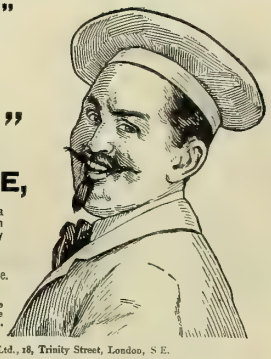
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SOME NEW BOOKS

THE OPINIONS OF "RITA"

Under the title of "Personal Opinions Publicly Expressed" (Eveleigh Nash), the novelist who writes under the pen-name of "Rita" goes for the faults and foibles of her own sex in sweeping form. The characteristic angriness of her style is emphasised by a violent profusion of notes of exclamation, and by the habit of throwing off an ostensible sentence without a verb. The main misfortune of Woman, according to "Rita," is imitativeness; her principal fault that she instinctively prefers bad models for imitation. To the lady novelist she is particularly unkind. There is no imitativeness, we are given to understand, about feminine spelling. "Rita" herself twice writes "dentrifice;" which is quite as bad as her pilloried examples of "pachydermatose" and "paleothic" (for "palæolithic") from other lady authors. But the fulness of her wrath is reserved for "The Amazing American!" Americans are all that is despicable and odious: a "vulgar breed of Mammon worshippers, from whom" "Rita" asks "whether any good thing *can* ever come." For the rest, her opinions are sensible enough; most would indeed be welcomed by nine people out of ten as their own had they been delivered with a good deal more humour and a good deal less shrillness of tone.

"FROM WORKHOUSE TO WESTMINSTER"

The life, up to date, of Mr. William Crooks, M.P. for Woolwich, by Mr. George Haw, with an introduction by Mr. G. K. Chesterton (Cassell), exemplifies most of the faults common to the biographies of living persons. Indeed, eulogy has degenerated into adulation. The triple halo of hero, saint, and martyr is virtually claimed for Mr. Crooks ("he had to be a Spartan in endurance and a saint in character") by the zealous advocate of his municipal policy and his administration of the Poor Law. But the volume has at any rate one feature that more than makes up for its indiscriminate partisanship and crude laudation. This is the story of Mr. Crooks's childhood and early youth; a story of the deepest interest not, of course, on account of Mr. Crooks, whose private affairs and domestic virtues cannot possibly concern anybody but himself and his family, but because it is essentially the story of myriads to whom it is stark nonsense to say "what man has done, man can do." For it is not the exceptional Poor Law Guardian, County Councillor, Mayor, and Member of Parliament, who stands out as its real hero, but the quiet commonplace mother, unable to read or write, but slaving at her needle for a pitiful wage in order to make good men and good women of her boys and girls, and yet somehow able to find a slice of bread—their only fare—for an even worse-off neighbour. The every-day, un-self-conscious helpfulness of the very poor to the very poor is the inmost pathos of great cities; it conveys a lesson for every man and woman which can hardly be better learned than from some of these pages. Nor are others of them without some evidence of the rough sense of scarcely less pathetic humour, at once cause and consequence of the marvellous patience of her people, that provides London at large with a stronger influence against foreign forms of disorder than a legion of police.

FOGAZZARO'S "MALOMBRA"

A translation of Sig. Antonio Fogazzaro's "Malombra," by F. Thorold Dickson, under the curiously ill-chosen title of "Woman" (T. Fisher Unwin), does as much justice to that remarkable novel as is possible in cases where the style is a good half of the charm. At any rate, the present translator has entirely succeeded in substituting clearness of plot and motive for the obscurities of the previous English version. The story of Marina di Malombra is, in effect, a study of congenital insanity, bound sooner or later to subdue all the faculties of its victim, but at the same time energising them by concentration upon a consistent purpose—so consistent as to make fatal consequences scarcely distinguishable from responsible crime. The accidental discovery of a paper in a secret drawer excites in Marina the illusion of having become the reincarnation of the writer, and thus called upon to avenge her wrongs. The result is murder and suicide. The premonitions of dormant insanity are followed up to their crisis by a master hand, and a pervading sense of impending doom over the great house of Malombra elevates into an atmosphere of tragedy what else would be a somewhat repulsive experiment in psychological dissection. Such moral laxity as may be found in the evident suggestion that men and women sin rather because they must than because they will, is compensated by making the doom of the Malombra the penalty for originally wilful evil, and by that religious sentiment, mystical indeed, but by no means misty, out-soaring poetic tragedy and out-diving psychology, which gives the author of "Il Santo" his unique position in the fiction of Europe to-day.

"A REVOLUTIONARY PRINCESS"

The Princess Christina Belgiojoso-Trivulzio was a born revolutionary. Her father, Marquis Jerome Trivulzio, who was attached to the Court of Eugène de Beauharnais, died when she was four years old, and her mother shortly after married Marquis Alexander Visconti d'Aragona. This gentleman was one of the moving spirits of a revolutionary society, the Federazione, whose object was to bring about the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy. For this he was imprisoned and tried, but luckily escaped. His step-daughter, when but sixteen years of age, married Prince Emilio Belgiojoso. Although both husband and wife had most estimable qualities, they drifted apart. Don Emilio, says this biographer ("A Revolutionary Princess," by H. R. Whitehouse: Fisher Unwin), was chivalrous and kind, but pleasure-loving and selfish; whilst the Princess "was a social heroine and a political martyr," of whom he writes, "notwithstanding her eccentricities and exaggerations, this frail epileptic Milanese patrician undoubtedly wielded in her time an intellectual fascination as effective as it was far-reaching." The Princess worked incessantly for the cause of Italian liberty. She was forced to flee from Milan, and the Austrians sequestered her property for a time. She lived in Geneva and in Paris. In the latter city her *salon* was the resort of all celebrities of Art and Letters. Thiers, De Musset, and Heine were in love with her, whilst Chopin, Rossini, Bellini, La Fayette, and others were her devoted slaves. In 1849 she raised and led some volunteers to the defence of Milan, but with disastrous results to them. Full of incident and excitement as was the life of the Princess, she left but little mark on the pages of history. Disappointed with the failure of her schemes she eventually retired to Asia Minor, where she devoted herself to writing.

"AGONY TERRACE"

The general title of seventeen short stories by Major Arthur Griffiths (F. V. White and Co.) is given by a little gallery of the Cynosure Club, where the younger members were in the habit of unbosoming themselves of secret scrapes and troubles to a grey-haired senior, who, like Thackeray's Major British, found congenial pleasure in putting his resourcefulness and knowledge of the world at the service of his friends. The seventeen "secrets" are revealed in a straightforward and agreeable way, and with due regard for such reasonable probability of situation and incident as the plan requires.



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MRS. SELLAR'S RECOLLECTIONS

"Treat a man with as much deference as you would a picture; look at him in the best light." This advice of Emerson's would have served as a highly appropriate motto for the "Recollections and Impressions" (Blackwood) of Mrs. E. M. Sellar, the widow of the distinguished scholar, Professor Sellar, who occupied the Latin Chair in the University of Edinburgh from 1863 till his death in 1890. In such unqualified light does she display her countless kinsfolk and friends as to make them seem like a multitudinous Peter Schlemihl, without a shadow among them. Instead of asking where the bad people are buried, we are made to wonder where they are to be found, dead or alive. At any rate, it is clear that everybody whose friendship she has enjoyed, and who has enjoyed hers, has found in her the uttermost fulness of that sympathetic comprehension which compels the revelation of the delightful amiability inherent, no doubt, in us all, but, unfortunately, not always perceived even by ourselves. A more genial book of memories never was written; a more unlimited genius for friendship than its writer's cannot be conceived. She is indeed to be congratulated on being able to dedicate to her "children, grandchildren, and great-children" the recollections of nearly eighty years crowded with matters of interest to herself and them, full of every rational enjoyment, and without a cloud, save such as must needs pass over the sky of every man and woman whose sympathies are wide and whose life is long.

The dedication no doubt represents the purpose of the volume; but the outside reader will find cause for gratitude to Mrs. Sellar for having admitted him into her family circle. Her recollections and impressions are the most intimately concerned with what may be called the Tennysonian and the Balliol groups that gave to the last century so much of its distinctive character, and, of course, the best professional and academic society of Edinburgh and St. Andrews. But, more or less incidentally, very few notable personalities who ever found themselves within these generously elastic limits are not also to be met in Mrs. Sellar's pages. To attempt a selection would be almost invidious, so uniformly delightful, whether as casual acquaintances or as intimate friends, did she find them all. Possibly Dr. Jowett stands highest in the admiration of the wife of a distinguished Balliol scholar; and Dr. John Brown, of "Rab," in her affectionate regard, but certainly not to an extent of which any other member of her circle can complain. While within it, they all seem to have been too amiably happy to have been particularly brilliant, and her volume is for this reason—and perhaps by reason of its freedom from literary artifice—not such a mine of anecdote as might be supposed. All the better—sincere impressions are of much more value than "good things." One exceedingly good thing, however, we cannot refrain from quoting :—

I remember one day the third little Lang boy, John, was sitting silently gazing at the waterfalls on the cliff, when suddenly he said, in the broadest vernacular, learnt from Nancy (his nurse) :

"Do ye ken what I would do with thae waterfalls if they were mine?"

"No," I said, wondering what utilitarian idea had entered the boy's head.

"I'd let them bide!"

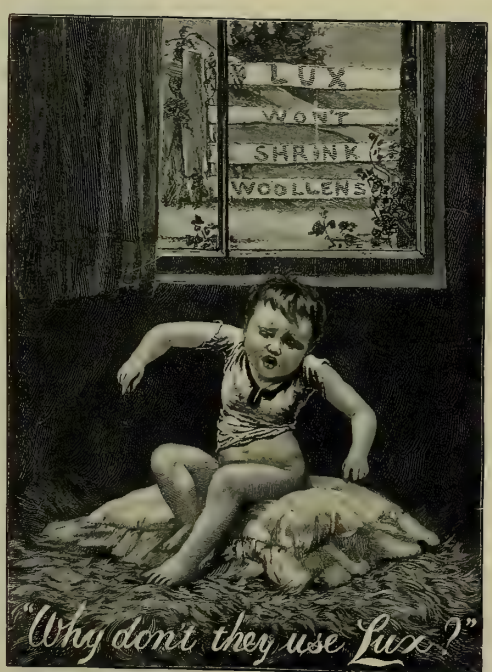


A MEMORY OF WATERLOO: COLONEL FILGATE SPEAKING AT THE UNVEILING OF THE GUARDS TABLET ON THE WALL OF THE CHAPEL AT HOUGOMONT

A Memory of Waterloo

A Correspondent writes:—"Everybody who has visited Waterloo and Hougomont will be glad to hear that the Brigade of Guards has had the chapel thoroughly repaired and set in order, and all the hideous scrawls of tourists effaced from the interior. The bronze tablet which the Guards, acting on the idea of Mrs. J. E. Whitby, decided early last year to place on the historic spot, to the memory of their heroic comrades who fell on the memorable 18th of June, 1815, has just been unveiled, and now adorns the outer wall of the chapel. It was not desired to make this a great function, but Sir Arthur Hardinge was present unofficially, and the Comtesse d'Oultremont and other important Belgians were also in attendance. The ceremony was very simple, as was right, for the bronze is really a memorial tablet to the brave dead, and in no way marks a victory. It is about 5ft. 5in. by 5ft. 4in. The tablet was unveiled by Comte Charles Van der Burch, the present owner of the property, who associated himself with the Brigade in its erection. He took the greatest interest in the whole affair, and, indeed, has always, as far as possible, preserved the farm from the destructive touch of time. His grandfather raised a regiment for the battle. He made a very excellent speech, recalling the bravery of the Guards. Colonel Macartney Filgate, of the 4th Irish Rifles, and the delegate from the Brigade, also spoke."

The annual meeting of the Invalid Children's Aid Association will be held, by kind permission of the Speaker and Mrs. Lowther, at the Speaker's House in the Palace of Westminster on Wednesday afternoon, May 1, at three o'clock. Lord Strathcona will preside, and the Rev. Father Bernard Vaughan, Mr. Creighton, Mr. I. Zangwill, and Sir William Bennett, will be among the speakers. Admission will be by tickets only, application for which may be made to the Secretary, 69, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, Westminster, S.W.



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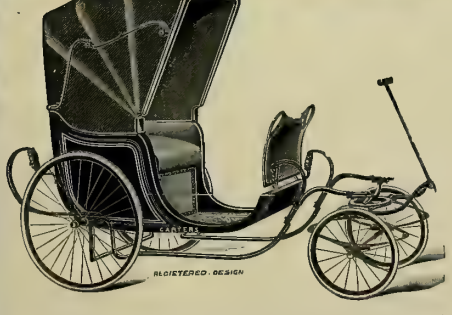
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MOTOR NOTES

Deeds, not Words

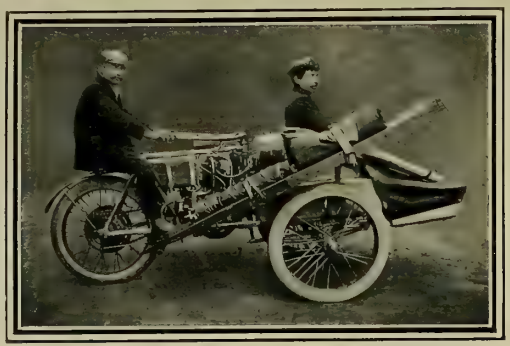
The conference that is being held on the subject of roads will have placed before it many papers on the subject. With Sir John Wolfe-Barry in the chair, we may hope for something practical. We have many times in the past discussed this matter in every light, but the effect on our roads is nil, and it is high time that it was settled once and for all. It has been demonstrated quite successfully that the dustless road is the economical road *in the long run*, although the first cost may frighten the ratepayers to some extent. Even the small cost of tarring the roads in the summer *must* be an economy. For an infinitesimal sum per yard, the surface of the road is held together, the cost of watering, if not altogether saved, is certainly diminished, and the rain is at once shot off, instead of undermining the foundation. The experiments to be carried out, at a cost of something like £10,000, over a stretch of road (probably on the Portsmouth road between Esher and Ripley), must be closely followed by all country surveyors, and the best method adopted. We have talked enough, let us now come to something really practical in dealing with this momentous question. The dust at Easter was enough almost to sanction homicide on the part of anti-motorists.

The "Mecanicien"

I do not wish to libel the French mechanic, but Mr. Jarrott's description of the man he took on at Boulogne as a guide to Monte Carlo on his record-breaking run, rather recalls my own experience. He says: "My first impression of him was fully borne out by subsequent results. As far as I could gather, his whole equipment for the journey was a very rough-looking bearskin coat, and a big Continental Guide-Book, which puzzled him much more to understand than a 'Bradshaw' puzzles the average Englishman. . . . By this time I had come to the conclusion that my French chauffeur had abilities in two directions—namely, eating and sleeping. . . . At Aix I imparted to him that I should take him no further, and that he could proceed back to Paris by train or any other way he pleased, and when last I saw him he was standing in the street looking at the receding car with evidently the opinion that of all mad people I was the maddest."

My Own Experience

This is much my own experience, although I know many excellent French drivers. Some years ago I employed several men without in any way hitting on a man to suit me. Testimonials, fur coats, and the latest thing in goggles they had in abundance, but absolutely no knowledge of an automobile. The last man I had (and after that I drove minus a chauffeur) came to me with references from M. Le Baron ——, and M. Le Comte de ——, and his costume was so superb that it was almost an honour to drive him. The first day he pumped (pardon, I should say employed someone else to pump) the tyres so hard that I had four bursts in seven kilomètres. He then landed me, two days running, going up the hill from Monaco to Monte Carlo without any petrol, and the last time I paid him off, and, like Mr. Jarrott, left him to walk home. It was only after he left me, and I saw the bill at the garage, that I fully appreciated his services. I expect the same thing is likely to happen with temporary men whether in England or France; but an Englishman does not look so tremendously the chauffeur, and the language assists one in ascertaining their knowledge, or want of it.



A LITTLE MOTOR-CAR GOING A LONG WAY: A "CONTAL" TRICAR WHICH WILL COMPETE IN THE PEKING-PARIS RACE NEXT JUNE

Photo by Branger, Paris.

Endorsement of Licenses

The absurd regulations as to endorsing licenses are fully illustrated in two cases which recently came to my notice. In one case Mr. Oliver Stanton had his license endorsed, I gathered, against the wishes of the Bench, who are obliged by the Act so to do, for merely a technical breach of the law. The second case is clearly one in which the license should not only have been endorsed, but, in my opinion, suspended for a lengthy period. I take this extract from the *Autocar*:— "A chauffeur named Walter Charles Edwards, in the employ of Captain Noel Money, D.S.O., was fined 10s. and 4s. 6d. costs for being drunk while having under his charge a motor-car, and 40s. and 16s costs for reckless driving at Ludlow. Defendant pleaded guilty to being drunk, but denied the charge of reckless driving. The evidence showed that the car—a large one—was being driven at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour. It dashed into a wash-house and knocked down a portion of that and an adjoining building. A policeman tried to induce defendant to leave the car after the accident, but could not succeed, and defendant subsequently collided with a brewery float, and in entering the garage ran up against the door-posts twice. The front axle of the car was bent, the lamp smashed, and the car damaged in other parts. Defendant was taken to the police-station and locked up. On being sworn, defendant attributed the erratic behaviour of the car to the fact that he had fitted on some new armoured tyres, which were 'given to skidding on dry ground.'"

A Penalty of Carelessness

For the first time in my lengthy motoring career, I nearly had a bad accident from carelessness. The chain driving the magneto having fallen off, the car was stopped just on the top of a hill for readjustment. I was not present at the time, but my

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The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS of September 28, 1895, says: "If I were asked which single medicine I should prefer to take abroad with me, as likely to be most generally useful, to the exclusion of all others, I should say CHLORODYNE. I never travel without it, and its general applicability to the relief of a large number of simple ailments forms its best recommendation."

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man related the circumstances to me. It appears that he was in front of the car, the chain having been replaced, when suddenly he found that it was moving, and he, presuming that it was slipping on account of the descent, tried to hold it back. Luckily he discovered in time that it was *being driven*, and leapt aside. The cause was the hand-brake suddenly coming off, whether of its own accord or touched by a spectator he was unable to discover. He had left the first speed in gear and the magneto switched on, so naturally, when the car commenced to move, it started the engine. Luckily it only ran over its own bonnet, and ended up in a brick wall, without doing any harm. Nevertheless it is a lesson. Of course it was due to carelessness in leaving the change speed lever in the first notch, instead of in a neutral position. I am afraid I have often temporarily been guilty of a similar breach of the rules, and although nothing serious took place, it was only due to luck that nobody was in the way.

Steam v. Petrol

The advocates of steam are again to the fore. For heavy work I have always considered steam the ideal power, but the excellence to which the modern petrol-car has attained cannot, in my opinion, easily be beaten. In the early days the noise and vibration of an internal combustion motor naturally led one to look on a steamer with envy. The four or six-cylinder engine of the present time is almost silent and practically vibrationless. The flexibility, owing largely to improvements in carburettors, is immense. Even yet, however, the steam car scores heavily on these points. But do its advantages in these respects compensate for the ease of control of the petrol engine? Apparently not. After a careful study of the letters written by the steam advocates, I can only find that they think the easy running is worth the *extra* care in control. They acknowledge it does require more attention to pressure gauges, etc., to ensure satisfactory results. Practically, as I said many years ago, the steam car bears the same relation to a petrol car as a stationary steam-engine to a gas or oil engine. The steam-engine requires a man in constant attendance, whereas the oil-engine, once started, may be left to run by itself.

Doctors and the Universal Lights Bill

The following letter, signed by Dr. E. H. B. Bruce-Porter, secretary of the Committee of Medical Men using Motors, has been sent to the medical press: "A very important Bill on the 'Lighting of Vehicles' has passed the second reading in the House of Commons, and has been referred to the Standing Committee on Law, and its consideration will come on very shortly. It is very important that this Bill should be amended in order to secure a red light being carried at or showing at the rear of every vehicle used on the highways. Members of our own profession are especially interested in such an amendment. Some vehicles, such as furniture vans, very often carry a small light in front, placed in such a position that vehicles overtaking it have no warning until they are close on it. The country doctor using his motor in answer to an urgent summons in the night or early hours of the morning runs in constant danger from this cause, and everyone of us must at some time or other have had narrow escapes, owing to the absence of a light showing to the rear giving warning of the presence of a cart in front." Dr. Bruce-Porter proceeds to give excellent reasons why all medical men should write to their members of Parliament urging them to support such an amendment as he suggests.

Imports and Exports

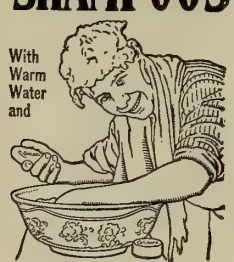
The following paragraph from a recent issue of the *Autocar* shows that there is still a large field for the British manufacturer. The recent financial success of some of our best motor companies has rather led us to congratulate ourselves that Continental competition need no longer be reckoned with: "The number of cars imported last month shows a slight decrease as compared with March, 1905 and 1906. During March, 1905, 560 cars were imported; March, 1906, 600; and last month 526. The value of the imported parts—£234,069—shows an appreciable increase, and exceeds the value of the complete cars imported. The total value of motor-cars, motor-cycles, and parts thereof imported last month was £448,424, and during the three months ended March 31, 1907, £1,186,902. Last month the exports of British cars and parts more than doubled the March returns for 1906. The March figures during 1905, '06, and '07 were 49, 89, and 167 cars exported respectively. The values, together with the parts, were: March, 1905, £22,611; March, 1906, £54,754; March, 1907, £110,594. During the first three months of the present year we have exported £330,050 worth of motor-cars, motor-cycles, and parts thereof."

The motor-car which Mr. Colin Defries entered for the recent Flexibility Trials was a Porthos car and not a Maudslay.

GRAPHICUS.

With the initiation of the first Montenegrin Parliament also occurs the first appearance of that too little known country at a great Exhibition. Montenegro is sending its best and most characteristic things to the big display opening at Earl's Court on May 4. From his splendid collection of ancient weapons Prince Nikola has forwarded several specimens. There will also be hand-woven rugs and silks, gold and other embroideries, native costumes, models of the houses of the peasantry, timber, cereals, etc. The smoked mutton, "Castradina," on which the peasantry subsist during the winter months, and the alcoholic beverage, "Rakija," a spirit distilled from plums and grapes, will be among many other objects novel to this country.

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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1907

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Although only two of the seven Colonial Premiers—Mr. Deakin and Sir Joseph Ward—were present at the Pilgrims' Club banquet on Saturday, yet the proceedings lacked neither interest nor enthusiasm. Sir Edward Grey's speech was the chief event, and if Imperial Defence was its chief point, the great note of the evening was that of Imperial harmony. It was, indeed, a banquet which, as Sir Edward Grey in his quotation from Mr. Choate hinted, may be not inappropriately described as an Imperial love feast.

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Opera Notes

There are probably few composers who are better known by name and less by their works than Jacques Offenbach. Nearly anyone with any taste for music at all, whether light or serious, has heard of him, and could name three or four of his operas; yet, however gifted vocally, he would probably have no inconsiderable difficulty in humming a single bar of his music. Like many another good composer, he has fallen before the onslaughts of musical comedy, and the various *Girls* who have lately been romping across our stages have elbowed his less boisterous but far more dainty creations completely out of the way. Thanks, however, to the enterprise of Herr Hans Gregor's admirable company from the Berlin Komische Oper, London can now once more revel in the delights of Offenbach, slightly but very cleverly adulterated by Guiraud, to whom fell the task of finishing *The Tales of Hoffmann* after the master's death, and it is to be hoped that no one with a soul for light music of the best type will fail to seize so excellent a chance.

The Tales of Hoffmann, as the piece now running at the Adelphi is called, for the benefit of those who find it difficult to twist their tongues to its German title, *Hoffmann's Erzählungen*, is scarcely one of its composer's most characteristic works, for it is planned on a somewhat more ambitious scale than that which he generally affected. It is not an opera bouffe, and it is not quite a grand opera; but it is something betwixt and between, and it is hard to know exactly in what category it ought to be placed. Be that as it may, one thing is quite incontrovertible, and that is that it forms a very delightful entertainment. Offenbach was, of course, a somewhat variable composer, and, like the little girl with the little curl right down the middle of her forehead, when he was good he was very, very good, and when he was bad he was horrid. Mercifully, throughout the greater part of *The Tales of Hoffmann* he was very, very good, and the opera abounds in delightful melodies and fascinating airs. Only now and then does the music sink into those abject depths of banality into which Offenbach's fatal fluency occasionally plunged him, and these moments are of brief duration. For the most part the score is a mine of delight, full of rich treasures which must appeal to the hearts of music-lovers of every degree.

Even in these days of sumptuous staging the production is astonishing for its excellence. Fräulein Hedwig Franzillo-Kauffmann, Fräulein Urban, Herr Jean Nadolovitch, Herr Rudolf Hofbauer, and Herr Borodin-Delwary are all skilled both in the singer's and in the actor's art, the orchestra, under Herr Fritz Cassirer, is excellent, the scenery is charming, while Herr Max Moris, who was responsible for the production, is a genius. The scene at the inn in the prologue, the reception at the doctor's house in the first act, and the scene at Venice in the second act are surely the most lifelike put on the London stage for years, and every member of the company, from the chief of the principals to the humblest singer in the chorus, is given a real part to play in them, and plays it uncommonly well. Even if the story were dull and the music beneath contempt, the opera would be worth seeing for the sake of the stage management alone.

On Tuesday night the opera season begins, and if the present promise is fulfilled, it ought to prove as completely successful as any of its predecessors. Many of its chief features have already been described in THE GRAPHIC, and it is unnecessary to revert to these now, but a few fresh announcements have been made of late which are of some interest. For example, on Thursday we are to hear Mozart's *Bastien et Bastienne*, which, so far as can be discovered, has never been played here in German before. Truth to tell, the revival is not of much importance, for the operetta is a very early work, and its chief claim to renown is that there is a theme in the overture which is identical with the first theme in the opening movement of Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony. Mascagni's *Iris* may have to be laid on the shelf, and it will be a pity if such is the case, for it is generally regarded abroad as its composer's masterpiece. It is certain, however, that Catalani's *Loreley* will be produced, after its many postponements, and that *Otello* will be played, while Verdi may also be represented by his *Don Carlos*, in addition, of course, to his more familiar operas. Such a revival is a step in the right direction, for though *Don Carlos* is the product of Verdi's earlier days, it is extremely interesting to have an occasional opportunity of hearing a work that, in its day, enjoyed an immense popularity.

J. D. H.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

DECIDEDLY, Holy Russia is a land apart: there is none other that is quite like her—fortunately, perhaps. Take, for example, the case of General Neplueff, commandant of the fortress of Sebastopol. The General has, somehow, managed to make himself so unpopular with the revolutionaries that they have thrice attempted his life with bombs during the past ten months. Hitherto they have not succeeded; but they have incidentally killed no fewer than forty-nine innocent persons in their attempt. Not unnaturally, Sebastopol finds this sort of thing monotonous, the population has petitioned for the General's removal, and the request has been granted. But the revolutionaries declare that he shall never leave Sebastopol alive. The question, therefore, now is whether the General will succeed in getting "removed" in one sense before he is "removed" in the other.

We observe with satisfaction that, at the time at which we write, M. Clemenceau appears to be in the way of making up his quarrel with the good people of Orléans over the question of the part to be taken—or not to be taken—by the clergy in the annual festival in honour of Joan of Arc. The clergy, including their parochial crosses, are to be permitted to walk in the procession on condition that the military do not pay the accustomed honours to the emblem of the Christian faith. Well, the Church will probably survive that deprivation, just as the Republic would not have been seriously endangered if M. Clemenceau had known how to let well alone. The whole affair is a storm in a teacup.

Talking of M. Clemenceau reminds us that more gossip is leaking out from the Montagnini papers, which are now being gravely examined by the Government's Commission. Perhaps, however, the Commissioners will keep back anything specially spicy, and give it us at the last under the title of—shall we say?—"The Ultramontagnini Papers." We feel convinced they will discover the nesting mare before they have done—but they have not found her yet, and when they do, it is just possible the nest may be empty of eggs.

The Alpine accident season has opened early this year. Two tourists, Swiss, out of a party of six, have been killed on the Speer, and a third, from Vienna, in the Finster Valley, near Zirl. It will be observed that none of these unfortunate people were English, and Alpine folk will tell you that the percentage of accidents is higher among Continental than among English tourists, because the former—and especially the thrifty Teuton—will venture without guides where the more prodigal (and prudent) Briton will not.

A great deal has been heard of late about the alarming increase of crimes of violence in France, and particularly of the nocturnal exploits of the "Apaches" in the streets of Paris. London, however, is hardly in a position to plume herself much upon her superior virtue, in view of the fatal stabbing case which occurred in the City Road last Saturday night. The use of the knife seems to be decidedly on the increase among our native "Apaches," and the fact is one which calls for exemplary severity on the part of the Courts. There are even some who hold strongly that a judicious application of the lash would prove a highly curative form of treatment. But then we are told that we should "brutalise" the criminal by thrashing him! Which, by the way, is rather in the nature of an insult to our four-footed friends.

Doubtless the Government have been actuated by the amiable desire to let bygones be bygones in forbidding the representation at the Military Tournament of an incident in the siege of Delhi. If, however, that decision has been prompted by the existing unrest among the natives of India, one is not quite sure that it is a very wise one. The present year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the Indian Mutiny, and it would be just as well that natives seditiously inclined should be reminded of the fundamental fact that England, in the last resort, holds India by the sword. That is a truth which, as the recent scandalous outburst of disloyalty at Lahore sufficiently proves, is liable to be forgotten in the piping times of peace.

The Government is evidently resolved that the Colonial delegates shall not get even a whiff of guidance from English currents of sentiment. There can be no other reason for burking all non-official reports of the discussions and substituting bald, jejune summaries in which the cautious hand of Mr. Facing-both-ways is clearly visible. Even the veriest Socialist windbag would find it hard to make these aggravating condensations the texts for critical comments. Just when the reader has got to imagine that he has clutched the tails of some important proposal, a dark fogbank surges up, and he finds himself as bewildered as the skipper of a lightship that has broken away from her moorings. To denounce the stupid innovation as un-English would be so congenial to its authors that we prefer to keep back that description.

The majority of the delegates are rumoured to be highly dissatisfied with what is practically a severe form of closure. But they are helpless until they get back to their respective Colonies, when we may expect to catch the echoes of a good many anathemas. For the rest the Conference appears to have addressed itself in a thoroughly business-like spirit to the vital matters it has to deal with. Each has received its due share of impartial judgment, and it is a safe prediction that before the assembly breaks up, Imperial Unification, in the highest sense, will have taken a long stride towards realisation. King Edward's world-wide dominions must either be knit together much more closely or split asunder, as the Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman Empires were.

If it were possible to believe Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman and his "units" to be so insane as to embark in "land nationalisation," there would be substantial reason for public misgiving as to the upshot of so revolutionary an endeavour. But these politicians are not in the least mad; their wild and gushing prate about parcelling out land, with or without the consent of its owners, into small holdings is nothing more than a tickling of the Socialistic epidermis. That redoubtable champion of Topsy-Turvydom, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, has been loudly roaring lately about the villainous treachery of the Cabinet in putting off confiscatory legislation to another Session, and he gives it to be understood that unless Ministers shake off this brutal indifference to democratic sentiment, his falchion will flash out and whip off the head of the Prime Minister. So to keep the dangerous weapon in its sheath, Downing Street shouts with all its voice, "Hurrah for Mr John Cade's successor!"



THE PHYSIOLOGY BUILDINGS



THE NATURAL PHILOSOPHY BUILDING

Among the important engagements of the Prince of Wales in Glasgow was the opening of the extension of the University Buildings—two large structures devoted to physiology, materia medica, forensic medicine, public health and natural philosophy. They are the result of the efforts of the late Principal Story, and have cost nearly £80,000. A Glasgow architect, Mr. James Miller, F.R.I.B.A., designed the buildings, which are simple but effective. In the structure containing the physiology buildings, shown in our photograph on the left, are a museum, a psychology department, consisting of a lecturers' room and a laboratory, a chemistry room, a histology room; a department of materia medica and therapeutics, with pharmacy laboratories, a preparation room, and its own museum and library; and a department of forensic medicine and public health. In the physiological department there is a lecture-room which will hold 250 students. Each department is self-contained. The natural philosophy building is three stories high. It contains electric, chemical, physical, general, and several research laboratories, and magnetic, balance and stereoscopic rooms. Here there is also a museum, containing some very interesting exhibits, such as the Newcommen engine which Watt was repairing when he invented the separate condenser. Photos by Fullerton, Glasgow.

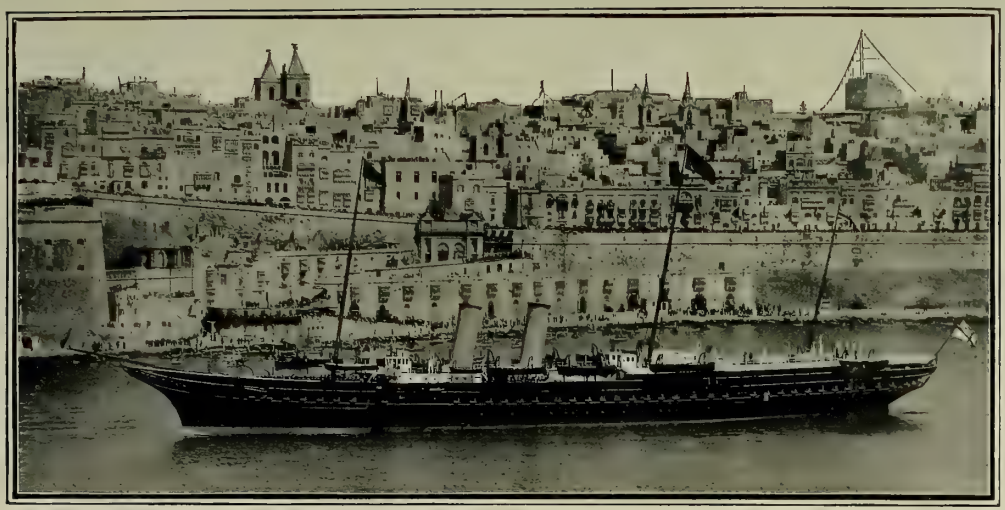
THE PRINCE'S VISIT TO GLASGOW: THE TWO NEW UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS WHICH HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS OPENED

In the case of the costly Thames steamboat service, the London ratepayer finds himself out of the frying-pan clean into the fire. It was certainly never anticipated that the new County Council would father Mr. John Burns's grossest extravagance, even in the most modified shape. Public opinion, as expressed in the Press, had condemned the monstrous enterprise, lock, stock, and barrel, and it was assumed that the municipal reformers, if they got into power, would abandon the wretched armada to the vengeance of the gods. We warn them against repeating that departure from electioneering pledges. Sooner or later electors, whether Parliamentary or Municipal, get angry and make a clean sweep of the deceivers, no matter what their excuses may be.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, has graciously consented to open the new out-patients' Hall of the London Temperance Hospital on Tuesday, May 14 next.

The Duchess of Bedford will distribute the Faithful Service Prizes at the sixty-third annual festival of the Ragged School Union and Shaftesbury Society on Monday evening, May 6, in the Queen's Hall, Langham Place.

The German Emperor and Empress, the Princess Victoria Louise, and their entire staff have arrived at the Castle at Homburg. The Emperor will remain ten days, and the Empress, with the Princess Louise, will stay for a month, and will take the full cure.



When the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert steamed into the beautiful harbour of Valetta the church bells pealed, the shore batteries fired salutes, and the thousands of spectators cheered lustily. During the whole of their four days' stay the King and Queen were received with the wildest enthusiasm wherever they went, for Malta intended to show that in spite of occasional friction between the islanders and the authorities, she is as loyal as any other portion of the Empire. Our photo is by Stephen Cribb.

THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: THE ROYAL YACHT ENTERING THE HARBOUR AT MALTA



The banquet offered to the Colonial Premiers by the 1900 Club at the Albert Hall was a truly Gargantuan repast, unique in the annals of London entertainments. The whole of the basement was converted into an enormous kitchen, and an army of 400 waiters looked after the comfort of the guests. Amongst the items requisitioned were 220 salmon, 2,000 quails, 20,000 sticks of asparagus and 600 pounds of strawberries, while 1,500 bottles of champagne were disposed of in addition to other wines.

TO FEAST THE PREMIERS: PREPARING FOR THE GREAT BANQUET AT THE ALBERT HALL

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON



The great banquet at the Albert Hall given by the 1900 Club in honour of the Colonial Premiers was one of the most important of the many festive functions at which the Premiers have been guests. The 1900 Club is a club of Unionists and thorough going Imperialists, and it was fitting that their entertainment of our Imperialist from over-seas should be specially magnificent. There were nearly two thousand guests. A temporary floor was built eleven feet above the Albert Hall arena, carpeted with an enormous Union Jack. Here were 111 tables, seating 1,000 guests. The rest dined in the boxes and grand tier. The decorations were profuse. There were myriads of coloured lights in the boxes, the three tiers of which were draped with red, white, and blue bunting. From the roof hung fifty topes of paper flowers, suspended from an enormous tricoloured crown. The tables were decorated with pink roses, smilax, and red carnations. Round the hall were the emblazoned arms of England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales and the City of London, and trophies of Colonial flags. Mr. Balfour, whose sister, Miss Balfour, acted as hostess, made the speech of the evening, and the Premiers themselves spoke with enthusiasm of their mission.

An Imperial Festival: The 1900 Club Banquet at the Albert Hall in Honour of the Colonial Premiers

DRAWN BY H. C. BREWER

COURT AND SOCIETY

The King and his Doctors

His Majesty, it is announced, has granted to Sir Frederick Treves and Sir Francis Laking, by Royal Warrant, an "honourable augmentation" to their arms, in recognition of their great skill and unremitting attention during His Majesty's dangerous illness in 1902. As a matter of fact, Sir Frederick Treves received this honour last year. It consists of one of the lions from His Majesty's Royal arms—one of those long, thin, impossible heraldic beasts, gold in colour, with a blue tongue, and stretching right across the top of the shield. Sir Francis Laking will now display a similar creature on his coat; he has already, by the way, the honour of supporters, which are not very often granted to persons below the dignity of peers.

Royal Augmentations

An interesting precedent to these medical honours is the augmentation granted to the late Sir William Gull, who not only received a baronetcy for his services on the occasion of the present King's terrible illness in 1871, but was also granted, by way of augmentation, "a canton ermine, thereon an ostrich feather ardent quilled or, enfiled by the coronet which encircles the plume of the Prince of Wales," together with a crest consisting of a lion displaying an escutcheon on which is emblazoned the ostrich feather and coronet as in the canton. The knotted serpent, traditionally associated with Æsculapius, appears in Sir William Gull's arms, and also in the special augmentation granted to Sir Henry Halford, the old Court physician, on the accession of Queen Victoria — namely, a staff entwined by a serpent. So, too, Sir James Clark, who was her late Majesty's first physician, had a boar's head in his coat of arms converted into a lion rampant. Sir Thomas Barlow, the eminent physician, bears for his crest a double-headed eagle with a red rose, to signify his position at Court, while behind rises a staff entwined with a serpent. Last, but not least, Sir John Williams, who was so long a valued member of the Princess of Wales's Household, bears on his coat, as well as the usual serpent, the white rose of York.



The Right Hon. W. St. John Brodrick, who succeeds to the title of Viscount Midleton, was a well-known member of the last Administration, occupying successively the posts of Secretary of State for War and for India. Photo by Elliott and Fry.

THE NEW VISCOUNT MIDLETON

Lord Liverpool's Honour

Only last August the late Lord Liverpool was granted, by way of "honourable augmentation," a lion rampant standing on a red cap turned up with ermine and bearing a man-of-war's church pennant—no doubt in allusion to his lordship's service in the Navy. Other notable augmentations are those granted by Charles II. to the Penderells of Boscobel and the Lanes of King's Bromley, out of gratitude for saving his life after the Battle of Worcester.

The Prince and Princess in Glasgow

The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Glasgow during this week has been eagerly anticipated by the citizens. Scotland takes a special interest in His Royal Highness, who is Great Steward of Scotland by an Act passed by the Scottish Parliament some four hundred and fifty years ago; he also has the picturesque title of Lord of the Isles, and is Duke of Rothesay and Baron of Renfrew. Their Royal Highnesses were to receive the Freedom of the City, and the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University, and to open the new University buildings; they were also to lay the foundation-stone of the Queen Victoria Memorial buildings of the Glasgow Royal Infirmary. Further ceremonies had been arranged at the new dock at Clydebank, for which the Princess herself chose the name of the Rothesay Dock. The Prince has a great many honorary degrees, chiefly of Colonial Universities, but this from Glasgow will be the first in his collection from a Scottish University. It is rather curious that the Princess should also receive the LL.D.; both the University of Wales, in 1902, and the University of London, in 1903, considered it more suitable to confer on Her Royal Highness the degree of Doctor of Music.

Lord Blythswood

Lord and Lady Blythswood, who had the honour of entertaining the Prince and Princess of Wales at Blythswood House, have long been admitted to the intimate friendship of the Royal Family. As Sir Archibald Campbell, Lord Blythswood had the honour of entertaining Queen Victoria more than once, and their present Majesties have also visited the big comfortable house overlooking the Clyde, which seems to link the old and the new in Scottish history. For Lord Blythswood's wealth is derived chiefly from a portion of modern industrial Glasgow; while it was near the mansion of Blythswood that the unfortunate Earl of Argyll was captured in peasant's dress after his unsuccessful expedition of 1685. Lord Blythswood is not much over seventy, and is still so hale and hearty that it is difficult to believe that he was wounded half a century ago in the Crimea. He has no heir, and the peerage will descend by special remainder to his eldest brother, the Rev. Sholto Campbell-Douglas, of Douglas Support, an historic estate in Lanark. He is married to Miss Violet Paget, a sister of the beautiful Lady Colebrooke.

Lady Blythswood

Lady Blythswood is also a *persona grata* with the Royal family. Like Lady Harrington, she is a sister of the ever-popular Lord Carrington, and half-sister of the Dowager Lady Colville of Culross, the widow of the Queen's Lord Chamberlain. Lady Blythswood is tall and stately, and both she and her husband are passionately fond of music. They are famous for the most charming musical parties at their house in Seamore Place, and they are constant frequenters of the Queen's Hall Concerts. They are, indeed, a singularly united couple, for they also are great art connoisseurs, and are constantly seen at Christie's. Lady Blythswood, indeed, has made the house in Seamore Place a veritable palace of art.



THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA AND HIS HEIR

Photo by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha

The young Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who is said to be going to bring his wife and baby over on a visit to his mother at Claremont, is still better known in England by his old title of the Duke of Albany. The posthumous child of the most intellectual of all Queen Victoria's sons, the young Prince did very well at Eton. When he became a German Prince he was whisked off to Bonn, and in due course married a German Princess. The heir to the duchies was born last September, and is a fine infant, who bears the names of John Leopold William Albert Ferdinand Victor. He had for sponsors, among others, the German Emperor and Empress and the young Queen of the Netherlands.

Interesting Weddings

The marriage of the Hon. Dudley Gordon, second son of the Viceroy of Ireland and Lady Aberdeen, with Miss Cecile Drummond, was fixed for last Thursday at St. George's, Hanover Square. Bishop Welldon, the former headmaster of Harrow, was asked to officiate. The honeymoon is, it is understood, to be spent at stately Belvoir, lent by the Duke and Duchess of Rutland. There was a great crowd at St. George's, Hanover Square, last week, for the wedding of Mr. Edgar Sheppard, 19th Hussars, the elder son of Canon Edgar Sheppard, the popular sub-dean of the Chapels Royal, with Miss Hastings, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George Hastings. At the reception afterwards in Albemarle Street they received the congratulations of their friends while standing under a bower of white flowers.
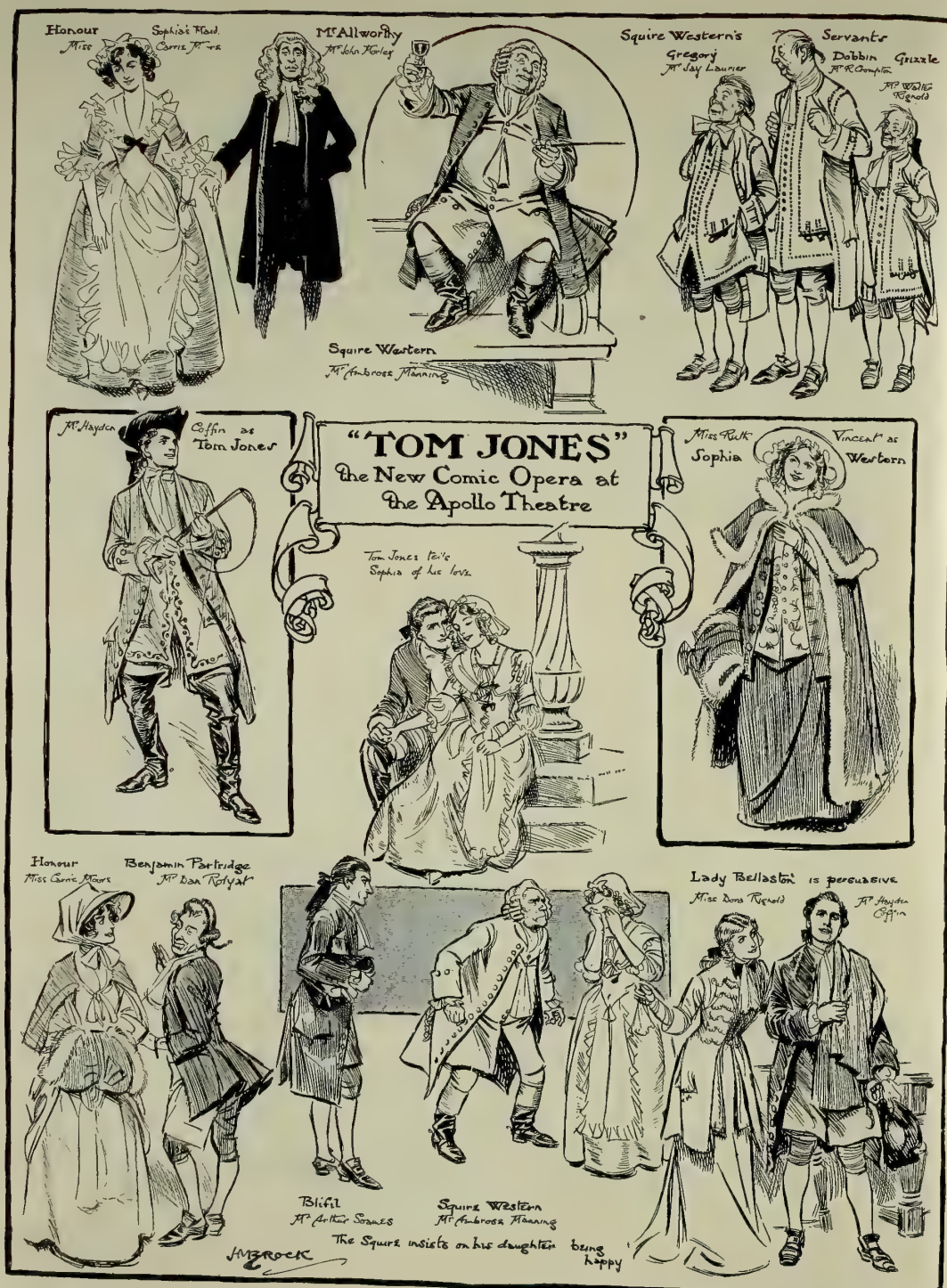


At the Stock Exchange and Old Surrey Hunt Steeplechase meeting, on Saturday, at Mewhurst, near Edenbridge, Stock Exchange hunting men enjoyed an interesting day's sport. The meeting was in conjunction with the Old Surrey Hunt, and comprised six events. The most exciting race was that for the Stock Exchange Light-weight Hunter's Cup, won by Mr. L. R. Carr's Warwick, with the owner up. Warwick had won six point-to-point races this season. There were six starters, and Mr. Stevens's Larry, ridden by Mr. Laurie, was the favourite. At the last fence, however, Warwick swerved and threw Larry out of his stride, winning a fine race from the latter by only half a length.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE STEEPLECHASE: AT THE LAST FENCE IN THE LIGHT-WEIGHT HUNTERS' CUP RACE



The Kennel Club's Field Trial Derby on Mr. Pretyman's estate, Orwell Park, near Ipswich, occupied last week only two days instead of the usual three. The weather was good, and there was good scent. The first stake was that for puppies of either the pointer or setter race. The winner was Mr. B. J. Warwick's Compton Joyce, a liver ticked pointer, Mr. C. Austin's Rosie Sullivan being second, and Mr. K. McDouall's Logan Lucky third. The all aged stakes were won by undoubtedly the best setter on the ground, Mr. Purcell Llewellin's Lucy Wind 'em. Mr. Warwick's lemon and white setter, Compton Gilt, was second; Mr. Llewellin's black and white setter, Puck of the Fells, third, and Mr. Herbert Mitchell's Lingfield Beryl (last year's winner), fourth. In the brace stake Mr. Warwick's pointers, Compton Sportsman and Compton Lucy, took the first prize, and his setters, Compton Sandy and Gavin of Lyndhurst, the second.

THE KENNEL CLUB IN THE FIELD: THE TRIAL DERBY AT ORWELL PARK, IPSWICH



The Bi-Centenary of Fielding: A Dramatized Version of his Famous Novel

DRAWN BY H. M. BROCK



"AN AMERICAN BRIG TAKING A PILOT ON BOARD" BY C. W. ECKERSBERG



"THE COMMITTEE OF FRENCH ARTISTS FOR THE EXHIBITION IN COPENHAGEN IN 1888"—BY P. S. KROYER

Art at the Guildhall: Two of the Pictures in the Danish Exhibition

The Theatres

MODERN LIGHT OPERA

The production of *Tom Jones* at the APOLLO Theatre is, theatrically speaking, an event of more than ordinary importance. The fact that the piece is another attempt at romantic light opera shows that managers have really begun to realise that musical comedy has had its day, and must be succeeded by some better blend of drama and music, unless the variety houses are to win in the struggle which is taking place between them and the theatres for the favour of the public. *Tom Jones* has hardly received fair treatment, for it has been rather adversely criticised because it does scant justice to Fielding's great novel. This is not the point. The point is, since romantic opera requires a picturesque setting, and should not deal with our own times, would Mr. Courtneidge's "book" have been better if he had attempted to invent an eighteenth century plot and characters without drawing upon Fielding? For my part I have not the faintest doubt that it would not have been nearly so good, since it takes a genius to construct characters belonging to a bygone age, and Mr. Courtneidge shows no signs of possessing genius in his dialogue. By using Fielding he has contrived to give a certain number of tolerably interesting characters the opportunity of carrying out a sufficiently dramatic story in which the songs and dances do not seem wholly inappropriate. Taken simply at that his "book," though not "great," must be looked upon as something of a success artistically, and he deserves much commendation for having chosen Mr. Edward German to compose the music, and also for his earnest endeavour to produce and cast the piece on an artistic, instead of a commercial, basis, from which, however, he seems likely to reap a financial success. For Mr. German's part, he has made a sincere attempt to write romantic light opera music of eighteenth century character, and in many ways he has succeeded admirably He has avoided colossal effects, and has used the orchestra in its right place, as a pleasant and helpful accompaniment to the voices, instead of allowing it to become, as less artistic composers often do, obtrusive or even paramount. He has shown great ability in the concerted pieces, particularly in "The Barley Mow" number, in which he has kept each part definite and typical of the character without once losing the balance or proportion of the whole, while working to a climax, and this, too, without sacrificing melody. Indeed, his success in this and in "The Foundling Boy" song—so admirably rendered by Mr. Hayden Coffin — in which the music does actually enhance the meaning of the words, seems to point to the fact that Mr. German is the likeliest English composer to bring the art of light opera to some new perfection, if he can find a librettist to write him a book worthy of his music.

DRAMATICUS.



THE LATE VISCOUNT MIDLETON
A Surrey Magnate.



THE LATE LORD HALIBURTON
Distinguished Public Servant.



THE LATE SIR GEORGE ARMSTRONG
Soldier and Journalist.

Our Supplement

It is always a treat for GRAPHIC readers to see a drawing by Paul Renouard, the celebrated black and white artist. He has long been known as a master of black and white, and it was for his attainments in this form of art that he received in 1894 the distinction of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. But it is not very often that he adds—as in our Supplement—the interest of colour to his ever interesting productions. All his work in England has been drawn for THE GRAPHIC. Those swiftly realised impressions of life for which he is famous are not produced without effort, though they may seem to be. He finds his models anywhere, and makes many careful studies from them. All the men of the London docks know, or have known, the "little dark man with the soft slouch hat," the bright eyes and the bushy beard, and at the police courts he is greeted with a familiar "bong joor, moossoo." And it is the same abroad, whether in his beloved Paris, or at Echternach in the Luxemburg Ardennes.

Our Portraits

The late Lord Haliburton, who was raised to the peerage in 1898 on his retirement as Permanent Under-Secretary for War, was the distinguished son of a distinguished father, who is best known for his writings as "Sam Slick," but who is not so well remembered as a judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia and member of the House of Commons. The late peer was born in 1832, was educated at King's College School, Nova Scotia, and called to the Nova Scotian Bar in 1855. After having joined the Commissariat Department of the British Army during the Crimean War, and given great promise as an administrator, he was transferred in 1870 to the Civil Service as an Assistant Director of Supplies and Transport, and eight years after became Director of Supplies and Transport at the War Office. In 1888 he became Assistant Under-Secretary of State for War, and in 1895 Permanent Under-Secretary of State for War, and retired in 1898. He was the first Colonist who spent forty years in the Imperial service and rose to be the permanent head of one of the great State departments. He leaves a widow but no children. Photo by Elliott and Fry.

The late Viscount Midleton—Baron Brodrick of Midleton, county Cork, and Baron Brodrick of Peper Harow, Surrey—was born in 1830, the eldest son of William John, seventh Viscount. He was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, entered Parliament as one of the representatives for Mid-Surrey in 1868, and sat until he succeeded, two years later. Although he sat on two Commissions, his infirmity of blindness prevented him from doing the public work he wished, and it is for his interest in the county of Surrey that he is best known. He had been Deputy-Lieutenant, Justice of the Peace, member of the Surrey County Council, High Steward of Kingston-on-Thames, and Lord-Lieutenant from 1896 till 1905. Photo by Haines.

The late Sir George Clayton Hughes Armstrong, editor-in-chief and proprietor of the *Globe*, and part proprietor of the *People*, was the son of Colonel G. Craven Armstrong, who commanded the 4th Sikhs in the Burmese war of 1851. He was born seventy-one years ago at Lucknow, and saw much fighting in India. He served throughout the Mutiny with the Pathan Horse, and under Hudson, and at Moorad-Nuggur he was severely wounded several times. Subsequently, after his recovery, he again saw fighting, and a good deal of it, until he was invalided home and pensioned. It was not until 1872 that he undertook the editorship of the *Globe*, and in 1881 he founded the *People*, of which he and Mr. W. T. Madge afterwards became the sole proprietors. He leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter, and is succeeded in the title by his eldest son, George Elliot Armstrong. Photo by Elliott and Fry.

The "Clerk of the Weather" is more often blamed than praised in our varying climate, but in the eighteenth annual report of the Seaside Camps for London Working Boys, thanks are accorded to the "glorious summer of 1906" for its share in securing the success which once more crowned the work of the committee. The lads —2,551 of them—were received at the camps at Bexhill, Eastbourne and Dymchurch, and glowing accounts of their enjoyment are given. A visitor at Dymchurch writes: "Think of the tremendous change it must be to a London boy, living in a noisy thoroughfare where the din is incessant, or in an overcrowded slum, to find himself in the open country, with hardly a house in sight, with no sound to wake him in the early morning save the voice of the lark or the call of the reveille bugle." Increased support is asked for, and it should be remembered that it is important that an organisation of this kind should have its funds in hand as early as possible in the year, so that it may know in good time how many boys it can undertake to provide for. The office is at 23, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.; the Secretary is Mr. F. Abel Bloxam.



THE HON. LULLEY GORDON
Photo by Lafayette.



MISS CECILE DRUMMOND
Photo by Thomson.

Married at St. George's, Hanover Square.



MR. EDGAR SHEPPARD



MISS ISABELLE HASTINGS

Photos by Thomson.

Married at St. George's, Hanover Square.



Echternach, in the Luxemburg Ardennes, is a quaint little Roman town, built on the banks of the Sure, near the boundary of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg and Germany. It is celebrated for an extraordinary dancing procession which takes place every year, and to which people come from far and near, to the number of ten or fifteen thousand. This curious ceremony was instituted by a St. Willibrord, who, at a time when all the cattle in the district were afflicted with a sort of St. Vitus dance—so the story goes—suggested that the people should go in a sort of jumping procession, taking three steps forward and two backward, down to the church, and pray that the disease might be taken away. The result was doubtless satisfactory, and though the good St. Willibrord has passed away, the procession still takes place in his honour, and is not to be alluded to lightly in Echternach.

A CURIOUS RELIGIOUS CEREMONY: THE FAMOUS DANCING PROCESSION AT ECHTERNACH, IN THE LUXEMBURG ARDENNES

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOUARD



Echternach, in the Luxemburg Ardennes, is a quaint little Roman town, built on the banks of the Sure, near the boundary of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg and Germany. It is celebrated for an extraordinary dancing procession which takes place every year, and to which people come from far and near, to the number of ten or fifteen thousand. This curious ceremony was instituted by a St. Willibrord, who, at a time when all the cattle in the district were afflicted with a sort of St. Vitus dance—so the story goes—suggested that the people should go in a sort of jumping procession, taking three steps forward and two backward, down to the church, and pray that the disease might be taken away. The result was doubtless satisfactory, and though the good St. Willibrord has passed away, the procession still takes place in his honour, and is not to be alluded to lightly in Echternach.

A CURIOUS RELIGIOUS CEREMONY: THE FAMOUS DANCING PROCESSION AT ECHTERNACH, IN THE LUXEMBURG ARDENNES

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOUARD



On Saturday evening, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman gave a dinner at his official residence, 10, Downing Street, in honour of the Colonial Premiers. The banquet was served in the large dining-room. On the right of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman are shown in our drawing the American Ambassador and Mr. Deakin and on the left, in the order given, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Joseph Ward, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Sir Robert Bond. Opposite are seen General Botha, the Earl of Elgin, the Duke of Argyll and Dr. Jameson.

The Premier Entertains the Premiers: Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's Dinner at Downing Street

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I



LORD KELVIN
Chancellor of Glasgow University.



LADY KELVIN
Photo by Lafayette.



LORD PROVOST BILSLAND
Photo by Lafayette.



MRS. BILSLAND
Photo by Lafayette.



LORD BLYTHSWOOD
Photo by Werneuke.



BLYTHSWOOD HOUSE



LADY BLYTHSWOOD
Photo by Lafayette.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS'S HOST AND HOSTESS AND THEIR HOUSE



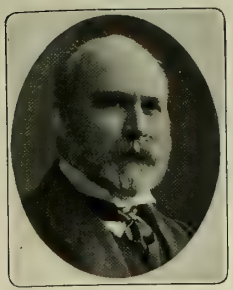
THE GLASGOW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, WHERE THE PRINCE WAS ENTERTAINED BY THE CIVIC AUTHORITIES



THE OLD ROYAL INFIRMARY: THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW WAS LAID BY THE PRINCE

The Visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Glasgow

The Prince and Princess of Wales spent busy days at Glasgow. They were the guests of Lord and Lady Blythswood at Blythswood House, Renfrew. After the reception by Lord Blythswood—the Lord-Lieutenant—at the station, an address was presented to their Royal Highnesses by the Corporation. In Glasgow they visited the Royal Infirmary, and the Prince laid the foundation-stone of the new building, which replaces the old one shown in our photograph. Photos by Annan, Lord Kelvin's portrait by Lafayette.



DR. MACALISTER
Principal of Glasgow University.
Photo by Lafayette.



MR. NATHANIEL DUNLOP
Chairman of the Clyde Trust.
Photo by Werneuke.



EX-BAILIE SIMONS
Chairman of the Fine Art Institute.
Photo by Lafayette.



MR. J. D. HEDDERWICK
Chairman of the Royal Infirmary.
Photo by Werneuke.



THE NEW DOCK AT CLYDEBANK, OPENED BY THE PRINCE AND NAMED BY THE PRINCESS



THE ART GALLERIES, THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF WHICH WAS LAID BY THE PRINCE ON HIS LAST VISIT



GLASGOW UNIVERSITY: SHOWING ON THE LEFT THE NEW BUILDINGS OPENED BY THE PRINCE

The most important of the Prince and Princess's engagements was the opening and naming of the great Clydebank Dock. They were received at Renfrew Wharf by Mr. Nathaniel Dunlop, Chairman of the Clyde Trust. The Prince laid the memorial-stone, and the Princess, having been presented with a vase of wine, named the dock. Their Royal Highnesses also visited the Art Galleries, the foundation-stone of which was laid by the Prince on his last visit to Glasgow, and the University to open the new buildings Photos by Annan.

The Visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Glasgow

THE F.O. BAG

By LUCIEN WOLF

IF the information which reaches me from well-informed friends in Russia is true, the second Duma has a very restricted "expectancy of life." I am, indeed, assured that the decree for its dissolution was signed last week. At any rate it is certain that all the Liberal, and even the Moderate, influences in touch with the Throne have been worsted. Never since the promulgation of the October Constitution have the Reactionaries been bolder and more confident of success. The acknowledged leaders of the Black Hundreds are free of the Imperial Palace. The provincial branches of their sinister organisation deluge the Tsar daily with telegrams demanding the dissolution of the Duma and the restoration of the Autocracy in all its mediæval purity and irresponsibility. Their Hooligan rabble is being openly mobilised for fresh Pogroms, while the delectable M. Gringmuth harangues Reactionary meetings in St. Petersburg on the necessity of a Dictatorship without a word of rebuke from the authorities. The appointment of M. Pikno, who embodies the most obscurantist convictions of the late M. Pobiedonoszeff, to the Council of the Empire, and the letter of M. de Martens to the *Times*, suffice, however, to show which way the wind is blowing in the highest quarters. It is idle to discuss the question whether the dissolution of the Duma is justified or not. As a matter of fact, the real crime of that Assembly is not its alleged incapacity for work, but its virile existence. Everything that could be done to render it an innocuous and decorative appendage of the Autocracy was done. The failure of these manœuvres alone makes dissolution inevitable. A fortnight ago, when the Dowager Empress was in England, I had a conversation with a distinguished Russian who is in the closest touch with the Imperial Family. I asked whether there was any chance of Count Witte being again entrusted with the Premiership. "None whatever," was the prompt reply. "Do you think the Tsar will ever forgive him the October Constitution?" If this is the feeling of the Tsar it is quite clear that no self respecting Duma can ever hope to justify its existence in his eyes.

Foreigners are more deeply and directly interested in the new crisis in Russia than they generally wot of. There are signs that the pendulum will swing back this time far beyond its natural range. It is not a mere question of Pogroms and Field Courts-Martial. During the last year or two a constructive Reaction of a most mischievous type has developed itself, and it is this school which is now imposing itself on the country. It is chiefly represented by men like M. Pikno and the leaders of the so-called League of True Russians—in a word the very men who now have the confidence of the Tsar. One of the favourite measures of reform advocated by these persons is what is grandiloquently called "the emancipation of the country from the economic yoke of the foreigner." This is to be effected by the abolition of the gold standard, which was so laboriously built up by Bunge, Vyschnegradski, and Witte, and the re-establishment of a practically unlimited paper currency. In other words, a system of *assignats* is to be introduced. Of course this is bankruptcy pure and simple. There is, however, much to be said for it from the Russian point of view. In the first place it would relieve the Exchequer of a terrible burden of anxiety, and in the second place it would placate the discontented peasantry, inasmuch as it would be possible by its means to reduce the taxation which bears so heavily on the rural classes, and to leave them a larger quantity of the cereals they raise for their own consumption. Many other economic advantages are claimed for the scheme, but for the most part they are illusory. During the last few years this "reform" has figured in a brief paragraph in the official programme of the League of True Russians, but I hear that lately it has been worked out into a regular *projet de loi*, by which it is enacted that the note issue, chiefly in small values, shall be trebled and the gold currency limited to coins of fifteen roubles. The chief sponsors of the measure are Prince Shtsherbatoff and M. Sergei Sharapoff.

Ever since the garrulous Moritz Busch let the world into the secret of Prince Bismarck's dealings with the "Reptile Press," certain publicists in this country have developed a perfect mania for discovering the hand of the German Government in every German newspaper article which is at all disagreeable to Great Britain. This was strikingly illustrated last week, when the Royal meeting at Gaeta was made the occasion for absurd attacks on King Edward by the *Neue Freie Presse* and the *Koelnische Zeitung*, while a number of other German newspapers attacked the loyalty of Italy as a member of the Triple Alliance with quite indecorous bitterness. It was at once assumed that all these articles had been inspired by the Wilhelmstrasse. Some of the writers, however, realised that the German Government could not be quite so stupid as it was represented, and the ingenious theory was evolved that Prince von Buelow had only inspired the peccant articles in order to enable himself afterwards to intervene "in the congenial *rôle* of one who pours oil on troubled waters and restores confidence." Surely elaborate imputations of this kind are unworthy of a serious journalism. That German statesmen make very industrious, and sometimes very crafty, use of the Press is true; but to accuse them of childish tricks of this kind is unreasonable. Is the theory that German journalists are sometimes foolish off their own bats quite inadmissible? Personally I do not believe that the Press bureau in the Wilhelmstrasse had anything more to do with the articles in the *Neue Freie Presse* and *Koelnische Zeitung* than had the British and Italian Governments with the replies to them which appeared in the *Times* and the *Tribuna*. The truth is that the outburst of the German Press in connection with the Gaeta meeting was aimed just as much against Prince von Buelow as against King Edward.



LEOPOLD II., KING OF THE BELGIANS
Photo by Geruzet Frères, Brussels.

It is mortifying to find that in their treatment of international politics the comedians and the professional musicians are actually wiser than the journalists. While the newspapers have been doing their fiery best to upset the European situation, Mr. Beerbohm Tree and MM. Saint-Saëns and Massenet have been busily engaged in promoting happier relations among the Powers. Truly this is a vale of tears and laughter! The *cabotin* steps in where diplomatists fear to tread, and comes back crowned with laurels. There can be no question that the visit of Mr. Tree and the French composers to Berlin has appreciably helped to soften the asperities of Anglo-German and Franco-German relations. At any rate they have returned home convinced that the German people are not quite the ogres they are represented in the newspapers, and that the irreconcilable enmities, of which we hear so much, are delusions. MM. Saint-Saëns and Massenet, indeed, appear to have become active missionaries of a Franco-German *entente*. "*Que vous dirai-je?*" exclaimed the author of *Hérodiade* enthusiastically to M. Lara on his arrival in Paris. "*Le public fut délicieux, l'Empereur charmant, l'Impératrice exquise!*" Surely after this the Morocco Question should solve itself. M. Clemenceau is fond of doing unconventional things. Could not he manage to hand over the portfolio of M. Pichon—who is rather a dull person—to M. Massenet? Perhaps it would be too much in the vein of "*le Bon Roi René*" to suit his austere Republican convictions, but minstrelsy would certainly not be altogether out of its element in the Concert of Europe.

The internal affairs of the minor European States seem to possess very little attraction for the great European public. Still there are features in the Belgian Cabinet crisis—apart from the subtle tactics of King Leopold, which are always worth studying — which touch very directly on large questions, in which the political students and the practical politicians of all the great Powers are interested. The idea that this crisis arises from some obscure parliamentary squabble over a deadly dull Mining Bill is only partly true. Under the surface much greater issues are at stake. The defeat of the Clerical Government of M. de Smet de Naeyer—the "Long Government," as it is called, on account of its protracted tenure of office—was due not merely to the unwelcome character of some of the clauses of the proposed new Mining Law, but also and chiefly to the gradual growth of a Tory Democratic party in the Belgian Chamber. This party holds views on all the leading questions of Belgian politics, such as the personal policy of the King, the administration of the Congo, and the fortification of Antwerp, which are likely to modify in the future the monopoly of power so long enjoyed by the Reactionary Catholics and the whole trend of Belgian politics. This is in itself a very interesting phenomenon, especially as it does not stand alone in Europe. It has a striking parallel in the democratisation of the German Centrum, and also in the party of Christian Socialism in Austria. How far it enjoys support in the Roman Catholic constituencies is as yet a question, but the hostility of King Leopold to a dissolution of Parliament is very suggestive on this point. Another point in the crisis is its distinct bearing on the Congo question, which so strongly appeals to British sentiment. Here the embarrassments of the King appear to be almost insuperable, for he insists on a Cabinet of Catholic concentration, and this is impossible in view of the irreconcilability of the views of the Ministerialists and the "Jeune Droite" on the Congo question.

Written by H. W. LUCY | # This Week's Parliament | Sketches by RALPH CLEAVER

Triplets and Other Trifles

The House of Commons has been chiefly engaged through the week with consideration of the Budget and the scheme of Army Reform. It would be impossible to conceive subjects of higher national interest. It is characteristic of a venerable and venerated body that dearly loves a joke, the smaller the more irresistible, that their importance has paled before the fact that a Welsh member's wife has presented him with three children at a birth. It is not easy to see where the fun comes in. It is certainly no joke for the hapless father. But the House decided to regard the tragedy as a comic incident, and pursued it with boyish avidity.

It happened that on the afternoon of the day the domestic event was published Mr. Ellis Davis had a question on the paper addressed to the Home Secretary. A crowded House eagerly awaited his appearance on the scene. When the Speaker called on the question, a prosaic one relating to the qualifications and appointments of quarry managers, there was a burst of merry laughter breaking into a storm of cheering. But Mr. Ellis Davis is a more cautious man than the accident



The Prime Minister mollifying the Irish Party.

alluded to would suggest. He did not put in an appearance, a modesty resented as rather marring sport.

Mr. Haldane has got his Army Bill read a second time by the rattling majority of 312 in a House of 374 members. Mr. Balfour led the Opposition into the Lobby in support of Mr. Wyndham's amendment, criticising the scheme on the ground that while destroying the Militia, discouraging the Yeomanry, imposing new, uncertain liabilities on the Volunteers, it will not, in a period of national peril, provide adequate force for home defence or prompt support for the regular Army in the field. Beaten on a division, he was not disposed to join the little band of irreconcilables who would not have the Bill on any terms. To the debate he contributed a speech patriotic in its moderation, illuminating in its display of knowledge of the subject. Unlike Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Walter Long, and other of his colleagues, Mr. Balfour has never played at soldiering. But while he was still Premier, there was no department of his work more interesting to him than his Presidency of the Defence Committee.

There was some apprehension that the Government intended to refer the Bill to one of the Grand Committees created under the new Procedure Rules. Such a course would have met with desperate resistance, as removing from the purview of the House a measure of vital interest. Mr. Haldane discreetly evaded the difficulty by moving to refer the Bill to a Committee of the whole House. He, however, hinted that there must be a time



Mr. John Redmond, an object of the Government's solicitude.

limit to discussion. The enormous majority by which the second reading was carried does not mean that objections entertained in various quarters to the particulars of the scheme are silenced. The proper place for their discussion is Committee, and the opportunity will be fully exploited. Knowledge that it will be limited to a specified number of days may, it is hoped, have the useful effect of concentrating attention upon important points, and shortening speeches.

The House of Lords remain in the condition of the frozen-out gardener and the discharged artificers of Woolwich Dockyard. They have no work to do. They meet four days a week at a quarter-past four. A few of them, occasionally as many as ten, hear prayers read. Public business commences on the stroke of the half-hour, and it not unfrequently happens that at twenty-five minutes to five noble lords are on their homeward way. Rarely does the sitting extend beyond five o'clock. Upon the active mind of Lord



Mr. Birrell uses all his wit and eloquence to keep the Irish in good humour.

Lansdowne flashed a happy thought, which, scientifically worked out, will have the effect of varying these depressing circumstances.

Last Saturday, the Premier, after the manner of the historic waiter who filled up a holiday by going out to assist a friend engaged at a dinner-party, utilised an off day by making an important after-luncheon speech. It blandly announced the addition of two important Bills to the already overburdened programme of the Session. One is the English Land Bill, to conduct which through the House Mr. Harcourt was made a Cabinet Minister; the other, a Valuation Bill. If these pass the Commons, they will, in due course, reach the Lords, opening up a field of sharp controversy. But by the time they arrive, the shadow of Prorogation will hang low. There will be a handful of other important measures awaiting discussion, and it will be impossible to do justice to proposals which strike at the heart of absolute landlordism.

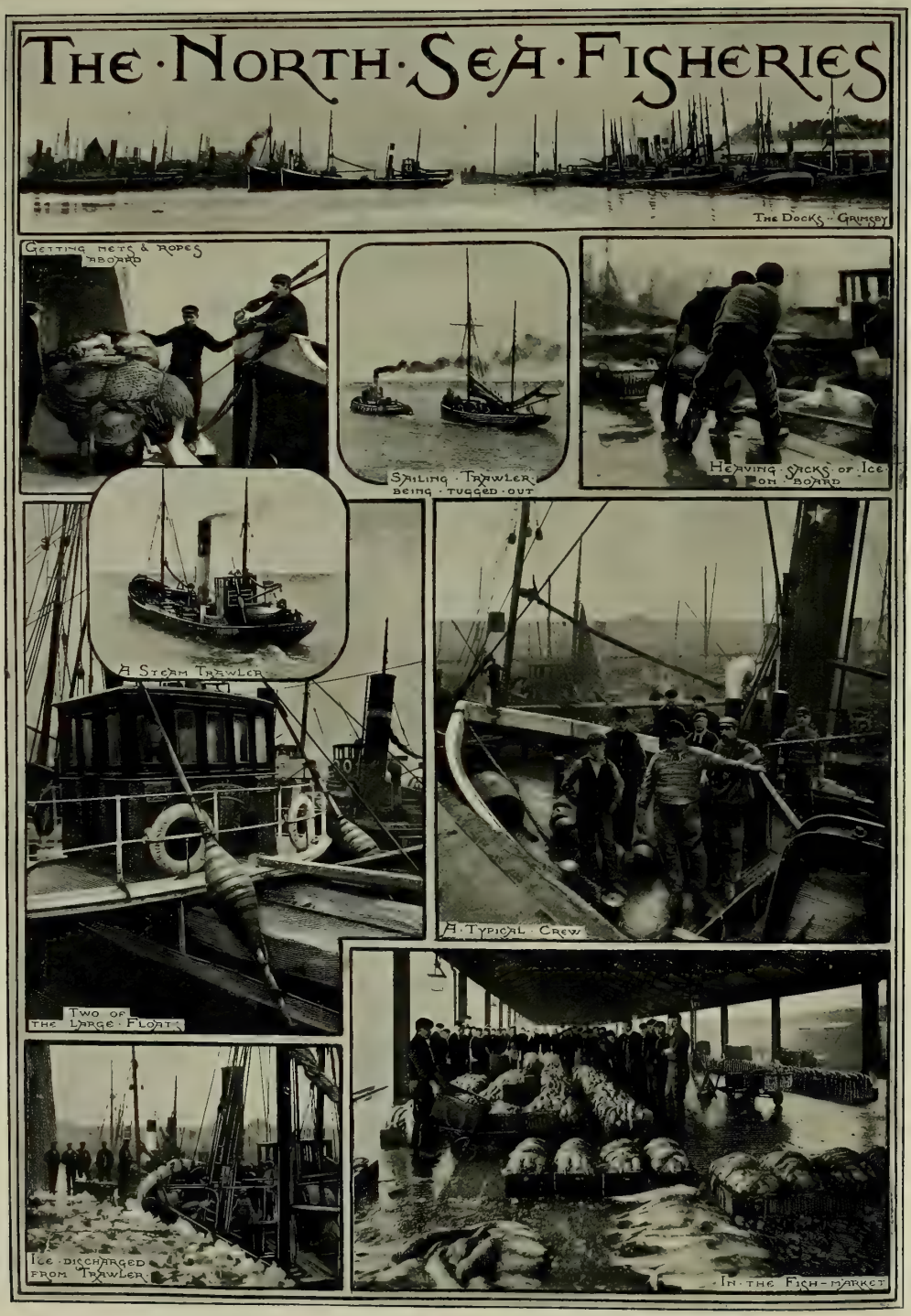
Lord Lansdowne saw a better way. Without awaiting the introduction of the Bills in either House, he, taking time by the forelock, initiated debate, taking the Premier's speech as his jumping-off ground. On



Mr. Austen Chamberlain criticises his successor's Budget.

Thursday he moved for papers which, according to the Premier's assertion, existed, indicating the existence of unsatisfied land hunger, whose craving was met by blank denial of food. Beyond the filling up of what would otherwise be wasted time on the part of the Hereditary Chamber, this new departure will serve a useful practical purpose. It will give the Government an opportunity before they are committed to the text of their Bill of hearing the criticism of experts on the subject. If they are wise, they are provided with the chance of being wise in time, smoothing away objections by adopting or adapting some of the Lords' criticisms.

The National Art-Collections Fund has recently received from two of its members a large panel of whale's bone of the Carlovingian period, carved in relief with King David dictating his Psalms, an object of exceptional rarity. The interest attaching to it is increased by the fact that it was found about 1845 during the demolition of an old house in Hoxton, traditionally associated with the name of Thomas Cromwell, and supposed to have been used at a later period as a meeting-place for Huguenots and Jews. The same subject, treated in an almost identical manner, occurs upon a smaller ivory panel in the Louvre, which probably dates from the ninth century. The whalebone panel has been presented by the Fund to the Trustees of the British Museum, for exhibition in the British and Mediæval Department.



Harvesting the Sea: Scenes at Great Grimsby, the Largest Fish Market in the World

HOW JOHN SPURR SERVED THE KING

Written by W. BOURNE COOKE

An East Bridgford Tale of 1645

Illustrated by FRANK DADD, R.I.



"The next moment a pistol flashed upon the bank."

IN the early evening of Saturday, November 3, 1645, John Spurr, landlord of the Royal Oak, East Bridgford, stood in his doorway and looked anxiously out on the deserted street. Not a soul was to be seen, and even the twinkling lights of the houses opposite showed but dimly through the intervening rain, which was turned into a shimmering water-sheet before the strong east wind.

That day had, indeed, been a memorable one for East Bridgford. Throughout it there had come the sound of heavy firing from the direction of Shelford House, and those who had been brave enough to creep along the river bank had returned with the news that the place was being stormed. The villagers had kept within doors as much as possible, frightened by the sound of battle so close at hand. Up and down the street looked mine host, anon listening anxiously for any sound of firing; but as nothing was to be heard, he presently spread forth his hands to the rain, then turned, and, with a grunt, walked back into the house.

The change from the gloomy darkness of the street to the bright-lit room would have made a harder man than John Spurr beam with thankfulness. A great fire burned upon the hearth, and over it hung a pan, whose lid, gently rising and falling, let forth the secret of the goodness within.

In the chimney-corner sat an old lady arrayed after the manner of those days; a spotless white cap surmounting her head, her hands fumbling beneath her kerchief, while her eyes were fixed in a fascinated manner on the dancing lid aforesaid.

This was John Spurr's mother, who, having been born in the troublous, bishop-burning days of Queen Mary, had lived on to see her country again torn asunder by the unhappy strife between King Charles and his Parliament. On this ancient survival of past days the landlord now stood gazing in silence; his hands thrust deep into his breeches pockets, his face growing more and more contented.

"A wild night, mother," said he, at last.

"It were a wild night when thou wast born," piped the old lady, without moving her eyes from the pan.

"Raining cats and dogs," her son continued, heedless of the reference to his nativity.

"It were raining when thou wast born," persevered the old lady, and then added with sudden animation, "It's simmering too fast, John."

"Nay, nay, mother, don't 'ee trouble; it's right enough," replied John, soothingly.

"I tell 'ee it's simmering too fast," persisted the old lady, with increased determination.

"Well, well, we'll say it is then," replied her son good humouredly, "but it'll take no harm while Ruth . . . What's that?" he broke off suddenly, raising his finger. "A horseman, sure enough, and riding furiously."

Going quickly from the room he reached the street door just in time to see the rider pull up his panting steed and reel from the saddle like a drunken man. He was hatless, and down his smoke-begrimed face blood trickled from an ugly wound in the head.

As he staggered to his feet the landlord put his arm about him, saying:

"Why, thou art sorely wounded, friend. Bear on my arm and come into the house."

"Nay," cried the Cavalier, pulling himself together with an effort, and looking wildly round. "I cannot tarry. They may be even now upon my track. But I would give something for a drink."

"Surely, surely," said John; "but if thou wilt not come in, at least sit on yonder stone within the shelter of the gateway. And, see, I will tie the horse to the wall beside thee, thus."

Having done this and seen the wounded man seated, the landlord bustled off into the house and quickly returned, bearing in one hand a tankard and in the other a linen bandage. The former he handed to the Cavalier, who gulped down its contents greedily; the latter, after cleansing the wound as well as possible, he bound about the man's head.

"There," cried he, drawing back and looking at his handiwork, "I'll warrant me thou feelest somewhat better, friend, for that."

"Aye, surely," replied the other, rising to his feet.

"Whither comest thou?" asked the landlord.

"From Shelford House," replied the Cavalier. "Hast thou not heard the news? The place hath this day been stormed by General Poyntz's men, and of over two hundred of the Queen's Regiment who made up its garrison, all, save some two score, have been put to the sword, the Governor, Sir Philip Stanhope, being among the slain."

"God help us," cried the landlord, turning pale. "And whither ridest thou now, friend?"

"To Newark, with a message for the Governor, which Sir Philip gave into my hands not long before he fell."

"To Newark!" exclaimed the landlord, in surprise. "But this is not the way to Newark. Thou hast left the road behind thee."

"Well I know it," replied the Cavalier. "But the Foss road, together with the fields and lanes for miles on either side of it, are being scoured by these accursed Roundheads, if haply they may cut off and kill yet one more Shelford fugitive. I tell thee, landlord, that a lust for blood hath broken out among these men of Poyntz's, and thrice blessed are they who fell suddenly in the storming, for the survivors are being hunted down like hares. Mine own escape thus far hath been a miracle. Wounded, as you see, I got out amid the confusion of the final assault, and, riding forth by a secret way, made for the Newark road, only to find it held at all points by these accursed Roundheads. At length, finding myself hard pressed, I took shelter in a thick plantation and lay there concealed until darkness came on. Then I stole forth and, by a sweeping course, reached the road leading to this village. As I galloped down, two horsemen broke from the hill above and gave chase, one of them crying, 'He surely went down here.' Turning quickly into the fields on the right I managed to elude them, and never drew rein again until I reached here, hatless and bleeding, as ye see. Unluckily for me, as I entered the fields I passed a man on foot. If the Roundheads should question him they may yet follow me up."

"And by what road, then, wouldst thou now reach Newark, friend?" exclaimed the landlord, as the other stopped.

"There is but one way open to me," replied the Cavalier. "I must cross the river at the ferry yonder, ride along the bank, and then regain this side lower down."

"But the ferryman is ill, the river much swollen by reason of the

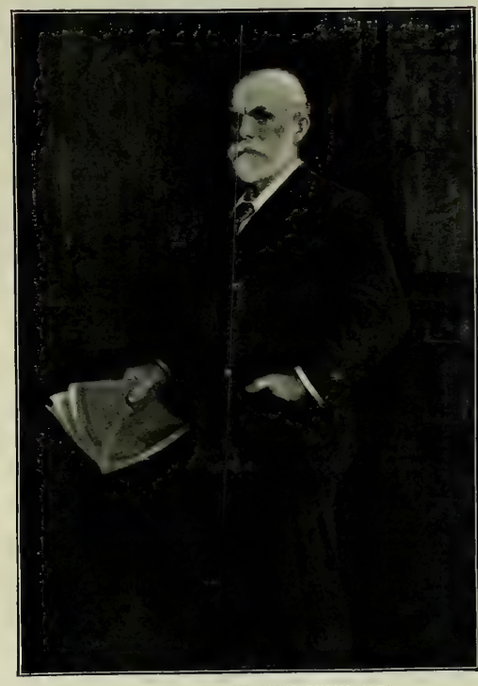
THE SUMMER EXHIBITION AT THE NEW GALLERY



"STEWART, SON OF C W. DYSON PERRINS, ESQ."
ARTHUR HACKER, A.R.A.



"And Jesus said, 'Maiden, arise.' And her spirit returned, and she rose up immediately."
"JAIRUS DAUGHTER"
HERBERT SCHMALZ
An important engraving of this picture will be published.



"THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BURNS, M.P."
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"AN OUTCAST"
S. PEPYS COCKERELL

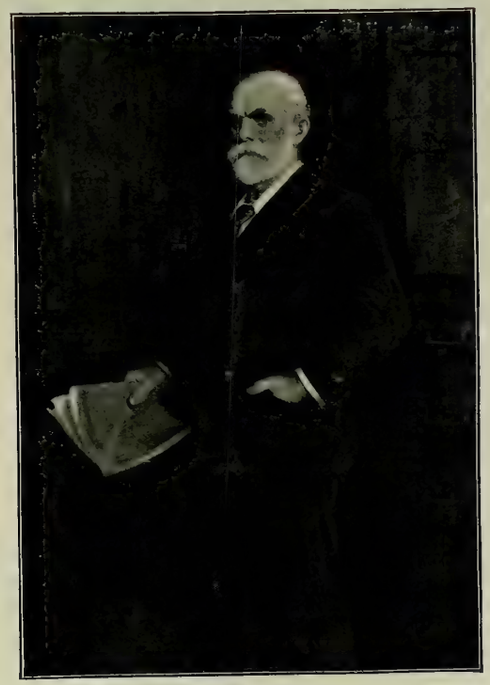
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rains, and there is no one to row thee across to-night," said the landlord.

"Nevertheless," rejoined the Cavalier, "I must get over, even if I swim for it. But, surely, there is some man who for a gold piece will attempt the passage."

John Spurr stood silent for a space, and then said slowly:

"Thou canst not swim the river with thine horse, friend, and men bought by gold pieces are but sorry helpers. But I tell thee what I'll do. The big ferryboat lies on our side the river to-night. I know the passage well; I'll row thee across myself."

"*You* row me across!" cried the other in astonishment; "but think you of the risk! If I be caught with that I have about me, my life were surely forfeited, and thine also, for aiding me."

"I'll risk that," cried the landlord, stoutly. "Little it is that I have done for the King save the supplying of good ale to many of his soldiers free of charge. But here is a chance of something downright dangerous. Aye, verily, it makes me feel a boy again to think of it. So when you're ready, sir, John Spurr is."

"If," replied the Cavalier, "thou art indeed bent on this business, the sooner we are off the better."

Without another word John Spurr ran into the house, and having muffled himself up, went over to the armchair by the fire. "Mother," said he, "I am going to row a poor wounded King's man o'er the ferry. If anyone should come here while I am absent and question thee, thou art over-hard of hearing, mind."

"Aye, aye," piped the old lady, with a sly and knowing look.

Then John Spurr again went forth to the gateway, and cried, "I'm ready, sir."

He found the Cavalier listening intently.

"Hark!" he whispered, "here are horsemen on the road."

The landlord's well-trained ear was cocked at once.

"Yea, verily," said he, "there are two of them. They are coming down by our mill at the gallop. We had best go out by the back," he added, "and so over the fields to the river. This way, friend."

As they passed up the yard the landlord called Dick, the ostler, and gave him some advice as to how he should have no knowledge of things, in case the Roundheads came.

Then the Cavalier mounted his horse, and, with John grasping the bridle, the two men forthwith made their way to the orchard beyond, and passing through a gate entered the fields on the left. Even as they did so the pursuing horsemen clattered down the village street and drew up at the inn.

"Quick, sir," puffed John Spurr, endeavouring to increase his speed, as he ran at the horse's head, "or they will be on us."

"I know a better way than this," said the Cavalier. "Jump up behind me," he added, giving the landlord a hand. And in spite of his stoutness John was sitting behind the horseman in a moment.

Through the fields they went at a cautious walk, by reason of broken ground and blinding rain. Across the Kneeton lane, and so by the fields beyond, to the banks of the swollen, rushing Trent. Here a large ferryboat lay swirling on the current.

"Get thee in with thy horse," cried John Spurr, dismounting and running to the mooring-rope.

But that was no easy matter. What with the slippery state of the ground, the blinding rain, and the nervousness of the frightened animal, much precious time had been lost ere the Cavalier, with the landlord's help, could get the horse on board. But at length they had him there, standing stiff and shivering with fright. Then John Spurr jumped in, and, pushing off, pulled with a will into the stream.

Meanwhile, two Roundheads, after tethering their horses in the gateway of the Royal Oak, had entered the room, to find, with no small astonishment, that its only occupant was an old lady sitting by the fire.

"A savoury smell," said one, sniffing loudly, with a glance at the stewpan.

"And a night to increase its sweetness," rejoined his companion. "But where is mine host?"

"We will summon him in warlike fashion," said the other; and suiting the action to the word, he withdrew a pistol from his belt and knocked loudly with its butt upon the table, shouting "Landlord, landlord, hither!"

No answer; and the two men looked at each other in puzzled fashion.

"A pretty welcome this for honest servants of the Parliament," said he who had first spoken.

"Pretty, indeed, sergeant," rep'ied his companion; "and, see, a customer hath been here but recently, for there is his tankard. Mulled ale, too, as I live," he added, raising the tankard to his nose.

"Ah! that looks suspicious," said the sergeant. "But I will question yonder ancient dame."

So saying, he strode over to the chimney corner, and, leaning over the chair, cried:

"Where is the landlord of this inn, grand-dam?"

He might as well have spoken to his sword, for the eyes never left the stewpan.

"Hard of hearing," suggested his companion. "Raise thy voice somewhat."

This time the sergeant laid his hand upon the old lady's shoulder, and bending over her still closer, shouted loudly:

"Nearest thou? Where is the landlord?"

'Twas of no avail. She who had ears as keen as a rabbit's had become stone deaf. She did indeed raise her face, shake her head violently and touch her ears, but that was all.

The two Roundheads looked foolishly at each other. Then the sergeant took up a position before the fire, with his legs very wide apart, and thus stood thinking.

"Thou art a man of ready wit, friend," said he at length. "What would'st thou advise? We know the malignant came into the village, for the man upon the road said so. And it is most likely that he hath drunk from yonder tankard."

"'Twere well, perhaps, to search the stables," suggested his companion.

"Thou art surely right there, friend," said the sergeant, walking to the door.

They left the room accordingly, and finding a lantern on the way, lighted it and went forth into the yard.

Hither and thither blinked the light, as, with much banging of doors, the search went on. 'Twas of no avail, however; no sign was there of horse or horseman, except the landlord's heavy, ancient mare.

"Ostler! Ostler!" cried the corporal, who carried the lantern.

But Dick, wise in his generation, and doubtless thinking discretion the better part of valour, had long since made himself scarce.

"Well, now, as I live," exclaimed the lantern-bearer, after calling again in vain, "if this is not the strangest inn I ever came across. No landlord, no serving maid, no ostler. I like it not."

"Such open-mouthed wonder as thine will not mend matters at any rate," replied the sergeant surlily, and forthwith strode towards the house again. He had not gone many steps when a shout from his companion brought him back.

"See," cried the corporal, "here are the footprints of a horse going out, not by the gate but to yonder orchard; fresh marks too, as I live."

"Forward with thy lantern then. Let us trace them," said the sergeant.

With the light held close to the ground they followed the marks to the place where they turned from the orchard, through the gate, into the fields. There the two men stopped.

"What means it?" said the corporal.

"It means," cried the sergeant, with sudden animation, "that we must to horse at once, and af er them."

He then turned and ran for the inn, followed by his companion.

In the gateway they came upon the serving maid, Ruth, just returning from her errand.

"Hi! wench, where is thy master, the landlord?" cried the sergeant.

"In the house for aught I know," replied the girl.

"And whither hast thou been?" continued the sergeant.

"On business in the village," answered Ruth.

"What business?" asked her questioner.

"Why none of yours," replied the girl, tossing her head indignantly.

"Thou art indeed a wicked, saucy wench," cried the sergeant, catching at her wrist; but at that Ruth turned with a shriek, and ran flying down the street.

The corporal was for pursuit; but, "No," said the sergeant, "she is but a silly wench, and we have other fish to fry. To horse, and let us follow the tracks through the fields as well as we are able with the lantern."

The sergeant had got one foot in the stirrup, when a man came along the street. On seeing the troopers he began to run, but the corporal, darting out, seized him by the arm, and pointing a pistol at his head, cried:

"Hast thou seen aught of a horseman? Answer quickly and truly, as thou valuest thy life, man."

"Aye, that I have," replied the fellow, trembling, with his eyes upon the pistol barrel. "Not long since I saw one ride down yonder lane towards the river."

The next moment the two Roundheads were galloping in the direction indicated. Down the steep lane, with its high banks and over-hanging trees, they plunged, and arrived at the ferry just as John Spurr, pulling with all his might, reached midstream.

The boat itself was but a blurred mass in the darkness, but the noise of the oars was plainly to be heard above the rushing of the river and the splashing of the rain.

Springing from their horses the Roundheads stood for a moment with straining eyes and ears.

"Who goes there?" they shouted both at once.

But no answer came from the boat.

The next moment a pistol flashed upon the bank, and a bullet whistled uncomfortably close to the landlord's head.

"So that's it, is it?" he muttered, and bent still harder on the oars.

Again a pistol cracked out, and the next instant the Cavalier's horse rose with a scream upon its hindquarters, and plunged heavily forward into the river, shot through the head. The boat heaved with the sudden shock, and it was only by throwing his weight quickly on the other side that John Spurr saved it from swamping.

"Curse them!" cried the trooper, springing to his feet.

"Keep down!" hissed the landlord, "or they will hit thee next."

"I care not! Cowards! traitors!" he shouted.

Another bullet sang dangerously near his head, and he therewith subsided and sat down again, bemoaning his lost charger.

They were now drifting swiftly down stream, for John had rested on his oars that they might run out of pistol range.

"What shall I do now?" said the Cavalier presently. "I have no horse."

For a moment the landlord sat considering, and then said:

"Canst thou row?"

"That I can," replied the other.

"I have it, then," rejoined John Spurr. "We will drift round yonder bend; then I will make one side of the river and land myself, and thou canst then go on in the boat and make the other side in some lonely spot nearer Newark. This is a large and safe boat, and 'twere surely less risky for you to go by water hereabouts than by land. What say you?"

"An excellent plan, indeed," replied the Cavalier. "But what of the boat?"

"Mind it not," said the landlord; "something must be risked in such times as these. Besides, thou might'st get a chance of mooring her; if not, why, let her drift, say I."

Forthwith John Spurr pulled lustily for the Bridgford side, and presently ran the boat to the bank not far below the village. Wishing his companion God-speed, he sprang to the shore, and then pushed off the boat again.

Thanking mine host in hearty fashion, the Cavalier was soon lost to sight in the darkness.

Then John Spurr walked up the fields to the village.

In the meantime the two Roundheads, after hearing, with no small satisfaction, the death-cry and plunge of the stricken horse, had watched the boat disappear with deep chagrin. But the next moment the sergeant espied a small skiff drawn up among the reeds close by.

"See," cried he, running down to it, "here is a boat, and I have some skill in rowing. The man hath lost his horse, and, this boat being a light one, we might surely yet overtake him. Tie up the horses to yonder tree and follow me."

So saying, he unmoored the boat, and being followed by his companion, entered it and rowed forth.

They had gone but a few yards when the corporal, thinking to get a better view, stood up, causing the little craft to sway dangerously in the angry waters.

"Down, fool!" cried the sergeant fiercely. "Wouldst thou have us upset?"

But the warning came too late. Even as the oarsman spoke the boat swung broadside on to the rushing current; the corporal lost his balance, and the next moment both men were struggling in the water.

Luckily for them they had made but little progress, and by fierce struggling at length reached the bank, where they stood cursing each other in unmeasured terms.

By this time John Spurr had gained the inn, and having divested himself of his soaked garments, lighted a pipe and sat by the fire watching the old lady, whose interest in the simmering pot was unabated.

"And what saidst thou to the Roundheads, mother?" asked John, at last.

"Me?" piped the old lady, with a crafty smile. "Why, I were stone deaf to be sure, lad."

"Bravo! mother," cried her son. "But hark!" he added, jumping to his feet, "there are surely more horses on the road; there seems no end to them."

While he yet stood listening, the horses had reached the inn, and before the landlord had quite decided what to do the door opened and two bareheaded figures, soaked and dripping from head to foot, entered the room.

"Why, save us, friends," cried the landlord, raising both hands in an astonished manner, "is this thy washing-day? Thou lookest like two drowned rats. Where hast thou been?"

"Hold thy foolish jest," replied the sergeant fiercely. "If thou hadst been at thy post when we called before perchance this had not happened."

"And what has happened, friends?" cried John.

"Where wast thou when we called an hour agone?" asked the sergeant, ignoring the landlord's question.

"Why, surely, but on a trifling business in the village," replied John Spurr.

"There is over-much business in this house to-night," rejoined the sergeant, sternly. "And where is the horseman who was here before us?"

"Why, verily," said the landlord, "he drank and went his way."

"But whither?" pressed the Roundhead.

"How should I know?" replied John Spurr. "I am not keeper of the roads."

"Hearken, friend," said the sergeant, taking a step forward and rapping on the table with his knuckles, "these tales will avail you nothing. How is it that your guest rode out by the back way through the orchard? We have seen his horse's marks."

"Back way! Orchard!" cried John, with well-feigned astonishment. Then he suddenly broke into a loud laugh, and said:

"Ah! now I have it. The marks are surely those of my own horse, when I rode to Kneeton yester morn—that being the nearest way for us."

The Roundheads were nonplussed. After an awkward silence the corporal said, somewhat sheepishly:

"On which side of the river lies your ferryboat?"

"Well, now," replied the landlord, "in these days the traffic is become somewhat upset, so 'tis hard to say. Sometimes it lies on the Gunthorpe side, and sometimes on ours, as the case may be."

"But on which side lies it to-night?" continued the corporal.

"I cannot say," answered John, shaking his head; "perchance on this, perchance on that."

"Hast thou a ferryman?" inquired the sergeant.

"Alas! no. At least, that is, not on service, for he lies ill of a fever."

"Who, then, works the boat?"

"Well," replied John Spurr, scratching his head, "there is not much ferrying to be done nowadays, friends; but there is a man who will do it at times for a consideration."

"And where lives he?"

"At Gunthorpe," answered John.

The two Roundheads were more perplexed than ever, and the landlord made haste to follow up his advantage.

"If," said he, "you desire to cross the river, I have a small boat near the ferry, and will try to row you over myself, though, to be sure, 'twere somewhat risky in the present state of the water."

"We desire it not," said the sergeant, and "No more of thy accursed river for us," exclaimed the corporal.

"Thou hast been in it, then?" said John Spurr, smiling.

"We said not so," answered the sergeant, turning to the door.

"But, anyway, thou art surely in a sorry, wet plight," rejoined the landlord. "Wilt thou not stay the night and dry thy things?"

"Nay," cried the sergeant, with a sudden whine. "To-morrow is the Sabbath, and we would fain be with our comrades at Bingham to raise with them our voices in psalm and thanksgiving for the victory vouchsafed to us this day at Shelford."

"Amen," groaned the corporal.

For a moment John Spurr went red with passion, and it was on his lips to call them "Canting Butchers;" but, stopping himself just in time, he said instead:

"Thou wilt at least take something to drink, friends."

To that the Roundheads made no reply, save an involuntary smacking of the lips; and when two foaming tankards were brought they drained them greedily, and then strode forth without a word of thanks.

The landlord followed them to the door, and watched them mount.

"Good-morrow, friends," said he, as they rode away; but he received no answer.

Then John Spurr rubbed his hands with glee, and, chuckling softly to himself, went back to the room. There he poured out a glass of his choicest wine, and drank the King's health, winking meanwhile in the direction of the retreating horsemen.

At that, to her son's immense surprise, the old lady by the fire rose totteringly to her feet, waved her hand, and cried in a shrill voice:

"God bless his Majesty!"

.

Next day the villagers were astonished to find that their ferryboat had disappeared during the night; and still more so when they heard that it had been found, moored, miles down the river.

To all these tales the landlord of the Royal Oak listened with wondering face, shook his head ruefully, and said that times got worser every day.

A few months afterwards a body of Royalist horsemen came to the inn, and one of their number handed John Spurr a sealed letter. It ran as follows:—

"To the Landlord of the Royal Oak, East Bridgford.

"Friend,—

"It hath long been in my mind to inform you how your good service to the King's cause aided me, but this is the first chance that hath occurred. Know, then, that after a lengthy voyage I landed some miles down the river, then moored the boat and, after some hiding, came safely to Newark, where I now am in good health, which I trust is also thy state at present.

"This, with much thankfulness for thy service, from thy friend,

"HUGH FELLOWS,
"Captain in the Newark Garrison.

"Newark, 18th February, 1646."

When the Second Charles had come into his own John Spurr had this letter framed, and was never tired of pointing to it, and recounting how he served the King's cause and duped the Roundheads.

THE END

THE BYSTANDER

"*Stand by.*"—Captain Cuttle

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

This present year might be known in the calendar as One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fog. It is true things may improve by the time these lines appear, but at the present moment it looks very much as if the Private View of the Royal Academy would require artificial light, and that the Derby might be won in a mist. I have seen it run in a snowstorm; but to hear only the thuds of the hoofs, and to see nothing of the horses, would be indeed a novelty. These dark mornings are somewhat beyond prose. Let me sing!

I wonder if it is to-day—
'Tis dark enough to be to-night—
I wish the fog would roll away,
I can't get up by candle-light!
Pray did I hear, 'mid sleep and snore,
A clink of cans, a gentle knock?
A rapping at my chamber door,
A voice suggesting "Eight o'clock"?
I seem to fancy someone bawled,
And something said of water hot—
I wonder whether I've been called,
Or not?

Altogether it is somewhat awkward. If I get up and find it is the middle of the night, it will be very uncomfortable. On the other hand, if I don't bestir myself, I may miss an important appointment at ten o'clock. What is one to do?

My warmest thanks are due to an anonymous but considerate correspondent who helps me out of my difficulty with regard to special days in country towns. He sends me a little book entitled "Good Lines," which, in addition to a list of hotels, post-times and other valuable information, gives a complete table of towns throughout Great Britain and Ireland, giving the market and early closing days. This is exactly what I required; it will occupy a distinguished place amid my books of reference, and always accompany me when I go to the country. The book is published by the Commercial Travellers' Christian Association, and should prove invaluable to all visiting country towns.

It is satisfactory to find that bad weather is not just now exclusively confined to England. I have just had a letter from a friend who betook himself to Cannes, hoping to enjoy a genial climate and to be able to slumber in the sunshine. He says:—"It is no warmer than London, if so warm, and I shiver when not in the sun, for I have brought only summer clothing. The country, the views, the sea and the sky are all beautiful. The mistral is blowing!" A nice exchange my friend has made from a comfortable warm London house and a cosy club! Formerly, if you went south in search of warmth and sunshine you got it; but now I am inclined to think the climate has altered throughout the globe, and altered for the worse, as most things in the world have ever since my earliest recollection.

Can nothing be done to suppress those beasts of boys (I am sorry to express myself strongly, but I feel keenly on the subject) who insist upon shutting the doors after you get into a hansom? Surely if you are capable of climbing into the gondola of London you have sufficient strength and common-sense to be able to shut its doors. Once upon a time I recollect one of these tiresome youths banging to the doors before I was seated This caused me to sit down suddenly, and I sat on a beautiful tortoiseshell and silver cigarette case that had been given me by a good friend and smashed it all to pieces. No! I would rather not tell you what I said on the occasion, but my homily was forcible and impressive, and lasted from Trafalgar Square to Victoria. But worse than this may happen. Only yesterday a friend of mine, by reason of these officious door-slammers, had his thumb so severely injured that he had to call in medical aid It is sincerely to be hoped that the police will keep their eye on these energetic youths and induce them to moderate their uncalled-for attentions.



"LULLI AND HIS FELLOW-MUSICIANS AT THE FRENCH COURT"
The newly acquired picture by Rigaud at the National Gallery.

A year ago, when the plans for the alterations of Regent's Quadrant were first exhibited, I prophesied that the proposed improvements would not meet with the approval of the tradesmen in this locality. The lengthy correspondence which recently appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* on the subject somewhat justifies my prediction. It seems to me that as the shopkeepers pay the rent, they should be the first persons to be consulted. A great deal has been written with regard to the form of shop-front in the new buildings, but to my thinking the principal disadvantage will be that the great height of the houses on both sides of the street—if the present design is carried out in its entirety—will shut out a considerable amount of light. With houses of the size proposed the street should be, at least, half as wide again as it is at the present time. The beauty of the Quadrant was that, as originally constructed by Nash, the proportion between the height of houses and width of roadway was duly taken into consideration.

A letter from a lady in Cheltenham, who is evidently well acquainted with the subject, concerning William and Daniel Grant, of Manchester, the originals of the Cheeryble Brothers, reaches me. In the course of this communication she says:—"I am able to state that their house *was* in Manchester. They may have had an office in London, but I rather doubt it, as I never heard it mentioned. They were well known for their great charity, courtesy, and kindness, and the characters of the Cheeryble Brothers were taken from them by Dickens, but I believe I am correct in saying that he did not know them personally and only from hearsay." All this one freely admits, and it was never for a moment disputed. It is an absolute fact that the Grant Brothers' house of business was in Manchester, but Dickens took the privilege of the novelist, and for his own purpose transferred their office to London. He painted the portraits of the most estimable twins, but placed them in a different locality. Anyone reading the novel carefully can have no doubt that their counting-house was in London, and anyone who had examined the matter so closely as I did some years ago would scarcely fail to conclude that the Cheeryble abode was in that quaint picturesque quarter—now altogether demolished—Jeffrey Square, St. Mary Axe.

One would like very much to know something with regard to the topping and lopping of the trees in Kensington Gardens. Kensington Gardens, by the way, is just now somewhat of a misnomer, and perhaps Kensington Cabbage Stumps would be more appropriate. The graceful elms that have delighted us so much for so many years have lost all their charm, which, however, may be partially recovered when the foliage appears. I am not an expert in arboriculture, but it strikes me very forcibly that this trimming has been overdone.



M. Léon Bonnat, the celebrated French artist, is here shown putting the finishing touches to his portrait of the French President before sending the picture to the Salon. Photo by Branger.

M. FALLIÈRES SITS FOR HIS PORTRAIT

The New Rigaud

Rigaud—or to give him his full name, Hyacinthe Honorat Mathias Pierre-le-Martyr André Jean Rigaud y Ros—has hitherto been represented in the National Gallery by a single picture, a portrait of Cardinal Fleury, so hung as to suggest that the Director has no great liking for it. It is, indeed, hardly representative of the real power of the painter, and may belong to the period when he was turning out pictures by the dozen—when he was producing thirty or forty portraits a year on the average, and when his figures sometimes numbered fifty or sixty. The new picture is therefore welcome. It represents "Lulli and his Fellow-Musicians at the French Court." Lulli was composer to Louis XIV., what the Germans call Kapellmeister, and his works are still remembered. He is giving instructions to the seated violoncellist and two flautists, who are about to attack his "*Sonates trios pour flûtes*," as appears on the music. The figures are painted with extreme care, and the details of the rich embroidered costumes are curiously insisted on, with none of the signs of haste which we might expect from so prolific a reproducer. The background is one of those curved architectural erections made fashionable by Rigaud's great friend, de Troy, and the whole picture bears eloquent testimony to the known characteristics of the painter, who was "an extremely orderly person."

CLUB COMMENTS

By "MARMADUKE"

The New London is a surprise to even the most clearsighted. The old London was the centre of government, effort and development in this country. Our predecessors from the provinces visited it to become acquainted with the newest thought, contrivances and fashions, and, returning to their respective districts, were a means of raising their neighbours to the level attained in the capital. Their successors are in an altogether different condition. The new London is old-fashioned in comparison with the provinces; the latest improvements are less developed in the capital, and there is more energy, enterprise and earnestness in the country. Old-world institutions still control the machinery of the community from the capital, and they are sluggish and frequently corrupt.

. . . .

The new London combines the failings of the periods that are past with those of other capitals. The old institutions transact their respective business on principles and with formalities that prevailed generations ago, and, side by side with those survivals are the spirit recently adopted from New York and the frivolity commonly attributed to Paris! In every direction there have arisen theatres, hotels for the luxurious, expensive restaurants, gambling clubs, tea palaces, and other places of entertainment of the sort; every newspaper devotes much of its space to "Fashionable Intelligence," descriptions of dresses, theatrical criticism, and records of amusements; and many journals have been established merely to provide facetious paragraphs.

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On the other hand there are in the provinces enormous activity of mind and body, great earnestness, and an adaptability which is most surprising. The provincial schools are training the competitors who most distinguish themselves at the examinations, the provincial electors control the policy of the Empire, the provincial newspapers sound the notes which direct the party leaders, the provincial magnates are powers in the land, and the provinces are, collectively, the conscience of the country. The provinces are substantially rich in wealth that is obtained from produce. Much of the wealth in London comes from speculation, and much is obtained through the capital being the "middleman" city.

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"London is to be the British Paris—with this difference, however: it will be a moral bear-garden without the brains the French capital possesses"—has declared one of our most careful observers. "It will attract the improvised millionaire from the four quarters of the globe. The trained wealth of the world, the rich who have taste, and experience of civilised extravagance, will increasingly avoid London. The barbaric millionaire will be our patron; London will worship him, his gold will command "Society," the City, the community, and the London conscience will be weakened by the contact. The capital of indulgence will be London; the capitals of industry and intelligence will be in the provinces."

. . . .

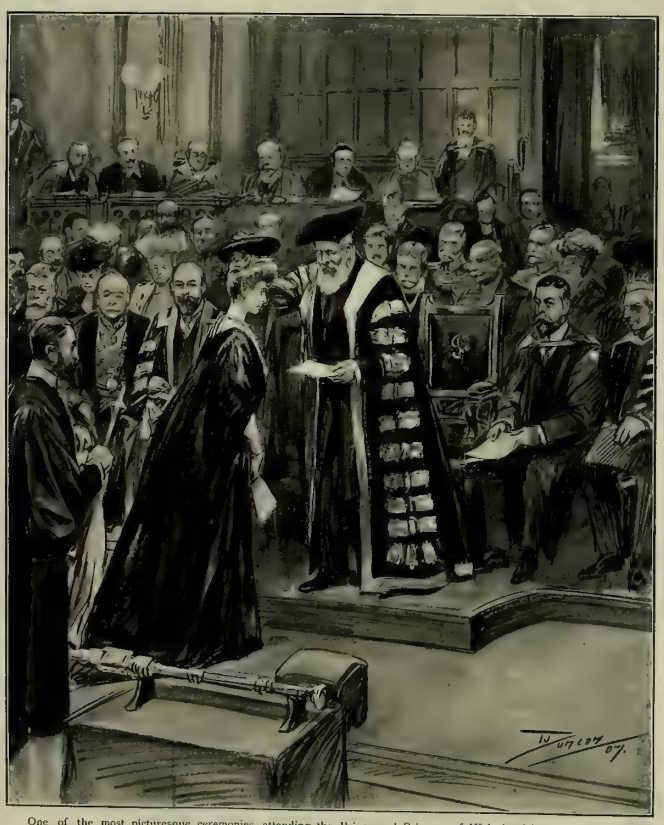
The change is curious, and even more curious is it that so important a development has occurred without comment. There are hundreds of thoughtful writers and thousands of eager journalists, most of whom are searching for subjects to direct the attention of the public to, yet the most prominent circumstance connected with the new London appears to have escaped the notice of all but a few West End conversationalists!



The Prince and Princess of Wales's visit to Scotland began at Renfrew—from which the Prince takes one of his oldest titles, that of "Baron of Renfrew." Here they were the guests of Lord and Lady Blythswood, and Lord Blythswood met their Royal Highnesses at the station. After welcoming them to Scottish soil, Lord Blythswood presented the Sheriff of Renfrewshire. Afterwards, at the Town Hall, the Prince accepted an address from the Provost and magistrates, and then drove to Blythswood House through decorated streets.

RENFREW RECEIVES ITS BARON: THE PRINCE OF WALES WELCOMED BY LORD BLYTHSWOOD AND THE SHERIFF OF RENFREWSHIRE

A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. DUNCAN



One of the most picturesque ceremonies attending the Prince and Princess of Wales's visit to Glasgow was the conferring upon them of the degree of LL.D. in the Bute Hall of the University. Lord Kelvin presided. The degree was conferred first upon the Prince and then upon the Princess. Her Royal Highness was presented by Dr. Gloag, then the Chancellor held the cap over her head, and the ceremony was concluded by Dr. Finlayson placing over her shoulders the LL.D. hood. Afterwards the Prince opened the new buildings of the University.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES BEING "CAPPED" AT GLASGOW UNIVERSITY

A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. DUNCAN

The New Gallery

It is the misfortune of the New Gallery that it is no longer the refuge of the non-Academic painter, of the artist who has raised his standard of defiance of Burlington House. That position has been usurped by the International Society, which, by the irony of fate, holds its exhibitions on the New Gallery's own walls. The result is that, with the exception of a few painters of the Burne-Jones school—Mr. Strudwick, Mr. Henry Ryland, Mr. Reginald Frampton, and others who think with them—there is practically no difference of æsthetic principle between the main body of the more important contributors and that which stands by the Royal Academy.

Nevertheless, there are pictures here which one must go to see; the most noteworthy of them, as usual, in the section of portraiture. Mr. Sargent shows his large life-size presentation portrait of Dr. Warre standing against a background of the stairway of Eton College. His portrait of "Mrs. Cecil Harmsworth" will doubtless please the general public beyond anything he has done, for he shows a pretty woman prettily dressed against a background of sun-flecked balustrade and dark tree-shade most prettily devised. But it is incontrovertible that he has stepped down to prettiness from his elevated pedestal of true pictorial beauty, and in his aim at giving for once extremely high finish — (as an answer, no doubt, to feminine criticism that Sargent the Remorseless is a terror to the female sitter) —he has become a superior Lawrence with the superficial charm of that somewhat superficial master. If Mr. Sargent in his more amiable mood must sacrifice his higher qualities, we prefer him when he is truer to his greater self. Sir George Reid makes no such concessions: his portrait of Principal Story is a marvel of modelling and character, and even if it is rather forced in its dramatic quality, as it perhaps may be, it is a worthy tribute to a great and strenuous intellectual career. It should be examined closely if its beauty of colour and mastery of handling and modelling are to be fully appreciated. Mr. J. J. Shannon is much more decorative in his portraits of ladies. "The Silver

Ship," held by a golden-haired lady of Botticelli-esque type, clad in a strange silk gown splashed with purple and green, is full of interest and insistently attracts even those who do not sympathise with the problem the artist has sought to solve. With greater deliberation, but with equal success, Mr. Hacker has worked out his subtly realised portrait called "Lilian," with its pretty clasped hands, and lilies, and circular mirror, a charming essay in tone, but not more subtle and charming than Mr. Perugini's reticent and refined head entitled "Morette"—a simple but eloquent plea for the practice, now almost forgotten, of the tender and patient nursing of a painting to delicate completeness, while retaining its freshness and purity of colour. Another good portrait by Mr. Hacker is that of a little angler. The passion for beauty, daintily realised, affects M. Jacques Blanche but little; his interesting portrait of the painter M. Lucien Simon, gives his sitter red eyes because he has them, just as he realises the character and the pained expression, and all the while convinces us of the truth of the record. Moreover, the picture is M. Blanche *tout pur*, and has no suggestion in it of the masters of whom he sometimes chooses to remind us. Not less admirable is Mr. George Henry, with his delicate and breezy portrait of "Miss Innes." Mr. Lavery is not quite at his best this year, but Mr. Logsdail makes a mark with a vivacious and admirable full-length of a lady in black with a yellow rose, and strikingly successful likenesses come from Professor von Herkomer ("Sir Richard Martin, Bart."), Mr. Collier ("Professor Schuster"), and Mr. Priest ("Mr. Clement K. Shorter"). And note should be taken of Mrs. Perugini's portrait of a little girl ("Miss Peggy Lewis,"), for with its simplicity and artless grace it shows a sympathy with childhood, and an appreciation of it, possessed by few of those who are called upon to paint our little ones. A portrait of Mr. Burns is shown by Mr. Percy Spence, and Mr. Guy Wilthew is represented by a charming portrait of a young girl.

The subjects are not numerous. Lady Alma-Tadema has the blitheness of her husband's most luminous work in her brilliant picture, "Love at the Mirror," a work of singular charm and cheeriness, with its lady looking into a mirror amid tiles and flowers and sunny walls. In singular contrast is Mr. Spenlové-Spenlove with a serious picture, almost sombre in spite of the light in it, called "Church Porch"—a snow scene in Bruges, with a praying peasant, fully characteristic of the sentiment and ability of this clever painter. In "The Caged Bird," by Mr. Byam Shaw, we have a work strongly decorative in feeling, in which the artist comes nearer than ever before to Mr. Holman Hunt. Sir James Linton's "The Admonition" presents a well-known scene of historic *genre*, in which the Church fearlessly rebukes the frivolities of Royalty. Mr. Herbert Schmalz is represented by his characteristic "Jairus's Daughter," while Mr. Pepys Cockerell shows "An Outcast."

The landscapes are more than usually varied. The decorative beauty of Mr. Alfred East's stately "Dignity of Autumn;" the large vision of Mr. Hughes-Stanton's Fontainebleau scene of "The Gorge;" the joyousness of Mr. North's bright "Flowering Mead" (seemingly accidental in its elaboration); the impressive poetry of Mr. Leslie Thomson's "On the Links," with its whistling breeze and mottled sky; the fine realism of Mr. Mark Fisher's "Ford;" and the sincere and imaginative force, rather familiar by this time, of Mr. Aumonier's "Evening on a Sussex Common," together with a few other pictures of equal excellence, comprise a group which give the exhibition interest.

The chief importance of the sculpture is due, in the first instance, to the efforts of Mr. Conrad Dressler and Mr. Albert Toft. The former resumes his old position (surrendered for a time while he centred his enthusiasm in pottery) with a statue of a nude youth entitled "Supercalia," a laughing, straining figure, whip in hand, as ordained by Lemprière; with a graceful bust of the Queen of Spain; and with a poetic piece, "Petite Rêveuse." Mr. Toft has a whole series of bronze statuettes, of which "The Mother" must be hailed as a little masterpiece. These are the sort of works which seem to cry out for a home in the houses of persons of taste. Prince Troubetzkoy's sketch-bust of Mr. Bernard Shaw, Professor Bonanni's small head of "Pope Pius X.;" Mr. Deuchars' portrait statuette of Mr. G. F. Watts, and works by Mr. Harvard Thomas, Mr. Derwent Wood, Mr. Tweed, Mr. Basil Gotto, and Misses E. M. Rope, Williams, and Roff, should be included in the list of "table-sculpture" here displayed. The collection of jewellery, mainly of horn combs jewelled, by M. Gaillard have all the grace and charm of that distinguished artist.

M. H. S.



These gifts, inscribed with the words, "Presented by 100 well-wishers," are due to the initiative of Lady Londonderry who presided at the launch of the Britannia, and subsequently enlisted the assistance of 99 other subscribers. The bell weighs 1½cwt., is heavily plated, and is surmounted by a naval coronet. The officers' loving cup and the shield for gunnery practice are of silver. The day and place of presentation have not yet been fixed, the date they bear marking the time when the ship was completed. They were manufactured by Messrs. Garrard and Co., of Haymarket.

FROM WELL-WISHERS: LADY LONDONDERRY'S PRESENTATION TO THE BATTLESHIP BRITANNIA



While in Malta King Edward unveiled a memorial in the Maglio Gardens to Sir A. Dingli, a former Chief Justice of the Island. His Majesty was accompanied by Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria and Admiral Sir John Fisher, and greeted by the leading personages of Malta. The memorial is a bronze bust on a marble pedestal. Photo by Cassar, Valetta.

KING EDWARD IN MALTA: THE UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL TO SIR A. DINGLI



THE SHOOTING TROPHY



THE OFFICERS' MESS PLATE AND THE SHIP'S BELL

The plate, which was presented to H.M.S. Natal on Monday by the Hon. Sir William Arbuckle, Agent-General for Natal, was the outcome of a popular subscription started in the Colony last autumn, and limited to one shilling for adults and three-pence for children. All the articles, save the ship's bell, are of solid silver, the centrepiece alone weighing 536oz. They were made by Messrs. Forsyth and Co., jewellers, of Maritzburg.

FROM NATAL TO THE NATAL: THE PLATE PRESENTED BY THE COLONY TO THE CRUISER

"PLACE AUX DAMES"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

The account of the royal cruise, with its triumphal landings and receptions, and the meeting of Kings, reads like a page from the Middle Ages, when pageants and royal progresses and banquets were the usual accompaniment of majesty. Of late years, however, Kings have been unable to travel so freely. The Queen-Mother of Spain, for instance, never left her adopted country from the time of her marriage till her son's majority, the King of Italy does not often leave his dominions, the Tsar of Russia is unable for various reasons to do so, and it remains for the King of England alone to enjoy the privilege of travel, and the informal visits to foreign potentates. Bacon said "Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration, but no rest." The much-travelled King takes his rest in seeing, observing, and comparing, which is the true object of travel. He meets and converses in their own tongue with all the notable people of the countries through which he passes; he hears their views, uses their experiences, and returns full of wisdom and knowledge. This is the right way to profit by travel; but the average Englishman consorts with his kind, speaks his own language, surrounds himself with the food, the literature, and the comforts of his own land, and returns neither better, wiser, nor more experienced.

The wonderful sales of jewels and *objets d'art* which are constantly taking place remind one of the enormous amount of money lavished in these days on luxuries. When women wear necklaces worth £16,000 or £20,000 round their necks, and fill their drawing-rooms with suites of furniture valued at £1,200 guineas, and curtains of which a mere *portière* fetches eighty-two guineas at a sale, one is tempted to ask whether collectors are not monomaniacs in disguise, and whether such enormous sums should be locked up in jewels and *bric-à-brac*. The woman who wears a necklace of rich value must be a brave woman, for it is easy to lose and impossible to replace; indeed, in most cases these valuable jewels repose in a safe whence they are only extracted on rare and important occasions. A woman needs jewels when she is in full dress to enhance her full beauty, but a bejewelled woman in daylight is a hideous travesty of beauty. Far too many jewels are worn now in the daytime. The flaunting of gems in the streets is neither expedient nor in good taste. Some people, like Mrs. Lewis Hill, love beauty for its own sake: they desire to be surrounded by all that is rare and costly, the things that are ordinary do not please them; they suffer from a kind of orgie of refinement; they are like the princess of Hans Andersen's tale, who felt the presence of a roseleaf under her sixteen mattresses. Luxury is the breath of their nostrils; they buy and buy, and collect and compare, and, by the inevitable law of nature, at their death all their treasures are dispersed under the cruel hammer of the auctioneer. They have their reward in this life, however, in the enjoyment of a priceless environment.



The caskets containing the scroll of the Freedom of the City of London, presented to the Colonial Premiers at the Guildhall, are of 18-carat gold. The chief feature of their design is a globe, surmounted by a figure of Britannia, the familiar figure of our coins. The caskets, which are the work of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, bear the floral emblem of the respective Colonies and their arms in enamel.

FROM LONDON TO THE PREMIERS: THE CASKET CONTAINING THE SCROLL OF THE CITY'S FREEDOM

There is much talk of the paucity of English actors, of the absence of talent, of the need for training, of the mechanical, artificial poses and mannerisms of the minor mummers. Yet go to the Court Theatre, and though you may not care for the plays, or the opinions expressed therein, or the theme developed, you recognise at once that we have actors, good actors—I had almost said great actors. These same people elsewhere leave one cold, their individuality scarcely expresses itself, and yet at the Court you know them at once for human beings. Here is a problem for managers, both actor-managers and what is called producers. It seems as though the latter endeavoured to stamp out all individuality. When a play goes on tour each actor is ordered to imitate his predecessor, no new readings are permitted, and yet no two people see things in exactly the same way; minds do not work in unison or hearts beat to the same measure, movements, even when automatic, are inspired by the nerve-centres of the brain, and cannot be commanded. In training any pupil, actor, singer, or servant, the great thing is to draw out all the capacity of the student. The ordinary stage-manager seeks to repress it, and thus we have a school of actors who do not act, and merely walk about rather less gracefully than a marionette would. It is reserved for the Court Theatre to show that these same actors, under different conditions, *can* really act.

What are unfeminine women? is asked by a contemporary newspaper, while the reproach, "an unsexed woman," is being daily hurled at one-half of creation. Some women are never unfeminine whatever they may do. I doubt if Jeanne d'Arc was unfeminine, though she wore armour and rode astride on a war-horse. Rosalind in her doublet and hose was a very woman. Shakespeare loved the agreeable contrast of a pretty woman in man's attire, yet surely if a woman is not unfeminine when dressed like a man, and doing man's work, when can she be? The whole thing is in a nutshell. It is the atmosphere that makes the values, the temperament that makes the character. Mediæval heroines defended castles, inspired the besieged, handed ammunition to the combatants, and next day, when the siege was over, and the husband returned a conqueror, peacefully took up their needlework in the company of their women quite naturally and without a murmur. The true woman is never unfeminine. It is the female who despises sex and its limitations, who hatesIhome and children, who is ever at war with men, who envies them, undersells them, rates them, who has neither beauty, charm, nor warm, natural affections—she is the unsexed woman, though she may never have donned pantaloons or carried a gun, or even murdered a harmless little bird.

The Colonial ladies seem to have astonished the spectators with the grace and beauty of their garments. Miss Botha is a charming girl, with a lovely complexion, Mrs. Deakin dresses well in delicate colours, and carries bunches of real flowers, of which she is very fond, tucked in her bosom; Lady Laurier is stately and picturesque, and even those who felt the unaccustomed cold and changeableness of our climate, were handsomely dressed, and had an eye to the picturesque.





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FROM THE CITY OF GLASGOW TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS — FROM THE CITY OF GLASGOW TO THE PRINCESS — FROM THE BURGH OF CLYDEBANK TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS — FROM THE BURGH OF RENFREW TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS

THE CASKETS CONTAINING ADDRESSES PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES ON THEIR VISIT TO GLASGOW

Danish Art at the Guildhall

It is of such rare occurrence that the art of a neighbouring nation can be placed before us with a claim to novelty, not to say revelation, that the important exhibition now being held at the Guildhall Art Gallery becomes invested with extraordinary interest. Two men whom we had come to regard as Englishmen, Mr. Niels Lund and Baron Rosenkranz, we recognise in the unfamiliar company; and the great painter, P. S. Kroyer, we know by the two superb canvases, so different in intention and in sentiment, which we have admired before—the great group of distinguished Frenchmen preparing for the Copenhagen Exhibition, and the portrait of himself and a lady wandering on the sea-shore one summer evening at the Skaw. Professor Tuxen with his great stormy sea-piece and State pictures of the Coronation of the Tsar and Queen Alexandra of England, and Professor Paulsen with his well-known "Adam and Eve," are no discoveries for those who interest themselves in contemporary art.

But we knew nothing of Mr. Hammershoi, who fills empty rooms with the unaided poetry of light; of that subtle illumination with which Mr. Philipsen enriches his pictures of horses and cattle; of Mr. Holsoe's domestic scenes; or of Mr. Viggo Johansen's paintings of family life in the lamp-lighted home. We knew nothing of Mr. Irminger, the poet of the starlight, and of landscapists such as Mr. Niss and Mr. Ring; nothing of the historical painter, Mr. Bache, and the deceased artist Bloch, of great national fame and distinction.

Our ignorance in this respect was perhaps pardonable, but hardly can we find excuse for the blank in our knowledge of the art history of Europe when we consider the elder art from which that of the present day has descended. Here we see Eckersberg, whose conscientiousness was carried almost to the extreme, yet whose rendering of landscape and marine and portraiture, in spite of all their precision and neatness, always convey the impression of a national sentiment, distinct enough, although borrowed from the classic painters of France. Here we see, too, his pupils, Hobke and the rest, truly Danish beside the foreign-inspired portraitist Jens Juel. And through a series of interesting painters we come to that remarkable survival, the Pre-Raphaelite Brother of Denmark, Cristen Dalsgaard, whose short life closed but a few weeks ago. It is not often that a nation's art is so comprehensively placed before the public.

MEMORANDA FOR THE COMING WEEK

TO-DAY.

The Prince of Wales lays foundation-stone of the new S.P.G. House, Westminster, noon.
Colonial Premiers: Review at Aldershot.
Guild of Brave Poor Things: Conference on Cripple Work, Guildhall, 10.30.
Lacrosse: Capital Team of Ottawa v. Duke of Argyll's Team, Lord's.
Shaftesbury Theatre: *Lady Tatters.*

MONDAY, APRIL 29

Albert Hall: Missionary Thanksgiving Meeting.
Festival of the Sons of the Clergy: Service St. Paul's.
Colonial Premiers: Lord Derby's Dinner.
Court Theatre: *The Return of the Prodigal.*
Old Sinjins Lodge Consecration Banquet.

TUESDAY, APRIL 30

Princess Christian inaugurates completed portion of the National Sanatorium, Benenden, Kent.
Colonial Premiers: Visit to Knebworth.
Canada Club Dinner, Prince's, 7.
Lady Brassey's second musical soirée, 24, Park Lane.
Royal Opera: *Das Rheingold.*

WEDNESDAY, MAY 1

The Prince of Wales visits Osborne College on the occasion of Prince Edward's entrance as a naval cadet.
Albert Hall: Mr. Charles Santley's Jubilee Concert, 3.
Our Dumb Friends' League: Horse ambulance parade.
Invalid Children's Aid Association: Annual meeting, Speaker's House, 3.0.
Colonial Premiers: Lord Leconfield's luncheon.
London Chamber of Commerce dinner, Hotel Cecil.

THURSDAY, MAY 2

Infants' Hospital: Duchess of Albany lays memorial stone, 3.30.
Colonial Premiers: British Empire League dinner Whitehall Rooms.
Church Lads' Brigade: Display at Guildhall, 8.30.
Queen's Hall: Symphony Concert, 3; Philharmonic, 8.

FRIDAY, MAY 3

Colonial Premiers: Visit to Portsmouth, Naval Review.
Albert Hall: Primrose League Annual Demonstration.

SATURDAY, MAY 4

Balkan States Exhibition: Opened by Lord Mayor.
Colonial Premiers: Lady Jersey's Garden Party.
Duke of York's Theatre: *The Royal Family.*

The caskets illustrated on this page are from photographs by Lafayette, Glasgow.

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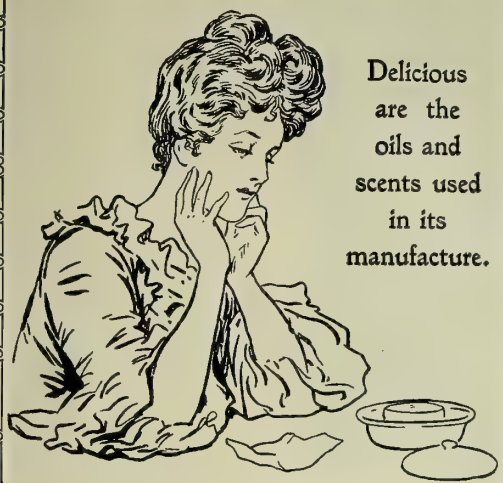
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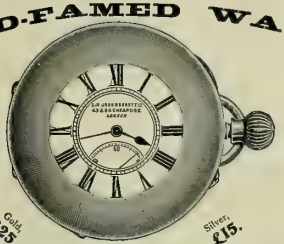


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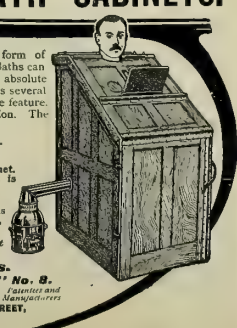
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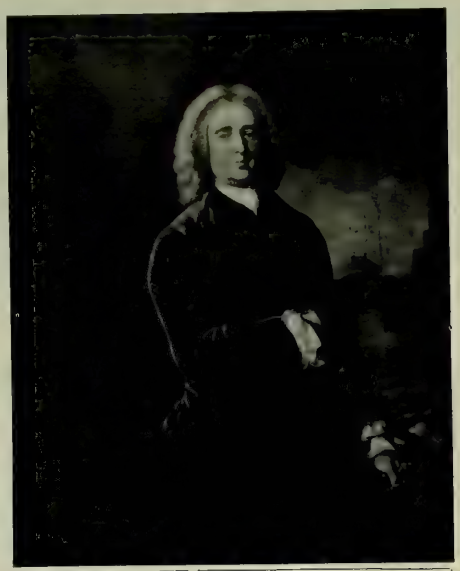
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Some New Books

"OLD GROG" AND HIS TIMES

Party politics made Admiral Vernon, and party politics were his undoing. He was an excellent officer, as capable as any man in the Navy of George II.'s day, and held in the highest regard by both his brother officers and the seamen of the fleet, yet the world would probably hardly have heard of him had it not been that he was also M.P. for Penrhyn in Cornwall. There was once a mercantile skipper called Jenkins, as most of us have heard, who lost an ear through the brutality—as he said—of a Spanish coastguard captain in the West Indies. Jenkins kept his ear wrapped in cotton-wool in a little box, which he produced one day before a Parliamentary Committee on complaints of Spanish aggressions from the West Indian merchants of London. The newspapers got hold of the story, and there was an angry debate in the House of Commons. Admiral Vernon, a member of the Opposition, in the course of it, taunted Sir Robert Walpole, the Premier, with cowardice over the matter. Give him only half a dozen ships, he said, and he would repress the Spaniards in the West Indies, in spite of their numbers and impregnable fortress of Porto Bello. Walpole seized on the chance of disposing of a troublesome opponent. He sent Vernon out forthwith with six ships, and Vernon promptly took Porto Bello—to the amazement of all England, Spain and the rest of the world. His name has lived in history ever since, because of the feat—really a very fine one. Also his nickname, "Old Grog," has become historic, due to the fact that Vernon's favourite wear on board a ship was a grogram coat (there was no regulation naval uniform in those days), and also to his introduction, during his last year of service, of the practice of watering the seamen's rum. That was in the interests of the men's health, and the whole Navy agreed that Vernon did the right thing. Even the men liked the weaker mixture.

Party politics, six years later, unmade Admiral Vernon. He was too outspoken a man to keep his mouth shut over Admiralty shortcomings or the mismanagement that was rife in the Navy at that day, and he did not spare his frank criticisms. Some of them got into the papers, and then the Admiralty got their chance. Vernon, at that time (1746) Commander-in-Chief in the North Sea, was curtly ordered to strike his flag, and after that his name was summarily removed from the flag-list. The story of Admiral Vernon's career is a wide one. He was born in James II.'s reign, while Pepys was still at the Admiralty, and he lived throughout five reigns, down to the year in which Admiral Byng was shot, the year before Nelson was born. Mr. Douglas Ford tells the story of Admiral Vernon well; but unfortunately his narrative is in parts unnecessarily intermixed with matters that have little to do with the subject—indeed, one might almost say, nothing at all to do with it. Nearly half the book, as a fact, is given up to general history that has no real bearing on Vernon or the Navy of his day—or else is common knowledge. Otherwise, however, in regard to what is said about Admiral Vernon himself, the book is good and useful reading It is got up nicely, admirably illustrated, and a number of valuable documents cited are given textually in the Appendix. ("Admiral Vernon and the Navy: A Memoir and a Vindication." By Douglas Ford. Illustrated. Fisher Unwin.)



ADMIRAL VERNON
From the Portrait by Gainsborough in the National Portrait Gallery.
From "Admiral Vernon and the Navy," by Douglas Ford. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

A HISTORY OF SUFFOLK

County histories are among the most expensive of books and entirely out of reach of the average reader. Mr. Elliot Stock has done well, therefore, in issuing his series of Popular County Histories in a cheap form. "The History of Suffolk," by the Rev. J. J. Raven, is among the latest—a well-compiled book, giving all that it is necessary to know about one of the most interesting of English counties, but marred here and there by outbursts of "religious" feeling, especially, of course, in the chapter on Queen Mary's reign. The fact that there were more Catholics burned under Queen Elizabeth than Protestants under Queen Mary is forgotten in the chapter on Queen Elizabeth, whereas in that on Queen Mary there is a full account (running to five pages) of the burning of John Noyes. This is hardly playing the game.

"THE BARONY OF BRENDON"

Ought a philosopher to marry a coquette? Ought a coquette to marry a philosopher? Ought either to marry at all? These grave questions are raised—and not so much happily settled as happily postponed—by Mr. E. H. Lacon's pleasant story (Brown, Langham and Co.) of an experiment which may thus be classified as of the "problem" order. We can cordially recommend the study of these questions with Mr. Lacon's aid.



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NABOTH'S VINEYARD

In good time for the Colonial Conference, Sir William Butler, G.C.B., brought into a volume his letters "From Naboth's Vineyard" (Chapman and Hall) to the *Tribune*, describing the impressions formed on a visit to South Africa during the first six months of last year:—

This time I went up country after a short stay at Capetown. I was four weeks in Johannesburg, three in Pretoria; I went to the High Veldt at Middleburgh, took a motor-ride through the Magliesberg Valley and along the Rand, went down a gold mine, inspected a diamond field and a Chinese compound, visited Natal, drove fifty miles into Zululand, stopped at Bloemfontein and other places in the Orange River and Cape Colony, and returned to Capetown, having covered about four thousand miles in all.

The route was judiciously representative, and Sir William Butler's position was of course very different from that of any less eminent traveller. By "different" we do not necessarily mean superior. The obscure observer, without previously formed opinions which nobody has an interest in confirming or otherwise, is not without many undeniable advantages. On the other hand, the value of these "impressions" is not to be measured in mere months or miles. This was the fourth visit of one whose acquaintance with South Africa is of more than forty-six years' standing, who has had much to do with its history, and who, if his opinions are unreservedly decided on its past, present, and future, has had ample means for their formation. This column is no place for the discussion of well-known views which their opponents cannot call other than broad and generous, and which may be concisely summarised as a plea for leaving our South African colonies to work out their own future:—

For my own part, I believe that we might end all our difficulties much more easily than people imagine. We have only to do what Sir George Grey, Mr. Froude and many others advised us to do long ago—leave her alone. Let her hammer out her future, as Canada and Australia have done. . . . No matter in what fashion Downing Street may attempt to make her bed, South Africa will lie on it only as she likes in the long run.

Sir William Butler's strong sympathy with the native races is well illustrated, and certainly well accounted for, by his portraiture of the Zulus:—

A month ago, he [the owner of an estate near Richmond] said to me, "when the affray between the police and a party of the natives occurred and the panic and excitement was at its height, many of the farmers left their homes and sought refuge in the town. Well, all the work upon their farms went on just as usual in their absence. Not a stick was stolen. The cows were milked, and the milk was sent in to the creamery, as had been done when the masters and their families were present." . . Where the Zulu came no lock or key was necessary. No man who knew the Zulu . . . could say that he had not found him honest, truthful, faithful; that the white wife and child had not been entirely safe from insult or harm at the hands of this black man, or that money or property were not immeasurably more secure in Zulu charge than in that of Europeans or Asiatics.

Here we have a people whose moral goodness, scrupulous regard for honest dealing, and natural habits of restraint and discipline fitted them for civilised teaching and training in every branch of citizen and workman's handicraft.

What a material was this to have worked upon! What natural qualities upon which to engraft our higher knowledge! Courage, truthfulness, brain power, honesty, and physical strength.

OLD-TIME HALIFAX

Mr. H. Ling Roth, the curator of the Bankfield Museum at Halifax, Yorkshire, has compiled an interesting volume upon the antiquities of that town, prefaced by an account of the Yorkshire coiners who flourished in the latter half of the eighteenth century. The volume is entitled "The Yorkshire Coiners, 1767-1783, and Notes on Old and Prehistoric Halifax," and is published by Messrs. F. King and Sons, of Halifax. It is a perfect treasure-house of antiquities, and will interest antiquarians and historians outside of Yorkshire. In his account of the Coiners and of an atrocious murder committed by some of the gang in 1769, Mr. Roth has given the fullest account of the doings of these coiners and coin-clippers that has yet appeared, with a large amount of information not hitherto available.

There is a curious chapter on the Halifax Gibbet Law. The Halifax Gibbet was not an apparatus for hanging criminals, but for beheading them on the same principle as the guillotine which was in use during the Revolution in France and afterwards. The Yorkshire guillotine was in full operation 250 years before Dr. Guillotin reinvented it; the Halifax records give 1541 as the date when the first malefactor had his head cut off, and up to the year 1650 over fifty men and women suffered this penalty—mainly for theft. Of great interest are the accounts of the old "House at the Maypole," in the time of Henry VII, and its method of construction, and the instructive chapter on housebuilding in the fifteenth century. The volume is profusely illustrated with original drawings by H. R. Oddy, Thomas Binns, C. Prætorius and others, and special chapters are contributed by Mr. John Lister, on "The Making of Halifax," and by Mr. J. L. Russell, on the "Prehistoric Circle of Blackheath." Mr. Roth's book is a pattern and example to other curators of museums.

NEW ZEALAND STORIES

"Writers upon Maoriland are comparatively few," says Mr. W. H. Koebel, by way of preface to the seventeen stories and sketches of New Zealand collected under the title of the first and longest, "The Return of Joe" (Francis Griffiths). To the merit claimed for them by their author, that their local colour was not obtained at second-hand, we can add more merits—notably a strong impression of reality, and a simple, straightforward style of concise narration which, by avoiding any apparent striving after effect, is all the more effective. His pathos and his humour have, for English readers, the freshness of the scenes, situations and characters to which they belong.

NOTES

The keynote of "Beautiful Gardens: How to Make and Maintain Them," by Mr. Walter P. Wright (Cassell and Co.), is—"bring your garden and home into the closest possible association." "The garden shall come close to the walls of the house, and linger lovingly there, as though it were indeed a part and parcel of our home. It shall caress the walls, lay tender fingers upon the windows, and spray itself across the threshold." How to make flower gardens quickly and cheaply, is shown with pen, sketch and photograph and practical plans and diagrams.

A temperance cookery book is something of an innovation, and the reader may be allowed a gasp of surprise when he finds that it comes from Glasgow. "The British Women's Cookery Book" (Holmes and Co., Glasgow. 1s.) has reached a second edition, and actually contains the ingredients and directions for the making of substitutes for brandy and whisky!

"The Pickwick Papers," "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," and Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" and "The Moorland Cottage" are the latest additions to the "World's Classics" (Henry Froude), and it is delightful, in the two first-mentioned editions, to see again the illustrations of Seymour and "Phiz" and the old familiar pictures that added so much to Jerrold's inimitable humour.

To the "Red Letter Library" Messrs. Blackie and Son have added Hazlitt's Essays and Thoreau's "Walden," and to the "Red Letter Shakespeare," "Hamlet," "Titus Andronicus," and "King Lear."

"Poems of Tennyson" appear in dainty form in Messrs. Jack's "Golden Poets" series, with a frontispiece by Mr. Hartrick, coloured illustrations by Mr. Gilbert James, and an introduction by Professor H. J. C. Grierson.

"Peer Gynt," "An Enemy of the People," and "The Wild Duck" are now added to the "complete works of Ibsen," the new edition published by Messrs. Heinemann; and to Messrs. Blackwood's new edition of George Eliot's novels has been added "Romola," with a frontispiece by Mr. Byam Shaw.

We have also received "Aylesbury," and "Lyonesse, a Handbook for the Isles of Scilly," in the "Homeland Handbooks" series. (The Homeland Association.)

From the *City Press* office comes a copy of "The City of London Directory" for 1907. This volume, the thirty-seventh issue, upholds the reputation of the work for accuracy. Its features are well-known, and we need only say that it is up to date and has been carefully revised.





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LETTERS FROM CELEBRITIES.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET ON NERVOUSNESS.

"INDUSTRIAL FARM COLONY,
"DUXHURST,
"April, 1907.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"Your letter is one of many which I constantly receive begging me to tell of something which can help to restore tired nerves and over-worn strength, and you ask me to do so because I come in contact with so many who for these very reasons fail in the race of life, having sought the wrong remedy for such loss of nerve-power.

"The description which you give me of your difficulty scarcely varies from that of which I am so often told. Work has become a drudgery and life a heavy thing. You tell me that you go to bed feeling tired, and that you wake in the morning almost equally tired, that your food is distasteful to you, and that little things which used to sit lightly upon you have become heavy burdens; that even pleasure is toil. I know you have worked hard through many years, and have had much mental strain. This may in a measure account for your weakness, which is not brought about by any condition of actual disease, but which seems to arise from an even greater trouble, namely, that your nerve-force is seriously over-spent.

"It is important to understand that in these days of worry and over-excitement, the over-work, mental and physical, to which most of us are subject, calls forth an undue expenditure of strength, and that to recuperate the vigour we have lost we must consider what sort of food or remedy we require.

"Of course the whole question of proper nourishment requires much thought and experience. Many forms of food and many restoratives are recommended, but having had to do with a great many people who have impaired their digestive organs, and whose nerve-power has been seriously undermined, I do not think that I have come across anything which I believe a more suitable nutrient for all forms of weakness than Sanatogen. I do not know if you have tried it, but it seems to me, under the conditions such as you have described, an ideal preparation, because it provides a valuable tonic-food in the most suitable form. It consists, I believe, in the nourishing element of pure cows' milk, incorporated with which is a special nerve-tonic containing phosphorus. It has an invigorating power on worn-out nerves, and gives tone to exhausted tissues to a surprising extent. The feeblest system and the poorest digestive organs are able to assimilate it, when they can really touch little else. I am strongly of opinion that you cannot do better than begin a course of Sanatogen if you wish to regain your strength.

"I have watched the effect of Sanatogen on people who have come here, and whose nervous systems have been entirely undermined. In the case of such people, one of the greatest difficulties with which we have to contend is their sleeplessness. I have proved under these circumstances that Sanatogen is most valuable.

"Sanatogen undoubtedly restores sleep and invigorates the nerves, and it braces the patient to health, for I have noticed that with the restoration of the digestive organs the mind becomes more quickly active, and work, both mental and physical, becomes more easy, and the freshness and keenness which such people have lost, apparently altogether, return gradually, and bring with them an enjoyment of life and a feeling of hopefulness not hitherto experienced.

"When the Lody is subjected to a course of Sanatogen, the blood condition improves, the skin assumes a more healthy colour, the invigorated nerves are braced to a more healthy tone, and the whole human machinery is made fit for exercise and work and for fulfilling its functions in the most perfect manner

Isabel Somerset"

The above is an extract from a letter addressed by Lady Henry Somerset to an intimate friend. In view of the public interest associated with the subject, the recipient has obtained her ladyship's gracious permission to make the contents widely known. Additional information on the same subject may be obtained from the Sanatogen Co., 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C. Sanatogen is sold by all Chemists, in packets, at 1s. 9d., 2s. 9d., 5s., and 9s. 6d.

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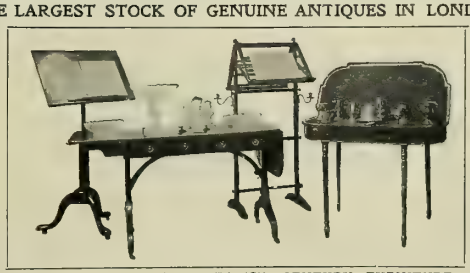
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The Largest Fish Market in the World

Few people have any conception of the extent of the trade of this country in fish. Great Grimsby is far and away the largest fish market in the world. There is a fleet of over six hundred and fifty steam vessels supplying the port, and in addition to this a large number of herring-boats land their cargo during the three months of August, September and October. A busy day at Grimsby Docks is a sight well worth seeing. About one hundred and seventy thousand tons of fish are yearly brought in by the North Sea trawlers, and as many as one thousand four hundred tons have been handled in a single day. As small consignments sent direct to consumers, two thousand eight hundred parcels have left by rail on an ordinary day, while in Lent the daily average is nearly five thousand parcels of fish of about twelve pounds each. With this enormous trade it is not surprising that the railway companies serving Great Grimsby have made special endeavours to cope with so large a business, and the Great Central Railway carry many thousands of parcels at the small charge of eightpence, which, as a rule, includes delivery. In the goods traffic sixty thousand trucks are loaded annually, many of these being the special large fish-trucks built by this railway to hold nearly two and a half times as much as the ordinary truck.

The steam trawlers are continually arriving and departing with every tide. The vessels, which are stoutly built and amongst some of the best sea-boats in the world, have about two hundred tons register, and carry a crew of eight to ten men for short cruises, and from ten to sixteen men for the longer journeys. When a North Sea trawler leaves the harbour she may be bound on a journey of a thousand miles outward, for a good deal of fishing is carried on by the Grimsby boats off Iceland in the north and Spain in the south. The voyage to these distant waters, the work of catching, and the return journey occupy in many cases four weeks. Before leaving, the trawlers take on board vast quantities of ice, and the quay-side and decks of the vessels then look like a scene from the frozen north. As soon as the catch is landed it is stacked on the stone floors of the quay and is inspected by one of the auctioneers, who gets an idea of the kind of fish which is in the cargo. In the event of it consisting chiefly of cod and turbot, the auctioneer will walk along the quay from end to end, calling out repeatedly "Cod buyers, cod buyers, turbot buyers, turbot buyers," and one after the other the purchasers will attach themselves to his party and follow him up and down the walk until eventually, when he thinks he has got a sufficient number of buyers together, he will stop by the side of the gigantic heap of fish, and proceed to dispose of it there and then, in lots, to the highest bidders.

The capital invested in the steam trawlers of Grimsby Port alone is three and a half millions of money, while over two hundred thousand tons of ice are used annually for storing and packing the fish. There is the romance of speculation about the trade, as the amount realised by a voyage will, of course, be governed by supply and demand. On a good voyage terminating in rough weather, when few of the boats have come into port, and fish is therefore exceptionally scarce, as much as a thousand pounds has been realised by a single boat. Our illustrations on another page were obtained by the kind assistance of the Great Central Railway officials at the Fish Docks.



"LUFF, BOY!"

FROM THE PAINTING BY THE LATE MR. JAMES CLARKE HOOK, R.A.

A FAMOUS SEA-PICTURE

"Luff, Boy!" is one of the late Mr. Hook's most charming pictures inspired by the Devonshire coast, and more particularly by Clovelly. It was hung in the Academy the year after the admirable "Coast Boy Gathering Eggs" (1858), while painting which the artist lived for a fortnight in the lighthouse at Lundy Island. "Luff, Boy!" (which we reproduce from J. J. Chant's engraving) is a work of the most glowing colour, which was received by Ruskin in 1859 with rapture. "A glorious picture—most glorious!" he exclaimed in his "Academy Notes," and he went on to wonder if the artist, "when he drew that boy," thought of the Elgin Marbles and the Greek Heroes of Marathon. The boy's name was Johnny Cruise, and he was the eldest son of Charles Kingsley's nurse, a woman of Clovelly. W. H. Simmons's mezzotint of the picture is well known.

A Great Furniture Sale.—The well-known Furnishing house of Oetzmann and Co., of 62-79, Hampstead Road, W., and numerous branches, have converted their old-established business into a joint-stock company, and in connection with the change a record sale of £150,000 worth of furniture and accessories for the home is now in progress, everything being offered at huge reductions, never less than 10 per cent., and often touching 50 per cent.

Messrs. Liberty and Co., of 142, Regent Street, announce a six days' exhibition of Irish carpets, commencing on Monday next, April 29. The exhibits show considerable artistic taste in design and also beauty of texture.



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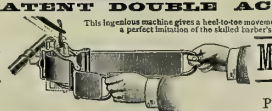


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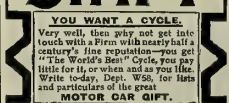
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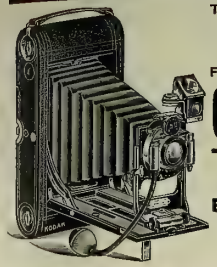
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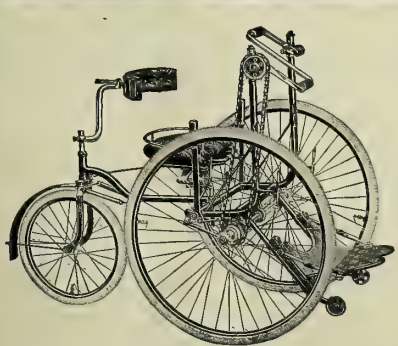
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MOTOR NOTES

The Navigation of the Air

I was present last week at the practical (?) demonstration of flying machines at the Alexandra Palace, and was struck by two things. Firstly, the extraordinary crowd attracted to view the demonstration; and, secondly, the audacity of most of the competitors in daring to compete for any prize at all. The management of the Palace was quite disorganised by the number of spectators arriving on the scene without notice and apparently quite unexpected. My lunch consisted of ham, which I succeeded in hacking from the joint, before it was quite finished, by wresting the carving-knife from one of the judges. The queue waiting for that knife was almost as long as at a London theatre on a Saturday. After commandeering a bottle of lager and a spoon with which to eat the ham we fortified ourselves for the practical trial of the machines in the open air. It was hardly worth the struggle. I have many machines at home which, although not constructed to fly, will certainly go further than most of the apparatus I saw that day. That is to say, I could throw them farther. Take an ordinary tyre lever, for instance. With this simple instrument, and adopting the same method as the competitors in the flying machine trials—viz., throwing it in the air—I will guarantee to cover a longer distance than the majority of them.

Audacious Competitors

The fiasco, and one can hardly term it anything else, was due, as I previously remarked, to the audacity of the competitors, who, apparently, could have made no attempts at flying in their own gardens. The two prize-winners, Messrs. Roe and Howard, certainly showed some ingenuity, but the majority of the exhibits were thrown into the air and fell like lumps of coal at their owners' feet. THE GRAPHIC Flying Mile Committee were wise in framing a condition that the Committee must have a demonstration of some sort to show that the competitor has some likelihood of winning the £1,000 offered. I am sure, though I cannot claim to be an expert, that the inventor of a flying machine must devote himself to making one which will rise in a vertical direction by its own motive-power. Even the great Santos-Dumont's latest requires a speed of seventy kilomètres an hour in a horizontal direction before it will rise from the ground, and then depends not on its lifting power so much as its speed. As far as we know the Wright Brothers are successful in the same way, but their aeroplane must have great stability. Nevertheless, the trials at the Alexandra Palace clearly showed the great interest taken in the movement by experts, inventors, and a large proportion of the general public, and it will no doubt lead to something great in the future.

A Successful Appeal

Very little notice has been taken of an appeal case which attracted a good deal of notice at the first trial. I refer to the action brought against the Mayor and Corporation of Brighton for having spent about £3,000 of the ratepayers' money on laying the Madeira Walk with Tarmac. The case was originally heard by the Divisional Court, and it was held that the authorities had not the right to expend this sum. I am glad to say that on appeal the decision is reversed. In quashing



THE SPYKER CAR



THE DE DION CAR

The cars which are to take part in the already famous Peking to Paris motor race, organised by *Le Matin*, are already starting on their long eastward journey, some being conveyed by sea and some by the Trans-Siberian Railway. There are eighteen entries for the race, which starts from Peking on June 10. The distance to be covered is 6,200 miles, the route being *viâ* Mongolia, the Desert of Gobi, Kiachta, and thence along Southern Siberia to Moscow, Berlin, Cologne and Paris. Photos by Branger.

TO DASH ACROSS TWO CONTINENTS: TWO OF THE CARS WHICH WILL COMPETE IN THE PEKING TO PARIS MOTOR RACE

BABY QUIRK'S CURE
OF A TORTURING, RAW AND SCALY ECZEMA BY CUTICURA AFTER ALL ELSE FAILED.

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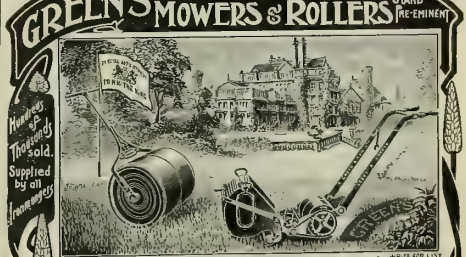
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the decision, Lord Justice Vaughan Williams said that no court could interfere with the actions of a public body vested with powers, in the exercise of which they could use their discretion, unless it was shown that the discretion was not used in good faith. I always admired the enterprise of the Brighton Corporation in attracting motorists to their town, and in the case of this race-meeting, I heard on all sides, even from the cabmen, that it drew a great deal of business to the town. Brighton is exceptionally dependent for its prosperity on visitors, and every member of the Corporation, in my opinion, is only doing his duty to the majority of the ratepayers, when he devises means of attraction, and such enterprise should not be frustrated by a few ratepayers who live at Brighton, but want it all to themselves. The Dieppe Circuit would not have been selected for the Grand Prix this year, were it not for the handsome offers of the Mayor of that town. Any "resort" is nowadays as much dependent on the initiative and resource of its Mayor and Corporation as any business is on its managing-director. It is a business in itself to attract visitors, and motorists must be attracted at the present time.

The "Graphic" Challenge Trophy Race

This year the above race is to take place in the Isle of Man about May 28. The trophy, which is of the value of £150, was presented by my proprietors in 1903, to encourage the *Touring Car* as against the *Freak Racer*, as they were amongst the first to perceive that racing had done its share in the evolution of the car, and that still more good might be achieved by setting honest *bonâ-fide* touring cars to compete against each other. In 1903 the trophy was won by Humbers, Ltd., at Castlewellan, Ireland. For various reasons, weather chiefly, no races took place in 1904 and 1905, but last year the race was won by Mr. Bailey on a 50 h.-p. Napier. Entries for this year's race may be received up to and including May 18. The competition consists chiefly of a hill-climb, and is confined to engines which comply with the following conditions: Cylinder diameter in inches squared, multiplied by the number of cylinders, must not exceed 125. Double-piston or other engines will be rated on their merits, but no engine whose combined effective piston area exceeds 98·17 square inches can be allowed to enter. Vehicles must be of a recognised tourist type, furnished with lamps, mudguards, efficient silencer, and proper body, and must carry four passengers (including the driver), seated in a fair manner, of an average weight of 140lb. each. The Clerks of the Course are empowered to decide whether these requirements have been complied with. No car which has taken part in a competition for racing cars in the years 1903-7 will be eligible. The conditions, I am glad to say, my proprietors leave to the Committee of the Royal Automobile Club, and, so far, they have provided a competition which is most likely to be beneficial to the progress of motoring generally, thus carrying out the ideas of the donors.

London to Monte Carlo

I am almost inundated with records on the above-mentioned route, and before I can make any mention of one record-breaker, another is in the field. Well I am going to mention none of them, because I think it so unfair to our friends and neighbours across the Channel that such records should be made on their territory. The French authorities are so kind to motorists as a rule and treat them with so much common sense that it is generally thought there is no speed-limit over there. This is quite erroneous. They have a limit, and it is a little lower than our own of twenty miles an hour. How should we like it, if the French manufacturers sent cars over here, to make records of speed from Land's End to John o' Groat's? The Press would be full of their enormities, and I see no reason why we should return their courtesy to us by driving through their country at speeds which admittedly cause motorists to be nothing but a nuisance to the inhabitants.

The Hooded Van Danger

With reference to my remarks on the hooded van and the persistent ignoring of the by-laws with which it should conform, I see a motor cyclist has now written to the Motor Union on the subject from the motor cyclist's point of view. He considers hooded vans a great danger to other users of the road, and relates two nasty experiences which have happened to himself as the result of their use. Once a driver swished his whip back to slash his horse, and it came right across the cyclist's eyes, and nearly blinded him. The driver, of course, apologised, and said he was not aware of the cyclist's presence. On another occasion the cyclist was overtaking a hooded van, and, as in the former case, sounded his hooter well, but the driver turned sharply across the road and almost blocked it just as the cyclist was passing, his object being to turn up a by-road. It looked as if the cyclist would have to charge a stiff fence. His shoulder, however, rubbed the horse's nose, and the machine leaped on to the path, made a sharp curve round a lamp-post, and out into the road again. It was a wonderful escape from a complete smash up, due to the driver of the van being closed in and totally unable to see or hear any traffic overtaking him.



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CATTLE.—Common Diseases of, with Prescriptions. Pages 125 to 193.

DOGS.—Rheumatism, Sprains, Cramp, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds, Kennel Lameness, Kennel Dressing for Hounds and other Dogs, Bronchitis, Distemper, &c. Pages 99 to 124.

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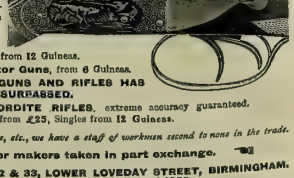
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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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FUNDS ARE GREATLY NEEDED to meet the heavy expenses, as well as Visitors who may be able to get into the poorer districts.

WARRINGTON HAWARD, F.R.C.S.,
Chairman of Committee.

Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State

By Wentworth Huyshe

RAFAEL, CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL, Papal Secretary of State, has been more than ever before the eye of the public since the treacherous seizure and publication of the private correspondence of the Montagnini papers, of which no small portion is occupied with the expelled Monsignor with the Cardinal Secretary. It speaks volumes for the integrity and straightforwardness of the Cardinal that in the private papers that were thus seized by the French Government not a syllable was unearthed which lent a handle to the French authorities for bringing any charge of undue interference with the internal affairs of France. In consequence of this unpleasant affair Cardinal Merry del Val must stand higher in the eyes of Europe for nobility of character than even long and faithful service or the good offices of his friends could have raised him. It is not every statesman whose reputation would shine the brighter for the violation of his secret official correspondence.

Rafael Merry del Val, son of the then Secretary to the Spanish Embassy in London and future Spanish Ambassador to the Vatican, was born on October 10, 1865. On his maternal side he inherits British blood. Educated first at Baylis House, Slough, once the abode of Lord Chesterfield, author of the Letters, and then at St. Cuthbert's Catholic College, Ushaw, near Durham, the *alma mater* of the historian Lingard, he completed his studies abroad. Residence in Spain, England, Austria, Italy, and France made him a proficient linguist, so that, besides his Spanish mother-tongue and English, he converses fluently and correctly, as to the manner born, in German, Italian, and French. So intimately had the future Cardinal been identified with English life that, in 1903, on the death of Cardinal Vaughan, no one was so persistently named by the public as the likely successor in the Archiepiscopal See of Westminster as Monsignor Merry del Val, the titular Archbishop of Nicæa and President of the Collegio de' Nobili in Piazza Minerva, the nursery of budding Roman diplomatists. But the rumour was set at rest by his elevation to the Cardinalate, with the title of Santa Prassede, by Pius X., and his confirmation in the office of Secretary of State which the new Pope had previously conferred upon him, *ad interim*. At this time Cardinal Merry del Val was but thirty-eight years of age—a singularly youthful successor to the retiring secretary, Cardinal Rampolla, the veteran and courtly minister of Leo XIII. Quite recently the announcement has been made that King Alfonso of Spain has bestowed on Cardinal Merry del Val the Grand Cross of the Order of Charles III.

The official residence of Cardinal Merry del Val is the celebrated Borgia rooms in the Vatican Palace. In these apartments are the finest frescoes of Pinturicchio now in existence. Being thus in the Cardinal's occupation the rooms cannot easily be seen, but the Cardinal allows tourists to inspect them in parties of five when he is not present. In two of the rooms, says Mr. Douglas Sladen, who has described the Vatican in a recent work, are the world's most beautiful ceilings, exquisite paintings of Pinturicchi in his most gracious mood, paint-jewels set round the ribs of a Late Gothic ceiling in a riot of deep moulded gilt and colour-embossing. What the great pictures in the lunettes lose in their colouring they gain in distinctness, as the full power of the electric light is turned upon them, and until you have visited them by night you cannot be said to have seen those glittering gem-starred ceilings. Mr. Sladen says that in an interview with the Cardinal he asked him whether he had made a study of Pinturicchio since he became possessor of the finest frescoed residence in the world.

"Alas!" said the Cardinal, "I never have any time to look up, I have always to look down. I can only feel that they are there." The Cardinal pointed out to Mr. Sladen the original arabesque paintings on the walls of one of the other chambers. "These," he said, "have been left, wherever they were not utterly destroyed, to show what the rooms were like originally, and where they have been repainted the original ideas were carried out as far as possible."

Having been in the Vatican for twenty years the Cardinal, says Mr. Sladen, could remember the rooms when bookcases went right up to the bottom of the pictures. "He came into them when the bookcases were first cleared out, and thought how enviable the rooms were, and the remembrance came back to him when it fell to his lot to occupy them."

The Cardinal's latest portrait is the one reproduced in our illustration, a fine canvas by the rising young Tuscan artist, Andrea Landini. So far as black and white can speak for a painting in oils it tells its own tale. Intellectual, sympathetic, quiet, and modest, this Prince of the Church sits in easy pose by his writing-table, upon which stands a crucifix. The kindly eye, the delicately modelled hands, the high domed head, are eloquent of character. The portrait is not only an interesting example of modern Tuscan art, but a valuable contribution to the portrait gallery of European celebrities.



CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL
FROM THE PICTURE BY ANDREA LANDINI

Mr. H. W. Burleigh, assistant secretary of the Royal Sea-bathing Hospital, has been appointed to succeed Mr. H. H. Graham as secretary of the Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis, Maida Vale.

The thirty-seventh annual report of the Evelina Hospital for Children, by far the most important children's hospital in South London, shows that the chief feature of the year was the construction of the new Out-patient Department, which is now completed. There is still a debt of about £7,000 on the new buildings, and contributions are needed to clear off this deficit. The Lord Mayor will open the new department on the 23rd inst.

The recent Royal Irish Industries Association sale at the Ritz Hotel—the thirty-fourth organised in London and the provinces—was very satisfactory, a sum of £1,897 being taken, bringing up the total amount to over £141,000 sent into Ireland to date.

The complaints of the holders of readers' tickets for the British Museum Library are in no way diminishing. To a large number of them, the closing of the Reading Room for six months is a serious matter. As, however, the directors have placed the contract for the decoration in the hands of the energetic firm of Waring and Gillow, readers may feel confident that there will be no undue delay. In this work they will use 7,000 scaffold poles, 5,000 shorter poles, 25,000 cords, 5,000 wedges, and 5 cwt. of 4-inch nails. The decoration will take 200,000 leaves of beaten gold, the painting 25 tons of white lead, and 200 men will be kept busy for several months.

"PLACE AUX DAMES"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

"THE youngest leading lady," such was the title bestowed on Miss Viola Tree by the playgoers of Berlin, and in this enviable position she was *fêted*, caressed, and treated with affectionate consideration. Leading ladies are not, as a rule, very young. It stands to reason that, except in very rare cases, they cannot attain to such a high estate without experience. There have, however, been actresses who jumped into fame when almost children; such were Fanny Kemble, who played Juliet at sixteen in a simple white satin gown, Helen Faucit, and one or two others. The great advantage they possess over others lies of course in their youth. Every one is indulgent to youth, and that Ariel, Juliet, and Ophelia should be young is almost a necessity. Miss Tree scored a definite triumph as Ophelia in Berlin, and it is interesting to note the difference between Mrs. Tree's and her daughter's Ophelia. In the one case all the skill of the practised actress was brought to bear on the part, the presentation of insanity, the blood-curdling scream; it was an admirable performance. The younger heroine had less art and more youthful innocence, but both were notable. Miss Tree was charmed with the Emperor William, who presented her with a beautiful bracelet of his own design, a flexible gold band with a wreath of laurel surrounding the initial W., and an Imperial crown all in diamonds, altogether a very royal gift.

In Paris plays seem to be running riot in every direction of extravagance. At one of the most modern theatres appeal is made to the feelings by all kinds of terrible effects; women go into hysterics and are led screaming from the theatre after witnessing every description of brutal murders, death scenes and tortures on the stage. At other theatres realistic scenes of a kind which would not be tolerated here form the amusement of the comic pieces; bed-chambers are a constant feature, and the heroes and heroines proceed deliberately to undress until one wonders where realism will end. Parisians are less squeamish than we are, and as the drama is not intended for young girls, and only grown men and women visit it, no one objects, and the most risky of pieces are patronised by smart society.

Nevertheless, the condition of things in Paris is not reassuring for the timid. Men carry revolvers when they go out at night. In the Bois de Boulogne it is unsafe for any one, even in broad daylight, to step aside from the frequented paths. A lady returning from a party in a taximeter cab was recently driven there by her coachman, notwithstanding her repeated entreaties to turn back. Arrived at a lonely spot, he proceeded to enter the vehicle, and insisted on her playing écarté with him. Having taken all her money and jewellery, he remounted the box, drove her back to the precincts of the city, and ordered the terrified lady to get out and walk home. People who offend their cabmen are threatened, followed and abused, and a kind of terrorism prevails, owing to the absence of police and the daring deeds of the "Apaches," the most desperate and villainous of the unemployed. When one remembers the urbanity and usefulness of the police here, and the security with which a woman can walk about this great city, one feels thankful and happy at the contrast.

The Colonial representatives and their womenkind appear delighted with London—London, which, in spite of its gloominess, its fogs, and its changeable weather, seems to gain the hearts of all strangers. London is like the charming woman, full of faults, whom everyone loves because of them. The only drawback to our English welcome lies in our over-zeal. We over-feed, over-entertain, and over-manage our guests. Sometimes they would fain be left alone, to taste, to enjoy, to meditate, to appreciate. The best hostess is she who leaves her friends to themselves occasionally—but this lesson we can never learn. We are so anxious to display our riches, our hospitality, our kindly welcome, that we produce a surfeit in our guests and defeat the very ends we seek to attain. We treat our visitors like Cook's tourists. They are marched on from one thing to another, never allowed to loiter or lag behind, but just permitted to admire the few objects allotted for their contemplation.

Why do people keep cats in London is a question I often ask myself. They are not necessary, for mice can be caught in traps; indeed, the well-fed household cat rarely troubles to kill mice, though she may stalk a bird all day long. She is not a household pet, for, except in the case of the Persian, ladies rarely permit a cat to enter the drawing-room. Cats make night hideous with their cries. They are supposed to be answerable for all the crockery breakages. They are not affectionate companions or faithful friends. They care for the house and the warm chimney-corner, not for the inmates. They are treacherous playmates for children, and the purveyors of infectious diseases and dirt. They are the licensed predatory wild animals of our cities. They are of no possible use, and even the poetry of domestic life has ceased to gather round the cat's presence on the hearth. They should be suppressed in the interest of humanity.



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. DUNCAN

One of the most important of the Prince of Wales's engagements in Glasgow was that at the Royal Infirmary, where he laid the foundation-stone of the new building which is being erected as a memorial of Queen Victoria. The cost will be half a million of money, rather less than half of which has been subscribed. The new building is being erected without interrupting the work of the old. With the Prince were the Princess, Mr. J. D. Hedderwick, chairman of the Infirmary, and others.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO GLASGOW: THE PRINCE OF WALES LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW ROYAL INFIRMARY

MRS. TOLLEMACHE'S LORNA DOONE AND KRISHNA





MISS DICKINSON'S LORD ROY AND KAISER DE GRACE
Reserve in teams.

MRS. FIELDER'S ATHOS AND FORTUNE OF LOCKERTIE





MRS. VICTOR JAMES'S GYP OF WAVENEY
1st and 2nd Prizes in the Bitch Puppy Class.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S BORZOI SANDRINGHAM MOSCOW AND KALPITSA
The latter of which gained 2nd Prize in the Maidens' Class.



MRS. A. SAINSBURY'S BACCHUS OF FARADAY
1st and 2nd Prizes in Puppy Class.

At the show of Great Danes and Borzoi, at the Crystal Palace last week, there was an excellent entry, and most of the best known animals were sent in. Queen Alexandra sent her Borzoi Sandringham Moscow and Kalpitsa. The Great Danes we also illustrate are all well known in the dog world.

GREAT DANES AND BORZOI: SOME OF THE WINNERS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE SHOW



The South African Cricketers on their way to England beat a team at Las Palmas by an innings and as many runs as they cared to knock up before "declaring." They sailed from Las Palmas in the Durban Castle on the same evening, April 25, on their way to fresh fields and wickets new. Reading from left to right the names are:—TOP ROW: G. A. Faulkner (Transvaal), A. D. Nourse (Natal), J. H. Sinclair (Transvaal), G. Alsop (Manager), S. D. Snooke (Western Province), A. E. Vogler (Eastern Province), G. C. White (Transvaal). CENTRE: M. Hathorn (Transvaal), R. O. Schwarz (Transvaal), R. W. Sherwell (Transvaal, Captain), J. J. Kotze (Western Province), W. A. Shalders (Transvaal), L. J. Tancred (Transvaal). BOTTOM ROW: S. J. Snooke (Western Province), H. Smith (Transvaal) Photo by Akkersdyk, Cape Town.

THE CRICKET SEASON: THE SOUTH AFRICAN TEAM WHICH ARRIVED IN ENGLAND THIS WEEK

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

THE expected has come to pass. At the hour at which we write winter is upon us again, and all the indications point to the possibility that, having had May in March, we shall now have March in early May—and that, too, after an April which may be said to have gone to the bad at the end of its first week. London is, however, not quite so wintry as Paris, where the north-easter has even brought a snowstorm along with it. In Westmorland the snow is lying an inch thick on the hills, and in Carmarthenshire it is twice that depth. Hence there is much damage to crops, with proportionate growling on the part of farmers and gardeners. Among our feathered friends, too, the early arrivals from abroad must be feeling that their return has been too "previous." However, let us hope that, by the time these lines get into print, all this may be mere belated twaddle—for which the reader will easily forgive us for the sake of the welcome change.

* * *

Ministers are in a considerable quandary over the discussion of Preference by the Imperial Conference. They know that the whole nation, the whole Empire, and the whole world are waiting to hear what England's answer will be to the Colonial offer. And lo! England can make no reply—except that her hands have been tied, fifteen months ago, by the verdict of the General Election. That, of course, is strictly logical; but a good deal has happened since the beginning of last year, and even the most stalwart of Cobdenites are beginning to perceive that the snake of Preference and Protection has only been scotched, not killed. And so, though Ministers entrench themselves behind the rampart of last year's popular verdict, they are uncomfortably conscious that the case will yet have to be re-heard.

* * *

Knowing, then, that their inevitable refusal to budge an inch to meet the Colonial offer will do them no good with the country, which (whatever it may have meant at the time of the General Election) has no mind to send the Colonial Premiers home with the conviction that England is hopeless in this matter, Ministers and their supporters in the Press are in a singularly apologetic mood just now. Thus, Mr. Birrell, at Bradford, preached a neat little sermon on the text that man does not live by bread alone. The wants of the nation at the present time, he said, "are not likely to be removed by increased commercial prosperity." Which, in other words, means that, if our present fiscal policy does not bring the working man work and wages, he must just grin and bear it, and devote himself to elevating his moral tone. Rather cold comfort, though, is it not?

* * * *

So we are, it seems, to have a new set of Passive Resisters in the persons of a number of English Churchmen who have addressed the Prime Minister on the subject of the Special Religious Instruction Bill. Well, what is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander, and the Government must not be surprised if the Hugh-Cecilian Churchmen take a leaf out of Dr. Clifford's book. We do not say they will be right; but, after all, there is a good deal of human nature in most of us, and this is just what human nature would prompt men to do in the circumstances.

* * * *

Speculation is, naturally, rife as to the precise method by which the Premier means to carry out his threat to deal with the House of Lords. The latest theory concerning this palpitating problem is that of our old friend, "Toby, M.P." "Toby" understands that, whenever a Liberal Government finds it necessary to swamp the Tory majority in the Upper House, it will temporarily add a sufficient number of Liberal Privy Councillors to the number of the Peers. This does not seem much of an "advance" upon the old Reform Bill method, the creation of new Peers; in fact it is practically the same thing. But why not a straight appeal to the country? If Ministers are as certain as they say they are that the country is with them, why do they not put the question?

* * * *

A Lord Mayor should be an expert authority upon the hygienics of public dinners. It is, therefore, distinctly satisfactory to learn from Sir William Treloar that, after eating a hundred and fifty public dinners during his first six months of office, he actually finds himself in better health than he was at the start. The secret of his success, he says, consists in eschewing the flesh-meat, spirits, and tobacco. If you do that, you will find that public dinners, "so far from being ruinous to the digestion, are health-giving functions." One feels tempted, after that, to suggest that a course of public dinners should form part of the annual training of the Oxford and Cambridge crews at Putney.

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It is simply scandalous that some wretched sentimentalists in this country—we will not call them Britons—should, on the pretence of human sympathy, be using encouraging talk to the bazaar agitators in India. The most charitable way of viewing their gushing rubbish is to assume that they are too ignorant to know the terrible mischief of which they may be the authors. They possibly imagine that because they are permitted to spout sedition to English mobs, there cannot be much harm in letting their unpatriotic tongues wag in similar fashion when addressing the Indian democracy through the mouths of native demagogues. There is every harm, as was shown at Lahore the other day when the bazaar *budmashes* actually dared to batter every European they chanced upon. We would remind the instigators of these brutalities that there have been times when the assaulted would have quickly armed themselves and retaliated in very deadly fashion. Even as it is, the local authorities have deemed it expedient to permit the Volunteers to draw twenty rounds of ball ammunition for immediate use in the event of any more rioting.

* * * *

For the second time, his extremely cultured Majesty, King Chulalongkorn of Siam, visits Europe. On the previous occasion, his Government and that of France were biting thumbs at one another, and ill-feeling ran so high that the King confined himself to visiting England. But all that bickering came to an end the other day when the two Powers executed a Treaty of everlasting friendship, and as both benefit by its provisions, there is, happily, good chance of its enduring. Siam has the makings of a most prosperous commercial country; it is full of natural wealth, agricultural, and mineral. But until the present monarch borrowed foreign officials to supervise and control the administration, even China did not wade more deeply in systematic corruption. The result is that while the revenue has fully doubled, taxation is much less oppressive than used to be the case, while quite a scientific system of railways and good roads is coming into being. No wonder that King Chulalongkorn is regarded with high esteem by his pleasure-loving subjects.



The Prince of Wales laid the foundation-stone last week of the new home in Westminster of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The new building will cost about £20,000, and will be the headquarters of the great Society whose work the Prince and Princess have seen so much of in their travels. It will be close to Church House, and will, it is hoped, be finished in February. On the platform with the Prince and Princess during the ceremony were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London and others. Photo by Fradelle and Young.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE S.P.G.: THE FOUNDATION-STONE LAYING OF THE NEW BUILDING

* * *

Medical science should not delay a moment in pronouncing on a most grave matter which has just come to the front in connection with the condemnation and destruction of large quantities of tinned foods. Up to the present consumers have believed that if the contents were sound when put up, and if the tins were at once emptied after being opened, no poisoning could possibly occur. Now, however, it is asserted that particles of the metal itself somehow become detached from the cases and form deadly amalgamations with the contents long before the latter are exposed to atmospheric action. We do not say for a moment that this horrifying indictment of such foods rests on unimpeachable evidence; chemical analysts occasionally go wrong. But if on further investigation the charge is proved, there ought to be an end, there and then, of the practice of using tin for the purpose. Glass and chinaware cost very little more, now that the price of the metal has become so inflated.

* * * *

The new County Council deserves public thanks for putting a sharp check on the constant borrowings of inferior municipal authorities through its instrumentality. For the future the aggregate of such assistance will be limited to a million per annum, to be distributed among the mendicant spendthrifts in such proportions as the Council may deem just. For our own part, while we willingly recognise this limitation as a step in the right direction, we are hopeful that in the course of another year or two a stop will be put to a system open to the very gravest objection, as when Marylebone ran into debt to the extent of nearly a million and a half for electric lighting. Apart from other reasons for refusing aid, except in microscopic amounts, there is the pressing necessity of resuscitating the Council's own credit; it ought not to have to issue loans bearing 3½ per cent. interest, under par, as it has just done.



DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, D. MACPHERSON

The thoughts of all Spaniards are now turned to Madrid and to the young Queen whom they have so quickly learned to love, and to whom more now than ever they are anxious to show their devotion. Whenever Her Majesty drives in the streets, as she often does, she is the object of the greatest enthusiasm among the populace, who follow her carriage and greet her everywhere with the warmest affection.

The Queen of Spain Takes an Airing: Her Majesty Driving Through Madrid

COURT AND SOCIETY

Our Royal Visitor

PRINCE FUSHIMI, who arrives in London on the 6th to pay a State visit of about a week to the Court of St. James's, is the head of one of the twelve princely families who are of near kin to the Emperor of Japan. He celebrated his forty-ninth birthday in Paris last week, and yet he has already done such service as to entitle him to be called the "Bobs" of Japan. He commanded a brigade in the Chino-Japanese war, while in the recent war with Russia he commanded the First Army Division at the battle of Nan-Shan, being promoted to the rank of general for his services on that occasion. He was in the Third Army in the sanguinary attack on Port Arthur, and he is a member of the Supreme Council of War. The Prince's consort, Princess Toshiko, is the sister of Prince Arisugawa, who visited the British Court a year or two ago. Prince Fushimi has also had experience of visits of State ceremony. Eleven years ago he represented Japan at the Coronation of the present Tsar Nicholas, and later at the St. Louis Exhibition. His Imperial Highness possesses as a reward for his services the rare distinction of the Order of the Golden Kite, which is only conferred on the *élite* of Japan's Navy and Army. It is, of course, his approaching visit which has caused the abandonment of the intended revival of the *Mikado* at the Savoy Theatre. Unfortunately, Princess Fushimi is not coming with the Prince. Their eldest son, Prince Hiroyasu, who is a naval officer, is married to a daughter of the last of the Tokugawa Shoguns.

Lady Jersey

There must be few ladies of note in Society whose hospitality is more agreeable to the Colonial Premiers than Lady Jersey. Not only was she the greatest help to her husband when he was Governor of New South Wales, but in her own person she is extremely clever and cultivated. She is a regular globe-trotter, having travelled to such remote places as Samoa and New Caledonia, as well as China and Japan and other Eastern countries. It is not generally known that she was a friend of R. L. Stevenson, and visited him at Vailima. Her privately printed account of this visit is very amusing. Her published work consists chiefly of stories and playlets for children, some of which have been performed by the Children's Happy Evenings Association, and poems and magazine articles. The eldest daughter of the late Lord Leigh, of Stoneleigh Abbey, she has Tudor blood in her veins by virtue of descent from Princess Mary, Henry VIII.'s sister. Culture rather than smartness is her note; she does not mote or shoot or golf, nor is she extravagant in dress, but she is a born hostess, and is especially noted for her garden parties at beautiful Osterley. Last, but not least, she is known to be one of the best platform speakers in England, and she has done plenty of "spade-work" for the Conservative cause in general and the Primrose League in particular.



LADY JERSEY

Who entertains the Colonial Premiers at a garden party at Osterley Park to-day (Saturday).
Photo by Gillman and Co.

A Countess-Poetess

Lady Jersey's poetry deserves something more than the condescending "not bad" with which amateur efforts are generally received. Here is a specimen from a poem which she contributed not very long ago to a Japanese magazine:—

Now West unto East her greeting tenders,
The island-folk—who their stronghold keep
From storm-rent cliffs to where Ganges renders
Her mighty flood to the Indian deep—
Salute the soldiers who face to face
Have met and conquered their ancient foe,
But hail more warmly the loyal race,
True to their brothers through weal and woe.

A Crisis in Clubland

Rumours are pretty frequent now to the effect that this or that well-known old-fashioned club is in a bad way, and that the long "waiting list" of candidates which has been the rule no longer exists There can be no doubt that the competition of the "mixed" clubs for both men and women has had a considerable effect on the older and exclusively masculine institutions. At the same time it is significant that those of the men's clubs which have made certain concessions to the ladies' invasion—the provision, for instance, of a ladies' dining room, where members may entertain—do not appear to have suffered much, if at all. Nowadays a man often belongs to one "mixed" club and his wife to another, and they can entertain one another, which is better than their both belonging to the same, and more amusing for purposes of bridge. But most men also want a club where they can be alone and quiet, and there, we fancy, lies the strength of those "old and crusted" institutions which are so generally said to have fallen on evil days.

A Quiet Wedding

There is an increasing tendency on the part of the modern bride and bridegroom to prefer a very quiet wedding, and certainly it is in much better taste unless the happy couple are of high rank or otherwise distinguished. In that case it becomes almost a social duty for them to make their marriage the occasion of a certain amount of pomp and circumstance. Miss Mosely and Captain White are people who might legitimately have had a regular fashionable wedding, but they modestly preferred to regard themselves as entitled only to a very unobtrusive ceremony which took place last week. Captain J. R. White, D.S.O., is the son of Field-Marshal Sir George White, V.C., the hero of Ladysmith, and now Governor of Chelsea Hospital. He belongs to his father's regiment, the Gordon Highlanders, in which he is very popular both on his own account, and, so to speak, by heredity. His bride, whose pretty, uncommon name of Mercedes is shortened to Dollie by her family and intimate friends, is the eldest daughter of Mr. Alexander Mosely, C.M.G., who has done so much for the cause of education. Some years ago a commission of experts visited America at his expense to see exactly where poor old John Bull was supposed to be behind Brother Jonathan in his educational methods. It will be remembered, too, that Mr. Mosely subscribed most generously to supplement the woefully deficient hospital service in the South African War.

Mr. Hastings's Wedding

The wedding of Mr. Aubrey Hastings, Lord Huntingdon's younger brother—who is so well known as a gentleman rider, and who won the Grand National last year on Ascetic's Silver, which he trained himself—to Miss Winifred Forsyth-Forrest, was celebrated at Cirencester on Monday. Effective use was made in the bride's costume of some beautiful old Carrickmacross lace; and she was attended by her five sisters, the two youngest of whom carried her train. After the ceremony the reception was given by Mr. Thomas Kingscote, M.V.O., Gentleman of the Cellars to the King, and Mrs. Kingscote, at The Abbey, Cirencester.



MISS WINIFRED FORSYTH-FORREST
Photo by Moss.



THE HON. AUBREY HASTINGS
Photo by Maull and Fox.

Married on April 29.



CAPT. J. R. WHITE, D.S.O.
Photo by Ernst.



MISS MERCEDES MOSELY
Photo by Harrison.

Married on April 24.



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I. FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN WALTER KIRTON

Five thousand persons are reported to be dying daily in the terrible Chinese famine. Cannibalism is beginning, new graves are rifled of their dead, and parents are exchanging their children to eat. Captain Kirton, the representative of the Foreign Relief Committee, writes:—"The people in most parts of the famine area had never seen a white man before. They were intensely curious, but there was an entire absence of hostility. In one village they congregated in front of the village 'inn' in great crowds. Half of them were starving. I was talking to the head man, through my interpreter, and he was in a state of terrible distress on account of his people. I thoughtlessly took a tin of biscuits from my own stock of supplies and began to give them to the youngsters. In a moment there was a wild rush of men, women and children, and it was only by a liberal use of their sticks that my escort of soldiers and yamen runners prevented me from being mobbed and possibly smashed up simply by the mad rush of hundreds of starving human beings."

A Bad Quarter of an Hour: An Englishman Mobbed by Starving Victims of the Great Chinese Famine

THE F.O. BAG

By LUCIEN WOLF

IT is always a bad thing to force friendships I am afraid the restless energy with which certain irresponsible people in France, Germany and this country are just now endeavouring to reconcile France and Germany on the one hand, and Germany and ourselves on the other, is only doing harm. No real friendships, and, least of all, international friendships, are born in a day. Like Topsy, they grow, and they are best left to develop slowly their own internal elements of attraction and sympathy. As a matter of fact, none of the three countries has anything serious to quarrel with the others about, while they all have the profoundest interest in each other's prosperity and in preserving the world's peace. The only result of worrying about conflicting ambitions—which are grotesquely exaggerated and are sources of friction which in normal circumstances would be scarcely perceptible—is to give the mischief-makers an importance they do not deserve, and to stimulate them to fresh exertions. Let the friends of peace ignore the Maxses, the Hardens, the Bassermanns and the Judets, and go about the practical work of politics without assuming dangers for which there is no real warranty, and we shall soon find that we are all the best friends in the world.



"CLIVE IN ROMAN COSTUME"



THE "MODERN MASON'S EFFIGY"

The question of the commemoration of Lord Clive, which Lord Curzon of Kedleston has so warmly advanced, has drawn attention to the statues of Clive already in existence. Lord Curzon fell into the error of saying there was no statue of the founder of our Asiatic Empire in London, but there are two, both at the India Office. Lord Curzon—whose mistake was pointed out in the *Daily Graphic*—rightly scorns one of these, the "modern mason's effigy, of no value," as he describes it, in the inner quadrangle. The other is the statue of the bombastic Scheemakers, erected in 1764, now in one of the corridors; but, as Lord Curzon adds, a "representation of Clive in Roman costume, with a sword in his hand, and a shield with Medusa's head at his feet, cannot be considered very satisfactory." However, now that an influential committee is at work to raise funds, it will doubtless not be long before we shall see a worthy memorial of one of our greatest men.

THE PROPOSED COMMEMORATION OF LORD CLIVE: THE TWO STATUES AT THE INDIA OFFICE

The appointment of Mr. Louis Mallet to succeed Sir Eldon Gorst as one of the three Assistant Under-Secretaries of State in the Foreign Office is a substantial testimony to the ability and tactfulness with which, during the last eighteen months, he has discharged the delicate and responsible duties of Chief Private Secretary to the Minister. It was no light task to take over a post which for nearly twenty years had been held with conspicuous success and quite phenomenal amiability by Sir Eric Barrington. Mr. Mallet is young, though, curiously enough, he is the same age (forty-three) and has the same record of service (nineteen years) as his predecessor, Sir Eldon Gorst, had on his appointment. In comparison with his two colleagues, Sir Eric Barrington and Mr. F. A. Campbell, who are respectively sixty and fifty-five years of age, and have forty and thirty-six years' service behind them, he is almost a stripling.

Mr. Mallet's advancement in the Diplomatic service has been exceptionally rapid. This, however, has not surprised anybody who knows him. Lord Lansdowne's opinion of him was quite as high as is Sir Edward Grey's, and when a man wins the eulogies of two successive Secretaries of State with whom he is in constant relations, it may be safely assumed that his merits are exceptional. As a matter of fact his qualities admirably fit him for his new post. He has inherited his distinguished father's devotion to Free Trade and profound knowledge of commercial questions, and his service abroad—in South America, at Rome, and in Egypt with Sir William Garstin—has given him much valuable experience, which not all his seniors possess. Not the least of his merits is his genial modesty. He is a son of the late Sir Louis Mallet, and a great-grandson of the famous French revolutionary publicist, Mallet du Pan, whose correspondence was edited and published by Taine.

A good history of the Foreign Office would be well worth writing. It is a pity that the late Sir Edward Hertslet, with the unrivalled materials at his command, did not attempt such a work instead of merely whetting our appetites with the scanty volume of anecdotes and reminiscences he published shortly after his retirement six years ago. Very little is known, for example, of the gradual development of the high offices of the Ministry since the old Secretaryship of State for the Southern Department was transformed into a Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs in 1782, with Charles James Fox as its titular head and Richard Brinsley Sheridan as his Under-Secretary. It is difficult to imagine a more brilliant and romantic *début* for the Foreign Office. This alone should tempt the historian. No Permanent Under-Secretary was appointed until 1790, when, owing to the disorder which prevailed in the Department, Sir James Bland Burgess prevailed on the then Minister, the fifth Duke of Leeds, to create the office and confer it on George Aust, whose chief title to favour seems to have been that he was the husband of the charming topographical writer who called herself "the Hon. Mrs. Murray of Kensington." The Assistant Under-Secretaries were a much later creation. It is chiefly in their multiplication—the word is scarcely accurate, seeing that they are only three to-day—that the growth of the work of the F.O is hierarchically represented.

There are to-day three dynasties of Assistant Under-Secretaries in the Foreign Office. The eldest, which is represented by Sir Eric Barrington, was founded by Lord Malmesbury in 1858, when the late Mr. James Murray, C.B., was appointed the first Assistant Under-Secretary. He was followed by Mr. T. C. W. Spring Rice in 1869, Mr. Odo Russell, afterwards Lord Ampthill, in 1870, Lord Tenterden in 1871, Sir Thomas Lister in 1873, Sir H. Percy Anderson in 1894, Sir Francis Villiers in 1896, and Sir Eric Barrington eighteen months ago. The second dynasty began with Sir Julian, afterwards Lord, Pauncefote, who in 1876 was appointed a second Assistant Under-Secretary by the late Lord Derby. This line is short but very distinguished, and is specially interesting at this moment, as its latest descendant is the new Assistant, Mr. Louis Mallet. His official ancestors since Lord Pauncefote have been Lord Currie, Lord Sanderson, Sir Francis Bertie, and Sir Eldon Gorst. In 1898 the great burden of extra work devolving on the Foreign Office through the scramble for Africa necessitated the appointment of a third Assistant. The post was given by Lord Salisbury to the late Sir Martin Gosselin, then Councillor of our Embassy in Paris. So far his dynasty is only in the second generation, its present representative being Mr. F. A. Campbell, who succeeded Sir Martin on his appointment as Minister at Lisbon in 1902.



A VIEW OF THE BUILDING FROM THE BINNENHOF COURT

Mr. Andrew Carnegie's magnificent "Palace of Peace" not having materialised yet, the forthcoming Peace Conference at The Hague is to be held in the Ridderzaal, or Hall of the Knights, and not at the Palace in the Wood, where the Conference of 1899 took place. The



THE HALL WHERE THE SITTINGS WILL BE HELD

ancient Gothic Hall of the Knights, which has only recently been restored, stands in the court of the quaint old Palace of the Binnenhof, which figures so largely in Dutch history.

THE HALL OF THE KNIGHTS AT THE HAGUE, WHERE THE PEACE CONFERENCE WILL BE HELD

Written by H. W. LUCY

This Week's Parliament

Sketches by RALPH CLEAVER



The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, the New Privy Councilor.

Cawing and Billing

The readiness of good Radicals to search and seize the opportunity of turning and rending their esteemed leaders has been illustrated afresh in the House of Commons this week in a case personal to Lord Portsmouth. Last week there appeared in the pages of *Truth* extracts from a letter written by a Hampshire tenant alleging that, consequent upon his exercise of power given to farmers under the Ground Game Act to protect their land against the incursions of hares and rabbits, he had been driven off a farm tenanted for thirty years. It was added that the landlord was the Earl of Portsmouth.

Now Lord Portsmouth is Under-Secretary for War. Here was a fine opportunity, not only of striking at a Peer, but of making things uncomfortable for the much-loved "C.-B." Mr. Lea addressed to Sir Edward Strachey, representing the Board of Agriculture in the Commons, a question on the subject. He refrained from mentioning the name of the landlord, but, lest there should be mistake or dubiety on the subject, Mr. Ward, the Labour member for Stoke, supplied it. Sir Edward Strachey professed absolute ignorance of the matter.

His friends below the gangway were not disposed to let the matter slide. The House was crowded. The Opposition were naturally hilarious. To their greater joy, Mr. Lea drove home the nail by fresh inquiry addressed to the Prime Minister. Only the other day, as he reminded him, he had made a vigorous speech on Land Reform, hotly protesting against the growing rigour of game preservation. Did he not regard it as incompatible with those views that a noble landowner in the person of the Under-Secretary for War should continue to hold office "in this democratic Government." "C.-B.," like his colleague, took refuge behind the shield of ignorance.

Another scene suddenly bristled round the head of Mr Birrell. In a speech delivered at Halifax on Friday he made pointed allusion to certain nameless members of the House who made it their business day by day to ask questions with relation to the condition of affairs in Ireland, not for the purpose of gaining information, but in order to misrepresent and malign their native country. Everyone understood the allusion. Immediately behind the Front Opposition Bench sit a little group of Orangemen accustomed to stir up with the long pole of interrogation their fellow-countrymen below the gangway.

Viscount Turnour, who is not an Irish member of either school, rose to call the Speaker's attention to the Irish Secretary's attack, which he resented as breach of privilege. In an instant the House, from an attitude of placid attention to a catalogue of dull questions, was transformed into a section of Donnybrook Fair. Mr. Redmond was on his legs at the same moment as Mr. Corbett, cheers and counter-cheers making their remarks inaudible. The incident was notable for the introduction of a new Parliamentary cry. Nothing if not picturesque, Mr. Birrell had likened the Ulster members to carrion crows. This suggested to the vivid imagination of the Nationalists the appropriateness of greeting Mr. Corbett's uprising with the cry of "Caw! Caw!" As the Speaker did not rebuke the songsters, it may be presumed that "Caw! Caw!" is a Parliamentary phrase exchangeable on suitable occasions with "Hear, hear!" and "Order! Order!" Upon the point submitted to him, the Speaker significantly said the statement quoted, inas much as it attributed motives to hon. members, would not have been permitted within the walls of the House. As to what passed out of doors, the Chair had no jurisdiction. Mr. Corbett rose again and again, and every time he began to speak the cry of "Caw! Caw!" went up from the rookery below the gangway.

Next to the suddenness with which these storm-clouds burst over the House, there is nothing more remarkable than the abruptness with which, fury spent, members relapsed into a prosaic business mood. The cawing chorus dropped, the House took up the Scotch Small Holdings Bill, and spent two solid sittings in discussion of the second reading. Automatically the House resolved itself into a Home Rule Parliament, the speakers being exclusively representatives of Scottish constituencies, with the exception of Mr. Balfour. But he, though not a Scotch member, is a Scotsman.

Mr. Balfour was exceptionally bitter in his criticism of the Bill. But opposition was unavailing. English and Irish members, though they shirked the debate, were at hand to vote. A hostile amendment, moved by Mr. Munro Fergusson from the Ministerial side, was negatived by a majority of nearly 3 to 1, and by similarly overwhelming numbers it was sent upstairs to be dealt with by the new Scotch Grand Committee.



Mr. Hugh Lea thinks it remarkable that Lord Portsmouth should be a member of a Democratic Government.



Mr. F. E. Smith makes a witty speech on Local Option.



Lord Turnour and Mr. T. L. Corbett run foul of Mr. Birrell.



The Opening of the Cricket Season: How a Cricket Ball is Made

Photos by Clarke and Hyde.

The Native-Born of the British Empire

Nothing can bear more eloquent testimony to the extent of our dominions beyond the seas than a survey of the extraordinary variety of tribes and peoples who recognise this country as their suzerain. A whole chromatic scale is seen among "that pentecostal crew . . . buff and ochre, cream and yellow, mauve and white," not to mention every shade of chocolate, brown, copper and olive; every variety of hair, from the long, lank tresses of the Canadian Indian to the close curls of the negro or the frizzly mop of the Melanesian.

Nor is the diversity evidenced only in physical features, the clothing is equally varied in quantity as in quality—from the completely clad Eskimo to the Ja-luo, whose entire wardrobe is carried on his head. So, too, with ornaments. There is the lip-plug of the Yao, the large ear-cylinders of the Kikuyu, the heavy ear-rings of the Bornean, the nose-pin of the Australian, the tattoo of the Maori, and a whole host of similar aids to beauty: feathers, paint, bracelets and pendants. Occupations again range over an equally wide field—agriculturists like the Baganda, cattle-breeders like the Bahima, fishermen like the Gilbert Islanders and the Haida, hunters in the plains like the Blackfoot, in the forest like the Semang, on the fringe of the desert like the Australian and Bushman, professional warriors like the Masai, traders like the Hausa, sea-rovers like the Dyak.

Starting with Africa, Sierra Leone is represented in our illustration by a Mendi and a Mandingo — the former a pure-blooded negro and a pagan, the latter with a strain of Berber blood and a Mahometan; and the Gold Coast by an Ashanti and a woman of Accra. Of the numerous tribes inhabiting Nigeria an Ibo and two natives of the Cross River, one a lady with ideas as to hair-dressing, stand for the South; the North is typified in a Hausa, clad in his fine native cloth, and his over-lord, a Mahometan Fula, of a race of immigrant horsemen with quite as much of the Berber in him as of the negro, and, consequently, much fairer in complexion. South Africa requires several representatives; the diminutive Bushman aborigine, now, unhappily, nearly extinct, the taller but equally yellowish Hottentot, the Zulu, who in physique and military organisation was perhaps supreme among African tribes, and with him the Kaffir. Less warlike than the last, but far more skilful craftsmen, are the Bechuana and Basuto, the latter a skilled horseman, whose chief Moshesh, the founder of the nation, and in later years a staunch friend of the British, died quite recently; also the Makalanga, or "people of the sun," an unwarlike agricultural tribe, to whom the name Mashona, "Baboons," was given in derision by their Zulu conquerors. For British Central Africa stand the Yao, and the Angoni, originally a marauding tribe of Zulu stock, now under British influence rapidly becoming reconciled to more peaceful habits; for Northern Rhodesia, the Awemba and the Mashukulumbwe, the last conspicuous by his hair dressed to a peak and supporting a pliant slip of horn, his only clothing, unless his spear be counted as such. An Akikuyu, in dancing paint, with a large leaf-shaped armlet, represents the East Africa Protectorate, together with a Swahili, whose dress bears witness to years spent under an Arab domination. The Uganda Protectorate shows more variety, the Baganda, a Bantu tribe, the Hamitic Bahima, immigrants, founders of a feudal empire, the Ja-luo with a culture purely negro, the warrior Masai, dreaded by all their neighbours, the kindred Suk, whose representative has the hair of his ancestors felted into his own to form a bag in which to carry small trifles. British influence in the Sudan is typified by the Nubian "Fuzzy-wuzzy" and the Shilluk, whose long lean legs so closely resemble those of the marsh birds in his native swamps on the Upper Nile. The Somali stands for the British section of the land which bears his name.

From the dark races of Africa to those of the Pacific Ocean is a natural transition. Among these we have the two types inhabiting British New Guinea, tall and short, both frizzy-haired and cannibalistic in tendency. One of the women shown in our illustration is a widow in mourning garb. In the Solomon Islands, another home of cannibalism, where head-hunting is the favourite pastime, we find the true Melanesian, and also in the New Hebrides and Fiji. The bleached hair of the Fijian native troops, many of them ex-cannibals, will be remembered by those who saw the Colonial detachments present at the time of the Coronation. Of the other oceanic races, the Polynesians, neighbours of the Melanesians, the Tongans, and Maoris of New Zealand are members of our Empire. Here we have a tall people, often no darker than southern Europeans, of fine physique, and often strikingly handsome according to our own standard. The Maoris in particular are noticeable as one of the few primitive races who have been able to assimilate to any considerable extent Western civilisation. And the change has been particularly rapid in their case, since they were living in the Stone Age, in utter ignorance of metal, at the time of their discovery. Related to them, but with a tinge of Asiatic blood, is the Gilbert Islander, shown arrayed in his characteristic armour of rope yarn—an excellent protection against the local shark-toothed weapons. Travelling east, British North Borne is reached, where both the inland population and the sea-roving Dyaks are represented. These again are strenuous head hunters, and the most acceptable present a suitor can lay at the feet of his fair is a tribute of heads from a hostile tribe. Typical of the Malay Peninsula are the diminutive Semang and Sakai, a timid race of forest hunters, very expert in the use of their long blowguns and poisoned darts. Hong Kong is represented by a Chinese coolie in the local mackintosh, a raincoat made of straw resembling thatch.

Before leaving this hemisphere, the natives of the Australian Continent should be mentioned. When they were discoved they were living in the same condition of civilisation as the cave-man of palæolithic times; and even now they have not advanced beyond what may be called the "hoop-iron" stage of culture. Best known as inventors of the boomerang, they are also remarkable for the extraordinarily complicated rules which govern their social life.

Next comes the New World, where in Canada are found the "Red" Indians of the plains, wielders of the tomahawk and scalping-knife, and here represented by the Blackfoot and Sarcee; and on the West Coast the Haida and Kwakiutl, the latter represented by a chieftainess in modern ceremonial costume, the former by a chief resplendent in old-time festal garb, decked with the crests or "totems" inherited from his mother's father or brother. Shorter and more yellow than the Red Indian, they approximate more to the Asiatic in physical type. The Arctic Region is represented by the Eskimo. Finally, South America has as its sole representative a Macusi Indian from British Guiana in all the glory of his dance costume, composed chiefly of the brilliant feathers of the macaw.

Yet even with these the tale is not complete: there still remain the vast and varied populations of our Indian Empire, including Burma and Assam; but these would be sufficient to form a whole subject by themselves.

T. A. Joyce.



"THE REV. EDMOND WARRE, D.D., C.B., M.V.O."

THE PRESENTATION PORTRAIT BY MR. J. S. SARGENT, R.A., NOW AT THE SUMMER EXHIBITION AT THE NEW GALLERY

By permission of the Autotype Co., 74, New Oxford St., publishers of the large reproduction.

MR. SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF DR. WARRE

One of the most prominent pictures at the present exhibition at the New Gallery is the presentation portrait of Dr. Warre, late Headmaster of Eton, by Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A. It is the portrait which was presented to the college on the retirement of Dr. Warre a few months ago. On that occasion Lord Elgin asked the Provost and Fellows of Eton to accept the painting in trust for the school, "in order that those of future generations may have before them a presentment of one whom we have loved so well." The portrait shows Dr. Warre in his headmaster's gown, and below the picture is the following inscription:—

Edmondus Warre, S.T.P., C.B.,
per XXI. annos
Informator.
Hanc insignis viri effigiem
intra parietes huius aulæ
ab ipso potissimum inchoatæ
ponendam curaverunt Etonenses.

The erect attitude of the figure is emphasised, and the artist has appropriately set his subject against a background of Eton architecture—a section of the Gothic quadrangle and a flight of steps. The portrait has received some amount of criticism; but no one will deny its force and dignity, nor the power of its handling. It is one of the ornaments of the New Gallery exhibition, and no unworthy memorial of a man who has played an important part in life; nor did Eton receive with any lack of enthusiasm the presentment of one who had been associated with the famous school for over half a century.

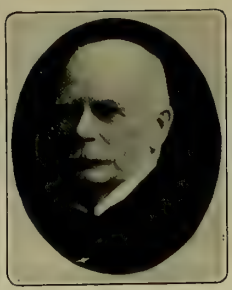
The "Waterloo Ball," in aid of the funds of the Royal Waterloo Hospital, will take place at the Grafton Galleries on Tuesday, June 18, under the patronage of H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll.



SIR HORACE PLUNKETT
whose retirement from the post of Vice-President of the Department of Agriculture in Ireland has given rise to much comment. Photo by Chancellor.



THE LATE JUDGE ADDISON
Was from 1897 till recently the County Court Judge for Southwark. He was senior prosecuting counsel in the Maybrick case. Photo by Russell and Sons.



THE LATE HON. MARK GEORGE KERR ROLLE
Was born in 1835. Was a well-known figure in Devon, where his good deeds were many. Photo by Elliott and Fry.



THE LATE COLONEL A. H. TUCKER
Served throughout the whole of the Crimean Campaign, and also in the New Zealand War, 1864-65. Photo by Debenham.



THE LATE LORD DE ROS
Premier Baron of England. Was Equerry to the Prince Consort and to Queen Victoria. Photo by Elliott and Fry.

CLUB COMMENTS

By "MARMADUKE"

There is this that should be attended to by the writers of the time: that man likes to read about woman, and woman about herself. This is, apparently, the moment of the Last of the "Weak Women"! The ordinary English girl of the past was anxious to differ from man in as many particulars as possible; that of to-day, to resemble him as closely as she can. It is a revolution in the disposition of a sex.

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The main road of the thought need not be followed here; there is a by-path of more immediate importance. Amongst those who are prosperous in this country there is to be observed the decay of idleness amongst the men, and the decay of industry amongst the women. The "well-connected" man in England in former times generally devoted himself to the pursuit of pleasure. He rose late in the morning, strolled in the Park—when in London—gossiped at the club most of the afternoon, and gambled at night. The ordinary man in a corresponding position to-day rises at eight, is at work till the evening, gives luncheons and dinners to those who may be financially useful to him, and is in bed by twelve.

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The "well-connected" woman of the past was especially industrious. She attended seriously to the household duties, painted, illuminated, embroidered, and occupied her time with many other matters of the sort. Her successor rises late, leaves home when dressed, and spends the day, and some of the night, at restaurants, theatres, and social entertainments. The whole burden of work has been, apparently, removed from her!

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"Marriage should be a long holiday to the wife; to the man additional labour," has said a young married woman who is remarkable for her beauty and social popularity. "Women have to dress far more expensively now than did their predecessors, the fashions change much oftener, we do not sit still at home, but move about much, our clothes are worn out quickly, and we have many friends who entertain us and whom we must entertain in return. The husband must provide for all that expense, and must work industriously to do so. These circumstances are no longer luxuries to woman; they are necessities. The holiday of the man of to-day ends at his marriage; that of the woman begins at hers."

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On the other hand, there is the situation which was suggested at the first. The ordinary girl of the past in England delighted to appear "weak"—as it was thought becoming for a woman to be. She shuddered when danger was mentioned; her sympathies were with the hunted birds and beasts; the appearance of manliness in a woman was detestable to her; it was her pride that her skin was white and tender; she cultivated delicacy of thought, expression and manner, and she seemed to glory in being as different to man in most particulars as possible. The ordinary girl of the moment in this country endeavours to be hardened physically, to endure fatigue, to attain a sunburnt condition; she shoots, drives motor-cars, rides bicycles even in the crowded thoroughfares, smokes and accompanies man almost in all his pursuits. From "the bread-and-butter miss" of our fathers we have travelled to "the brandy-and-soda miss" of to-day!



LORD ALLENDALE
who has been appointed Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, in place of the Duke of Manchester, resigned. Photo by Dickinsons.



MR. GEORGE S. CLARK, M.P.
Returned as Unionist member for North Belfast. Is a Scotsman, and has been for twenty-five years a leading business man in Belfast. Photo by Lafayette.

"My mother read Shelley; I read 'society' paragraphs," recently said a girl who was just out of her teens. "My father was an authority on Cicero, my brother is an authority on the City." Men and women alike, we have all greatly changed in this country, and if the alteration has not injuriously affected the men is it not conceivable that it has not the women? If it has injuriously affected both, then we are well matched, and little else need be said of the matter. Personally I do not think that the character of the English woman is in "reduced circumstances." The philosophy of fifteen is frequently better than that of fifty!

A Visit to Pitcairn Island

A correspondent writes:—"A few months ago two of His Majesty's warships, the Flora and the Cambrian, paid a visit to Pitcairn Island, making a stay of several days. Pitcairn, as everybody knows, is inhabited by descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty, and most people are familiar with the romantic history of the little island far away in the Pacific. On dropping anchor in Bounty Bay the Flora and Cambrian were immediately boarded by the islanders, who brought off a large quantity of oranges, bananas and pine-apples, which were very welcome to the crews. There were about 160 souls on the island, and the general health of the community was very good. They certainly all looked extremely well, due no doubt to the outdoor life they lead. The weather being fine during the stay of the ships, a large number of officers and men landed in order to see the conditions under which the islanders live. There is only one landing-place, in Bounty Bay, and even here landing is only possible when the sea is calm, owing to the rocky and unprotected nature of the coast. Bounty Bay, of course, derives its name from the ship which was run ashore there by those of the mutineers who came over in her from Tahiti. Her last resting-place is that shown on another page in the photograph of the bay.



MISS EDNA MAY
who bade farewell to the stage last week at the Aldwych Theatre, and is shortly to marry Mr. Oscar Lewisohn, the son of an American millionaire. Photo by Bassano.

"Climbing the steep path from the landing-place, one came upon the little settlement, which presented a picturesque appearance. All the womenfolk of the colony were anxious to show their hospitality to the visitors from the ships, and they invited all and sundry to come inside their little houses and make themselves at home. The houses of Pitcairn do not appear much better than huts to European eyes, but they are suited to the tropical climate of the island. The church is a more pretentious structure, though having no claim to architectural beauty. Although on the maternal side the islanders are descended from Tahitian stock, the strain of native blood is not very noticeable. In some respects, however, such as their keen eyesight, acute hearing, and agility, they have retained some of the characteristics of their ruder ancestors.

"It is interesting to know that there is still alive a link with the old mutineers, in the person of Thursday October Christian—a grandson of the original Christian. The old man—he was born in 1819—is the only one existing who has spoken to John Adams; he was ten years of age when the latter died. He was an object of great interest to the people from the men-of-war, and he held quite a levée in his little house. He remembers John Adams very distinctly, and related how the reformed mutineer used to teach him and the other young members of the colony. Adams remains in his memory as a 'good old man and a sincere Christian.' The grave of Adams is in a shady grove, away from the burial ground of the community.

"On the Sunday morning, in addition to the men, a number of women and children came off to the Flora, and attended Divine Service on board. They joined heartily in the singing, and followed the service with an earnestness which showed that the precepts inculcated by John Adams had lost none of their force."

The Prince of Wales has graciously consented to preside at a dinner in aid of the National Association for the Establishment and Maintenance of Sanatoria for Workers Suffering from Tuberculosis on May 14. The object of the Association, which is a co-operation of Friendly Societies, Trade Unions and other organisations, is to establish a self-maintaining Sanatorium, and it has gone so far as to choose a site at Benenden, Kent, and to start building. The proceeds of the dinner will be devoted to the finishing of the work.

THE BYSTANDER By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE lamented death of the genial and accomplished painter, James Clarke Hook, reminds one of certain pleasant evenings which occurred years agone when his Academy pictures were on view. These delightful assemblies took place at the residence of Thomas Oldham Barlow, the engraver, in the Victoria Road, Kensington, a house where the artistic tradition is still effectively preserved by Mr. and Mrs Perugini. The invitations to these gatherings, which were very select, I can recall were headed, "Oysters and Pictures," and perfect liberty was allowed as to costume. As far as I can recollect, a few came in evening costume, some in morning dress, and others in country clothes. You first of all had a great treat in gazing upon the vivid transcripts of sea, shore and sky — which were equivalent to a few days in the country—in the large studio. You then retired to the dining-room, where you found busy attendants equal to supplying you with any amount of oysters and stout. After that you drifted back to the studio and found cigars and pipes in full blast, and a very fog of tobacco smoke pervading the room. Here there was plenty of talk, varied by occasional songs and recitations by Stacey Marks, Dillon Croker and others. At these genial entertainments, in addition to the founders of the feast, Barlow and Hook, have I met Sir John Millais, Lord Leighton, Augustus Egg, Val Prinsep, Thomas Creswick, Richard Ansdell, Frederick Sandys, Mr. William Powell Frith and Mr. Richard Hannah —both happily still with us — and most of the notable artists in London of that time.

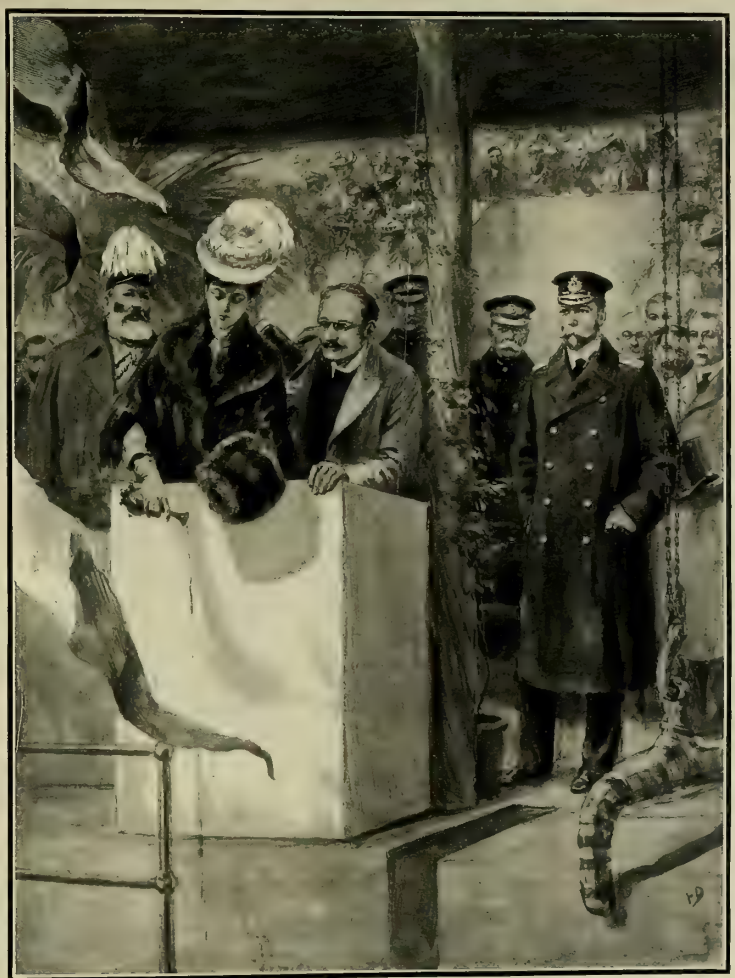
The other day I read in the papers that the frock-coat was likely to be disestablished. I am very glad to hear it, but I am afraid the news is too good to be true. There is something to be said in favour of the buttoned frock-coat for those who still have figures, but the open frock-coat is an absolute abomination, and the sooner it is suppressed the better. It is both uncomfortable and unbecoming, and unless you have half a dozen of these garments, and those well looked after by a skilful valet, they never look nice. The frock-coat is a pretentious garment. It is supposed to give an air of smartness and style to its wearer, whereas it only bestows on him a suspicion of counter-jumperian swagger. I should think a final blow had been given to the reign of this unsatisfactory gabardine by a procession of sandwichmen I saw the other day in Regent Street. They were all clad in top-hats, very high collars, white slip waistcoats and frock-coats. Some of them were smoking cigars, others flourishing silk umbrellas. And, after all, what do we want with a frock-coat? A suit of dittoes for morning wear and dress clothes for the evening is all we really require. The intermediate garment is absolutely unnecessary.

Allow me to congratulate the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway Company on their new clock at the rebuilt Victoria Station. It has a dial of enormous proportions. It can be seen from almost any point of view, and if you are too late for a train you will have the melancholy satisfaction of knowing it before your arrival at the station. This clock sets a fine example which it would be well for the rest of the timepieces of London to follow. Many of these are absolutely useless because they are badly placed, others on account of the smallness of the dial. Some of those at the post-offices retire from business altogether on Sundays, and after office hours on week-days, by reason of their being obscured by the iron shutter. Most of the church clocks are placed too high. Instead of being in the tower of the church they should be in the pediment of the porch. I think the custom of fixing clocks at right angles to the street might be more extensively adopted. We find such a system to be of great service at the Law Courts, which probably adopted the idea from St. Mary-le-Bow, St. Swithin London Stone, or St. Mary-at-Hill in the City. Such an arrangement, if you happen to be watchless, saves you the trouble of gazing into bakers' shops or—peering into public-houses.

In the lawns opposite the National Gallery I take a paternal interest, for it was I who first suggested that the arid desert of paving-stones should be converted into a pleasant greensward. That this suggestion has met with general approval I am very glad to find, and I only wish that the conversion of grim granite into green grass could be extended into other parts of Trafalgar Square. These pleasant lawns, however, have been somewhat disfigured by the scraps of paper and other rubbish that from time to time blew through the railings. Some while ago I ventured to hint that a little judicious wirework would obviate this disfigurement. I am glad to find this suggestion has been carried out, and during the ensuing summer these grateful oases will be pleasanter than ever.

The most interesting item in an attractive programme at the London Hippodrome just now is an exhibition of tree-felling and log-sawing by two Australian bushmen. Tree-felling in Australia is an industry of the very first importance, and so much interest is taken in the skill of the axeman that a Government official is appointed time-keeper and referee in the big competitions which frequently take place. The two men who are performing twice daily at the Hippodrome are champions with the axe and saw, and their speed and dexterity in cutting through thick logs with a double-handed saw, and felling trees with axes, is simply amazing.

The London and North-Western Railway Company announce that this month a new luncheon and dining car express (first stop Crewe) will leave Euston at 11.30 a.m., by which passengers will be due to reach Edinburgh and Glasgow at 7.55 p.m. A corresponding train will run in the opposite direction, passengers leaving Princes Street (Edinburgh) and the Central Station, Glasgow, at 12 noon for London.



Lord Blythswood. The Princess of Wales. Sir John Primrose. The Prince of Wales.

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. DUNCAN

The last public ceremony performed by the Prince and Princess of Wales on their visit to Glasgow was the opening and naming of the great new dock on the Clyde. Their Royal Highnesses, with their guest, Lord Blythswood, and the chairman (Mr. Nathaniel Dunlop), the deputy-chairman (Sir John Ure Primrose), and other members of the Clyde Trust, went to the dock in a steamer, which cut a ribbon drawn across the entrance. The Princess poured wine from a Japanese silver vase on the parapet of the dock, and with this ceremony named the dock the "Rothesay Dock," Sir John Primrose standing beside her. The Prince then laid the memorial stone.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES ON THE CLYDE: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS NAMING THE NEW DOCK

A Pickwickian Puzzle: Is Sudbury Eatanswill?



THE HOUSE ON THE MARKET HILL, FROM WHICH MRS. POTT AND MR. WINKLE VIEWED THE ELECTION



MR. G. W. ANDREWS, THE ORIGINAL OF "PERKER"



THE ROSE AND CROWN, SUDBURY, IDENTIFIED AS THE TOWN ARMS, EATANSWILL



THE COURTYARD OF THE ROSE AND CROWN (TOWN ARMS), WHERE THE BLUE PROCESSION WAS FORMED



THE MARKET HILL, SUDBURY, AS IT WAS IN MR. PICKWICK'S TIME
Photo by Emeny, Sudbury.



THE STABLE-YARD OF THE ROSE AND CROWN, THE TOWN ARMS OF "PICKWICK"

OH JOY TO THEE NORMAN.*

Oh joy to thee *Norman* .
And joy to the day,
When Victory marshall'd
Her gallant array :

When Triumph sat smiling
On every brow,
To see the white standard
Of *Abel* laid low.

The elect of our wishes,
The choice of our hearts,
Thy success is a sunbeam
That never departs.

'Tis the spirit of Liberty,
Burst into flame,
To rescue our Borough
From thraldom and shame.

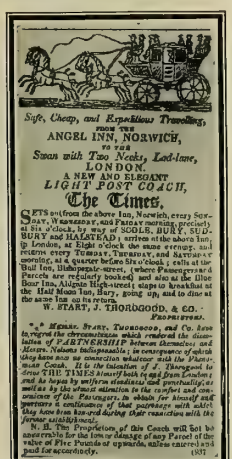
* These verses were addressed to J. N. Macleod, Esq. by a Lady of Sudbury, on the termination of the contest between that Gentleman and J. Abel Smith, Esq. for the Representation of this Borough.

Wednesday Evening,
Sudbury, April 9, 1828.

AN ELECTION POEM OF 1828, FOSSIBLY BY MRS. LEO HUNTER HERSELF



THE PEACOCK, EATANSWILL, OTHERWISE THE SWAN, LATER THE SUFFOLK HOTEL, SUDBURY, NOW DEMOLISHED



Safe, Cheap, and Expeditious Travelling,
FROM THE
ANGEL INN, NORWICH,
TO THE
Swan with Two Necks, Lad-lane,
LONDON.
A NEW AND ELEGANT
LIGHT POST COACH,
The Times,

GETS out from the above Inn, Norwich, every SUNDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY morning, precisely at Six o'Clock, by way of SODBURY, SUDBURY and HALSTEAD ; arrives at the above Inn, in London, at Eight o'clock the same evening, and returns every TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY morning, at a quarter before Six o'clock ; calls at the Bull Inn, Holborn-hill, (where Passengers' Parcels are regularly booked) and also at the Bull-and-Mouth Inn, Aldgate High-street ; stops to breakfast at the Half Moon Inn, Bury, going up, and to dine at the same Inn on its return.

W. STARY, J. THORDGOOD, & CO.
PROPRIETORS.

*** MESSRS. STARY, THORDGOOD, and Co. have to regret the circumstances which rendered the dissolution of PARTNERSHIP between themselves and Messrs. Nobody indispensable ; in consequence of which they have now no connection whatever with the Plumstead Coach. It is the intention of J. Thordgood to drive THE TIMES himself both to and from London ; and he hopes by uniform steadiness and punctuality, as well as by the utmost attention to the comfort and convenience of the Passengers, to obtain for himself and partners a continuance of that patronage with which they have been favoured during their connection with the former establishment.

N.B. The Proprietors of this Coach will not be answerable for the loss or damage of any Parcel of the value of Five Pounds or upwards, unless entered and paid for accordingly. 1831

A CONTEMPORARY ADVERTISEMENT OF THE NORWICH COACH, SHOWING THAT IT RAN VIA SUDBURY

THE claim of Sudbury to be the original of Eatanswill has been recently reasserted. The identification of the town depends not on one but on several points. We learn first of all that Mr. Pickwick and his friends started by the Norwich Coach, one route of which *did* go via Sudbury, despite Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. So it is somewhere on the Norwich route that we must look for Eatanswill. At that time—1827-28—there were only four parliamentary boroughs in Suffolk—Ipswich, Sudbury, Bury, and Eye. The last-named, being off the coach route, may be left out of the question, while Bury was the town to which Mr. Pickwick followed Jingle from Eatanswill, thus leaving only Ipswich and Sudbury in the running. Now it could not be Ipswich, because later on Mr. Pickwick returns to London, meets Mr. Weller, Sen., there, and in conversation with him decides to visit Ipswich, speaking of it as a town he had not before visited, which brings us to the irreducible minimum of Sudbury. A strong point in this connection lies in the figure of Mr. Perker, the thinly disguised personality of Mr. Geo. Wm. Andrews, for many years (including the by-elections of 1828 and 1834) agent for Sudbury in the Blue interest. In the silhouette portrait above given may be traced an exact resemblance (excepting the shirt frill) to the dapper little lawyer of "Phiz's" etching. He went through his articles in London, and came in contact with Dickens in his legal days, and later on was a personal friend. On the appearance of the "Pickwick Papers" Mr. Andrews was at once identified with Perker, and ever afterwards bore that nickname.

But to resume. The hustings at Sudbury were erected in front of the Moot Hall (since pulled down), on the Market Hill, at right angles to the house shown above, which is identified as the one with a tiled roof and leaden gutter, from which Mrs. Pott and Mr. Winkle witnessed the election. The parapet with the leaden gutter and the tiled roof are still there! What more would you have? Sudbury, then, being conceded to be Eatanswill, the Town Arms has been identified with the Rose and Crown, which has been from time immemorial the headquarters of the Blue Party; the Peacock, where Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass lodged, was the Swan, afterwards the Suffolk Hotel. The curious election poem given above, by a lady of Sudbury, issued at the very election which Mr. Pickwick attended, may have come from the gifted pen of the immortal authoress of the "Ode to an Expiring Frog."

All this, combined with the fact that Dickens reported the by-election at Sudbury in 1834, and may have known of the struggle of 1828, leads to the conclusion that Sudbury's claim to be Eatanswill is justified. C. VAN NOORDEN.



"The Mighty Ocean"

FROM THE PICTURE BY HELY SMITH, R.B.A., EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY of ILLINOIS

UNDER ONE FLAG: NATIVE RACES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE



1. Fula (man)
2. Accra (woman)
3. Mandingo (woman)
4. „ (man)
5. Somali (woman)
6. „ (man)
7. Nubian (man)
8. „ (woman)
9. Swahili (man)
10. Baganda (woman)
11. Baganda (man)
12. Bahima (man)
13. Yao (woman)
14. Bahima (woman)
15. Yao (man)
16. Makalanga (man)
17. Awemba (man)
18. Kaffir (boy)
19. Hottentot (man)
20. Basuto (woman)
21. Basuto (man)
22. Bushman (man)
23. Bechuana (man)
24. Ibo (woman)
25. Mendi (man)
26. Ashanti (man)
27. Mfudi (girl)
28. Hausa (man)
29. Cross River (man)
30. „ „ (woman)
31. Shilluk (man)
32. Ja-Luo (man)
33. Masai (woman)
34. „ (man)
35. A-Kikuyu (woman)
36. „ (man)
37. Sok (man)
38. Zulu (man)
39. „ (woman)



40. Mashukulumbwe (man)
41. Angoni (man)
42. Hong Kong (man)
43. New Guinea (man)
44. „ (man)
45. „ (woman)
46. Central Australia (man)
47. „ „ (woman)
48. Maori (man)
49. Maori (woman)
50. Eskimo (man)
51. „ (woman)
52. Blackfoot (man)
53. Sarcee (woman)
54. Haida (man)
55. Kwakiutl (woman)
56. Solomon Islands (man)
57. „ „ (woman)
58. Fiji Islands (man)
59. „ „ (woman)
60. Sakai (man)
61. Semang (woman)
62. Gilbert Islands (man)
63. Borneo (man)
64. „ (woman)
65. New Guinea (widow)
66. Gippsland (man)
67. Queensland (woman)
68. New Hebrides (man)
69. British Guiana (man)
70. „ „ (woman)
71. Tonga (woman)
72. „ (man)
73. Gilbert Islands (woman)
74. Borneo (Dyak) (woman)
75. „ „ (man)

UNDER ONE FLAG: NATIVE RACES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE



1. Fula (man)
2. Accra (woman)
3. Mandingo (woman)
4. „ (man)
5. Somali (woman)
6. „ (man)
7. Nubian (man)
8. „ (woman)
9. Swahili (man)
10. Baganda (woman)
11. Baganda (man)
12. Bahima (man)
13. Yao (woman)
14. Bahima (woman)
15. Yao (man)
16. Makalanga (man)
17. Awemba (man)
18. Kaffir (boy)
19. Hottentot (man)
20. Basuto (woman)
21. Basuto (man)
22. Bushman (man)
23. Bechuana (man)
24. Ibo (woman)
25. Mendi (man)
26. Ashanti (man)
27. Mendi (girl)
28. Hausa (man)
29. Cross River (man)
30. „ „ (woman)
31. Shillux (man)
32. Ja-Luo (man)
33. Masai (woman)
34. „ (man)
35. A-Kikuyu (woman)
36. „ (man)
37. Sok (man)
38. Zulu (man)
39. „ (woman)



40. Mashukulumbwe (man)
41. Angoni (man)
42. Hong Kong (man)
43. New Guinea (man)
44. „ (man)
45. „ (woman)
46. Central Australia (man)
47. „ „ (woman)
48. Maori (man)
49. Maori (woman)
50. Eskino (man)
51. „ (woman)
52. Blackfoot (man)
53. Sarcee (woman)
54. Haida (man)
55. Kwakiutl (woman)
56. Solomon Islands (man)
57. „ „ (woman)
58. Fiji Islands (man)
59. „ „ (woman)
60. Sakai (man)
61. Semang (woman)
62. Gilbert Islands (man)
63. Borneo (man)
64. „ (woman)
65. New Guinea (widow)
66. Gippsland (man)
67. Queensland (woman)
68. New Hebrides (man)
69. British Guiana (man)
70. „ „ (woman)
71. Tonga (woman)
72. „ (man)
73. Gilbert Islands (woman)
74. Borneo (Dyak) (woman)
75. „ „ (man)

A ROMANCE OF THE PACIFIC RECALLED



The Islanders of Pitcairn To-day

From Photographs by a Naval Officer.

LADY TIBBIE AND THE TIGER

Written by AMBROSE PRATT — A Complete Story — Illustrated by JOHN CHARLTON



"A moment later clawed his way aboard and stood extended and erect, his hind feet resting upon the insensible Major's chest, his fore-paws gripping the back of Lady Tibbie's seat. Blissfully unconscious of her new passenger, Lady Tibbie crouched over the guiding wheel, every atom of her attention absorbed in the task of directing her machine."

"WELL!" said Captain Hanson, "if any man can tell me what has brought her—with her pretty face, her 40 horse-power Panhard, and her £12,000 a year—in midsummer to such a dreary, hot, and poverty-begotten spot as Benellabad, I'll, well—I'll be mightily obliged to him."

"She's the old man's wife's niece," suggested Antill, the youngest subaltern.

"Oh, shut up, do," growled Major Burns, "or else talk sense. Catch a girl like Lady Tibbie trapessing half over India merely to see her aunt."

"I think," spoke up Billy Hill, the wag of the regiment, from the depths of a canvas lounge, "I think I can put you on the right track."

"You!" cried the others, in tones mostly of contempt, but they clustered round him all the same. Billy closed one eye, and twirled his sandy apology for a moustache. "You're all agreed it must have required a powerful fascination to attract her here."

"Well?" said Hanson.

Billy grinned. "What about my fatal beauty?" he demanded.

There was a shout of laughter from the younger members of the crowd, but Major Burns snorted scornfully.

"What a clown you are, Billy. The circus is your proper sphere."

But Billy shook his head. "It's not so beastly improbable," he declared. "I used to propose to her two or three times a day down in Delhi at the fair. Poor girl, she must have missed me dreadfully. I warned her she would, too."

"You young cub!" the Major commented.

Billy assumed a lachrymose expression. "That's the sort o' sympathy a chap gets here who is in love," he protested, dolefully.

"Never mind him, Billy, he's jealous," laughed Antill. "He has been a regular bear all day because she took you out in her motor-car this morning."

"Rubbish!" cried the Major, and in disgust he limped away.

Billy got up slowly, and with some difficulty, from his chair.

"Don't go yet, Billy—only just beginning to like you," chorussed the crowd.

"It's three quarters after eight—got to propose to her at nine," he explained. "Ta, ta!"

Ten minutes later Billy crossed Colonel Bertram's compound and sank into a chair between his chief's wife and Lady Tibbie.

Major Burns and the Colonel stood talking at a little distance.

"Have you heard the news, Billy?" asked Mrs. Bertram.

Billy languidly fanned himself with his cap. "Go on, Mrs. Bertram" he sighed. "Never mind me. It doesn't matter that I am at death's door already with the heat. You've got something horrible to tell me—I can see it in your eye. Well, perhaps my blood can stand a rise of one more degree without boiling. Go on—go on."

"Captain Hill," said Lady Tibbie, "how many times must I tell you that you are most funny when you are quite still?"

Mrs. Bertram laughed. "It's the Bula tiger, Billy!" she said.

Billy sat up suddenly.

"What, again?" he cried.

"Yes; he took a goat last night from the Niyam's village—and

(Continued on page 668)

The Theatres

A WEEK'S SURVEY

The past week has been one of the most crowded within the memory, I imagine, of any living first-nighter. We have had two American invasions, a Shakespeare Festival at His Majesty's, German productions at Great Queen Street, a French adaptation at the Garrick, English comedy at the Vaudeville; and the new week opened with Mr. Tree's revival of *The Red Lamp* and *The Van Dyck*, and with the revival at the Court of Mr. St. John Hankin's clever comedy, *The Return of the Prodigal*. For Wednesday night were announced Messrs. Leonard and Slaughter's light opera, *Lady Tatters*, at the Shaftesbury, and *Brewster's Millions* at the Hicks Theatre; while during the week the Sothern-Marlowe management have given three Shakespeare revivals.

The American invasion has been a pronounced success in two directions. The Sothern-Marlowe *répertoire* company have given us of their best, and that best has been very good indeed. Hauptmann's fairy legend, *The Sunken Bell*, was a trifle dreary in parts, but poetic and most beautifully staged, while Charles Mackaye's historical drama, *Jeanne d'Arc*, which followed it, pleased everyone with its glowing pictures. Even more successful have been the Shakespearian revivals. In *Twelfth Night* Mr. Sothern showed himself a most excellent Malvolio, while the Viola of Miss Marlowe was quite fascinating, and prepared one for her Rosalind. During the week *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet* were to be revived, and those who can appreciate sound all-round Shakespearian performances are strongly recommended to visit the Waldorf. The second American company may be seen at Terry's playing that quaint comedy, of which we have heard so much, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. This is a typically American production, full of humour and delightful characterisation. It is not so much a play as a series of loosely strung together incidents arranged to show the lovable nature of that fascinating optimist, Mrs. Wiggs. All the other characters in the play—and they are many, and as admirably played as they are quaint—revolve round this good lady, and she mothers, manages and mismanages them. She is an untidy, large-hearted Southerner, living in a ramshackle cottage, and everyone comes to her for sympathy and advice—nor do we wonder at this after once meeting her. Mrs. Madge Carr Cook, who plays this Mark Tapley in Petticoats, is a brilliant actress, and I hope that her stay "this side" may be long. Certainly everyone should make the acquaintance of Mrs. Wiggs.

M. Lavedan's *Le Duel*, a version of which (by himself) Mr. Bourchier has produced at the Garrick, is one of those essentially French plays which, when done into English, somehow seem to miss their point. The characters remain French though called by English names. The duel is between two brothers—one a very aggressively atheistical doctor, and the other a priest, who each fight for a woman. The one wants to win her in marriage, the other to save her soul, and she all the time has a moribund husband who, however, conveniently dies in the last act. Mr. Bourchier gives an admirably restrained performance as the priest, who has entered the Church after a dissolute career in a cavalry regiment, and Mr. Sydney Valentine is delightful as an old colonial bishop who influences everyone by reason of his beautiful nature.

At the Vaudeville, the new bill comprises two plays by Mr. Louis N. Parker. The first, *Jemmy*, is a rather theatrical little sketch of a prodigal daughter. The second is a pretty three-act comedy called *Mr. George*. The period is just when George III. drove the American colonies to revolt, and the scene is the counting-house of Perceval and March (merchant adventurers) in Boston. Mr. Hawtrey is John March (junior partner) anxiously awaiting the arrival of the senior partner, George Perceval. Instead there arrives Miss Billie Burke, who explains that her father is dead and that she is senior partner, and so it is easy to see what happens in that counting-house. She may call herself "Mr. George," put on businesslike airs, and be semi-



Mr. H. V. Jackson's Velocity won the City and Suburban in a canter, beating the favourite, Larino, by three lengths. Photo by W. A. Rouch.

VELOCITY, THE WINNER OF THE CITY AND SUBURBAN

engaged to a raffish young Englishman, but we know quite well that she will eventually fall into the arms of staid John March. Mr. Hawtrey is quite at his best as the elderly junior partner.

DRAMATICUS.

How Cricket Balls are Made

An essentially English industry, and one in which British hand labour still holds a practical monopoly, is the manufacture of the balls used in our national game. Cricket-ball-making is to a very great extent a rural industry, the inhabitants of entire villages in Kent, such as Hildenborough, where the photographs on another page were taken, being dependent upon the output of cricket balls for their livelihood—cricket balls not only for home but for colonial use. The only difference between a cricket ball intended for the English market and leathers destined to be hunted "down under," or in one of those out-of-the-way corners of the earth in which



The Derby favourite, Slieve Gallion, Captain Greer's splendid colt, which won the Craven Stakes at Newmarket by five lengths, was again the victor in the Two Thousand Guineas on Wednesday.

SLIEVE GALLION, WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS

the inevitable "How's that!" stirs the souls of players and spectators, is a matter of colour. The hides with which the Colonial balls are covered are dyed right through, so as not to show signs of their contact with the hard, rough ground, which is inseparable from hot climates. For home use players prefer a brilliant scarlet ball, the beauty of which, however, is only skin deep, a slight scratch revealing the white leather beneath. Hides used for cricket-ball-making are not tanned in the ordinary way, but dressed with salt and alum, a treatment to which they owe their snowy appearance.

After having been cut into long strips, or "ranges," the leather is "straked," as seen in the photograph, by drawing it across the edge of a blunt knife to render it smooth and pliant. Dye is then brushed into the outer surface, and when dry the "ranges" are passed on to the "closer," who thoroughly stretches them and cuts out the quarter sections. The quarter sections are sewn together to form halves, and loose false quarters are inserted to build up the ball to the correct shape. Then the "quilt" is fitted in. The "quilt" winder, who sits at a low bench, begins making the inside of a cricket ball by winding worsted round a small square piece of cork. As the winding proceeds the worker continually inserts and binds on thin strips of cork, every now and then pausing to place the "quilt" in a half-circular wooden mould, and hammer it with a mallet to ensure its shape and solidity. When half wound, the "quilt" is baked in an oven, and it is again baked when it has attained sufficient dimensions to pass through the size gauge. It is then carefully weighed before it is passed on to the other hands. In order to sew the first seam, the half covers are placed in two brass cups, and the "quilt" is inserted into the lower ones. The two are then screwed up in a powerful vice, thus bringing the edges together for sewing. Then the remaining seams are put in, also by hand. All that remains to be done after the final seams are complete is to press them flat, and the cricket balls are ready to undergo the final test for weight, and be sorted by experts into grades. A cricket ball factory turns out on an average a dozen balls per man per week.

Memoranda for the Coming Week

TO-DAY

Balkan States Exhibition, Earl's Court, opened by the Lord Mayor.
Colonial Premiers: Visit to Manchester.
Lady Jersey's Garden Party, Osterley Park.
Irish International Exhibition, Dublin, opened by Lord-Lieutenant.
Duke of York's Theatre: *The Royal Family*.

MONDAY, MAY 6

Arrival of Prince Fushimi: Met by Prince of Wales at Victoria.
Colonial Premiers: Hon. Mrs. Peel's Reception, 52, Grosvenor Street.
Tennis: World's Championship, Prince's Club, Brighton.
Empire Theatre: New Ballet, *Sir Roger de Coverley*.

TUESDAY, MAY 7

The Prince and Princess of Wales open addition to Tottenham Hospital.
Colonial Premiers: Lady Strathcona's garden party, Knebworth; Lord Leconfield's banquet.
State Banquet to Prince Fushimi at Buckingham Palace.
Court Theatre: *Prunella*.
Aldershot Spring Race Meeting.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8

Prince Fushimi visits Woolwich.
National Association for Employment of Reservist and Discharged Soldiers: Annual meeting, 12.
Colonial Premiers: Dinner at Buckingham Palace.
Aldwych Theatre: *Strongheart*.
Racing: Chester Cup.

THURSDAY, MAY 9

The King reviews the Aldershot Army Corps in honour of Prince Fushimi.
Artists' General Benevolent Institution: Festival dinner, Hôtel Métropole.

FRIDAY, MAY 10

Prince Fushimi receives Freedom of the City and lunches with Lord Mayor, afterwards attending Foreign Office banquet.
Colonial Premiers: Duke of Westminster's entertainment, Grosvenor House.
Animals' Hospital: Concert, Grosvenor House, 3.

SATURDAY, MAY 11

Lord Curzon is admitted Chancellor of Oxford University.
Colonial Premiers: Scottish Concert, Queen's Hall.



This interesting photograph from Mexico of a train of sixteen huge trucks full of silver-lead bullion helps to illustrate Mexico's enormous contribution to the world's output of the white metal. The photograph was taken on the Mexican Southern Railway, and the silver-lead bullion is in transit from the new smelting works near Oaxaca, the capital of the State of that name. Mexico as a silver-producing country is the most important in the world after the United States. The whole of the British Empire produces enormously less, only 618 tons annually, in fact, to Mexico's 1,600 tons, and the 1,740 tons from the United States.

IN THE LAND OF SILVER: A TRAIN OF SILVER-LEAD BULLION IN THE STATE OF OAXACA, MEXICO

HAIR CULTURE FREE.

A LONDON FIRM'S AMAZING OFFER.

EVERY MAN AND WOMAN SHOULD READ THIS.

The value of personal appearance is really inestimable. We are certainly judged "by our looks," and not only to the fairer sex is confined that penetrating eye that at once gauges character, disposition, and claims to physical attraction. Women, however, as a general rule, have more time to spend in the cult of appearance and good looks, but even they are apt to neglect the great charms Nature has given. To-day, when even commercial success depends on personal appearance, numbers of the sterner sex are finding that it is absolutely necessary to pay attention to appearances, and endeavour to restrain the ravaging hand of time.

The following free offer, made by the largest, and certainly the most enterprising firm in London, in the light of the above remarks, will, we are certain, prove of interest to all GRAPHIC readers.

Which of the great adjuncts to personal appearance and beauty most quickly portrays to our friends and enemies the passing of time? Surely that most beautiful natural gift—the hair. Immediately the hair begins to fade in colour, becomes dull, and, indeed, commences to fall from the head, the face beneath takes on an older look. Not all the brilliancy of rosy cheeks, not all the brightness of the clearest eyes, will count against the tell-tale dull, grey, or falling hair. To those who would preserve their looks and keep the invaluable asset of good appearance, the care of the hair becomes a necessity, and it is in this connection that the free offer is made.



THE SPECIAL FREE OFFER.

We conclude the name of Edwards' "Harlene" is known in every household in this kingdom. "Harlene" has proved the one hair tonic and restorer that has earned the confidence of the public. The proprietors of this invaluable preparation have decided to offer free to all readers of THE GRAPHIC a special bottle of their wonderful preparation, with directions how to use the same, and thus allow every person to start on a simple course of hair culture without any cost. The special bottle of "Harlene" will be sent to any part of the world to all those sending name and address to Edwards' Harlene Company, 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, and enclosing three penny stamps to defray cost of postage (foreign stamps accepted), and mentioning name of this paper. If called for, no charge whatever will be made. This unique opportunity of testing a hair tonic that has earned the praise of all classes, from Royalty downwards, should be taken advantage of by all those who appreciate the value of beautiful, bright, healthy hair.

"Harlene" is a tonic preparation, which, acting directly at the nourishment centre of the hair shafts, prevents decay and loss of colour. Its use when baldness has set in has been recommended by medical men, and, indeed, practical results have shown that even when all vestige of hair has disappeared, a new growth has been encouraged, and that simply by a few daily applications of "Harlene."

Our last word of advice is: "Internal Remedies will ruin your constitution. Cheap, worthless remedies will ruin your hair."

We advise every reader, lady or gentleman, to write or call to-day for the special bottle of "Harlene"—we should say those only who desire to keep the hair beautiful, healthy and strong. The use of "Harlene" in early life will be found to save all the inconvenience of hair troubles, for such disagreeable ailments as scurf, dryness, and breaking hair never occur to those who constantly use this splendid tonic. It is said that health affects the brilliancy of the hair, or rather that ill-health takes away that gloss which is so much admired. "Harlene" keeps the hair glossy, bright, and clean. All who respect their appearance should use it daily. 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle, from all Chemists and Stores, or post paid on receipt of Postal Order.

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a runner arrived just before dinner to tell the Colonel that the brute has been followed to the Second Hill."

"Oh! truly!" said Billy.

The Colonel and the Major strolled over to the chairs. "Hard luck you are orderly officer to-morrow, Billy," said the Colonel. "You'll be out of the hunt, which is a nuisance, since you are our best gun."

Billy made some remark for which he instantly apologised; then demanded to know why the hunt could not be postponed for a day.

The Colonel pointed to Lady Tibbie. "She has come to Benallabad to see a tiger killed," he explained, "and at her command I have already sent word to the Niyam's beaters. We start at daybreak."

Billy turned reproachful eyes on the girl. "You knew I was orderly—I told you this morning," he lamented.

Lady Tibbie smiled and shrugged a pair of very shapely shoulders.

"One can't remember every little thing."

"I'm five foot eight and a quarter," retorted Billy.

"Quite sure of the quarter?" drawled Major Burns.

Billy turned upon his senior like an adder. "One thing, I'll have a mate in my misfortune," he growled; "you can't go hunting with your game leg."

"You little boy!" sneered Lady Tibbie, then she turned to the Major.

"I am to follow the hunt in my motor-car." she told him. "I wonder would you care to accompany me?"

"Ten thousand thanks—and with a heart and a half," cried the Major.

Billy got up and bowed with elaborate courtesy, first to Mrs. Bertram, then to Lady Tibbie. "Good-night, ladies," he said; and, saluting his chief, moved off.

But Lady Tibbie had no mind to be deserted like that. She pretended to have no respect for Billy, but she experienced a curious pleasure in deriding him.

"Captain Hill," she exclaimed.

He stopped. "Well?"

"Haven't you forgotten something?"

Billy took off his cap and thoughtfully began to scratch his head.

"It's nine o'clock," said Lady Tibbie.

Billy looked at her in such a way that she blushed, but did not lower her eyes. "Oh, very well!" said Billy presently, "since you keep me to my word! I did promise to propose to you at nine o'clock, I believe."

"Captain Hill!" she cried indignantly, her cheeks aflame.

But Billy was remorseless. He stalked up and sank on one knee before her: "Lady Matilda—ahem—Matilda—ahem—ahem—*Tibbie!*" he began. "Unaccustomed—er—er—as I am—to er—public speaking——"

"Billy—Billy," cried the Colonel, holding his sides.

"See here, Hill," said the Major very angrily. "If you call this a joke."

"Cap—tain Hill," said Lady Tibbie. "How dare you?"

"I—er—dare to do all that may become a man. Don't suppose I'm a scrap ashamed—er—being 'shook' on you; why should I?" said Billy. "It's not as if you were homely. It's true that the name Matilda is not exactly romantic—but——"

"Billy!" wailed Mrs. Bertram, almost helpless with laughter.

Major Burns caught the offending youth by the shoulder and shook him savagely. "Cannot you see that you are annoying Lady Matilda?" he demanded.

"But what's in a name?" Billy continued, perfectly unmoved. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet—and anyhow," this with a burst of generous enthusiasm—"even if you'd been christened Martha, or Emily Jane, or even Bridget, I believe I'd still be true to you."

"You brought it all on yourself, Tibbie," gasped Mrs. Bertram.

Billy stood up and turned from the flushed and palpitating Lady Tibbie to the Colonel's better half. "Brought what upon her?" he demanded indignantly. "Madam," he continued, with great dignity, "it is evident that the honest declaration of a good man's devotion can arouse nothing but mirth in your stony heart. Colonel, I feel for you."

"Billy," said the Colonel, "a joke's a joke; but I think you should now make your peace with Lady Matilda. I'm afraid you have offended her."

"My dear Colonel," cried Lady Tibbie, "you pay me a very poor compliment, don't you think? I like a jest as well as my neighbour. And Captain Hill is such an excellent buffoon."

Even Mrs. Bertram ceased laughing. Billy perceptibly turned pale, but he rose to the occasion manfully. "See here!" he snarled, showing all his teeth. "You have insulted me. Ter—remble and retract—or your fate be on your own head. Apologise! Apologise, I say—or—or—by Jingo—I'll marry you!"

Lady Tibbie smiled. "I apologise," she responded instantly and icily.

Major Burns grinned, and the Colonel bit his lip. Mrs. Bertram, however, was very fond of Billy Hill. "How could you be such a cat, Tibbie dear?" she asked in a whisper of her niece.

Billy took out his kerchief and began to weep. "Oh, Matilda! Oh, Emily Jane—Oh—Bridget—how could you?" he moaned, and as he stumbled off into the darkness, his heart-broken sobbing re-echoed through the compound.

His departure created a silence which at length the Colonel broke. "You'd hardly believe it perhaps, Lady Tibbie, but that silly fellow"—he pointed in the direction taken by Billy—"is one of the most valuable frontier officers that we possess. Last winter, when we were after the Afidis, his cool, devil-may-care good humour saved England a severe set-back, and me my regiment."

"Indeed!" said Lady Tibbie, with an effort at politeness.

"Yes," pursued the Colonel. "We were led into a *cul-de-sac* by a treacherous guide, and trapped among the rocks like rats in a corner with the dogs all round. Our only hope left, as I and my officers speedily discovered, was to cut our way out in force before we should all be shot down by the snipers on the hill-sides. But it looked impossible, for the beggars had captured a machine gun and were three to our one as well. And my men wouldn't face it. Upon my soul, I can't blame them either when I think of it."

"What did you do?" asked Lady Tibbie.

"I?" said the Colonel. "Not much. I was making a last appeal to their manliness, when all of a sudden Billy interrupted me."

"Say, Colonel," he called out loudly, so that all heard. "This ain't a forlorn hope. It's the cheapest sort of fireworks. Those blighters can't shoot for sour apples. Watch me." Then, without even waiting my permission, he stepped out into the open and sauntered slowly and with the utmost coolness towards the gorge's mouth. The Afidis thought he was daft, I think, at first, or else they expected him to wave a white flag. At any rate, he proceeded fifty yards before they fired. Then, however, a volley thundered forth."

"Oh, good Heavens!" muttered Lady Tibbie.

"He wasn't even touched!" resumed the Colonel. "Lord, you should have heard him laugh! But the rascal's laughter converted my men into raving lunatics; me too. Five minutes later we owned the pass again and a heavy list of dead to boot. But there wasn't a living Afidi within half a mile of us."

"Was Captain Hill hurt at all?" asked Lady Tibbie.

"Yes," laughed the Colonel. "He stubbed his toe against a rock, and upon my soul he made a hundred times more fuss about that trifle than Major Burns here did with a splintered thigh and a bullet through the fore-arm."

* * * * *

The tiger hunt was anything but a success. In spite of the tireless efforts of a hundred native beaters, his striped highness was not to be drawn from his covert; and not by all the verbal indignities that they heaped upon him—not even when they ventured to assail the virtuous memory of his remotest female ancestor—could he be tempted to resent the insult. Lady Tibbie, seated in her motor-car at the top of the Second Hill, enjoyed a magnificent view of the proceedings; but when four anxious yet unexciting hours had passed, her interest flagged perceptibly. Major Burns strove like a hero to amuse her, but the task was beyond his capability. He had not known her long enough to dare to make love, or perhaps the time had passed more pleasantly. Of course, one can never be certain of a woman, but Lady Tibbie had the reputation of a flirt—and the Major was a handsome fellow. As it was, he told her half a dozen stories of adventure, and the last left her yawning. Secretly much exasperated, the Major stepped out of the car, and exercised his injured leg upon the road. Lady Tibbie watched him for a while at his self-appointed sentry-go, then she yawned again, and said, "If we hadn't promised the Colonel to wait for his signal, I'd drive home to tiffin. I am as hungry as an elephant, and there's not a biscuit left."

"That is very sad," growled the Major.

"If you were not here," pursued the girl, "I'd climb that tree. Those pandanus are just dead ripe, and, my, don't they look delicious."

The Major eyed the tree and frowned.

Lady Tibbie smiled wickedly. "You mustn't think of it. You might hurt your leg," she said.

The Major flushed and stalked up to the tree. It was quite an easy tree to climb, but the Major was forty-five, if a day; he weighed fourteen stone; and, furthermore, his wounded thigh was only month out of plaster. The very first bough that he rested his full weight upon snapped off, and a second later he lay upon the ground beside the trunk, white-faced and insensible. How Lady Tibbie did it she will never know. She was only a little dot of a thing, and not by any means of Amazonian muscular development, but somehow or another she contrived to hoist the unfortunate Major into the back compartment of the car and to make his helpless bulk seem comfortable on the floor with cushions. For a full minute thereafter she leaned against the door, weeping like a baby, and more self-ashamed than tongue can tell. Very soon, however, she dashed the tears aside and climbed hurriedly back to the seat. "Colonel or no Colonel, I must get the Major home at once. Oh, what a cruel, wicked girl I am!" she cried.

Lady Tibbie was an excellent chauffeur, and she knew her car from A to Z. Within a moment it was flying down the cleared top of the Second Hill at railroad speed, and making for the jungle on the mountain's knee. Lady Tibbie heard the shouts of the



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THE GENIUS OF THIS LIFE, COMMON SENSE!

'We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on,
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.'—WHITTIER.

Nothing happens by Chance. We have Eyes and see not.

THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH THAN ARE DREAMT OF IN OUR PHILOSOPHY

It is for you to find out why your ears are boxed.

AN IMAGE OF HUMAN LIFE. INCAPACITY MEETS WITH THE SAME PUNISHMENT AS CRIME.

NATURE'S LAWS.

'Nor love thy life nor hate; but whilst thou livest live well.'—MILTON.

'Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon us winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to *learn at least* the names and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allows his sons, or the State which allows its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us—*and, more or less, of those who are connected with us*—do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are *what we call the laws of Nature*. The player on the one side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, *just* and *patient*. But also we know, *to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake*, or makes the smallest *allowance for ignorance*. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of



overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And who plays ill is checkmated—*without haste, but without remorse.*

'My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather *lose than win*. And *I should accept it as an image of human life.*

'The great mass of mankind are the 'Poll,' who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. *Those who won't learn at all are plucked: and then you can't come up again* Nature's pluck means *extermination.*

'Ignorance is visited as sharply as *wilful* disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the *blow without* the word. It *is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.*"—HUXLEY

'*Nature's Laws*, I must repeat, are eternal; her small still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No man can depart from the truth without damage to himself.'—T. CARLYLE.

'Into man's hands is placed the rudder of his frail barque that he may not allow the waves to work their will.'—*Goethe.*

SUBSTANCES IN THE BLOOD THAT ARE HURTFUL AND INJURIOUS TO HEALTH AND LONGEVITY

We quote the following from a well-known writer on Pathology:—

'Now, a word on the importance of the regular and proper action of these excretory organs and of the intestinal canal. The former separate substances from the blood that are hurtful if they are kept in the blood. The waste substances that are got rid of by the intestinal canal include the parts of the food that are not digested and certain secretions from the intestinal canal, especially from the large part of the intestine. These substances are injurious if left in the body, as certain portions of them are reabsorbed into the blood, especially the foul organic matter in them, so that if these various excretory organs do not perform their functions in a proper manner, waste substances are either not separated from the blood or are reabsorbed into it and poison it, and as the blood is distributed to the various tissues of the body they are not properly nourished and they become degenerated, weak, and incapable of performing their proper functions, so that the regular action of these excretory organs of the body is of the greatest importance with regard to health, for not a single tissue of the body can be kept in a proper condition if the waste substances are not got rid of in the manner they should.'

Were we to mention the many and various diseases caused or produced by blood poisoning, it would require more space than we have at command. To hinder the poison from gaining admission, you must sustain the vital powers by adding to the blood what is continually being lost from various circumstances, and by that means you prevent the poison being retained in the body. The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is to take away all morbid poisons and supply that which promotes healthy secretions only by natural means. The chemical nature or antidotal power of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is to expel the foreign substance or render it inert (by natural means only). If we could maintain sufficient vital power we could keep the poison from doing any harm. That power is best attained by following the Rules for Life (see page 10 in Pamphlet) and using, according to directions, Eno's 'Fruit Salt,' which by its healthy action keeps the secretions in perfect order only by soothing and natural laws, or in other words it is impossible to overstate its great power in preventing unnecessary suffering and disease.

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beaters growing every moment louder as she neared the forest, but they were hidden in the undergrowth, and the hunters too. No one saw, no one offered to obstruct her progress. She was soon, however, obliged, by a series of sharp zigzags in the roadway, to apply the brakes, and thus it was that she plunged into the jungle at length at the comparatively moderate velocity of fifteen miles an hour. Now the road wound for perhaps two miles through the jungle; it took Lady Tibbie, therefore, some eight minutes to transact it. And all that while the Bula tiger, without a human biped being in the least aware of it, stood just within the forest's outer edge behind the path, waving his long tawny tail from side to side, and listening with a species of sardonic humour to the distant music of the foolish beaters, whom he had thus far eluded with contemptuously exercised facility. If a tiger's thoughts could be interpreted, it is more than probable that an English word of four letters commencing with "d" would have expressed the Bula tiger's reflections when he heard the puffing of Lady Tibbie's motor-car. He threw a hasty glance behind him, a savage flash in front. He seemed to be menaced from all sides, except the open country. But tigers have an almost ineradicable hatred of untimbered wastes in daylight. The Bula tiger conceived that he was cornered. He saw the motor-car coming at him like a thunderbolt. He heard the beaters' shouts; and crouched to spring. Lady Tibbie had forgotten that such a creature existed in the world; but she saw the sunlit world beyond the trees, and on the instant pressed the lever. The car bounded forward like a thoroughbred gored by a spur. The tiger sprang too; but Lady Tibbie's action had upset all his calculations, and instead of landing on the box, he barely succeeded in hooking his claws over the back rail of the car. With a huge effort the splendid brute hung on, however, and a moment later clawed his way aboard and stood extended and erect, his hind feet resting upon the insensible Major's chest, his fore-paws gripping the back of Lady Tibbie's seat. Blissfully unconscious of her new passenger, Lady Tibbie crouched over the guiding wheel, every atom of her attention absorbed in the task of directing her machine; for the road was very steep, and it had not been constructed for the use of a motor-car. The tiger had, without doubt, originally intended to storm the citadel at once. But consider his sensations. In the first place, the figure at the wheel paid no attention to his presence. Its attitude, moreover, so still and rigid, probably conveyed to him the impression of some curious mechanical contrivance. Then, again, he had never ridden in a motor-car before, and never in his life, able-bodied brute though he was, had he been able to negotiate a speed so wild and thrilling. The wind whistled through his whiskers; it smote his undefended face, and made his eyelids blink and quiver to the point of positive discomfort. Yet on the whole he rather liked his strange adventure. It was a noble thing to rush across the world like that, outstripping the very birds.

It is just possible, of course, that he did not like it at all; that he was utterly disconcerted, amazed, terrified; even appalled. It does not matter, however, in the least. The effect was the important thing. And, not to be tedious, the Bula tiger stared straight before him through grinning half-shut lids, his limbs and frame as still as if a potent spell had been cast over him. If he had known more of motor-cars, he would quickly have chosen for himself a safer attitude. For straight before them lay an angle of the road. Lady Tibbie prepared for this by slackening the speed, but she did not warn the tiger, for obvious reasons. The result was that the huge cat lost his balance on the turn, and in struggling to regain it he almost fell from the car. Next moment, with a low but savage snarl, he started up again, scrambled over the division and slithered down upon the seat beside Lady Tibbie. Lady Tibbie heard his exclamation, but mistook its cause. "Try and bear it for just a little while, dear Major," she shouted. "I'll soon have you at your quarters!" Then she jammed the lever hard down. The car was a 40 h.p. Panhard. The result may be imagined. True it was that the Second Hill had already been left behind, but the road still sloped downwards. In ten seconds fifty miles an hour was the order of the route. And the Bula tiger, once more diverted from his predatory instincts, on this occasion by a gale that made him gasp for breath, sat back in his roomy corner and gave himself up to earnest thought. Lady Tibbie, gazing far across the plain, saw Benallabad—and something else. The something else was a thin glinting line, that shifted constantly in flashing spasms. "The regiment at drill!" she guessed, and thought of Billy. A few minutes later the tiny columns began to wear the appearance of men rather than thin lines of tin soldiers. Between them and her the road now stretched across the level plain, a taut, unbroken, sepia-coloured riband. She determined to risk a glance at the Major. Had he fainted again, she wondered. She had been almost glad to hear him groan. Carefully holding the wheel she turned her head, and saw the tiger. The tiger did not remark the attention. He was staring at the soldiers, thinking possibly of home and mother; or if he was a philosophical tiger, he was making up his mind, perhaps, never to eat goats again, for of course all this was really and truly nothing but a nightmare; the child of a liver disordered by partaking too liberally of that last villainously tough old nanny.

Lady Tibbie's surprise was not of the ordinary description. It was of such a superior and uncommon brand, indeed, that under its influence she completely lost the power to scream or swoon. Psychologists will be interested to learn that the sight of the Bula tiger had the extraordinary effect of instantaneously calling before her mental consciousness the image of Captain Hill. I am unable to explain the phenomenon; for anybody less like a tiger than "Billy" in appearance it would be difficult to imagine. He is not a handsome man, it is true—Billy; but there is nothing of the cat about him. However, there it was. She saw Billy, thought of Billy, and went to Billy—at the rate of fifty miles an hour. When the soldiers saw her coming, they stopped short in the very act of forming fours deep, rubbed their eyes, against orders, then stared—petrified.

Billy opened his mouth, and forgot to shut it.

Lady Tibbie brought the car to a somewhat abrupt standstill two yards from Billy, and the tiger, who did not expect to be so cavalierly treated, was propelled against the splash-board.

"Billy!" cried Lady Tibbie.

With a frightful roar the Bula tiger clambered up, and glared at Billy from the box. The soldiers forthwith remembered an appointment.

Lady Tibbie fell back, white, helpless, and palpitating in her seat. Billy absent-mindedly felt for his revolver. He had a stupid notion that the tiger was a joke, got up to make a fool of him. "Say, Lady Tibbie," he began, "you're a brick, and no mistake. You knew how fond I am of tiger hunting, and rather than see me disbed you've brought one along for me to bag. But ain't he rather tame?"

The question was partially excusable, for the Bula tiger had passed through so many experiences that he had not quite recovered his usual mental tone; and as he could not immediately decide whether it would be most advisable to kill Billy, to chase one of the Tommies, or simply to escape, he remained stock-still glaring all about him.

"For God's sake, Billy!" gasped Lady Tibbie, with her last atom of strength.

The tiger heard, and made up his mind. He roared, turned, and sprang at the helpless cause of his bewilderment.

Billy understood. In a second he was armed. But then—"My God, it's not loaded!" he shrieked, as he remembered. He hurled his useless pistol at the tiger, and whipped out his sword. The Bula tiger, maddened by the slash upon his withers, turned again and leaped at Billy, snarling like a fiend. Billy saved himself by an agile bound aside, and the tiger, carried forward by the impetus, by a short foot missed his prey. But on the next Billy must have been a dead man, if it had not been for Major Burns. The Major had awakened from his swoon scarcely half a minute earlier. There was a loaded rifle in the car, which he had taken with him for precaution's sake on setting out that morning. He possessed a quick brain, the Major, and a will of iron. Though writhing with the pain of his injured leg, he forced himself erect, goaded thereto by the tiger's roaring; and at the proper time he fired—to become the hero of the day.

The regiment still thinks that Lady Tibbie should have married Major Burns. And so she should—by every law and postulate of art. But you cannot bind a woman down to rules. She accepted Billy on the forty-seventh time of asking, and the Major gave them the Bula tiger—stuffed—for a wedding present.

THE END

A neat little book, containing records of sport, well tabulated and concise, may be had free of charge by application to the Royal Insurance Company at Liverpool. The records, which have been derived from official sources, are arranged under headings placed in alphabetical order, and each sport is historically dealt with in a small preliminary paragraph.

To enable those in the metropolis to visit Stratford-on-Avon during the Shakespeare Festival the Great Central Railway Company have arranged a convenient service of express trains by their short route, and cheap tickets are issued several days during the week.

The charm of beautiful dress is admirably illustrated in a couple of booklets published by Liberty and Co.—one on fancy dress and another on costume. The drawings in both show all a woman wants to know regarding them. "Hats and Bonnets Past and Present" is the title of another illustrated "Liberty" booklet, and, as in the case of the dress-books, the prices are given with each drawing.

Though compiled with the intention of advertising the by-laws of the Dublin Cemeteries Committee, "The Dublin Cemeteries," published recently by the Committee, turns out to be a book full of interest to the student of Irish history. Glasnevin and Goldenbridge contain noble monuments to such great men as O'Connell, Parnell, etc., and pictures of these monuments, with much interesting information concerning them, give one a peep into the history of the bitter struggle between the Protestant and Catholic Churches in Ireland.

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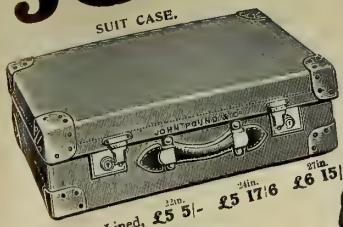
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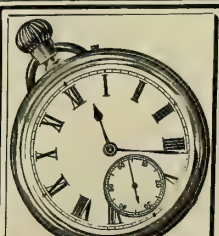
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SOME NEW BOOKS

A WOMAN OF QUALITY

So long as Alexander Pope is remembered, Lady Mary Montagu is not likely to be forgotten. They were an odd pair, in all conscience. She wrote him pretty letters, and he, not to be outdone, scribbled sentimental verses, and when the lively lady was abroad declared that he would ten times rather make a pilgrimage to see her face than John the Baptist's head. At that time Pope had lost his own head over her, and, had even ventured to hint, his heart as well. Then beauty and brains quarrelled, and all thoughts of tenderness were extinguished in an outburst of unwomanly contempt on the one side and unmanly satire on the other. The implacable poet—he must have looked a grotesque figure when he danced attendance on so fair a woman—turned to mean advantage the brilliant powers of his caustic pen, and if Lady Mary had boxed his ears, as she once did those of Horace Walpole, who also maligned her, the "crooked little Papist" would only have got his deserts. Pope had many shining qualities, but he stabbed a lady's reputation in the back, and therefore he was not a gentleman.

When so much is admitted, it must be confessed that Lady Mary was not impeccable. She was a rebel in petticoats—in revolt against social conventions. Like all good women, and some who can only be so described by a stretch of courtesy, she had a temper. There were a good many arrows in her quiver, and one of them at least was poisoned. Some one described her once as the "best-natured, cruellest woman in the world." That seems a contradiction in terms; but Lady Mary was herself a bundle of contradictions—all things by turns, but nothing long. She was as wayward as she was witty; as intellectual as she was imprudent; as fickle as she was fair. Fielding called her the "glory of her own sex and the wonder of ours." We may be permitted to conjecture—at this respectable distance of time—if under the "wonder" of her brilliant contemporary there lurked just a delicate pinch of the salt of sarcasm. One point, however, is quite plain. There can be no question that "Fair Wortley's angel accent, eyes, and mind," to borrow a line with which poor Dick Savage embellished "The Wanderer," accomplished much havoc in Georgian Society. She was a born coquette. After all, as Byron said, would not some of us, in the presence of such a woman, have been as great fools as Pope? Like old Sarah Marlborough—the two *grandes dames*, by the way, were sworn friends—Lady Mary was feared where she was not loved, and admired where she was not trusted. A gay rattle of a woman! Yes, but, like gunpowder, risky and apt to explode.

The lady who elects to call herself "George Paston" has written a lively and entertaining book ("Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Her Times." By George Paston. Illustrated. Methuen and Co., London. 15s. net).



A MINIATURE OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU
From "George Paston's" new book, published by Methuen.

Sandon Hall has held amongst its archives more than a hundred unprinted letters of Lady Mary, and the Earl of Harrowby has given free access to them. "George Paston" has made excellent and judicious use of such material, and has handled other and more familiar sources of information with an easy, and at the same time a literary, touch. The volume, in consequence, throws considerable light on the subject. The historical background of the strange, eventful story of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is admirably sketched. Many famous people cross the pages—Addison in the days when he was writing the "Tatler" or quarrelling with Steele; Bolingbroke, statesman and man of letters; Dick Savage, when he was a luckless poet; Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, in her loveless, sarcastic old age. These are but typical people, singled out at random in the brilliant crowd.

But Lady Mary herself dominates the book. We see her in her most bewitching and most provoking moods. She was the daughter of a Duke, and in that sense a woman of quality. But she was also a woman of quality by virtue of her rank in literature as the writer of the well-nigh unmatched "Letters from the Levant," and epistles also of a more personal kind. She was too fond of telling risky stories; too little afraid of the Georgian Mrs. Grundy—a lady who assuredly was not strait laced. It is quite clear that "George Paston" has had some difficulty in writing the pages which are devoted to Lady Mary's "character." It was a character that was full of surprises, equally full of contradictions as well. It is just as well to let the facts speak for themselves. It would be vain to moralise. Lady Mary led her own life, not always wisely, but with courage, and, on the whole, with common sense. If she violated the proprieties at times, well, there was not a little propriety both at home and abroad just then which did not count for righteousness. There are so many people in the world who make themselves out to be better than they are, that she may be forgiven if she did not care a jot when she was judged to be worse than she was.

STUART J. REID.

"MONSIEUR DE PARIS"

Everybody knows who is meant by "Monsieur de Paris"—the public executioner, whose office was for generations hereditary in the family of Sanson. The point of Mary C. Rowsell's romance (Chatto and Windus) is the death of Madame du Barry on the scaffold, during the Reign of Terror, at the hands of a Sanson who is supposed to have been in love with her in her pre-royal days. It is not made as effective as it might well have been: and, indeed, the whole novel may be described as good dramatic material carelessly thrown away. The book, by the way, is one of this year's experiments at half-a-crown.





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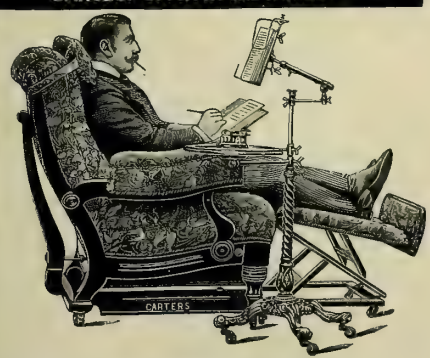
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"GHETTO COMEDIES"

Mr Israel Zangwill, in the introductory note to his new volume of character-studies (with illustrations by J. H. Amschewitz: William Heinemann), is careful to repudiate the old definition which distinguished a comedy from a tragedy by its happy ending. These so-called "comedies" are seldom or never lacking in humour—of a sort: of such sort indeed that the general title may not unfairly be thought the most humorous stroke of all. The sketches do not, in our opinion at least, represent their author at his best. There is a somewhat tired feeling about them, as if a once rich vein were beginning to grow thin. No doubt even the mine of Jewry is not inexhaustible; but meanwhile these later workings still show quite enough gold to have been worth the labour. They certainly have a wide range, from the frankly and delightfully comic casuistry of "The Sabbath Question in Sudminster" to the annihilation of the one-and-twenty politico-religious parties of one little town of Polish Jews by the simple process of Russian guns. A very touching study in what may be called child-light on a squalid background will be found in the story of the bigoted and sordid old-clothes woman, entitled "The Bearer of Burdens;" and the portrait of Israel Quarriar, type of "king and knave in one," will repay the attention of all who are interested in the great racial marvel of two thousand years.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

Under the title of "Women Types of To-day; or, Modern Casts from Ancient Moulds" (Elliot Stock), a writer calling himself "Da Libra" indulges the ambitious if not forlorn hope of enabling men to understand women, and women themselves and one another. Assuming the psychological truth of ancient art, he finds that any given woman falls within one of three typical classes—the Venus-Woman, the Juno-Woman, and the Minerva-Woman; or else into a class compounded of two of these; or else—an admission savouring of argumentative suicide—she is "atypic;" that is to say of no recognisable type whatever. Did not Pope say much the same, with his "Most women have no characters at all"? However this may be, "Da Libra" finds plenty of character, or at any rate characteristics, in his up-to-date Venus, Juno, and Minerva, each of whom he puts under his microscope, and examines physically, morally, and intellectually; in her childhood, girlhood, maturity, and old age; in courtship and matrimony; in her talk, her tastes, her travel, her dress, her handwriting, her religion, her shopping; in short, in as many aspects as offer points for comparison. Taking him in more seriousness than, possibly, he intends to be taken, we may suggest the addition of a Diana to his types of womanhood. The inclusion would be quite in keeping with his general theory, would harmonise with the corresponding doctrine of the four temperaments, and go far to bring his "atypic" woman into classification.

He seems to have taken the style and form of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" for his model, though his multitude of quotations, from the literature of all times and tongues, evince but little of Burton's pertinent felicity. Nor is he always immaculate in the matter of accuracy—at any rate "one of the ablest women of modern times, Mrs. Schopenhauer," seems to stand in considerable need of identification. The "Anatomy" deprived Johnson of a night's sleep. "Women Types" is not likely to induce insomnia; and it will certainly be found excellent entertainment for idle hours, especially by any lady who wishes to know whether and how far Venus, Juno, or Minerva typifies herself and her friends.



An interesting ceremony took place the other day on the Mount of Olives, which lies to the east of Jerusalem, when, in the presence of the Governor of Jerusalem and a number of high officials, the foundation-stone was laid of the German Sanatorium, which is to commemorate the visit of the German Emperor and Empress to Jerusalem. Dr. Dryander, the German Court preacher, performed the ceremony, which concluded with "Hochs" for the Kaiser and cheers for the Sultan. Photo by C. Raad, Jerusalem.

THE KAISER'S GIFT: LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE GERMAN SANATORIUM ON MOUNT OLIVET

FOGAZZARO'S "IL MODERNO"

The second novel of Signor Fogazzaro's "Trilogy" is translated by M. Prithard-Agnetti, under the title of "The Man of the World" (Hodder and Stoughton). It deals with the early manhood of the child of the devout father and the free-thinking mother whose birth was foreshadowed in the conclusion of "The Patriot" ("Il Piccolo Mondo Antico"), and who, as the hero of "Il Santo," has achieved more than merely literary fame. Heredity, and the resulting psychological speculations, are its pervading theme: the father's influence being traceable in Piero Maironi on his religious side; his mother's in a certain sensual tendency; that of both together forming a blend well within the recognition of ordinary experience, but, as characteristically treated by Signor Fogazzaro, suggesting that hereditary insanity—though controllable, and even as by religion, practically conquerable—is the normal and original condition of the human brain. In the question which will win Piero's battle—Fate or Faith?—is contained the essential interest of "Il Moderno": unquestionably a powerful study, and rendered the more effective by strongly contrasted portraiture. The translation—no doubt an exceedingly difficult piece of work—leaves much to be desired on the score both of lucidity and style.

"Low's Handbook to the Charities of London" has just reappeared, after revision, for 1907. It is recognised as a reliable authority, and needs no recommendation to the charity-giving public. A short illustrated history of St. Bartholomew's, the oldest of London hospitals, forms part of an interesting preface.

1907 Motor Races

First Blood to Bibendum

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Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth
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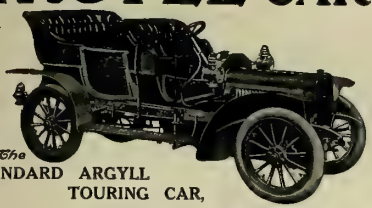
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best cure of catarrhs

of the Respiratory Organs, the Digestive Organs, Female Organs, Urinary System, Rheumatism, Gout, and Asthma.

Drinking and Baths Cure, Inhalation, Pneumatic Chambers, &c. Prospectus through the Kurkommission. Mineral Water (Kraenchenbrunnen), Salt from the Springs. Ems Pastilles to be had everywhere.

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The NEW MODEL writes in THREE COLORS
Purple for Copying Black for Documents Red for Emphasis
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has been built. We guarantee that every purchaser is pleased. If he obtains a pen which does not suit him he can avail himself of our liberal exchange offers.

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MOTOR NOTES

Perhaps one of the most interesting topics, which is very rarely dealt with either by the technical or lay Press, is the cost of running a car. One sees statements at times that the repair bill for 5,000 miles amounted to 12s. 6d., and as a rule an owner does not lay his expenditure open to the public eye, unless he considers it very low. My repair bill is very low, and I am extremely fortunate with tyres, and also I am a bit of a mechanic. At the same time I realise that a motor is an expensive luxury. In my early days I kept accounts, but recently I do not wish to face the facts, as I don't want to give up motoring. Of course, credit should be taken for various items. I rarely use the train. I entertain my friends in my car. My shooting is almost inaccessible were it not for the motor. All these items should be reckoned with. If one's friends prefer a motor picnic to a dinner party—as they usually do, unless they have a car themselves—the picnic undoubtedly saves money. What really makes a car expensive is that one does so much that it would be quite impossible to do without it.

Cost of Running

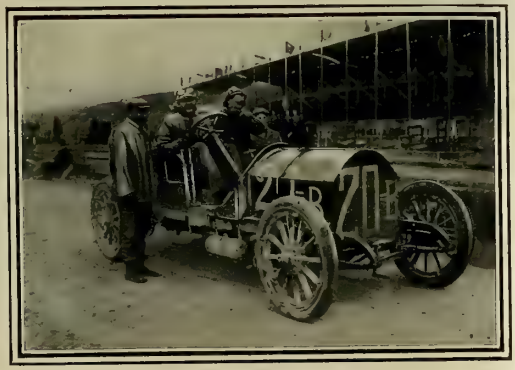
Some time ago I took from our excellent contemporary, the *Autocar*, the costs given over the *nom de plume* "Viator," which seem to give the real facts, without prejudice either in favour of economy or extravagance. They are for a 16-20 h.-p. car for a distance of about 10,000 miles:

Strict Accounts

		£	s.	d.
1.	Original cost of car was	625	0	0
2.	Selling price of car was	300	0	0
3.	Depreciation equals 7¾d. a mile	£325	0	0
4.	Mileage run was 9,900 miles			
5.	Petrol, 730 gallons = 1d. a mile	44	0	11
6.	Petrol consumption was 13½ miles to a gallon.			
7.	Lubricating oil = ½d. a mile	9	12	1
8.	Repairs not covered by insurance	21	10	10
9.	Insurance, registration, licenses, number plates	19	16	6
10.	Head lights... (N.B.—8, 9, and 10 equal 1¼d. a mile.)	14	0	0
11.	Tyres (covers, tubes, non-skids, and repairs) = 2¾d. a mile	116	2	0
	The car on purchase was shod with four plain Michelin tyres 880 × 120 mm. The cost of tyres includes the purchase of two plain and three non-skid Michelin outer covers, two Continental non-skid outer covers, five inner tubes, and one Parsons chain non-skid (for emergency use, still in hand), and a pair of Wallwork non-skids (run 300 miles and still in hand). Retreading and repairs to tubes cost about £20. In the selling price of the car are included two retreaded covers and four patched tubes, in addition to the tyres actually on the car wheels.			
12.	Compensation to bicyclist (charged car) ...	5	0	0
13.	Chauffeur—wages and travelling expenses = 2¾d. a mile	118	5	3
14.	Sundries (cleaning material)	5	2	5
	Total (at 1s. 4d. a mile) ...	£678	10	0



THE START



NAZARRO ON THE WINNING CAR

Forty-six cars competed in the Sicilian Targa-Florio race. The hilly and difficult course, with no fewer than 1,000 sharp corners, was mapped out in a circuit of nearly one hundred miles, which had to be covered several times. Nazarro won on a F.I.A.T. in 8 hrs. 17⅔ min., Lancia coming in second on a car of the same make. Photos by Rol and Co.

MEDITERRANEAN MOTORING: THE TARGA-FLORIO MOTOR RACE IN SICILY

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A Patron wrote: 16/4/07. "Enclosed herewith I send you an order for cloth. After 15 years' trial I may say that your cloths give me every satisfaction both for wear and keeping their colour."—H. S., High Wycombe.

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Britain's Best Bicycle

RUDGE-WHITWORTH COVENTRY

SOME QUESTIONS
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1. Is it made in England by British Labour of British Materials.
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3. Is it made in works devoted solely to Cycles where no Motors distract the energy and attention of managers and workmen?
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Summary of cost per car mile:

Petrol	1d. a mile.
Oil	¼d. ,,
Tyres	2¾d. ,,
Repairs, etc.	1¼d. ,,
Depreciation	7¾d. ,,
Chauffeur	2¾d. ,,
Total	1s. 4d. a mile.
Cost of running car	5¾d. a mile.
Weight of car	28 cwts.

One of the most useful competitions—at least to the general public, if not to the selfish motorists—was the Vapour Emission, held by the R.A.C.

Vapour Emission

There are various forms of vapour, some only objectionable, and others which are highly dangerous to health. The Albion car was awarded a silver medal for the perfection of its carburation and lubricating system.

The Motor Club, which is a development of the Automobile Association, promises to carry out its chief object, viz., to make its members comfortable. It is, however, in my opinion, a pity to divide the interests of motoring individuals too much. The A.A. has done excellent work, and also the Royal Automobile Club. What with the Motor Union, the A.A., the R.A.C., County Motor Clubs, the Road Club, and many associations for improving the roads, I am almost inclined to join the Anti-Motorists' League in self-defence. This cause, at any rate, so far as I know, has only one institution. The motoring institutions are becoming so numerous that I foresee in the near future that to succeed they must be antagonistic to one another, and it will be a case of the survival of the fittest. It would be extremely hard lines on the older institutions, which have borne the heat of the battle, when everyone's hand was against us, to be put out of the running. I may be wrong (I hope I am), and perhaps there is room for all.

Another Club

Few drivers appear to realise the effect of non-skid tyres on the driving wheels. I have no antipathy to them. Far from it. I would not drive without them nowadays for anything. At the same time, driving is a very different thing, if one means to be careful with one's car. The grip which a steel-studded tyre has on the road necessitates much more delicate manipulation of the clutch and brakes. Manipulation is hardly the right word, as these are actions of the foot, but it conveys my meaning. The result of letting in the clutch carelessly with a tyre of this description is that the shock to the transmission is increased in a very large degree. The same action takes place in the application of the brakes. Unfortunately, also, the adoption of the non-skid means that one *can* pull up *without danger* in a much shorter space, and this the careless chauffeur does hourly, with the result that the mechanism of the whole car is subjected to strains which it would never have had if shod with smooth tyres. On several occasions lately I have seen cars pulled up in London with the rear wheels locked. With smooth tyres this would have meant a bad side-slip, and would never have been risked.

The Non-Skid Tyre and its Effect

Several abortive attempts have been made from time to time to establish a regular service of motor-cars from London to Paris, but for some reason or other they have always fallen through. Possibly the scheme was badly managed, or inefficient cars were provided. A weekly service has now been established with a 40-60 h.-p. car of a well-known make, seating five passengers, who will be charged 12 guineas for the return journey. The main idea has been to provide a daylight service, and it has been arranged to traverse a different route each way, the tour altogether being about 450 miles. The car will start from London on Friday, and, travelling *viâ* Maidstone, will reach Folkestone in time for the 11.30 boat. The itinerary will then be Boulogne, Montreuil, Abbeville, Grand Villiers, Beauvais, Pontoise, to the Ritz Hotel in Paris. The week-end will be spent in the gay capital, and the return journey commenced on Monday morning, *viâ* Abbeville, Boulogne, Folkestone, and thence *viâ* Canterbury to London.

Back to the Road

The car for the man of moderate means, which used to be so much spoken of, has been mislaid somewhere. It is, therefore, some comfort to know that Voiturettes are still in existence. The "Targa-Florio," which takes place annually in Sicily, was recently won, as far as the Voiturette class was concerned, by the Sizaire-Naudin, on Michelin tyres, which does credit to both the manufacturers of the car and the tyres. Talking of tyres, I see that four winners in the Motor Cycling Club's hill-climb at Harpenhoe Hill, Luton, were shod with Dunlops. With the power developed and the speed attained by the modern motor-bicycle, the tyres present one of the greatest difficulties, and it is satisfactory to note that England is to the fore in this respect.

The Voiturette

The Enchantress is rapidly assuming her summer appearance. The decision of the committee to enamel the white work of the ship has proved, so far as looks go, a most wise one, and undoubtedly the experiment will pay, as enamel is so much easier to keep clean than ordinary paint. Altogether members will be more pleased with their club ship than they were last year.

The Motor Yacht Club

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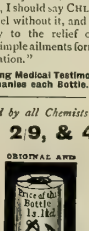
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MUSICAL NOTES

It was, I believe, no less a personage than the great Wesley who, having by much thought arrived at the conclusion that there was no adequate reason, as he expressed it, why the devil should have all the best tunes, took the airs of some of the most popular comic songs of the day and wrote hymns to them. Of course the idea was not a new one. In the early days of church music it was the frequent custom of composers to work popular airs into their Masses, and to such lengths was the practice carried that not only the tunes, but even the words themselves found their way into the services, with the result that while the sopranos, altos and basses were singing a *Sanctus* or a *Gloria*, the tenors would be roaring the "Bluebell" or the "Under the Bamboo Tree" of the period. Mercifully this custom was knocked on the head centuries ago, but a new, and hardly less objectionable, custom seems to be springing up, namely, that of singing comic words to great music. I should hasten to say that the words are not, as a rule, designedly comic; the authors of them, indeed, describe them as "translations;" but that they are frequently funnier than the avowed comic song no one with a sense of humour can well deny.

On Friday last, for example, that admirable singer, Madame Alice Esty, gave a "recital in English" at the Bechstein Hall, at which she and Mr. Crauford Kent sang a number of the masterpieces of Brahms and other writers in the tongue that is supposed to be understanded of the people of these isles, though if such members of the proletariat as were gathered together in the hall succeeded in understanding some of the things that they heard it was very greatly to their credit. Here, for example, is the last verse of Mr. F. Baldwin Fosbrooke's version of the famous "*Wie bist du meine Königin*:"—

> Oh, let me cease within thine arms!
> Within thine arms has even Death,
> Although its brooding unknown wilds
> Surround the spirit—full delight.

Surely even to the most untutored mind the German original could not have conveyed less than this.

This happened to be the most characteristic example of the ways of the translator in Madame Esty's programme, but there are in existence plenty of others which are no less astonishing. For instance, some time ago a well-known firm of publishers brought out an edition of Schubert's songs with German and English words. In it was included his fine setting of Scott's "My Hawk is Tired of Perch and Hood," the music of which, though written to a German translation, happens to fit the English words equally well. However, apparently in blissful ignorance of the existence of Sir Walter's verses, the translator applied himself to the task of writing a new English version. Disdaining the meretricious aid of a dictionary, he took each word in turn and wrote down not what it really meant, but what he thought from its sound it ought to mean. The plan answered reasonably well till he came to the line "*Mein müssiges Windspiel sein Futter verschmäht*," which is an exact translation of "My idle greyhound loathes his food." Applying his peculiar methods to this sentence he succeeded in evolving from it the line, "My musical wood-horn its flutter hath stilled," which, though doubtless appropriate enough to the context, as a translation leaves something to be desired. It was in the same spirit he attacked Schubert's "*Nachtstück*," in his masterly version of which the line, "*Luna mit Gewölken kämpft*" (Luna strives with the clouds), is translated "Luna camps upon a cloud." There is evidence, however, that he occasionally called in the services of a dictionary, for when, in "*Der Einsame*," he came upon the line, "*Wenn meine Grillen schwirren*" (When my crickets chirrup), he looked up Grillen, and, finding that it could also mean "whims," he selected the latter meaning, and made the solitary gentleman's whims chirrup instead of his crickets.

Seeing how strange and fantastic are translations of most of the famous songs, it is sincerely to be hoped that other singers will not follow Madame Esty's doubtless well-intentioned plan, but will content themselves with the German originals, which, in these days of education, are surely comprehensible to most of us. If they wish to sing in their native tongue—a very laudable desire—there are plenty of good settings of poetic words by our English composers, while Schubert, Schumann, and other great Continental writers also gave to the world many fine settings of words by British poets, which, by the way, are by no means so familiar as they should be. At any rate, let us be spared the pain of hearing great songs which we know well made so supremely ridiculous.

J. D. H.

We have received from Messrs. Rudall, Carte and Co, "The Musical Directory" for 1907. Apart from its price —three shillings—and its paper cover, this book has everything to recommend it as a handy work of reference and an aid to members of the musical profession. It is concise, in alphabetical order throughout, and carefully arranged in sections; it contains a useful record of concerts and recitals in 1906 and also a musician's almanac.

Under the immediate patronage of Princess Louise, who has promised to be present, a matinée performance of Captain Marshall's comedy of *The Noble Lord* will take place on June 27 at The Playhouse, by kind permission of Mr. Cyril Maude, who has lent his theatre for the occasion. The performance will be in aid of the Regimental Homes belonging to the Royal Artillery, Royal Warwickshire, and Essex Regiments.

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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1907

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The King and Queen of Spain visited several churches in Madrid last week, among them the Church of Descalzas Reales, where on Monday they spent some time in prayer.

The King and Queen of Spain Praying in the Church of Descalzas Reales, Madrid

DEATH

May 1st.—At his Residence, Palmyra, Clarendon Road, Southsea, Major JAMES STOCKER GRANT-SMITH, late 67th (Hampshire) Regt., and formerly of the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons. Age 60.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
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JULIUS CÆSAR.
Marcus Antonius Mr. TREE.
MATINEE, WEDNESDAY NEXT, May 15, at 2.
SATURDAY, May 18, to TUESDAY, May 21: TRILBY. MATINEE SATURDAY, May 18, and MONDAY, May 20, at 2.15.
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HIS Imperial Highness the fourth son of the German Emperor has spent some days in Ostend, the Queen of Watering-Places. Like all the numerous visitors who have a ready taken advantage of the opening of the season at Easter, he has expressed himself enchanted with his stay, and was also utterly enthusiastic about the unique city. In spite of the season being so little advanced, there are already many visitors in Ostend. There are crowds to be found on the sands, on the pier, in the Kursaal, everywhere many people congregate. This is a success without precedent, which M. Marquet has achieved, and on which Prince Adalbert has warmly, and justly so, congratulated him. And this success will become greater and greater, for at Whitsuntide, and notably for the 19th of May, marvellous festivities are again announced.

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THE ROYAL ACADEMY—I.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN

THE Royal Academy might very well be compared, for its constituent quality, with the English people. With the Anglo-Saxon stock there is slowly assimilated foreign blood which ever brings new life and new vigour along with it, stimulating its nerve and brain-power. So is it with the Academy. Slowly and very deliberately it draws to it, with a sort of shy eclecticism, a strain of art other than of its own native growths, and the result is the fresh and inspiriting exhibition we welcome to-day. The New English Art Club, the International, the Glasgow school, and other institutions and coteries representing other movements, dot their influence upon its walls, and centres are given to Mr. Hornel, Mr. Russell, and others, as they were given to Mr. Clausen and other art rebels in the past. The display is therefore in every sense so refreshing that we shut our eyes to the *croûtes*, the inevitable commonplace things, which not even the newest and most revolutionary society seems able to escape. For, after all, what does it matter when a work is commonplace, whether its futility belongs to to-day or yesterday?

To the honour of the Academy the most generous hospitality is offered to young men who have done markedly well—so well that some of the chief honours of the exhibition belong to them by right of achievement. The first of these is Mr. Campbell Taylor, whose great interior, called "The Rehearsal," is astonishingly complete. Mr. Taylor has been chiefly known for his tiny miniature painting of early Victorian young ladies—pictures which, though small, and of amazingly high finish, were distinguished by a breadth that made mere size a thing to be overlooked. Here he gives us a vast canvas, similar in spirit, representing two girls and three men, two of them old men, during an interval in the music, admirable alike in character, execution, and sobriety of colour, in harmony of design, and unity of composition. It is rare that such a work is seen on the walls of a modern exhibition. Next we have the Pre-Raphaelite painting of Mr. Cadogan Cowper—the Devil disguised as a troubadour singing to nuns in a convent. He stands against a magnificently painted stained glass window (sardonically representing the Last Judgment), his head telling quietly against a mullion, while the surrounding nuns, each one a careful and imaginative study of character and individuality, show the effect of his insidious, philtered song. The work is wonderfully *saisissant*, and although the subject was treated years ago by Morelli, it is wholly original so far as Mr. Cowper is concerned. More remarkable than this, bigger in aim and conception, is Mr. Charles Sims' large decorative work, "An Island Festival." It is a Tiepolo-like work, representing a crowd of joyous, gesticulating nude youths and maidens accompanying a harvest waggon. The columns (not quite in drawing, alas) emphasize the artist's intention to render the picture as a decoration, meant rather for wall embellishment than for a mere gold frame. Here we have work of a very high order that bespeaks a man at once of power and delicacy of fancy and vision, and a judicious colourist, who can think in the grand style of the late Italians, and is assuredly destined to go very far indeed. Then we have a "Portrait Group" by Mr. George W. Lambert, showing even more power than the last, and a freedom of hand that realises a stately sense of design which is clearly inspired by Velasquez. The little boy on the right is doubtless a direct inspiration, and the two ladies and the baby standing at their feet, original as they are, carry with them the atmosphere of true art. Mr. Frank Craig makes a great bid with his enormous canvas, "The Maid," representing Joan of Arc charging at the head of her knights, but the effort is not crowned with complete success. The derivation of the idea is too clearly Mr. Abbey's most successful picture; and the incidents are open to many objections on which I have not the space here to dwell. Still the work is to be applauded if only as an instance of the energy and ambition of the second line of defence of the Art of England. With this group I would bracket Mr. Friedenson, whose "Runswick Bay," close by his own home, is so excellent an achievement, with its grey sunlight struggling with the sea-mist as it rolls over the breaking sea and the piled-up hills, and breaking through on to the group of girls and children and fowls in the foreground, that along with Mr. Campbell Taylor's picture it has been purchased by the Chantrey Trustees—a choice that will scarcely be challenged by the severest of Academy critics.

These are not all the Outsiders who have done striking service to the art of the year. There is Mr. Hornel, whose picture called "The Music of the Woods," tapestry-like in scheme as his work always is, is nevertheless somewhat more naturalistic than usual. It is a lovely harmony of colour, of flowers, and perfect arrangement of children playing on the blossom-carpeted ground, achieved with a quiet and deliberate *bravura*, paradoxical though it sounds, that captures all who can appreciate this lovely and significant class of painting. In sharp contrast is Mr. Compton's amazingly realistic scene in the Alps, in which the dark, jagged rocks pierce the snow and upper air, with faultless precision of fact so true in tone as to approach the photographic in representation, and so veracious in its colour and texture of mountain and season-stained snow as to look like the thing itself. This may not be the highest art, but in its own class it is impossible to say how it could be bettered, or what picture that has been similarly treated surpasses it in the result of perfection.

I stop here for the moment, reserving till next week the consideration of the brilliant work of the members of the Academy, and the rest—of Mr. Sargent, with his masterpiece representing "Lady Sassoon;" of Mr. Cope's splendid portrait of "H.M. the King;" of Mr. Stott's pastoral poems, and the like—believing that as an exception our first attention may fittingly be bestowed on the younger men who have come so strongly to the front. This success is not confined to painting, but to the section of sculpture as well, in which Mr. Derwent Wood, Mr. Bertram Mackennal and others have distinguished themselves greatly. Sculpture is this year better than ever, and must be dealt with in a separate article.

The presence of ladies is specially desired at a banquet to be given by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House on the 28th inst., the object being to promote a special appeal for £10,000 to free from debt the North Eastern Hospital for Children (Hackney Road, Bethnal Green). The £10,000 is made up as follows: £5,000 on the Hackney Road extension of 1903, £2,500 on the Home and Laundry buildings of last year, and £2,500 needed for maintenance fund. Among the many who have promised to be present at the banquet are the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, the Duke of Grafton, K.G., the Duke of Newcastle, and Prince and Princess Alexis Dolgorouki.

The beneficent result of the recent Exhibition and Sale of the Royal Irish Industries Association at the Ritz Hotel marked the completion of a quarter of a million of money raised for charitable purposes by Mr. J. S. Woods, who was largely instrumental, as honorary organiser, in realising the sum taken at the stalls and the door. Mr. Woods is editor and co-founder of the *Gentlewoman*, and has devoted the greater part of his life to the cause of charity.

L. & N. W. R.

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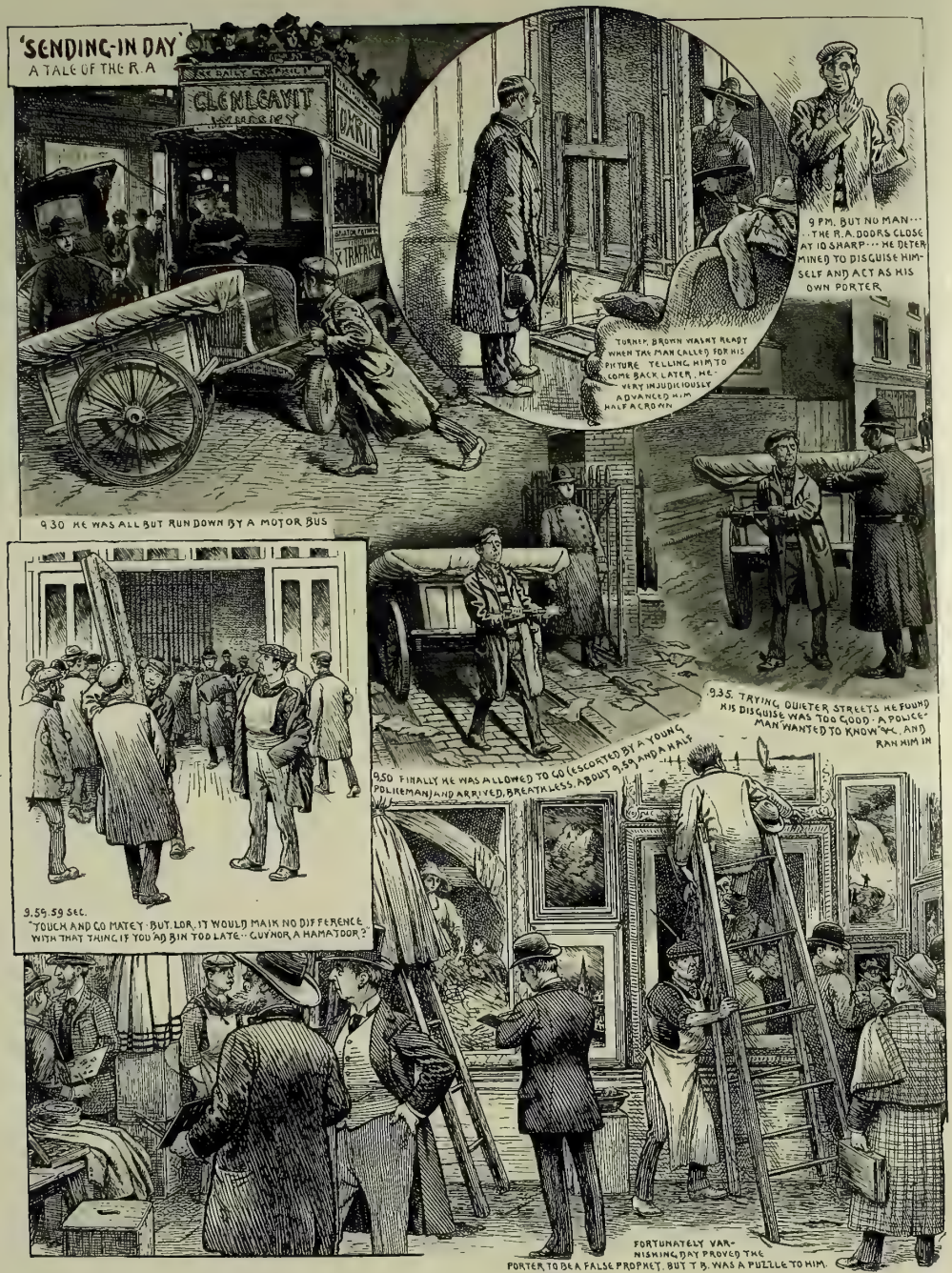
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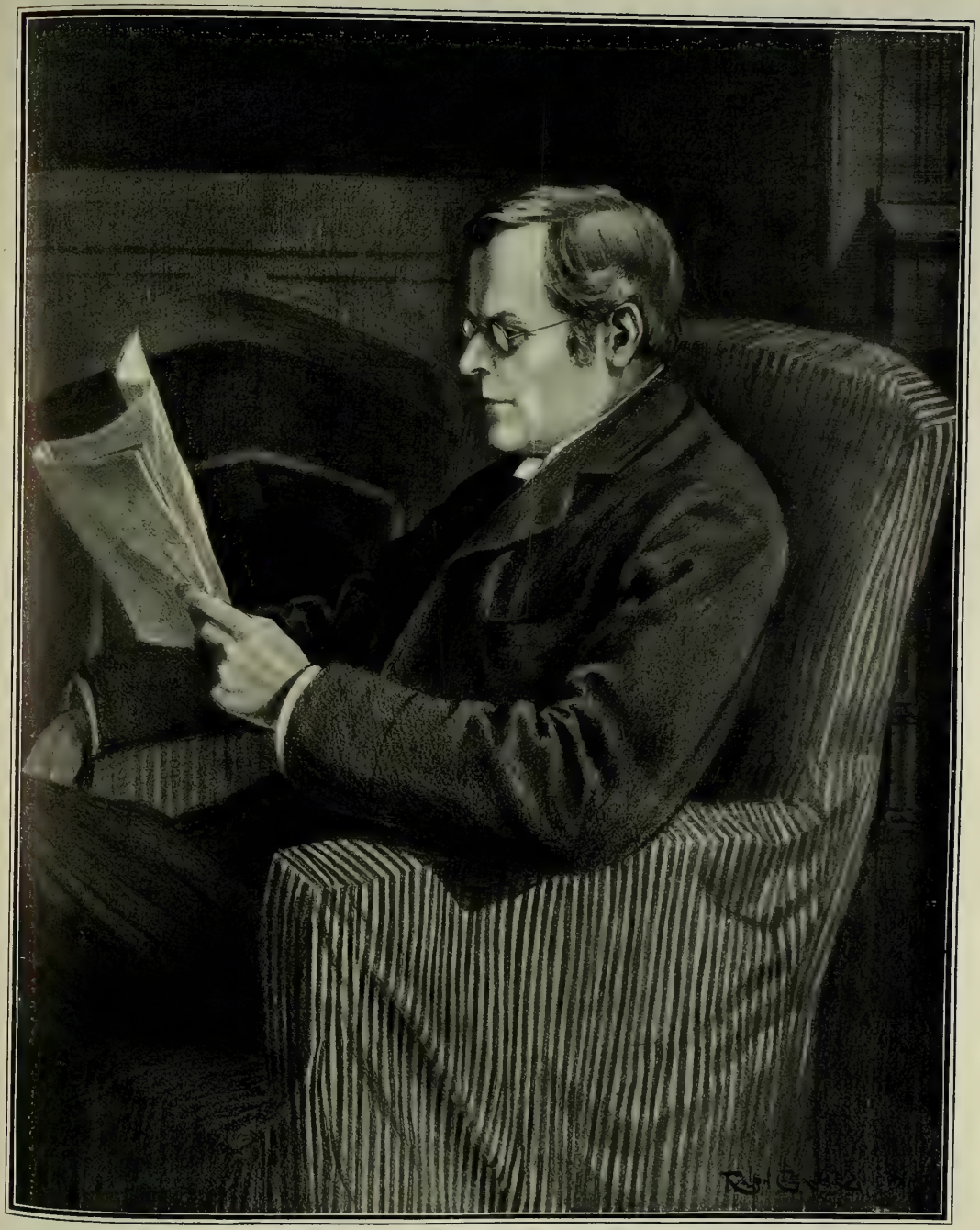
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Almost a Tragedy; or, Art is Long, but Time is Short

DRAWN BY W. RALSTON



Mr. Birrell introduced his Irish Council Bill in the House of Commons on Tuesday.

The Man of the Moment: The Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, M.P., Chief Secretary for Ireland

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER AT A SPECIAL SITTING ACCORDED TO "THE GRAPHIC"

Our Imperial Guest: Prince Fushimi of Japan

HIS Imperial Highness Prince Sadanaru Fushimi, who arrived in London on Monday last, on a special mission from the Emperor of Japan to His Majesty King Edward VII., is the head of one of the Imperial families and of that which ranks highest among them. Prince Sadanaru is a son of the late Prince Kuni-iye, and was born on April 28, 1858. He wedded the Princess Toshiko, a daughter of the late Prince Arisugawa Takahito, on October 6, 1876. She is a sister of the Prince Arisugawa who visited this country in 1905. Prince Fushimi's eldest son, the Prince Hiroyasu, is married to a daughter of Prince Tokugawa Keiki, the last of the Tokugawa line of Shoguns. Prince Hiroyasu is a Commander in the Navy, and was wounded while with Admiral Togo on board the Mikasa in the battle of the Yellow Sea on August 10, 1904.

Prince Sadanaru Fushimi, our distinguished visitor, has had a long and active military career, and has rendered conspicuous service to his country. In Japan all officers of the army have on joining to serve one year in the ranks, the first three months as private, the next three months as corporal, and so on, and Prince Fushimi might in due course have been seen drilling, rifle in hand, and knapsack on shoulders, side by side with men of the humblest rank, during his first year of military service. In the Japanese army the only difference made between the son of a marquis, for example, and the son of a small shopkeeper, it may be, while undergoing their first twelve months' training, is that the youth who is to hold officer's rank is invited to mess with the officers of the regiment from the outset. The Imperial Princes all go through this routine of training precisely as do the sons of the people, and possibly these early associations have something to do with the strong attachment that exists between the rank and file and those who lead them in battle.

Prince Fushimi graduated from the Military School and obtained his first commission as lieutenant in 1875. From that time he steadily ascended the ladder of promotion until he attained his present status of full general in the Imperial army, having also been appointed a member of the Supreme Council of War. As Major-General he commanded a brigade in the northern part of Japan in 1892, and subsequently in the Japan and China war of 1894-5, when he fought in the Wei-hai-wei region, as well as in the island of Formosa, being awarded at the close of the campaign the Order of the Golden Kite, the decoration most coveted by those who are in the military and naval services of Japan. (In the photograph the insignia of this Order may be seen immediately below the throat.) When this Order is conferred upon any one below commissioned rank it corresponds in Japan to the V.C. of the British services, being then a recognition of exceptional valour. The Prince was promoted in 1898 to be Lieutenant-General, and became Commander of the Tenth Division, stationed at Himeji in South-West Japan, and later of the First Division, at Tokio. In this position he went to the front during the war with Russia, his division forming part of the Second Army, and he was engaged in the severe struggle at Nan-Shan, and afterwards with the Third Army in the attack on Port Arthur. It is almost needless to say that he was exposed equally with his officers and men to the risks which were attendant upon all these engagements in a critical stage of the campaign.



H.I.H. PRINCE SADANARU FUSHIMI

As in war, so also in peace, the Prince has rendered the Emperor important service. He represented His Majesty at the Coronation of the Tsar of Russia in 1896, and was specially despatched by the Emperor to the International Exposition held in St. Louis in 1904.

The suite of the Prince includes Admiral Baron Yamamoto, until recently the Minister of State for the Navy; General Nishi, Inspector-General of Military Education and Training, who likewise greatly distinguished himself in the late war with Russia; Mr. S. Nagasaki, Court Councillor; Mr. S. Baba, Steward to the Prince's household; and Major Higashi, Aide-de-camp.

Admiral Baron Gombei Yamamoto, late Minister of the Navy, and a Member of the Supreme Military Council, was among the very earliest graduates of the Tokio Naval Academy, which he left in 1877. He will be fifty-five years old in October next. During his service afloat he commanded the cruisers Takao, Takachiho and other ships, being afterwards appointed Personal Secretary to the Minister for the Navy, and Vice-Minister in 1896. From 1898 to 1906 he continuously held the post of Minister of that Department, having been made a full Admiral in 1904. He bears the highest reputation among his own countrymen for statesmanlike qualities, being an able speaker and a man of vast energy and mental vigour. When at home he resides in the picturesque Tokio suburb of Takanawa. General Baron Kwanjiro Nishi entered the Japanese army when very young, having been born in Satsuma province in 1846. He was promoted to the rank of Major-General in 1889, and commanded a brigade of the First Army Division in the war of 1894-5 with China. He took part in the capture of Port Arthur by Marshal Oyama in 1895, and was rewarded with the order of the Golden Kite and a barony. In the late campaign in Manchuria he was actively engaged down to the series of battles on the Sha-ho, having been made a full General in June, 1904. Subsequently he became Commander of the garrison of Liao-Tung, and in May, 1905, was appointed Inspector-General of Education. During the war he commanded the Second Division, and took a principal part in the capture of the celebrated pass of Mo-tien-ling.

THE OPERA

There are few labourers in the field of journalism who more richly deserve our sympathy than the Society reporter at a performance of the *Ring*. The editorial mandate goes forth that he (or she) must attend Covent Garden, and must, without fail, discover, for the edification of the great British public, what colour Lady Jones was looking sweet in, what tint Lady Smith's locks have taken unto themselves this season, who constituted the party in Mrs. van Mosenstein's box, and the hundred other details of supreme interest, without which the suburban breakfast table would be a dull and a tedious affair. The Society reporter obediently hies him (or her) to Covent Garden, only to find the house plunged in an impenetrable gloom. Lady Smith's locks might be of any hue in the rainbow, or out of it; Lady Jones's confection might equally well have been purchased in Paris or Petticoat Lane; and Mrs. van Mosenstein might be entertaining a party of New Zealand aborigines for all that it is possible to see to the contrary. Such a state of affairs as existed on the opening night of the season, for example, when *Dos Rheingold* was staged, was sufficient to send a Society reporter's hair white in a single evening, or to cause a Covent Garden *habitué* of the old school to turn in his smoking-room chair. The opera is, of course, played without a break; and for two hours and a half the house was plunged in a darkness compared with which that which afflicted Egypt was a veritable Arctic summer. Late arrivals groped their way aimlessly about the house like owls in daylight, and caused their neighbours no inconsiderable inconvenience by treading on their toes and depositing themselves upon seats which were already occupied; while it is on record that an enthusiastic dress reformer wore a Jaeger shirt with his evening suit without being discovered. Nowadays, there is no one, with any serious pretence to musical taste, who has not seen the great cycle of operas several times and who cannot hum half of the leading *motifs*. In London, once regarded as so Philistine, two performances are given regularly every year, to the staging of which the authorities give especial attention and which always attract enormous audiences. The first cycle, which occupied the initial week of the present season, was certainly as successful as any of its predecessors. No doubt there have been performances in which the leading parts have been filled by singers of greater individual brilliance, but we have seldom seen casts of such all-round excellence. All of the artists were clever actors, and, *mirabile dictu*—seeing that they were, for the most part, Germans—competent singers, and never once were the drums of our ears threatened with disruption by the horrible noises that only too often emanate from Teutonic throats.

The incomparable Ternina was, unfortunately, unable to visit London, but Mme. Gulbranson is a more than efficient substitute. She may not have quite all that rare inspiration which characterises everything that Ternina does, but she is certainly the finer singer of the two, while she is an actress of great power and individuality, and her Brünnhilde is a singularly striking impersonation. Mr. Clarence Whitehill, again, is not a van Rooy, but he is a splendid artist, and his Wotan is one of the most interesting of the day. Herr Kraus is an old and tried friend, and no one will need to be told how excellent are his Siegmund and his Siegfried; nor is it necessary to dilate again on the fine singing of Mme. Kirkby Lunn, who played many parts in the four operas, and played them all well. Among others who especially distinguished themselves were Herr Bechstein, a clever Mime; Mme. Fleischer Edel, a charming Sieglinde; and the ladies, too numerous to mention, who undertook the parts of the Rhine Maidens and the Valkyries, many of whom, it was satisfactory to note, were English. With Dr. Richter at the head of affairs, it need hardly be said that the orchestra played magnificently, and that the performances went with an ideal smoothness.

J. D. H.



The Balkan States Exhibition at Earl's Court, which was opened by the Lord Mayor last Saturday, is one of the most interesting shows of the kind which has been offered to the London public for many years, for it deals with a part of Europe less known to the generality of us than the most distant corners of the world. Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria and Montenegro are all represented, and there is a Balkan Village, where Balkan natives sing and dance and carry on their various industries. The most attractive feature of the exhibition, though it has nothing to do with the Balkan States, is the Old Japanese Village in the Empress Hall, which offers a wonderful picture of life in that delightful country. Our artist has depicted (1) Servian cigarette-makers at work, (2) A Bulgarian, (3) A Roumanian woman, (4) Old Japan, and (5) Balkan Village Dancers.

Unknown Europe in London: The Balkan States Exhibition at Earl's Court

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

BY the end of the current week the Imperial Conference will, it is understood, have terminated its labours, and its members will be soon ploughing the seven seas on their way to their several homes. That the gathering has been an unqualified success it would be idle to pretend; the obstinate refusal on the part of the Liberal Government to hold out the slightest hope of any acceptance—or even consideration—of a Colonial offer forbids us to do that. Nevertheless, the case is by no means one of unqualified failure. True, the subsidiary arrangements made are of but slight importance by comparison with the failure of the cause of Preference; but that cause has not wholly failed, except, of course, for the time being. On the contrary, it is impossible for any impartial observer (if such a paragon can be discovered) to deny that, since the Conference met, the causes of Preference and of Tariff Reform have made immense progress in the sympathies of the public. To put the case briefly, Mr. Balfour is not by any means the only person upon whose mind recent events have borne in conviction.

Two converts, at least, have publicly come forward to testify to their conversion. These are Mr. Hayes Fisher and Mr. Yerburgh. Like Mr. Balfour, these *quondam* Free Traders have bowed to the logic of events; they have been convinced by the genuineness of the Colonial offer, and by the visible exhaustion of the financial resources of Cobdenism as revealed in Mr. Asquith's "Budget of Despair." These gentlemen evidently feel that something has got to be done to meet the Colonial offer, and, depend upon it, there are thousands more who feel the same. Now, when John Bull makes up his mind that something must be done, he is apt to be impatient of a Government which only tells him that there is nothing it can do. On the whole, then, one cannot help thinking that Ministers were quite right to dread the meeting of the Imperial Conference: their instinct was one of self-preservation, and therefore perfectly sound.

Lord Cromer's references, in his great farewell speech at Cairo, to the "wholly spurious, manufactured movement" of the Egyptian Nationalists coincided with the arrival of the news of more native agitation and serious rioting in India. The fact is that India and Egypt are precisely parallel in this respect. In each of them England has shouldered the white man's burden of duty and responsibility, and has borne it with conspicuous success. But in each of the two countries there is an element in the population which is ready to bite the hand that has fed it, and to use those very advantages of European education and freedom of the Press to stir up sedition among the ignorant mob.

In the one case as in the other, however, the authorities may be trusted to deal with the situation. Promptitude and firmness are, indeed, all the more necessary in the case of India, inasmuch as this week marks the fiftieth anniversary of the outbreak, at Meerut, of the Mutiny. And that is a fact which will certainly not be forgotten in India.



Mr. Jay Gould, the American Amateur Champion, at Queen's Club last week, beat Mr. Eustace Miles, holder of the English Amateur Championship.

MR. JAY GOULD, THE NEW TENNIS CHAMPION

The latest news from Morocco is not in the least surprising, but it is rather serious, and might easily become positively alarming. If it be true that the tribesmen of the South have proclaimed Mulai Hafid Sultan in place of his brother, Mulai Abdul-Aziz, and that the murderers of Dr. Mauchamp have been released from custody, it seems likely that, since the other Pretender, the Roghi, has still to be reckoned with, we shall see the Moors engaged in a sort of triangular duel. Now, whatever may be the result of such a state of things, it is quite clear that it cannot make for the practical carrying out of the reforms stipulated for in the General Act of Algeciras. Nor does the new development tend to promote the security of the lives and property of Europeans in Morocco.

One thing, however, may be taken for granted (if we assume the truth of the reports), which is this—that the French officers and men who are in occupation of the salubrious city of Oujda had better make up their minds to swelter and stew therein all through the coming African summer. For, as they propose to stay there until Dr. Mauchamp's murderers are executed, and sundry other little outstanding matters satisfactorily settled, the date of their departure must be regarded as, to put it mildly, somewhat uncertain. But is there not a charming irony of events about the present outcome of that famous Conference at Algeciras which went nigh to setting Europe by the ears?

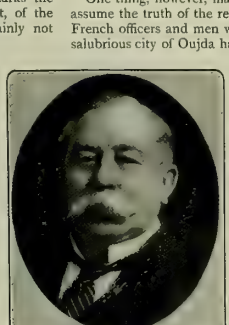
M. Clemenceau would seem to have missed a grand opportunity for strengthening the position of his Cabinet in the opinion of the vast majority of the French people. No Ministerial measure is to be introduced to clip the wings of that mischievous revolutionary organisation, the Confédération Générale du Travail. The occasion, however, is excellent, for the agitators and their followers are disconcerted by the practical failure of their plan of terrorising Paris by strikes, and the moment is peculiarly propitious for prompt and vigorous action. But the truth is that the French Radicals are so hypnotised by their fear of the Socialists that they dare not offend them, and of course the influence of MM. Briand and Viviani, the two Socialist members of the Cabinet, has been thrown into the scale against legislation. So M. Clemenceau has capitulated to the revolutionaries.

Our present political pastors and masters would really seem to have a quite amazing capacity for "putting their foot in it," as the vulgar have it, when and wheresoever an aperture may happen to be afforded for the insertion of that extremity. No subject is of too vast magnitude or too minutely microscopic for their purpose. Having determined to send the Colonies empty away from one Conference, and having excited the wrath of Germany against us by their untimely proposals for the limitation of armaments at another, they are now making us the laughing-stock of the civilised world by forbidding the representation of a comic opera, which has been successfully performed in Japan, because a Japanese Prince is our guest. One of Prince Fushimi's suite is reported to have suggested that they should be allowed to see *The Mikado* for themselves. 'Tis an excellent idea, and we hope it will be acted on, as it certainly would be, if there were such a thing as a saving sense of humour about the Lord Chamberlain's office.

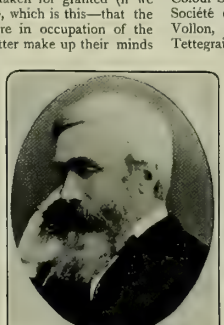
One of the largest Exhibitions of French water-colours and oil paintings ever held in London was opened at the Grafton Galleries last Wednesday, under the auspices of the Entente Cordiale Society. The Exhibition consists of the works of the Société des Aquarellistes Français and the Société des Peintres de Marine of France. More than four hundred examples of French art were shown, including works by such painters as Guillaume Dubuffe, President of the Water-Colour Society of France; Paul Jobert, President of the Société des Peintres de Marine; Albert Aublet, Alexis Vollon, Edouard Detaille, Chas. Meissonier, Frank Tettegrain, Maurice Courant, and others.



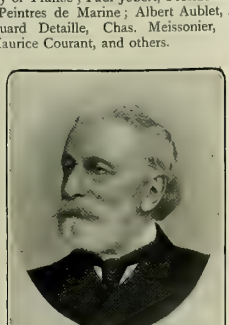
THE LATE "IAN MACLAREN" was more famous for his novels even than for his preaching, popular as his sermons were. It will be as the author of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush" and other novels that he will be best remembered. Photo by Elliott and Fry.



THE LATE MR. CUMMING MACDONA who was Conservative M.P. for Rotherhithe from 1892 till 1906, was at one time a Church of England clergyman, but resigned his orders in 1883 and was called to the Bar. Photo by Elliott and Fry.



THE LATE DR. JOHN KELLS INGRAM was formerly Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. During fifty years he filled most of the important offices in the college, where he was regarded as the best educated man in Europe. Photo by Werner.



THE LATE SIR PENROSE JULYAN was a distinguished public servant, who rendered considerable service to the commissariat of the Army, and for twenty-one years was a very successful Crown Agent for the Colonies. Photo by Samuel Porter.



THE MAXIM GUN SQUAD



A BRIDGE CONSTRUCTED BY THE ENGINEER COMPANY

A Correspondent at Umtali, Rhodesia, writes:—"The annual Camp of Exercise, Southern Rhodesia Volunteers (Eastern Division), was held here the other day. Both N.C.O.s and men displayed the true Volunteer military spirit, and carried out all their duties, whether of fatigues, sentry-go or parades, in a most businesslike way. Specially noticeable was the result of the firing in skirmishing order at targets at 200, 300 and 500 yards, when 64 per cent. of hits were recorded. One of the chief features of the camp was the presence of the Engineer Company, which has been recently organised by Captain W. R. Howell, D.S.O. The company has already nearly ninety N.C.O.s and men on its roll, and there is every prospect of recruiting being brisk after the useful and successful work they accomplished during the Camp of Exercise. The necessary material for a single lock bridge of thirty feet span formed part of their equipment, and the bridge was erected across a stream near the camp. It stood the test for which it was erected, namely, for infantry in mass and field guns, though the materials forming the bridge were rough-felled local poles secured by lashing. I am informed that this is the first Volunteer Engineer Company organised in South Africa, so that the sporting little village of Umtali is keeping up her reputation for every kind of go-ahead and sporting enterprise." Our photographs are by J. M. Mein, Umtali.

TO GUARD AN OUTPOST OF THE EMPIRE: THE EASTER CAMP OF THE SOUTHERN RHODESIA VOLUNTEERS



THE CHIEF OF POLICE TAKING A FINAL LOOK ROUND





THE SERGENTS DE VILLE WERE KEPT IN GOOD HUMOUR BY AN OCCASIONAL ARREST



AN ADMIRING CROWD WATCHES THE CUIRASSIERS PATROLLING THE PLACE DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE



THE ONLY SENSATION OF THE DAY: ARRESTING THE RUSSIAN ANARCHIST WHO FIRED AT A SOLDIER

Only one trifling incident marred the elaborate arrangements made by the Parisian authorities for dealing summarily with the expected May Day demonstration—there were no demonstrators; all the strikers and labour leaders having gone beanfeasting in the country. To spare as far as possible the feelings of the assembled troops and police, however, the good-natured sightseers allowed themselves to be arrested, to the number of several hundred, by the simple process of standing still and reading the manifestoes which covered the walls. The day provided only one sensation—when a Russian Anarchist, from the top of an omnibus, fired at and slightly wounded a soldier on the Place de la Republique. This was carrying the joke too far—even for the Parisian *badaud*—and the crowd nearly kicked the man to death before he was rescued by a detachment of police. Our photos are by Rol and Co.

PARIS GOES A-MAYING: IN AND ABOUT THE PLACE DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE ON LABOUR DAY

THE F.O. BAG

By LUCIEN WOLF

SOME disappointment has been caused on the Continent by the selection of British delegates to the Second Hague Conference. The technical competence of these gentlemen is not denied, but it is complained that they are without real eminence and prestige, and that they do not adequately connote the preponderating *rôle* Great Britain is supposed to have contemplated assuming on the question of the Limitation of Armaments. So far as eminence is concerned this lamentation has no foundation. To the last Conference we sent two delegates; to the coming Conference we are sending three, and one of them, Sir Henry Howard, was a delegate in 1899. The other delegate in that year was Sir Julian, afterwards Lord Pauncefote. He was in no way, except in practical diplomacy, more eminent than Sir Edward Fry, who now takes his place. On the contrary, Sir Edward as a lawyer is greatly superior to what Lord Pauncefote was, while his diplomatic deficiency will be amply supplied by the collaboration of Sir Ernest Satow. It is true that the military and naval delegates are not of the same distinction as their predecessors of eight years ago, and here, perhaps, the foreign criticisms are justified. But I imagine that Downing Street has pretty well recognised by this time that the Limitation of Armaments proposal is an incurably damp squib, and, consequently, that it is not worth while to disturb our experts on the subject. As soon as the Conference meets the proposal will probably be handed over to a Commission, and very little more will be heard of it.

Mr. L. J. Maxse is really too bad. In the last number of the *National Review* the spirit of apocalyptic cussedness is strong upon him, and he directs it to making the flesh of the poor Colonial Premiers creep. He solemnly declares for their benefit that "it is well within the bounds of possibility that Great Britain may have war forced upon her before the next Imperial Conference meets in 1911." Why? Because the German Press recently "opened a campaign against our King, who was accused of harbouring grotesque ambitions, and represented as the organiser of a vast anti-German conspiracy." It seems to me that the Colonial Premiers, who are level-headed men, will scarcely allow themselves to be persuaded that this is a *casus belli*, or even the raw material of one. Still I am glad to find Mr. Maxse describing the "encircling" policy so foolishly attributed to King Edward by the German Press as "grotesque," for, as a matter of fact, that policy is the invention of Mr. Maxse himself. It is only his insistence upon it which has upset the nerves of the German journalists. Nowhere has the idea of isolating Germany been so unambiguously and persistently advocated as in the *National Review*, and every friendship we have made during the last few years has been hailed by that magazine as a contribution towards it. But Mr. Maxse is not only apocalyptic and inconsistent, he is also deplorably rude. He describes the coming peace pilgrimage of British journalists to Germany as "a deputation of crawlers." It is strange that when King Edward went to Paris on a similar mission in 1903, Mr. Maxse refrained from applying this disagreeable epithet, or even a courteous synonym therefor. The circumstances of the two pilgrimages are very much the same, for the echoes of Fashoda and of the unfriendly reception of President Kruger in France were still fresh in our ears when the first overtures for the *entente cordiale* were made by us.

The attitude of France on the Egyptian Question is becoming more and more disappointing. I do not wish for a moment to impugn the loyalty of the French Government, but that loyalty is essentially passive, and while it remains in that condition it is of little value to us. On the other hand, the French Press and people, if not actually hostile to us, are at any rate very embarrassingly friendly to our enemies. I was surprised to read in the *Times* the other day a statement to the effect that the Egyptian Nationalist agitators are attempting, by means of articles in the Paris Press, to make ill-blood between France and England. Surely this is a slip of the pen or a bad joke? Mustapha Kamel and his friends are no doubt very insidious people, but they could not persuade the French newspapers to publish articles disagreeable to us unless their editors desired to do so. The brutal truth is—and the sooner it is known the better—that there is not a newspaper in France, from the ostensibly Anglophile *Temps* downwards, which is not heart and soul with the Egyptian Nationalist agitators against us. Nor is the Press alone in this strange interpretation of the obligations imposed upon France by the *entente cordiale*, as embodied in the "Declaration Concerning Egypt and Morocco" of April 8, 1904. Only a few months ago, an incendiary book on the British occupation of Egypt, by Mustapha Kamel, was published in Paris, with a bitterly Anglophobe introduction by Mme. Juliette Adam. The official organ of the Nationalists in Cairo has quite a number of distinguished French contributors, including an ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Flourens, who openly encourage the aims of the anti-Cromerites. Even French Academicians are not above taking a hand in this mischievous game, for I see that Pierre Loti, in a vibrant sketch, entitled "La Mort du Caire," which appears in a recent number of the *Etendard Egyptien*, remonstrates sadly with the Fellahin for allowing themselves to be modernised by the Red-Coats.



SIR RICHARD SOLOMON

New Agent-General in London for the Transvaal. Has been Attorney-General of the Transvaal since 1902, and is member of the Transvaal Executive and Legislative Councils. Photo by Russell and Sons.

In the course of one of his articles in the *Etendard Egyptien*, M. Flourens makes a curious diplomatic revelation. He states that when, in 1887, he bullied the Porte into refusing to ratify the Drummond-Wolff Convention, he had the idea of substituting for it a direct agreement between France and England providing for the evacuation of Egypt on terms more agreeable to Gallic aspirations and interests. With that view he made friendly advances to Lord Salisbury, and was so successful with them that he carried to a satisfactory conclusion the negotiation of two conventions, one regulating the free passage of the Suez Canal, and the other providing for a *modus vivendi* in the New Hebrides. He then set about the reopening of the negotiations for the evacuation of Egypt. As this was a very delicate business, he had recourse to the good offices of the late Count de Chaudordy, who was an old friend of Lord Salisbury. The Count had been treated rather shabbily by M. Flourens's predecessors, and Lord Salisbury was anxious to see him reinstated on the active list of French Ambassadors. Accordingly, M. Flourens—so, at least, he states—promised the Count that if he were successful in his negotiation he should have the Embassy in London in succession to M. Waddington, and he adds that, with a view to impressing Lord Salisbury, he offered to provide the Count with a written promise to this effect which he might show to the British Premier. Unfortunately, M. Grévy refused to sign the document, and so the whole scheme collapsed.

The *naïveté* of this story, and especially of the latter part of it, is truly stupendous. The idea that Lord Salisbury was open to the bribe so ingeniously devised by M. Flourens is just as credible as that the Count de Chaudordy—than whom there was no more upright man in the French public service—was a consenting party to it. As a matter of fact, the whole story bristles with inaccuracies. So far from the conventions relating to the New Hebrides and the Suez Canal being evidences of a cordial understanding between M. Flourens and Lord Salisbury, the French Minister had nothing whatever directly to do with them. They were both questions left open by M. de Freycinet when he gave up the Quai d'Orsay and was succeeded by M. Flourens, and it was quite in the ordinary course of business that they came up for settlement. So little, however, was M. Flourens in a position to approach Lord Salisbury, even in regard to these comparatively small matters, after what took place in connection with the Drummond-Wolff Convention, that he was compelled to employ an unofficial go-between to negotiate them. This go-between, as I happen to know, was the Count de Chaudordy. It is, perhaps, true that, encouraged by the Count's success, M. Flourens proposed to himself to employ him in reopening the Egyptian Question, and that he even imagined the guileless combination he has described in the *Etendard*. The whole idea, however, was hopeless from the outset. The Anglo-Italian Agreement of February, 1887, by which Great Britain virtually joined the Triple Alliance, and consequently secured the permanent support of Germany in Egypt, had slammed the door on all schemes for an Anglo-French *rapprochement* even if Lord Salisbury had been disposed—which he was not—to trust M. Flourens. Moreover, in no circumstances at that period would Lord Salisbury have consented to discuss the question of the evacuation of Egypt with any Power except Turkey.



Prince Fushimi, who arrived at Dover at the beginning of the week in the Victoria, landed at the Admiralty Pier, after he had received Lord Methuen, General Kelly-Kenny, Lord Camden and others on board. As the Prince stepped ashore the guns in Dover Castle fired salutes, and the band of the Royal West Kent Regiment, men of which formed a guard of honour, played the Japanese National Anthem. The Mayor of Dover presented an address.

OUR JAPANESE GUEST: PRINCE FUSHIMI LANDING AT DOVER

COURT AND SOCIETY

THE King was welcomed back from his well-earned holiday, in which he contrived to do a good deal of useful work, with exceptional warmth and thankfulness. There seems to be no doubt that a terrible disaster to His Majesty's train on the way to Paris was only averted by the quick observation of a French porter, and the realisation of what might have been is the measure of our gratitude that it did not happen. Next week His Majesty will pay his customary visit to the Naval and Military Tournament, to be opened on the previous day by the Duke of Connaught. The show this year, in spite of the belated cancelling, at the instance of the India Office, of a most dramatic scene from the Mutiny, is expected to be at least equal to that of last year, and the wisdom of moving from the Agricultural Hall to Olympia has been abundantly justified by events. In connection with the Tournament it is interesting to note that the King will shortly unveil the statue of the Duke of Cambridge, now being erected in Whitehall, between the Horse Guards and the new War Office. The Duke took the greatest interest in the Tournament in the old days, and supervised not only the details of the spectacle itself, but also the allocation of the profits to the various Service charities. His Majesty will open this season the new Government Offices in Parliament Street, which are nearing completion, and which certainly compare favourably, from an architectural point of view, with the new War Office. The latter building has been compared in the House of Commons with the kind of erections set up by a child when playing with a box of bricks! It must be admitted, however, that the difficulties of the site were much greater than those of the Parliament Street building.

The King's Return



THE DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA
Now on a visit, with the Duke and their baby son, to the Duchess of Albany at Claremont.
Photo by Uhlenhuth.

The visit of the young Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, with their baby son, the Hereditary Prince, to the Duchess of Albany at Claremont, has naturally attracted much attention, although it is quite private in character. The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, who was born a Princess of the House of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg, is related collaterally to Prince Christian; it is not generally known, however, that she is even nearer akin to the King of Denmark, who is to visit the English Court next month, for her father and his Danish Majesty are first cousins. There is also another curious link, for the young Duchess of Saxe-Coburg's aunt, the widowed Princess George Victor of Waldeck-Pyrmont, is the stepmother of the Duchess of Albany. The young Duchess is a special favourite with her aunt, the German Empress, and both the Kaiser and his consort attended the wedding, which was celebrated in October, 1905, in the chapel of the old Castle of Glucksburg, on the bay of Flensburg. Prince Arthur of Connaught represented King Edward. The bridegroom was brilliant in the light blue and gold uniform of the 9th Rhenish Hussars and the orange riband of the Black Eagle which the Emperor had conferred on him that morning.

Saxe-Coburg and Gotha

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg has loyally accepted that momentous change in his life which transformed him from an Eton boy into a German Prince, but nevertheless he keeps a warm corner in his heart for the land of his birth. He is still Colonel-in-Chief of the Seaforth Highlanders, and takes a proper pride in the white hackle and the Mackenzie tartan. His regiment gave him for a wedding present a magnificent piece of silver plate representing a Scotsman defending his chief against the attack of a stag. His wife, who is dark and slender, is a bright and vivacious princess with most attractive manners. She is an enthusiastic dancer, and when the Duke was stationed at Potsdam they met frequently. Their betrothal was announced by the Empress at a court ball, immediately after the handsome couple had danced a minuet in front of the throne to the general admiration. The Kaiser's consent to the marriage was a sign that the young Duke had worked satisfactorily at the transformation process already mentioned. As a matter of fact, he did work very hard, not only during the two years that elapsed before he attained his majority, which in his case was on his eighteenth birthday, but also afterwards. In addition to his military service, he went through a stiff course of study in the Prussian Home Office, which made him familiar with the art of administration; and then he went through courses of law and political economy at Bonn University. Whatever prejudices may have existed in the Duchies against him on account of his English birth and education, it is certain that the Duke has now completely won the hearts of his burghers. His Royal Highness rules over nearly 250,000 persons, and the Diet of the two Duchies consists of only thirty members, an extremely manageable sort of Parliament!

Two Interesting Personalities



SIR CAPEL WOLSELEY



MISS BEATRICE KNOLLYS

Photos by Harrison.
Married on Thursday.

This season is evidently destined to take rank as among the most brilliant of the still young century. The opera, always a particularly sensitive social barometer, has so far been a pronounced success, both artistically and from the point of view of fashion; while the number of balls, with the pleasant little dinners for which they each furnish occasion, is enough to disprove the nonsense which is often talked by the uninitiated that dancing is becoming a lost art among men.

A Brilliant Season

One of the most interesting weddings of the season was fixed for last Thursday—that of Sir Capel Wolseley and Miss Beatrice Knollys. The bride is intimately connected with the Court. Her father, Colonel William Wallingford Knollys, who died two or three years ago, was the Registrar of the Order of Mercy, and she is the niece of Lord Knollys, the King's private secretary, of the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, the Queen's intimate friend and inseparable companion, and of Colonel Henry Knollys, comptroller and private secretary to the Queen of Norway. The new Lady Wolseley is very pretty and charming, and her many friends in London will miss her greatly, for her husband is carrying her off to Archangel, where he is Vice-Consul. She will, however, find plenty of scope in her new life in Russia for the exercise of her marked literary gift. Sir Capel, whose baronetcy is Irish, is a second cousin of Lord Wolseley, and they both bear the "talbot passant gules" (a talbot is a kind of short-haired dog) of the ancient Staffordshire Wolseleys, who trace their descent unbroken from Saxon times.

Miss Beatrice Knollys' Wedding

Memoranda for the Coming Week

TO-DAY, MAY 11

London Lifeboat Saturday.
The Prince and Princess of Wales distribute the R.S.P.C.A. Essay prizes at Alexandra Palace, 3.
Prince Fushimi visits Windsor Castle, and dines with the Prime Minister at 10, Downing Street.
Lord Curzon admitted as Chancellor of Oxford University.
Colonial Premiers: Scottish Concert, Queen's Hall, 7.
Royal Opera: *Siegfried*.

SUNDAY, MAY 12

Prince Fushimi visits Taplow Court.
Foundling Hospital: Thanksgiving Day Service, 2.

MONDAY, MAY 13

Prince Fushimi visits the Tower and dines with the Duke of Connaught at Clarence House.
Colonial Premiers' visit to Oxford.
Lord Mayor's Cripples' Fund: Concert, Crystal Palace.

TUESDAY, MAY 14

Wimbledon By-election: Polling.
Pollution of the Thames: Guildhall conference.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15

Navy League, Annual Meeting.
S.P.C.K. Annual Meeting, Church House, 2.30.
Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein presents prizes at Annual Meeting of Field Lane Refuges Ragged Schools, Holborn Restaurant, 7.

THURSDAY, MAY 16

Naval and Military Tournament, Olympia, opened by Duke and Duchess of Connaught, 3 (till June 1).
Philharmonic Society's Concert. Queen's Hall, 8.

FRIDAY, MAY 17

The King visits the Military Tournament.

CLUB COMMENTS

By "MARMADUKE"

Is "Society" happy? The impression prevails that "Society" is a species of premature Paradise, and that to be in it is to be in a condition of temporary illegitimate bliss which has to be severely discountenanced by the wise. The following letters which have been respectively addressed to the writer by "A Duchess," "A Millionaire," and "An Adventurer," have suggested the question that opens this paragraph, and answer it partially.

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"Sir,—I may describe myself as 'a respectable-looking Duchess,' or as 'a hard-working Duchess'—to use in a new combination two phrases that continually recur in the police-court reports. The stage and story-book Duchesses are of two kinds; there is the high bred Venus who covers herself with many precious stones and a little satin, and the haughty Duchess who plots against the people, and talks epigrammatically. I have been in Duchess circles all my life, and have never met either.

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"From early morning to late at night my time is occupied, for there are many duties attached to the position I am placed in. I may add that more than two-thirds of the luncheons, dinners, 'At Homes,' balls and entertainments I have to attend are a source of annoyance, not of pleasure, to me, for I have to go to them to please others and not to please myself. Were there very much less 'Society' than there is I might be as happy as my upper-housemaid; as it is, she envies me my rank, wealth, the respect I receive, and the superficial circumstances of my condition—and I envy her comparative freedom! I would not, of course, change conditions with her, because artificial circumstances have attained so important a place in our system that simple happiness has little breathing-room amongst us."

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The Millionaire writes:—"I have recently buried my past; my heart mourns for it in secret! There were family ties in those days, and friends; there are few, or none, now! I live in a palace, my companions are Peers, my mind is riveted to 'Latest Prices'! I have all that money can buy—but happiness! I cannot masticate my millions; I have to bolt them—it is a condition of continual hurry and worry. If it were possible to be very rich and very simple, I might be very happy, but circumstances—in my case certainly—have not developed that combination. Unfortunately, I see mostly the dark side of 'Society,' and, therefore, it causes me little pleasure. On the other hand, I know there is a bright side, but the qualities which enabled me to amass millions in a short time are not those which attract the best elements of 'Society,' even if I could close the doors to the many who form the dark side. I perceive clearly all the disadvantages of my present condition—still, as the community is at present constituted, I would not part with my millions!"

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The Adventurer has an equally distres ing tale to tell:—"Sir,—I sit most of the day at the club, in the most prominent place it contains, and talk of Dukes and Duchesses, and of Peers and Peeresses—but few of them I know, even by sight. The ignorant here suppose me to be a leader of fashion; the experienced know me to be a braggart—and from day to day some move from the ranks of the ignorant to those of the experienced, and I have to suffer the mortification of being discovered Almost every civil word I receive I have to buy. I have to give dinners to those who have the greatest contempt for me, to lend money to others who ridicule me behind my back, to give wedding presents to obtain the invitation to the wedding which others receive as a matter of course, and to send wreaths to the dead who ignored me, so as to get my name associated with theirs when they can no longer resent the intrusion! Still, so powerful is the spell that our artificial system has cast upon us all, that, though I have sufficient means to lead an ordinary life happily, I prefer to continue as I am!"



An interesting ceremony took place at the newly opened Irish International Exhibition on Monday, when a presentation was made to H.M.S. Hibernia from the people of Ireland. The gift is chiefly due to the Marchioness of Ormonde, through whose instrumentality the sum of £1,125 was raised to purchase a ship's bell and bracket, a white ensign and Union Jack, a challenge shield, and eleven silver centre-pieces for the men's table. The sum of £300 was also invested in Consols, the interest therefrom to be devoted to prizes for good shooting.

TO H.M.S. HIBERNIA, FROM THE EMERALD ISLE



The most exciting event of the Premiers' day at Portsmouth was the attack on Whale Island, a sham fight conducted with the utmost gusto and realism by both the defending and attacking bluejackets. Gunboats blazed away, the defenders in their trenches replied lustily, shells burst, and men fell and died in the sight of the spectators in the grand stand. A submarine mine exploded, torpedoes shot on to the shore, and pinnace-loads of invaders landed in a storm of rifle and Maxim fire. They brought with them a 4·7 gun (five tons in weight, and one of the identical guns landed during the South African war), cleared the trenches after desperate fighting, and—were driven back again. At the critical moment the defenders brought an armoured train into play. It rained Maxim fire on the startled attackers and wiped out the 4·7's crew. A rally by the defenders, a rush, a "last stand" by a few invaders—who heroically preferred death to surrender—and all was over. Not even real warfare, probably, could have been more dramatic.

THE PREMIERS AT PORTSMOUTH: THE LANDING OF THE 4·7 GUN IN THE ATTACK ON WHALE ISLAND

DRAWN BY W. L. WYLLIE, R.A.



The weirdest sight the Premiers had at Portsmouth during the naval displays given in their honour was the procession of submarines which passed the Dreadnought with its guests on board. The first section, going at eight knots, and in cruising trim, went by on the surface, with their backs and conning towers in view. These were the large and most modern submarines, the "B" and "C" classes. The last section, vessels of the older "A" class, were in diving trim. As they passed they suddenly poked their noses down into the water and dived below, in a few seconds coming into sight again, the pole of the ensign staff being the first thing to appear.

The Premiers at Portsmouth: The Dreadnought's Visitors Entertained by the Sportive Submarine

DRAWN BY W. L. WYLLIE, R.A.

Written by H. W. LUCY

This Week's Parliament

Sketches by RALPH CLEAVER

Two Critical Debates

By rare exception, Lords and Commons have this week competed in the race to catch the public eye. The two main planks in the Ministerial programme of the Session are the Irish Devolution Bill and the Ministerial intention with respect to the relations between Lords and Commons. It came to pass that on one and the same night the two Houses had these subjects severally in hand. The Lords led the way on Monday with discussion of the Second Reading of Lord Newton's Bill, which proposes a scheme of reform. The Irish Bill being put down in the Commons for Tuesday, an attempt was made to bring the Lords' debate to a conclusion at a single sitting. But the interest awakened was so great, the number of eminent Peers desiring to take part in it so numerous, that it ran over till Tuesday, thus distracting Peers and Commons who wanted to be present at both entertainments.

Not being birds (though, by the way, Lord Newton incidentally described the Peers as gilt eagles), this was impossible. But some managed to look in upon both more or less historic scenes. The Lords had the advantage, since debate in their House was not resumed till half-past four, whereas Mr. Birrell had the good fortune to rise as early as twenty-five minutes past three. Through the first hour of his speech the Peers' Gallery was crowded, noble lords scuttling forth on the stroke of 4.30 to find the surpliced Primate on his legs discoursing on the prospect held out by Lord Newton of the number of Bishops being cut down. Similarly, when Mr. Birrell's speech began to drag, the Commons streamed out and filled the pens allotted to their number in the gilded Chamber.

Some were in time to hear Lord Rosebery, whose speech was marked by a prevailing note of acrid criticism on his successor in the Premiership of a Liberal Ministry. It is perhaps not without significance that he spoke from the Opposition side. He still ranks as a Liberal, but discussing "C.B.'s" faltering approach to fulfilment of his early promise to get to grips with the Lords, he shot his polished barbs of sarcasm from within the enemy's camp.

There was one point on which every speaker was agreed. It was the absolute impracticability of Lord Newton's scheme. The Earl of Crewe, who, on the part of the Government moved its rejection, described it as more appropriately designed for the Kingdom of Crim Tartary than for the British Empire. Nevertheless it was provocative of an interesting, and—reaching the level of Lord Rosebery—a brilliant, debate. On behalf of the Opposition, Lord Cawdor moved the appointment of a Select Committee to consider the whole question, and this was finally agreed to. Lord Crewe submitted an amendment declaring the inexpediency of proceeding with discussion of the matter pending production of the Premier's "effective method of settling differences which may arise between this House and the other House of Parliament."

It was this way of putting it that raised the ire of Lord Rosebery. "The Prime Minister," he observed, "has promised to find a way for the reform of the House of Lords. But months have passed over our heads, and so far a way has not been found, unless it is a subterranean one. In that case I hope it will not prove to be a mine." Lord Rosebery's picture of "C.-B." marching up to the door of the House disguised as Cromwell, waving his arms like an umbrella, and crying aloud, "Enough of this foolery," greatly tickled the fancy of noble Lords. The Unionists do not love Lord Rosebery, but they welcomed the temporary addition to their ranks of so powerful and skilful a swordsman, whose blade hurtled with rapidity and force about the head of the Prime Minister.



Mr. L. V. Harcourt, First Commissioner of Works, is very dissatisfied with his father's statue in the Members' Lobby.

The scene in the Commons when Mr. Birrell rose to present the latest Home Rule Bill was curiously lacking in the seething excitement that marked preceding epochs when Mr. Gladstone stood at the Table charged with a similar mission. It was the Chief Secretary's business to minimise the importance of his measure. It was not a Home Rule Bill, merely aiming at the creation of a sort of glorified London County Council seated at Dublin. Mr. Birrell succeeded so well in his self-appointed task of belittling his business that the crowded House took him at his word. They listened with attention. But at no passage of the discourse was there anything approaching excitement. After the first hour, as mentioned, members began to stroll forth in search of fresher interests. Regarded simply as a speech, it was a failure compared with Mr. Birrell's first Ministerial oratorical effort on introducing his Education Bill.

Interest revived when Mr. Balfour rose, and in a brilliant speech tore the Bill to tatters. Mr. Redmond had desired to follow the Chief Secretary, and despatched his Whip to the Front Bench to ascertain the intentions of the Leader of the Opposition. He found himself relegated to the second place, a snub he resented by loftily declining to reply to the speech of the leader of the Opposition, a slight Mr. Balfour will probably survive. As was anticipated, the Irish leader, whilst reaffirming the unalterable insistence of his party upon Home Rule pure and simple, indicated their intention of accepting the Government measure as something to go on with. The general opinion, critical from various points of view, is not favourable to the future of the Bill. Whilst the Radicals are disappointed at its moderation, the Unionists see in it a ladder to Home Rule. "Constitutionally it is evasive, administratively it is chaotic, financially it is fraudulent." This is Mr. Wyndham's conversational summing up, more effective than an hour's speech.

Mrs. Fielder writes to point out that her brace of harlequin Great Danes, which were so successful at the Crystal Palace Show of Great Danes and Borzoi, were described in last week's GRAPHIC as the property of Miss Dickinson, another successful exhibitor.



Lord Crewe proposes the rejection of the Bill.



Lord Cawdor asks for a Select Committee.



Lord Newton moves the Second Reading of his Bill.

HOUSE OF LORDS REFORM: MOVING SPIRITS IN THE DEBATE



SIR HUGH BELL
The new President.



THE MEDAL





MR. J. A. BRINELL
Awarded the Bessemer Medal.

At yesterday's (Thursday's) meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, Sir Hugh Bell, the well-known ironmaster and colliery owner, was formally inducted into the chair as President. He was elected for two years. The Sir Henry Bessemer Gold Medal was presented to the distinguished Swedish inventor, Mr. Johan August Brinell, who came from Stockholm to receive it. Mr. Brinell, who was born in 1849, has enriched the domain of industrial science by his researches on the metallurgy of steel. The "Brinell method" of testing the hardness of metals is well known. The photo of Sir Hugh Bell is by Bacon and Sons, and that of Mr. Brinell by Florman, Stockholm.

THE IRON AND STEEL INSTITUTE AND THE BESSEMER GOLD MEDAL

The Theatres

We Londoners are apt to flatter ourselves that the sumptuous revivals of Shakespeare's comedies and tragedies in our theatres can scarce be bettered, at least so far as scenery is concerned. Therefore it is somewhat of a surprise to find that Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. E. H. Sothern's productions of *Twelfth Night*, *As You Like It*, *Hamlet*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, can teach us anything in that direction; but so it is. Their productions are less astonishingly magnificent than those we are accustomed to, but they are more suggestive of the times and places treated of by the poet-dramatist. It is impossible to praise the scenery and properties too highly; they strikes the mean between too much and too little elaboration to so just a nicety. Unfortunately, the costumes are less satisfactory than the scenery, Miss Marlowe's, in particular, being singularly tawdry and inappropriate. The delivery of the blank verse by the American company is interesting in so far as it shows that merely to speak the lines intelligently is not sufficient, though on the whole it is preferable to our own method of singing them. Shakespeare requires players gifted with more than an ordinary amount of passionate feeling and romantic imagination even for the smallest parts. With the exception of Miss Marlowe, the company now playing at the Waldorf seem to lack nervous force and vitality. Perhaps the American character is even less suited to the making of actors and actresses than our own supposedly phlegmatic nature, so it is not to America, apparently, that we must look for a perfect Shakespearian company, though in the meantime the efforts of our American cousins are not without their value in helping towards that ideal.

DRAMATICUS.



MR. JAMES CAREW



MISS ELLEN TERRY

Mr. James Carew, the news of whose marriage to Miss Ellen Terry at Pittsburg on March 22 reached England only this week, was the "leading man" in the company with which Miss Terry has been touring the States. He came into prominence at the Belasco Theatre, New York, and his first London appearance was at the Lyric in 1905. He is thirty-two. Our photos are by H. Walter Barnett and Lallie Charles.

THE MARRIAGE OF MISS ELLEN TERRY

The Royal Society Soirée

The annual soirée of the Royal Society, held this week, proved a great success, and a number of specially interesting exhibits were provided for the visitors. Chief among the demonstrations was that of Mr. Louis Brennan, C.B., of torpedo fame, with his new and wonderful system of transport, the Mono-Railway. In apparent defiance of Nature's laws the vehicle maintains an upright position on a single rail whether standing still or in motion, and in spite of wind pressure, shifting of weight, or centrifugal action, although the centre of gravity is several feet above the rail. This result is achieved by the utilisation of the principle of the gyroscope, the stability mechanism consisting of two flywheels rotated in opposite directions at a very high velocity. The advantages of the Mono-Rail are the immense speed that can be attained owing to smoothness of running and absence of lateral oscillation, small first cost and economy of maintenance, greater comfort and less danger of derailment.

Colonel Bingham showed the chrysalis of a rare moth, lately discovered by Colonel Walker-Barrow, R.A.M.C., at Maymyo, Upper Burma. The chrysalis bears a strikingly curious resemblance to the head of a bird-eating snake (*Lycodon aulicus*, Linn.) common in the same locality.

Mr. William Dale, F.S.A., exhibited a bronze cordoned bucket or cist of the early Iron Age of Europe, and late Bronze Age of Britain, *circa* 700 B.C.; found last month at Weybridge, at a depth of 10ft. It is seven inches in height, is of North Italian make, and of a type never before found in Great Britain. The workmanship of the handles is the same as that of ancient torques Shortly, the object will go to the British Museum.





THE CHRYSALIS (ATTACHED TO A TWIG) AND THE HEAD OF THE SNAKE WHICH IT RESEMBLES
A REMARKABLE CASE OF MIMICRY



THE BRONZE BUCKET OF 700 B.C., FOUND AT WEYBRIDGE
AN IMPORT OF THE BRONZE AGE



MR. BRENNAN WITH HIS MODEL AT REST ON A HAWSER



THE CAR BALANCED ON THE SINGLE, OR "MONO" RAIL

THE BRENNAN MONO-RAIL AND OTHER INTERESTING EXHIBITS AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY SOIRÉE

THE BYSTANDER

"*Stand by.*"—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

"Shivery, shaky, Oh! Oh! Oh! The man who couldn't get warm!" This was the burden of the first comic song I ever recollect, and I began to sing comic songs when I was about four years old, and when I arrived at the mature age of eight I attempted to write them—possibly without any great success. I was, however, very much more effective when I turned my attention to humorous verse in the pages of *Punch* and elsewhere some years afterwards. But this is quite beside the subject. I merely wished to mention that the old comic song above alluded to distinctly pictures the condition of the present writer at this particular moment. "May has set in with its usual severity," and he cannot possibly get warm. It is true that, so fickle is the English climate, possibly by the time these lines appear we may be basking and grilling in the sunshine. But at this present writing we are experiencing all kinds of hibernal inconvenience, and he who ventures to don his Spring overcoat will do so at his peril. With the recollection of the delightful melody and poetry of *Patience* still ringing in my ears, and sincere apologies to Mr. W. S. Gilbert, let me sing a little song:—

When I put my Spring overcoat on,
I said, as I rattled the glass,
'Tis really surprising,
The mercury's rising,
Warm weather is coming—Alas!
The East wind doth bitterly blow;
There is frost, there is hail, there is snow:
I'm coughing and wheezing,
I'm choking and sneezing,
And shiver from top unto toe!
Such ills I ne'er reckoned upon,
When I put my Spring overcoat on!

And so it came to pass that I took my Spring overcoat off and donned a fur garment thickly wadded, twined a thick muffler round my throat, invested my hands with warm woollen gloves, and sallied forth into the bleak world and chilly atmosphere, softly singing, as my chattering teeth played a castanet accompaniment, "Spring's Delights are now Returning!"

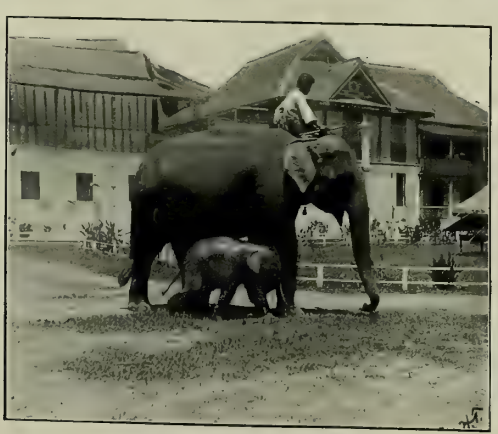
The many letters I receive from unknown correspondents in distant lands are always a source of great gratification to me. I have been especially pleased with one I have just received from Pergamino, in Argentina, South America, and have to thank my correspondent for all the kind and flattering things he is pleased to say about the writer of this column. It appears that even out there considerable interest is taken in the vagaries of the suffragettes. The writer of the letter alluded to suggests a somewhat drastic remedy for the periodical invasions of the House of Commons, and hints that the police might adopt the plan of "playing a fire-hose on the 'rowdyettes' who try to force their way into places where they are not wanted." He seems to write with considerable knowledge of the value of this remedy in his part of the world, for he adds:—"I have seen this mode of quelling rowdy meetings and dispersing crowds prove most efficacious, when bloodshed might have occurred had rougher modes been adopted. Those assembled have run as if for their lives." It is well known that nothing converts an enthusiastic demonstration into an absolute failure so thoroughly as a wet day, and probably few martyrs could endure the exhortations of a well-directed fire-hose. But so much metaphorical cold water has been already thrown on the suffragette movement by the ladies of England and the Press that I should hardly think the practical remedy suggested would be necessary.

It was once well said that while impressionism was often to be admired in the hands of a master it was absolutely intolerable when exploited by a third-rate artist. It was also hinted in the latter instance that it was only a mask for want of ability, and was frequently used as an apology for faulty drawing and ignorance of colour. Indeed, it was suggested that there were some who made a vast reputation by the method by which they concealed their defects and shortcomings. Probably impressionism in art is not so popular as it was at one time. This may perhaps be due to the public finding out something about it, but I am somewhat afraid it is creeping into literature, and the system of airing a wild paradox or penning a mysterious paragraph and letting the imagination of the reader fill in the rest, is getting too common. In the long run I don't imagine sensationalism will be more appreciated in books than it has been in pictures.



For the second time this country is to receive a visit from King Chulalongkorn of Siam, the enlightened and liberal-minded monarch who has introduced so many reforms into his kingdom. He succeeded to his father's throne in 1868, when fifteen years of age. The King is now on the Continent, and is expected in London about the end of May. Photo by Carlo Egineta, Naples.

"LORD OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT": HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF SIAM AND HIS THREE SONS ON THEIR WAY TO ENGLAND



A MORNING STROLL WITH MOTHER



A WAYSIDE SIESTA

A white elephant is not white, he merely differs from the ordinary elephant in having pink toe nails and eyes and a red skin showing through his black hair, but he is none the less an object of extreme veneration to the Siamese. Siam's youngest white elephant was born last year in the Laos States, in the Province of Lampang. The whole land hailed his advent with delight, and the New Year's festival, two weeks later (the middle of April), was turned into one grand reception as he and his mother were brought into the city of Lakawn. Every public structure was decorated with Siam's white elephant flag, and arches and gateways were constructed at intervals along the streets. The highest in the land formed the escort, and the Chief of Lampang gave a three days' feast to all comers in his honour. During the next six months tens of thousands of pilgrims from all over the country visited him. Then the Chief, to whom he belonged, took him with his mother to Bangkok—a three months' journey—where he was presented to the King, and in due course became a member of the Sacred Stable.

A GIFT FROM THE GODS: SIAM'S YOUNGEST WHITE ELEPHANT

"PLACE AUX DAMES"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE modern woman is inconsistent. For instance, she walks a great deal; she persists in active habits, and at the same time she wears uncomfortable and unpractical foot-gear. Some time ago the Americans introduced a long pointed toe, and ever since women have thought it necessary to squeeze their feet whatever their shape, into these ugly shoes. A large boot emporium on a summer's day presents a curious sight. Here flows the constant stream of customers prepared to buy ready-made boots, while the patient, weary attendant kneels before them, ready to try on pair after pair. Of course, they are never right, for boots, above all things, require to be made to measure; but at last the shopwoman, who knows her business, persuades the lady that she has a perfect fit, and the latter is satisfied. The smart Frenchwoman insists on her boots being made for her, of the best quality, but the Englishwoman wears the shape prescribed by fashion, and suffers meekly. Why should boots always be tight in the wrong place? Why should women wear shoes a size too large in order to have the toes more pointed? Why should they save a few shillings on their boots and spend them on a chiropodist? Why should women limp when the weather becomes hot and the pavements burning? These are questions no man can answer, for he takes care to have his boots comfortable, and thus makes walking a pleasure instead of a pain.

Woman's dress has become so complicated and so expensive that a new factor has made itself felt, a kind of middleman between dealer and customer, the dress agency which sells or lets out second-hand clothes. To me the system seems unsavoury and deleterious to the finer feelings of nice women. Poverty may compel one to don one's friends' second-hand clothes, but deliberately and of one's own free will to wear things worn by heaven knows whom, under heaven knows what circumstances, simply in order to possess temporarily more finery than one can afford, causes the gorge to rise at the double-distilled sham. The practice of dressing above one's station shows poverty of invention, and proclaims the fraud. Simple dress, especially if touched with the personal note, and carefully suited to the wearer's looks, is far more becoming than second-hand gorgeousness, and stamps the wearer with a seal of distinction. Of course those who cater for a woman's vanity contradict this, and assure her that she is better dressed in ill-fitting, fine clothes than in a quiet fashion of her own.

Plovers' eggs are a common delicacy, and I wonder no one is tempted to eat them hot as they do abroad, with an accompaniment of spinach or other greenery. They are said to be far fuller in flavour and more digestible eaten hot than eaten cold and hard-boiled as is our practice. At any rate, it would be a novelty, and novelty is always the aim of the gastronomer.

The red-haired girl who "took in" Mr. George Grossmith with her plausible story, and who has apparently sold her scissors and her kindly helpers freely ever since, is not unique. I believe that persistent impudence always succeeds. I myself bought some scissors (very bad ones) recently from a man (probably brother to the red-haired girl), who said he was an artisan just out of hospital, and who looked poor and plausible. The hardened student of human nature knows that all these people are impostors, that all these stories are trumped up, that respectable people rarely beg in the streets, but starve quietly in their squalid homes; yet such is the force of sympathy, such is the effect of a shabby suit, a gentle, plaintive voice and a limp aspect, that we are all taken in by that little touch of nature, that lump in the throat, that unbidden tear which springs to our eyes, that sense of remorse for the enjoyment of our own comforts that attacks all rightminded people and makes them fall a prey to the cunning adventurer.

Alcoholic liquors differ in every generation. Once it was beer, once it was port, once it was sherry that men drank on all occasions. A glass of sherry and a biscuit formed the welcome given to the casual visitor in the dining-room, while his servant below was regaled in the hall with a mug of beer. Then sherry went out completely. No one looked at it, no one tasted it. Now, with the usual turn of the wheel, it has come back, and is the smart thing in smart houses. Probably the Spanish marriage is responsible; and if people will only drink pale, pure sherry, and not the fiery, doctored sort, it is a wholesome and agreeable wine enough. In Spain one drinks sherry in tumblers, and the beverage does not go to the head; but the kind shipped to England contains more raw spirit than juice of the grape. The owners of old cellars, who laid down their wine with the birth of their first child, and have till lately regretfully beheld it lying idle in the cellar, may now hope to bring out their precious old sherry, their ripe Marsala, their rich old Madeira, and see it received with appreciative gusto by their guests.

Every mother's heart will feel with the Princess of Wales, who has just sent her first-born son to the Osborne training college. While the little fellows go out into the world full of hope and anticipation, the mothers endure all the anxiety and the sorrow of parting. The little boy who goes to school never returns precisely the same, some freshness and sweet ignorance has gone from him, he has other interests, new friends, new occupations from those of his home, and, in the case of Royalty especially, where the children have been so carefully sheltered since their birth, the contrast from home to school is great and trying.



The Irish International Exhibition, which was opened by the Lord-Lieutenant last Saturday, covers an area of fifty-two acres, and is beautifully situated in Herbert Park, within a mile and a half of the centre of Dublin. The objects of the Exhibition are to promote the industries, art and science of Ireland by a display of the products for which the country is famous, and to stimulate commercial development by inviting all natives to exhibit their products. The centre of the Park is occupied by the Grand Central Palace, and radiating from it are four rectangular wings devoted to exhibits of manufactured products. Other buildings are the Palace of Industries, the Palace of Mechanical Arts, and the Palace of Fine Arts. Everything has been done to make the Exhibition popular, and in addition to an ample programme of musical entertainments there are the usual attractions in the way of water chutes and switchback railways, and other amusements on which the success of all such exhibitions largely depends.

TO WAKE UP IRELAND: THE IRISH INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OPENED LAST SATURDAY BY THE LORD-LIEUTENANT



The first of the naval shows arranged for the Colonial Premiers at Portsmouth was the torpedo attack on the Dreadnought. The party of 400 guests assembled on the deck of the mighty vessel, after they had made a tour of her wonders, and watched the attack with the greatest interest. Twelve destroyers passed the Dreadnought in single file at fifteen knots, churning the water into foamy waves. As they drew abeam, the destroyers—every alternate one—discharged a torpedo at the Dreadnought. The torpedoes, of course, had dummy heads of soft steel, and were caught in the Dreadnought's steel nets set on booms for such tartars.

THE PREMIERS AT PORTSMOUTH: THE TORPEDO ATTACK ON THE DREADNOUGHT

DRAWN BY W. L. WYLLIE, R.A.



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THE PREMIERS AT PORTSMOUTH: THE TORPEDO ATTACK ON THE DREADNOUGHT

DRAWN BY W. L. WYLLIE, R.A.

THE DILEMMA OF VERNA HALSE

Written by BERTRAM MITFORD

A Complete Story

Illustrated by ERNEST SHEPARD



"'Rise up, Izibu,' said the chief."

THE girl sang softly to herself as she worked. The said work was of the homeliest nature, being, in fact, the making of bread.

She looked up suddenly. A ray of the sun, coming round the angle of the house, had struck warm warning upon her uncovered head. Picking up the table on which were the implements of her occupation, she shifted it well into the shade. This involved no sort of an effort. Then, standing erect, with both hands put up to adjust the large knot of brown hair at the back of her well-shaped head, she gazed forth upon the rolling waves of veldt which fell away in front.

She was a splendid specimen of womanhood: tall and square shouldered, and built on generous lines; and if she had just missed being beautiful, she was endowed with what was better—attractiveness. She had clear hazel eyes, heavily lashed, and when these spoke, together with the smile which displayed the strong white teeth, the face would light up in a way that was dangerously irresistible.

Out on the sunlit expanse in front nothing moved, unless an odd thread of smoke mounting lazily from two or three kraals could be counted. At the back, broken ground ran immediately up, in the shape of a dark kloof, bushy and rock-hung, cleaving the heart of a mountain range, whose crags and krantzes soared skyward immediately above. Below stood Ben Halse's trading establishment, consisting of three or four native huts, a waggon, and two rough wattle-and-daub houses. One of these was used as a store, the other as a dwelling, and in the shade of the latter the girl was working, and she was Ben Halse's daughter.

A lonely position this for a girl, away in the wilds of Northern Zululand. But Verna Halse never felt lonely. Her thoughts kept her excellent company, as seemed certainly the case now if the face is any index, for they were running upon one subject in its past, present, and future aspect: namely, Love. Even the snatches of song she was crooning as she worked she had sung to its object in the past, and would again in the future—the near future. As for the potentiality of danger attaching to the loneliness of the situation, Verna would have broken into one of her frank, winning laughs if anybody had suggested such a thing. She knew abundantly how to take care of herself.

Now she called to a native servant, and bidding him go up to the store and fetch another pannikin of flour, her thoughts reverted to her absent father.

"He'll enjoy this, all hot," she said to herself. "I'll make some of it into *roster-koekjes* on the gridiron. Ah! There he is."

But with the clink of stones a little way off arose the sound of native voices, deep-toned, sonorous. It was only some wandering Zulus after all. Yet it was time he was back.

Three Zulus came into sight, filing along the narrow path which led past the store. Two saluted and passed on, while he who walked foremost came leisurely up and, halting, gave the girl greeting in a pleasant voice. He was a magnificent sample of his race. Well over six feet, and built in proportion, he stood erect as a palm-tree, with a perfectly natural because unconscious dignity of mien and movement. Even from a European standpoint the man was extremely handsome, the high, intellectual forehead, and lustrous clear eyes, with their frank, straight glance, giving to the well-formed face an air of composure and reliability. His skin was of a rich red copper colour, which rendered his short, pointed beard, and the ring which crowned his shaven head, the more jetty in contrast. For attire, besides the *mútya*, or kilt of catskins and hide, an ample kaross of dressed leopard skin was flung round him in graceful folds.

"Where is U' Bene?" began the Zulu. This was Ben Halse's name among them, being, of course, a corruption of his Christian name.

She told him, and then went on to talk—and she spoke the Zulu language fluently. This man, whose name was Sapazani, was the chief of one of the powerful septs which went to make up the Zulu nation, and which occupied the adjoining mountain fastnesses. He was on very friendly terms with Ben Halse, a fact which might yet stand the latter in good stead, for the secret heart of the nation was seething with unrest, although now under British rule. Further, it ensured him the monopoly of a roaring trade.

"What is the news?" asked the chief at last.

"News!" echoed Verna, flashing at him a bright glance of merriment. "Now what, I would ask, could have happened here that a great chief such as Sapazani would care to hear about?"

"That I know not, unless that it came from the lips of *Izibu*," he answered, with a twinkle in his eyes.

It is not as a rule respectful for a native to address the superior white by his or her nickname. But Izibu—meaning water-lily—Verna considered rather pretty and poetic, and did not discourage its use. Moreover, she had been accustomed to natives all her life and understood them thoroughly. Now she laughed gaily at the compliment which had accompanied the use of the name, and went on chatting, easily, merrily, even banteringly—and to anyone unaware of the stern and rigid line of demarcation, in such matters, between white and coloured which saturates public opinion throughout the whole of South Africa, it might have seemed that she was carrying on a sort of mild flirtation with this splendid savage. Soon the latter rose to take leave. The sun was low, he said, and he had some way to travel.

Hardly had he disappeared than the tramp of hoofs struck upon Verna's ears. She turned, with a smile of welcome, to meet her father.

"Well, girlie, and what have you been doing with yourself?" sang out the latter, as he swung himself from his horse. "Busy, as usual?"

"Yes, bread-making, and having a chat with Sapazani. He's just gone."

"Has he? Pity I missed him. He's a good sort."

Ben Halse was a tall, fine-looking man, with a large beard, just the sort of man to command the respect of savages, in his dealings with whom he was invariably straight and reliable. But as a set-off against this, there were stories about him, stories of shady transactions of the gun-running and liquor-smuggling order. There was one even darker count against him, of which the law might take cognisance even yet; but these were things of the past, and such, though known to Verna, made no difference in her affection for him. Of her, his only child, he was inordinately fond and proud, and so far as he was concerned, desired nothing more to complete his happiness in life. But she—was she not in the full vitality of her splendid youth? It followed, therefore, that she was bound to pair; in fact, she had already met her "fate," and the ame thereof was Alaric Deerhurst.

This had come about during a visit to Durban, little more than

"The English nation is the first in the world in matters of personal cleanliness, and it is, therefore, all the more astonishing that so little serious attention is paid to the proper care of the mouth and teeth. The consequence is—and this is fully proved by statistics—that the English have more defective teeth and endure more suffering from diseases of the digestive organs than any other people in the world."

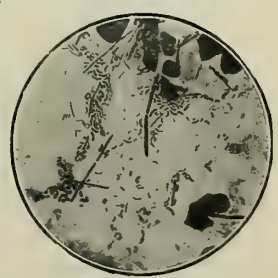


When one thinks of the fact that not millions but milliard microbes and bacteria of which this actual photograph of a minute drop of tooth moisture forms a specimen—are living in a neglected mouth, it seems nothing less than disgusting to allow such destruction to continue in our mouths and teeth.

It is simply incredible that there still exist many educated people who refuse to realise that it is an absolute necessity not only for the preservation of teeth, but also for the general health, to take regular care of the mouth and teeth.

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a month previously. The man was out from England, and was possessed of ample means. A week's acquaintance had ripened into passionate love on both sides, and Verna had come back to her father engaged. He, for his part, frankly agreed to withhold his judgment until he should have seen his prospective son-in-law, and as that event was due any day now, the light-hearted happiness which shone forth from the girl's face when we first saw her stood amply accounted for.

* * * * * * * *

It was night, and for long Verna lay awake listening to its weird, indefinable sounds. When at last she slept, her sleep was light and fitful. Then she started up wide awake. There was an unmistakable tap on the window-pane. Yes. There it was again.

Verna was as courageous as some women, and a good deal more so than most, wherefore the impulse to wake her father was a mere half-thought. Rising, she threw on a wrap and went to the window

The chink between the blind and the wainscotting revealed a dark object. Human? Yes. Then, as the head and shoulders stood up dimly silhouetted against the stars, her heart gave a great bound of joy.

"Alaric," she whispered, throwing up the sash.

"Verna, darling, let me in quick. I'm about done," came the answer.

Even while she struck a light, and went to the front door, the utter weariness and depression of the tone set her wondering. A moment later and they were interlocked in a long, close embrace.

"Why, what have you been doing to yourself, dearest?" cried the girl, holding him back from her, and gazing into his face with utter consternation. The old, calm, serene look—which had so captivated her—had gone; instead was a haggard, drawn, almost a hunted expression. "Have you been ill, or overtiring yourself, or what?"

"Could one overtire one's self to get to you?" was the answer, but even the smile accompanying it seemed wan and forced.

"No need to ask who this is," said Ben Halse, who, aroused by the voices, now came in. "How d'you do, sir? Where's your horse?"

"I hitched him up a little way off. Thought it would disturb you less than to come clattering up in the small hours of the morning."

The trader stared in astonishment at this explanation. However, the steed was soon fetched and duly off-saddled.

"I suppose you don't get many visitors in an out-of-the-way corner like this?" said Deerhurst, after some conversation as to how he had managed to find the way, and so forth. "From outside, I mean."

"Never a soul," answered Ben. "There's nothing to bring 'em."

A look of relief crossed the new arrival's face. Verna flew to attend to his creature comforts, but she might almost as well have saved herself the trouble. He hardly touched anything, and expressed such utter weariness, that there was nothing for it but for him to turn in.

* * * * * * * *

"What do I think of him?" said Ben Halse in answer to Verna's question. "H'm, ha! Can hardly tell yet."

The two were in the trading store, he moving and rearranging the infinite variety of native truck disposed or hung around. It was the middle of the morning, but their guest had not yet appeared.

"There's something devilish rum about him," went on the trader. "Sort of gives one the idea of a man who's running away. Turning up like that, in the dark, as if to threw somebody off the spoor; then, too, that inquiry as to whether we ever saw visitors. No—no. I'm not impressed with your man at first sight, girlie—not by a long chalk. Why—here he comes."

Seen thus, thoroughly rested, there seemed nothing to disapprove of now in Verna's *fiancé*. He was a tall man, broad-shouldered and powerful, with a square, intellectual head well set on, fair, clear-eyed, and self-possessed. The haggard, hunted look, and nervous speech had disappeared. Verna beamed with delight.

"You must have thought me rather a rum 'un last night, I'm afraid, Mr. Halse," he began, after the first greeting. "Fact is I was a bit over-tired. Right as ninepence now. I say, what a jolly bit of country this is," with an admiring look round.

There was a taking frankness in the thoroughbred voice, and an utter absence of any attempt at "side." At the end of half an hour, the trader decided that his prospective son-in-law would quite do.

Then followed three or four weeks of what was to the two younger units of the trio simply a halcyon time. They were as much in love with each other as any two people could be. To the man of the world this splendid unconventional daughter of the veldt, so natural, so resourceful, and withal so invariably companionable, appealed as something wholly outside all his experience. Moreover, she rang so true, as one who would stand by a man no matter if the whole world were against him; the one woman in the whole of the said world who seemed born for him. Verna, for her part, looked up to him as almost a different order of being. What could he see in her, she wondered, he who had seen so much? What could he have seen in her, the half-educated daughter of an up-country trader—whose bringing up had perforce afforded her little opportunity for the ordinary refinements, let alone for acquiring accomplishments. But she was endowed with two attributes which, going together, should render any woman irresistible—physical attraction and a power of sympathy.

Oh, the long days out together, either on horseback or exploring the wild craggy mountain heights on foot in the clear, exhilarating mountain air! And every one of such days seemed far too short. Then there came over Deerhurst a change, a sudden renewal of the vague uneasiness which had been upon him at the hour of his first arrival. If Ben Halse noticed it he held his tongue. Verna noticed it and resolved not to hold hers.

Her opportunity came. They had climbed to a favourite resting-place, where a great natural window, in a rock-tooth high up on the mountain range, overlooked a vast tumbled mass of crag, and valley, and crater. Here they lay at ease, drinking in the splendid air; the world far away. Suddenly Verna said:

"What has come upon you, Alaric, my darling? You are not yourself—again. And it is since we received that wretched bundle of post, and yet I remember there was nothing for you in it."

"No, there wasn't," he answered rather bitterly, "and that for the simple reason that it is not known where I am."

"Well, then, what could have troubled you? Was it something in any of those newspapers?"

"Perhaps." Then, after a pause, "Tell me, Verna, is there anything that could separate us, anything I may have done—not against yourself, mind—in this wide world, that could separate us, that could cause you to shrink from me? Is there? Think it out."

"Why, of course not," she answered, boldly serene, almost laughing in fact, although knowing full well she was on the verge of something tragic.

"But—what if I have killed a man?"

"What if you have killed twenty men? Some people have—and they brag about it."

He looked hard at her.

"Yes, but what if I have—what the law calls—committed murder!"

Now she looked hard at him, then shook her head.

"You have not murdered *me*—nor father."

There spake the natural woman in Verna Halse. He had not injured her or hers, consequently whoever this man had injured it was nothing to her. In all probability he was justified in so doing, certainly was, in that in her eyes he could do no wrong.

"But—do you quite understand, Verna?" he said, gently. "I am in danger of——of the rope."

"Are you? Well, we shall make it our particular business to see that that danger passes off. Why there are places about here where you could hide for years. Listen, Alaric——" suddenly waxing grave, while a passion of tenderness came into her voice. "You saw fit—goodness only knows why—to love me. Do you think, then, I am going to shrink from you because you are in a difficulty? I am only an ignorant sort of girl, but I have seen something of one side of life at any rate—and the power does not exist—law or anything else—that shall take you from me. But—tell me all about it."

"First, look at this."

He took a newspaper out of his pocket. It was one of those that had come in the bundle of post, rarely and erratically received at the trader's remote dwelling.

"The occurrence to which we referred last week," ran the paragraph he pointed out, "wears an unmistakable appearance of foul play. The missing man, Henry Golder, has been found, or rather what remains of him, by some natives, in a *donga* not far on the Zululand side of the Blood River. He was last seen on Transvaal territory in company with a white man, and both were riding towards the Zulu country. His horse was found, also shot, in a clump of bush close by. It should not be difficult to trace his white companion, for he was an uncommon looking man, and the descriptions of him seem to have been given with confidence and accuracy. We refrain from further detail, lest we should hamper the movements and plans of the police."

"Well?" he said, when she had done reading.

"We must take especial care to hamper those very 'movements and plans,'" she answered unhesitatingly. "None have been made, so far, in this direction, or we should have heard of it. Tell me, Alaric. Why did you kill him? I dare say he deserved it."

He looked at her in some amazement. The cool, matter-of-fact

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tones with which she discussed what to most women would have come as a very disquieting shock, astonished him a good bit.

"Darling," he said, in an uneven voice, placing the cool, shapely hands round his neck and against his face. "I put my life within those dear hands. I will tell you the whole thing; but even apart from consequences it is at times overwhelmingly on my mind that I should have shot a man down like a common murderer. It is dreadful to have a life upon one's conscience."

Then he told her how the dead man had systematically tried to blackmail him, acting on the knowledge of a former business secret which if now divulged would have spelt not merely ruin, but in all probability a long term of imprisonment, because of a certain transaction in which others far more than himself were to blame.

"He found me out at Utrecht," concluded Deerhurst, "and insisted on my returning with him to Natal. He was not going to lose sight of me again, he declared, until I had made it well worth his while. Promises! No, he was not going to trust to those. And, Verna, I was coming to *you*! Would anything have turned me back from that? Then an idea came into my head. I would let him ride with me till we got across the Zulu border. Then I intended forcing him to sign a declaration which should put it out of his power for ever to harm me. But at the right time and place he flatly refused. Even then I could hardly have killed him in cold blood, but he became insulting. He had not, of course, heard of you, but he suspected something of the kind. Then, in hot blood, I shot him—shot him dead, yet it was not altogether murder, for I saw his hand go quickly behind him as though to draw a pistol, and we were both worked up to a white heat of rage. I threw him into a *donga*, and shot his horse too, for fear it should stray and, of course, arouse suspicion. I thought myself tolerably safe, because it was not until I had nearly got here that I remembered Zululand was now a British Possession."

"And that is why you were so strange when you first arrived?" said the girl.

"Yes. The sudden consciousness that one stands within the shadow of the gallows is one that must be felt, to be even approximately appreciated."

"Even if the worst came to the worst, you could always plead self defence," said Verna, inquiringly.

"A very poor plea," he answered, with a gloomy shake of the head. "Especially under the circumstances, which would be bound to leak out. No. My only chance is to lie *perdu* for a time and then make for some part of the world where extradition treaties don't hold. But—I can't leave you."

"There's no earthly occasion why you should."

"Would you go with me, then?"

"Why of course I would."

"But—Verna, think. It would be life-long exile. Somewhere, perhaps, where you would hardly hear your own language spoken again."

"'Whither thou goest I will go,' which is not original, but in this case absolutely true," she answered.

"Wherever we do go, it will not be as paupers," he said. "For some time past I have foreseen this necessity, and have enough tied up in foreign securities in different parts of the world to render us comfortable for life."

After this Deerhurst threw off his depression as if by magic. He was almost dazzled by the sunshine of happiness that flooded his heart. He had dreaded the effect of the revelation upon Verna, and now that he had made it, all was well; so far from her love lessening it had deepened tenfold. Thus days became weeks, and the happiness of these two, shut off from the outer world, was complete.

Then fell the bolt from the clear sky. Alaric Deerhurst disappeared.

He had taken a rifle and gone up into the mountains alone and on foot, to try and get a shot at a klipspringer or two. A touch of the depression had come over him again, and the exhilaration of a stalk would do him good, he declared. Thus they parted.

But the sun went down and he had not returned. Night fell, and still no sign of him. Ben Halse made light of his daughter's fears. Deerhurst had gone further than he had intended, and had got shelter for the night in some Zulu kraal. He would turn up in the morning. But morning came and still no sign of him. Then the trader himself came to the conclusion that it might be as well to institute a search.

The missing man had left an idea as to where he had intended going. But an exploration of hours failed to elicit the slightest trace. Inquiries among natives, too, proved equally futile. None had so much as glimpsed any solitary white man. Night fell again, and Alaric Deerhurst was still missing.

Strong, active, feverishly energetic, Verna had taken personal part in the search, but for any trace they could find, or clue they could grasp, Alaric Deerhurst might have disappeared into empty air. Even her father now looked gloomy, and shook a despondent head. The heartsick, despairing agony of the girl was beyond words.

There were perilous crevices about those wild mountain-tops into which a man might fall, and thus effectually perform his own funeral. That this one might have done so was now her father's belief, but to Verna herself another alternative held out. What if he had been secretly followed and arrested for that which he had done? And then upon the night of rayless despair and futile longing came light.

It came through one of Sapazani's people. Watching his opportunity, when she was apart from others, this man gave her to understand that if she would have tidings of the missing one she must proceed to Sapazani's kraal, but must go alone; further, that this movement was to be known to nobody. Not even an attendant must she bring.

To say that Verna was suddenly lifted from darkness into light by the news given her would be to say too little. Her only difficulty was to conceal her intense joy, and yet she must do so, for somehow the man who had brought the message seemed to hang about like her shadow, lest she should break through the condition of secrecy.

.

Sapazani's principal kraal was situated in a bushy hollow shut in on three sides by a crescent of cliff and rock, abounding in clefts and caves. It might have contained upwards of a hundred dome-like huts standing between their symmetrical double ring fence, and the space immediately surrounding it was open, save for a small clump of spreading mimosas, under the shade of which the chief was wont to sit, hearing causes and administering justice; and here it was that Verna found him, surrounded by three or four head-ringed men.

That her arrival was expected was obvious, for a raised seat, covered with a clean new rug, had been placed for her. Knowing their ways, she greeted Sapazani in the usual pleasant and cordial style, and sat down to talk, outwardly as carelessly as when they last met. Inwardly her whole soul was raging with eager impatience.

"And he who is lost?" she said at last. "He is found?"

"He is found."

Her joy and thankfulness knew no bounds, and she was hardly conscious of the withdrawal of those around the chief.

"What is for two ears is not for eight," went on the latter. "I have a word to you, Izibu."

"That is why I am here," she answered, with a smile. "And him of whom I came to learn tidings?"

"Of him we will presently talk," answered Sapazani. "Talk we now of myself. I am in need of a new *inkosikazi*,* and her I shall take from among the daughters of the white people."

Verna stared.

"That will not be easy, will it?" she answered, striving not to smile.

"Easy? That I know not. But my new *inkosikazi* will be thyself, child of U' Bene, and the *lobola*† which I shall send will be the life of him whom thou seekest."

Verna half started from her seat, flushing crimson with anger and outraged pride. Then she subsided again.

"Is this a joke on the part of the chief?" she said. "Because I like not such jokes."

"No joke is it," answered the other, in a tone of firm assurance. "My new *inkosikazi* shall be thyself, Izibu."

Reference has been made to the impassable barrier to unions between white and colour existing, and rightly so, throughout the whole of South Africa, but the repulsion and degradation attaching to such is deepened tenfold when it is the woman who represents the white race. In Verna, of course, such tradition was part of her being, and now that this was put broadly before her, her horror and disgust knew no bounds. She to be one of the many wives of a squalid savage, for such the stately and fine-looking chieftain had now become in her eyes—a mere despised black man—Sapazani's colour was copper red—why, she must be dreaming. No living being in his senses dare make such a proposal to her. But she checked the scathing reply that rose to her lips—she could not hide the flashing fury in her eyes—for she must not lose sight of the end for which she was there, the finding of Alaric.

"Listen, Izibu, and I will tell a story," said the chief, who had been watching her keenly, but outwardly unconcerned. "There were two bulls walking together, near the banks of Inncome River. They began to roar at each other—perhaps one wanted the pasture to himself, or this or that heifer, no one knows. Suddenly one gored the other to death, then went on his way. These bulls were

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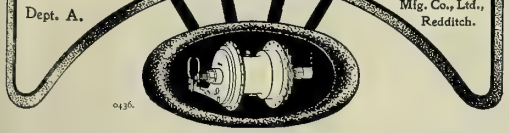
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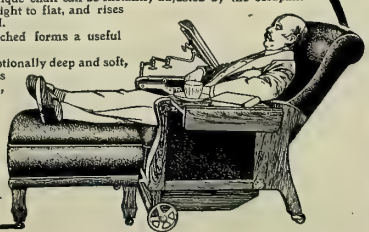
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ot the *Amangisi*,‡ and, among such, for one to kill another is death. For the white bull that roars alone, *as I* he will not roar long, for the dogs of the *Amangisi* are already out to hunt him down."

To Verna, of course, this parable needed no interpretation. Sapazani was aware of the tragedy on the bank of the Blood River in every detail. He had got Alaric into his power to further his own object, and that object—— Great Heaven!

"But you would not betray him, you who are our friend?" urged Verna, clasping and unclasping her hands in an agony of appeal.

"There is a white magistrate at Inhlazatye," went on the chief, "also *amapolisi*.§ A 'word' carried thither will soon bring an armed forced to take him. Also thy father will be required to bear witness, and I think he, too, is not anxious to look upon the *amapolisi*."

The bolt shot home. Verna knew well that her father could not afford to have his past overmuch probed, as would be the case if he were required in the witness-box. The unhappy girl realised how completely the net was drawn round her. There was no way out. The lives of the two beings who constituted her whole world were to be the price of her own degradation. She recalled the first time she had taken her lover to visit Sapazani's kraal, and his remark as he acquiesced in her definition of the chief as a fine-looking man. "Yes, but I'll trouble him not to look at you like that," he had said with a laugh. "If he wasn't a nigger I could almost be jealous." Then they had both laughed, and she had playfully chided him for applying the term "nigger" to this kingly race. And now——!

"Well," said Sapazani, who had been watching her keenly. "Is it to be his life—or——?"

Verna saw no way out. She, of course, did not intend to accept the dreadful alternative. She would kill herself. That afterwards—now she must save this life—it might be these two lives. How she hated and loathed this traitorous savage, seated there in calm-imperturbable dignity. Yet she must force herself to speak pleasantly.

"And if I agree?" she said slowly. "Will he be placed beyond all reach of danger?"

"That will be, Izibu. My word stands."

"Where is he now?"

"Here."

She turned to follow the sweep of his hand. From the direction of the kraal a group was approaching, and her heart beat quicker as she recognised the central figure.

Alaric Deerhurst stared in amazement. He made a move to join Verna, but was prevented by the guard surrounding him. Incidentally the said guard was bristling with assegais.

"What is the meaning of this, Verna?" he said. "There's no war. Yet these fellows collared me unawares, and—here I am. But—what is it, darling?" becoming alive to the stamp of piteous misery upon her face.

"You will go free now," she answered. "Right away out of the country. It's no longer safe here."

"Well, I'm agreeable. Are you ready?"

"Yes—no. That is—not yet," she faltered hurriedly.

"Take him away," commanded the chief. "To Inhlazatye." Inhlazatye! the seat of magistracy! Verna's brain reeled. Already the guards were moving away with their prisoner, who, of course, understood no word of what had been said, but supposed that Verna would contrive to straighten it out somehow.

"Well, Izibu?" went on the chief. "Do you now agree? It is the last chance."

"Yes, yes. Let him go free, for I have bought his life," gasped the unhappy girl, sinking to the earth. "O God! God! help me!" she sobbed forth, her face buried in her hands. Sapazani looked at her strangely for a few moments. Then he rose to his feet.

In obedience to a call from him, the guards turned and marched their prisoner back again. In obedience to a further word, the latter came forward—alone.

"Rise up, Izibu," said the chief. Then in calm and even tones: "Even now my 'snake' has put it into my heart that that which I intended would not be for good. So I renounce it. You two," pointing at them with his polished iron-wood knobstick, "are clearly made for each other, wherefore go in peace together, for I have changed my mind."

"I would never believe that Sapazani could be other than our friend," was all that the girl could think of to say, in the dazed delirium of her relief and joy. Then they two went forth.

* * * *

Not even when many thousands of miles of sea and land lay between her and the Zulu country did Verna Halse—we mean Verna Deerhurst—make known to Alaric the price she had been prepared to pay for his life. In fact, he never learned it. Nor did her father, who still occupies his trading post in Sapazani's country, and is on the usual terms of friendship with that potentate.

THE END

‡ English. § Police.



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After the Parthenon, the most renowned building on the Acropolis at Athens is the Erechtheium, which used to contain all the most important memorials of the religion and history of the Athenian State. The original temple was burnt by the Persians, and the edifice whose ruins have come down to us was erected about 400 B.C. During the course of ages it has undergone many vicissitudes, being in turn a Pagan temple, a Christian church, and a Turkish harem. It was still almost entire a century ago, but it suffered during the Greek Revolution, and was further damaged in a great storm in 1852. The recent excavations on the Acropolis have brought to light all the missing stones, and they are to be used in restoring the old building. Photo by Macropoulos, Athens.

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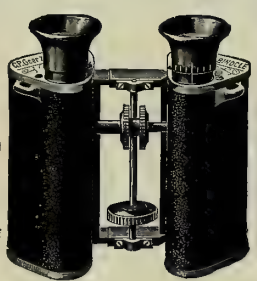
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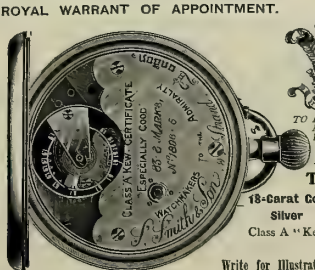
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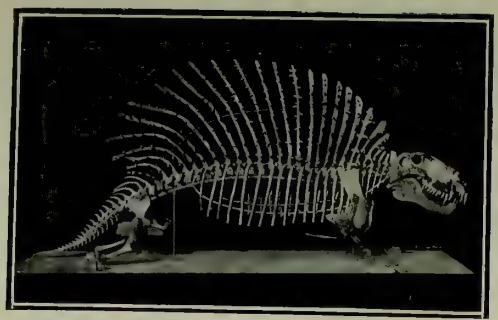
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THE FOSSIL SKELETON FOUND IN THE PERMIAN BEDS OF TEXAS



A RESTORATION OF THE ANIMAL AS IT APPEARED IN LIFE

A PIONEER OF REPTILES: THE EXTINCT LIZARD NAOSAURUS IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

A Dragon of the Prime

Of all the many extinct forms of life which have been brought to light of recent years, none surpasses in interest the Naosaurus, for the creature is inconceivably old—perhaps as old again as the mighty dinosaur, Diplodocus—and it represents a transitional type, a first attempt of Nature's 'prentice hand, as it were, in fashioning the race of reptiles. The remains of the specimen recently restored and placed on view at the American Museum of Natural History, New York, were discovered by Mr. Charles A. Sternberg in the Permian beds of the Wichita River region, Texas—rocks which lie immediately above the vast coal measures of the carboniferous period, when the only terrestrial, air-breathing vertebrates were the amphibia. The Naosaurus, then, flourished towards the end of the Palæozoic or Primary era, when the "age of fishes" was drawing towards a close, and it was the pioneer of all the gigantic reptiles which lorded it in the Mesozoic world, to give place in their turn to the mammals of Tertiary times. It belongs to the sub-order Theriodontia, a group of strange carnivorous reptiles, so named by Sir Richard Owen because the form and arrangement of their teeth resemble the dentition of the mammalia, the incisors being separated from the molars by well-developed canines. The Naosaurus was of very modest proportions, being only about eight feet long, with a heavy body and a short tail, but it possessed a most remarkable feature in the curious fin-like structure on its back, which suggests a fishy ancestry. This fin is formed of the neural spines of the dorsal vertebræ, greatly elongated, and the spines have little horizontal processes which recall the yards of a square-rigged ship. From this peculiarity the animal derives its name, the word Naosaurus signifying "ship-lizard." An allied form, though without the crossbars on the spines, is the Dimetrodon from the same geological horizon. The genus has also been recorded from the Permian of Bavaria.

SMOKE ABATEMENT

The smoke clouds enveloping our great cities are soon, we are told, to be relegated to the limbo of things forgotten. We shall have skies like those of Italy; gaze on buildings altered only by the soft erosion of time; forget fog, with its thousand attendant miseries; save money, and—wear clean collars! Coalite is going to do it all. For Coalite, which is nothing more nor less than the best household coal, cannot smoke; it has the smoke-forming elements extracted.

"RITA'S" SPELLING

"Rita" writes: "Dear Sir,—In your review of my book, 'Personal Opinions,' of April 20, you draw attention to the mistake in my spelling of *dentifrice*—as dent*r*ifice. This is so palpably a printer's error overlooked in proof that I am pleased to find your reviewer bearing out exactly what I said in the 'Mistakes of Critics,' p. 114 of the said book!—Yours truly,

'RITA.'"

What drew particular attention to the error in question was its occurrence, not once, but twice, without any correct set-off. It was a very bad blunder indeed—much worse than mere misspelling. But by all means let the doubtlessly case-hardened printer bear the blame. And, this being the verdict, "Rita" will surely extend the same form of acquittal to her sister novelists whose similar misfortunes she holds up to such withering scorn.

THE REVIEWER.

Messrs. John Haddon and Co., of Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, have invented a "Reducing Scale," which should prove invaluable to artists, photographers, process engravers and printers. By its aid the sizes of reductions and enlargements can be easily calculated. The cost is £1 5s.

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often prefer a thoughtful to a pretty wife. In either case the lady uses Vinolia. If thoughtful, of course; if pretty, well, why ask?

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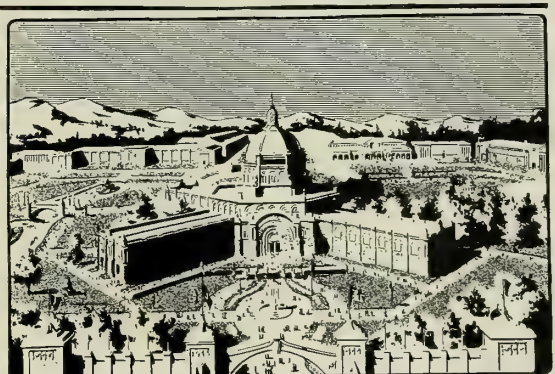
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Some New Books

AN EXPERT ON IMPOSTORS

Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston seems to be making a special study of impostors. In her "John Chilcote" she told how high Cabinet office was achieved by an imposture, not of any of the ordinary sorts of which political history supplies so many examples, but of a very extraordinary sort indeed. Her hero of "The Mystics" (William Blackwood and Sons) is a religious impostor, who, to secure a fortune bequeathed by a crazy uncle to a crazy sect, professes himself to be the latter's Prophet and King, whose advent had been expected for fifty years. There is, of course, nothing extraordinary, or indeed without plenty of precedent, in his temporary success, especially considering his commanding advantages of voice and person, his elaborate preparation for his part, and his complete unscrupulousness as to both ends and means—until, it need hardly be said, the entrance of the woman whom he cannot, without an intolerable sense of guilt, continue to deceive. As in the case of the false John Chilcote, so in that of John Henderson, the reader's sympathies are enlisted on the side of an arrant scoundrel, the reward of whose enforced return to honesty compels an approval that is entirely undeserved. The moral, so far as there may be one, is certainly unconventional. And the story? It is good enough to make us hope that Mrs. Thurston will continue to study impostors.

"FOR THIS CAUSE"

When Richard Mowbray, the hero of "For This Cause," by George Irving (Greening and Co.), thought that his first wife had been killed in a motor smash, he forthwith fled abroad for fear of being hanged for a murder of which he might not be able to clear himself without compromising the young woman whom he afterwards married. When his first wife was afterwards accidentally stabbed with her own paper-knife in a scuffle with his second, he accused himself of her murder in order that he might be hanged instead of the lady. His self-accusation was too transparently false to obtain a moment's belief; and the constable to whom he gave himself up expressed an opinion that he "deserved a V.C." Assuming that he meant the letters to stand for "Very Crazy," we agree with the constable.

MORE SHORT STORIES BY MR. JACOBS

Mr. W. W. Jacobs's dozen short stories ("Short Cruises." Illustrated by Will Owen: Hurst and Blackett) do not differ from their predecessors in any noticeable way. He keeps to his favourite motive of the would-be biter bit; of the knave who is not the less a knave for being still more of a fool. Some at any rate of his characters give the impression of having done previous duty under other names, but no doubt such family likeness is inevitable in the case of an author whose humour, extracted from so narrow a field, is so exclusively his own. Perhaps the best specimen of it in his present volume is the "Short Cruise" entitled "A Circular Tour," from which we extract Mr. Will Owen's portraits of the night watchman who is answerable for that truly



One of Mr. Will Owen's drawings in Mr. W. W. Jacobs's new book.

remarkable yarn, and of the two auditors, by one at least of whom it appears to be swallowed. It is unusual in such collections to keep the best to the last; but, as we have already suggested, Mr. Jacobs makes his own laws.

"THE OBLIGING HUSBAND"

The title of Mr. Frank Barrett's new novel (with a frontispiece by Stephen Reid: Chatto and Windus), is rather unhappily suggestive; but there is no occasion for alarm on the part of the most fastidious reader. It is the pleasant story of how a flighty and extravagant young wife, but otherwise as good as she was charming, was entirely won at last, heart and all, by the patient sweetness of the husband whom she had married, not for love, but for liberty. It is he who is made to tell the story, and to tell it well, with a modest manliness that divides the sympathies of the reader between the two. A picturesque atmosphere of old-fashioned comedy is obtained for the plot by laying it in the time of Charles II., the young husband being a haberdasher in Fleet Street, and the young wife a daughter not, as he supposed, of the master whom he had succeeded, but of no less a personage than the King. Court and City play their parts; but it is in all innocence, leading through short-lived troubles and misunderstandings to an imperfectly dramatic but comfortable close.

"THE IMPERFECT GIFT"

Miss Phyllis Bottome's novel (John Murray) certainly wants a good deal of putting into shape. Construction, however, with all its importance, is of less consequence than some other things that can exist without it. Of these, "The Imperfect Gift" is rather unusually full. The point of the story is thus sufficiently explained:—

"It is hard to understand," said Miss Perry, gently; "but there comes to all of us, sooner or later, some imperfect gift. Ben's your great imperfect gift; the perfection will be what you make of it."

Marjory went over to her friend and kissed her. "Ah!" she said, "I only love him; he must make of that what he can!"

"Ben" happens to be an eminent actor, with something of a past. The resulting theatrical business will be found the least satisfactory portion of an otherwise convincing story of very real people. The large-souled Marjory, with her dramatic genius and her courageous spirit, has an effective foil in her merely beautiful sister Evelyn. Miss Bottome's capacity for humorous portraiture—a little over-forced at times—is shown by the Baroness von Heimwald, a quite original specimen of an *intriguante*, and by other subordinate persons. We shall confidently look for better and more finished work from the same pen.

"THE HOUSE OF HOWE"

Miss May Crommelin's new volume (John Long) is a not very ingeniously contrived and certainly a too complicated story for its purpose. It is the narrative of a visit to Palestine, under up-to-date conditions. Miss Crommelin writes as an experienced observer, who sees people and things as they are, and prefers the reproduction of reality to the creation of glamour. No doubt, however, the latter is less liable to spontaneous generation by the new than by the old style of travel.

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LETTERS FROM CELEBRITIES.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET ON NERVOUSNESS.

"INDUSTRIAL FARM COLONY,
"DUXHURST,
"April, /07.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"Your letter is one of many which I constantly receive begging me to tell of something which can help to restore tired nerves and over-worn strength, and you ask me to do so because I come in contact with so many who for these very reasons fail in the race of life, having sought the wrong remedy for such loss of nerve-power.

"The description which you give me of your difficulty scarcely varies from that of which I am so often told. Work has become a drudgery and life a heavy thing. You tell me that you go to bed feeling tired, and that you wake in the morning almost equally tired, that your food is distasteful to you, and that little things which used to sit lightly upon you have become heavy burdens; that even pleasure is toil. I know you have worked hard through many years and have had much mental strain. This may in a measure account for your weakness, which is not brought about by any condition of actual disease, but which seems to arise from an even greater trouble, namely, that your nerve-force is seriously over-spent.

"It is important to understand that in these days of worry and over-excitement, the over-work, mental and physical, to which most of us are subject, calls forth an undue expenditure of strength, and that to recuperate the vigour we have lost we must consider what sort of food or remedy we require.

"Of course the whole question of proper nourishment requires much thought and experience. Many forms of food and many restoratives are recommended, but having had to do with a great many people who have impaired their digestive organs, and whose nerve-power has been seriously undermined, I do not think that I have come across anything which I believe a more suitable nutrient for all forms of weakness than Sanatogen. I do not know if you have tried it, but it seems to me, under the conditions such as you have described, an ideal preparation, because it provides a valuable tonic-food in the most suitable form. It consists, I believe, in the nourishing element of pure cows' milk, incorporated with which is a special nerve-tonic containing phosphorus. It has an invigorating power on worn-out nerves, and gives tone to exhausted tissues to a surprising extent. The feeblest system and the poorest digestive organs are able to assimilate it, when they can really touch little else. I am strongly of opinion that you cannot do better than begin a course of Sanatogen if you wish to regain your strength.

"I have watched the effect of Sanatogen on people who have come here, and whose nervous systems have been entirely undermined. In the case of such people, one of the greatest difficulties with which we have to contend is their sleeplessness. I have proved under these circumstances that Sanatogen is most valuable.

"Sanatogen undoubtedly restores sleep and invigorates the nerves, and it braces the patient to health, for I have noticed that with the restoration of the digestive organs the mind becomes more quickly active, and work, both mental and physical, becomes more easy, and the freshness and keenness which such people have lost, apparently altogether, return gradually, and bring with them an enjoyment of life and a feeling of hopefulness not hitherto experienced.

"When the body is subjected to a course of Sanatogen, the blood condition improves, the skin assumes a more healthy colour, the invigorated nerves are braced to a more healthy tone, and the whole human machinery is made fit for exercise and work and for fulfilling its functions in the most perfect manner

Isabella Somerset"

The above is an extract from a letter addressed by Lady Henry Somerset to an intimate friend. In view of the public interest associated with the subject, the recipient has obtained her ladyship's gracious permission to make the contents widely known. Additional information on the same subject may be obtained from the Sanatogen Co., 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C. Sanatogen is sold by all Chemists, in packets, at 1s. 9d., 2s. 9d., 5s., and 9s. 6d.

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BUSCH "TERLUX" PRISM BINOCULAR

An Expert Opinion.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

"Lord Charles has been looking through a pair of Mr. Busch's glasses which had engraved on them 'Prisma Binocle Terlux.'

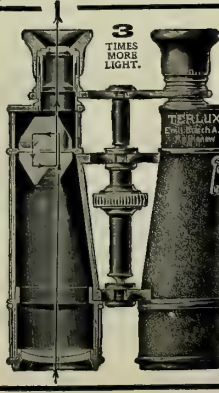
"Lord Charles, during his long experience at sea, has never before looked through so good a pair of glasses."

And later—

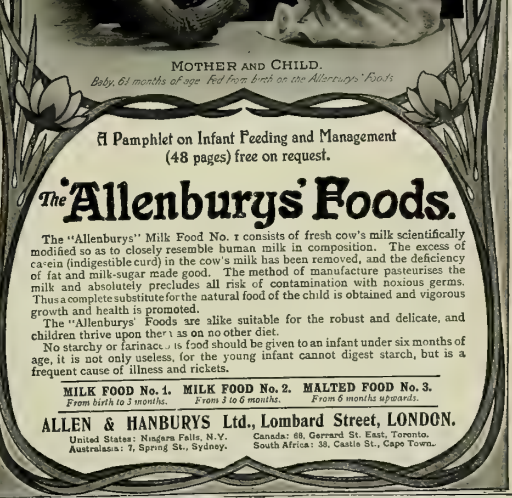
"I have a pair of your Prism Binoculars. They are certainly by far the best glasses I have ever used."

(Signed) CHARLES BERESFORD, Admiral.

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No starchy or farinaceous food should be given to an infant under six months of age, it is not only useless, for the young infant cannot digest starch, but is a frequent cause of illness and rickets.

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"THE COLOUR OF LONDON"

"The Colour of London: Historic, Personal and Local," by W. J. Loftie, F.S.A., illustrated by Yoshio Markino, with an Introduction by M. H. Spielmann, F.S.A., and an Essay by the Artist (Chatto and Windus), will, to very many, probably to most, persons, be the revelation of a very fine artist. Yoshio Markino is a still young Japanese painter (he was born, Mr. Spielmann tells us, in 1874), who has found his inspiration in the streets of London, and—as he says himself—has decided to devote the rest of his life to their study. Has anybody ever really seen London before? These sixty wonderful little pictures make it seem very doubtful. They are every-day scenes, perfectly familiar to millions of eyes. They are realistic to the minutest detail. There is neither exaggeration nor suppression: not even so much liberty-taking with fact for the sake of effect as recognised artistic conventions allow. And yet each is a pictorial poem, expressing the whole of the artist's enthusiasm for London as a marvel of colour, of atmosphere, of inexhaustible delights for seeing eyes at every corner and at every hour of night and day. Anybody who turns to so unpromising a subject as "Spring in Onslow Square," or to "The Serpentine: Autumn Evening," in which the most prominent object is a notice-board, will see, under the simplest conditions, what it is very difficult to describe. Moreover, Yoshio Markino is a beautiful draughtsman as well as colourist—his perspective is alone something to be enjoyed. Mr. Spielmann speaks of his having quite naturally engrafted Western methods and practice on to Eastern vision and Eastern taste. We hardly think so. The graft is rather of impressionism, or more properly of insight, upon the severest realism—a combination which only genius of a very rare and high order can explain.

Of little less interest, in its way, is the "Essay by the Artist," giving, in delightfully quaint English, and with what we must call child-like sincerity, his impressions of Londoners as well as of London. Possibly some may think that his almost rapturous admiration of English ladies (not always inclusive of their dress) is somewhat discounted by its extension to London fog: "Whether it is unhealthy or not is not the question for me. I think London without mists would be like a bride without a trousseau. I like thick fogs as well as autumn mists. Indeed, the London mist attracts me so that I do not feel I could live in any other place than London."

Mr. Loftie's text is not in the nature of an accompaniment to the pictures. It is an entirely independent work; its plan being to bring out the more fancifully termed "colour" of London as it exists in street-names and historical associations generally, such as make London what it is to the Londoner—or rather, we fear, what ought to make it so. These chapters are in effect a solid, but at the same time thoroughly readable, antiquarian treatise, brought well up to the most recent results of often original research, and well worthy of an authorship recognised as a guarantee for accurate statement and judicious criticism.

The reproduction of the pictures is such as to do them the utmost justice; and the volume generally is signally creditable to all concerned.

A FASCINATING GUIDE

"The Green Room Book" (Sealey Clark. 5s.) is one of the ablest of all guides to the "profession." Since it was looked upon as a promising youngster (not very long ago) it has developed into a work of extraordinary interest, and one wonders why this or a similar guide has not come to the front before. It is based on the lines of "Who's Who," but it has fuller biographies, and is illustrated with a very excellent series of portraits. It has, too, a unique list of special features. Take these, for instance: "Genealogical Tables of well-known Theatrical Families," "Review of the Dramatic Year," "Critical and Detailed Review of the Vedrenne-Barker Productions," "Ellen Terry Jubilee Celebrations," "Synopsis of London Playbills," "Box Plans of Forty London Theatres." The considerable enlargement in the 1907 issue is due mainly to the addition of five hundred biographies.

SOCIAL PROGRESS

Mr. W. L. George's "Engines of Social Progress" (A. and C. Black. 5s. net), a careful and thoughtful research into the existing remedies for social evils, includes an interesting chapter on that most successful of model towns, Port Sunlight. The author puts it forward as an example of "prosperity-sharing" as opposed to "profit-sharing." Port Sunlight itself, its church, schools, institutes, theatres, swimming bath, gymnasium, etc., have all been built for the workpeople out of the profits made by the sale of its famous product. Port Sunlight employees are truly to be envied, for they enjoy health and happiness and the comforting assurance that the lean years that follow the fat will not seriously affect their welfare. Mr. George touches in a practical, common-sense way on other forms of social progress.

NOTES

A series of books on actors and actresses, to which Mr. John Lane, who publishes it, has given the name of "Stars of the Stage," begins with a biography of Ellen Terry, by Christopher St. John. To "twine a wreath" for the actor is a charming thing, seeing that his work is so ephemeral and memory so short, as Mr. J. T. Grein, the editor, reminds us in his preface. The book has sixteen admirable illustrations, and is to be followed by other biographies—of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Sir Charles Wyndham, Eleonora Duse, Sarah Bernhardt, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Pinero, from which it is seen that the playwright as well as the actor is to have his wreath. Mr. Bernard Shaw's is to be twined by Mr. Gilbert Chesterton.

To the "Miniature Portfolio Monographs," published by Seeley and Co., are now added volumes on "Antoine Watteau" (by Mr. Claude Phillips) and "Raphael in Rome" (by Mrs. Henry Ady). These little books are admirably written and beautifully illustrated. Mrs. Ady's book is a companion volume to her "Early Work of Raphael," published in the same series.

A pocket edition of Mr. Andrew Lang's charming "Letters to Dead Authors" comes to us from Longmans, Green and Co. It now bears the title of "New and Old Letters to Dead Authors," for the volume is expanded by some additions. Another charming thing in the way of little books is "Gems from Boswell," selected by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald and published by Gay and Bird in the Bibelot series. "Bozzy" never had better selections from his works.

Madame de Boigne, often mentioned as the intimate friend of Madame Récamier, and as the head of one of the smartest *salons* in Paris, frequented by Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand, wrote her Memoirs late in life, at an age when ripe reflection enabled her to draw a clear picture of the turn of the nineteenth century, and on through all the years of Napoleon. The first volume has just been published in France, and in London Mr. William Heinemann is bringing out the book.

NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS FOR MAY

(SUPPLEMENTARY LIST).

*0544.	"La Forza del Destino" Overture. *Verdi.* Played by La Scala Symphony Orchestra.	3-2845.	"Abide With Me" (with organ). Sung by Evan Williams.
0546.	"Salut d'Amour." *Elgar.* Played by La Scala Symphony Orchestra.	3-2846.	"Pirates of Penzance" *Sullivan.* "When a Foeman Bares His Steel." Sung by Sullivan Operatic Party.
778.	"A Garden Matinee." *Fremi.* Played by The Bohemian Orchestra.	49525.	"Boulanger March." Played by the Tubaphone.
02087.	"Fleeting Years." *Edwin Greene.* Sung by Edward Lloyd.	3-2851.	"Gilt-Edged Bertie." Sung by Harry Lauder.

The above are a few of the records now obtainable. The May list presents a number of excellent records of great variety, besides several red-label disks from Verdi, Bizet, Gounod, and others. Herr W. Hereid is admirably heard in *Lohengrin*. For recitations, Mr. G. P. Huntly tells us some amusing stories, entitled "Presence of Mind," which are remarkably clear. A waltz by Godard, and the Boulanger March by instrumental music, are very good.

* Published by the Gramophone and Typewriter, Ltd.



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LONDONDERRY		16 days.
IRELAND, DUBLIN, Ballina, Galway, Sligo, and SOUTH and WEST of IRELAND.	Thursday, May 16	16 days.
SCOTLAND and NORTH of ENGLAND	Friday, May 17	4, 8, or 17 days.
THE MIDLANDS—Staffordshire Potteries, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Darlington, Durham, Newcastle, &c.	Saturday, May 18.	3, 5, 6, or 8 days.
Leicester, Loughboro', Nottingham, Derby, Sheffield, Leeds, Shipley, Bradford, Keighley, Liverpool, Manchester, Stockport, and Warrington	Friday Midnight, May 17 / Saturday Midnight, May 18	3, 6, or 8 days. / 2, 5, or 7 days.
SOUTHEND and WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA.	Whit Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, May 19, 20, and 21, and each day during May and June.	Day Trip
MATLOCK BATH and MATLOCK	Whit Monday, May 20	Half-Day Return Fare, 4/6
St. Albans, Harpenden, and Luton.	Whit Monday, May 20.	Day and Half-Day
LEICESTER, LOUGHBORO', NOTTINGHAM, and SHEFFIELD. / BIRMINGHAM / KETTERING and BEDFORD	Whit Monday, May 20.	Half, 1, 2, or 3 days. / 1, 2, 4, or 5 days. / One day.
MANCHESTER (for the Races); NOTTINGHAM, SHEFFIELD, and STOCKPORT.	Wednesday Noon, May 22. Wednesday Midnight, May 22. Thursday Morning, May 23. Friday Morning, May 24.	2, 3, or 4 days. / 2 or 3 days. / 2 days

WEEKLY EXCURSIONS.

St Albans, Harpenden, Luton, Redbourne, and Hemel Hempstead.	Every Thursday and Saturday until further notice.	Half-day.
LEICESTER and LOUGHBORO'.	Every Thursday during May and June.	Day and Half-Day.
ISLE OF MAN	Every Friday Midnight and Saturday Morning, May 17 and 18, and until Sept 28.	3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days.
PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE, MATLOCK, BUXTON, RIPON, HARROGATE, BEN RHYDDING, Ilkley and Otley.	Every Saturday from May 18 and until Sept 28 inclusive.	3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days.
ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, Morecambe, Lancaster, Liverpool, Southport, Blackpool, Fleetwood, Lytham, and St. Anne's.	Every Saturday, May 18, and until Sept. 28.	3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days.
THE YORKSHIRE SPAS, &c. Scarboro', Whitby, Saltburn, Redcar, Richmond, Alnwick, Hexham, &c.	Every Saturday, from May 18 and until Sept. 28 inclusive.	3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days.
HALF-DAYS and WEEK-ENDS IN THE COUNTRY.	Every Saturday until further notice.	Half, 2, & 3 days.

EXTENSION OF WEEK-END TICKETS.

The short date tickets issued every Friday and Saturday from London (St. Pancras) and other principal Midland Stations to the Chief Seaside and Inland Holiday Resorts, including the Peak District of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, the North East Coast, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and all parts of Scotland will be available for the Whitsuntide Holidays for returning on Sunday (where train service permits), Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, May 19th, 20th, 21st, or 22nd.

SATURDAY to MONDAY TICKETS issued on Saturday, May 18th, will be available for return on Tuesday, May 21st.

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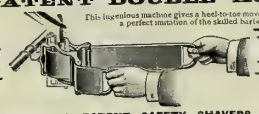
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By return of post on receipt of P.O.O. to DREW & SONS, Piccadilly Circus (E.-nd. Arcade); JOHN POUND & CO., 97, Piccadilly; 221, Regent St.; 82, Leadenhall St., E.C.; MAPPIN & WEBB, Ltd., 158, Oxford St.; 220, Regent St.; and 2, Queen Victoria St., E.C.; or any Cutlers, Hairdressers, Silversmiths, Stores, &c.

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MOTOR NOTES

Another case has been brought to my notice, in which the authorities have declined to issue a license for the full twelve months, as the act is only in force until December 31. Edinburgh is one of the towns in which this extraordinary action has been taken. I have taken several legal opinions on the subject, and they are all to the same effect, viz., that the license must be renewed for a full twelve months. Another point on which emphasis is laid, is that the Councils have no power to accept anything less than the 5s. authorised by the Act. I mention this, as in one case the Council has refused to issue a license for twelve months, but has issued one till December 31, taking only a *pro rata* fee. One of the hardships of motorists is that they are forced to take out their licenses in their own districts, and, therefore, there is no redress open to them, without an expensive action against the Council to compel them to issue a full twelve months' license. It is astonishing how very particular public bodies can be on questions affecting motor-car law, whilst ignoring other laws such as leaving horses unattended; but in this case I am convinced they have gone a step too far.

Short-dated Licenses

still heard, and likewise the statement that every motorist drives to the danger of the public if he goes at any speed at all. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Indeed, it may be safely stated that the art of driving a car has created another "sense," that of observation. I notice myself that I take in every detail, unconsciously, of everything I pass, which I should not have done whilst driving horses. One without knowing it watches automatically the road and surroundings. Also automatically one watches every incident. Is that child going to cross the road? Does that dog look like an anti-motorist or not? On which side of the hedge does that hen usually reside? Quite naturally and without any effort one considers and decides questions in a moment, and I am sure that this must help one in the strenuous fight for existence that every business man has to face nowadays. A good many years ago, on my first motor trip to Scotland to shoot, I was astounded on my return journey to remark how well I knew the road, whereas after twenty years by rail I hardly knew whether Peterborough or Grantham came first. No! It is high time that this new "motor sense" was appreciated to its full value by the public, and no one need go home under the impression that he has saved his life by getting out of the way of the "Juggernaut," as the driver of the same had seen him, considered him, and known what he was going to do, probably before he heard the car coming in the distance.

The Art of Observation

I came across my French license to-day, accompanied by the grey card authorising the use of the car itself. Would it not be a good thing to introduce a similar institution in England? In the case of a public vehicle, it has to conform to the rigid regulations laid down by the police, but any private car can be on the road, notwithstanding the fact that it may be a menace to the other road-users. Perhaps the most important matter, from a public point of view, is braking-power. It is a well-known

Government Inspection



REPAIRING A MOTOR-CAR OUTSIDE THE CHURCH



IN THE WORKSHOP

The poorer clergy in France have been reduced to a sad pass by the separation of the Church and State. One of them, the Curé of Graincourt, in Normandy, has boldly set up in business under the shadow of his own church as a repairer of motor-cars and bicycles, and he divides his time between his temporal and spiritual duties, for he continues to conduct the services as usual, although the Government has ceased to pay him his stipend.

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Soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry, and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, and purest and sweetest of emollients. Wear old gloves or bandage lightly in old, soft cotton or linen. For preserving, purifying and beautifying the hands, for removing redness, roughness and irritations, for rashes and eczemas, with shapeless nails, this treatment works wonders, frequently curing in a single night.

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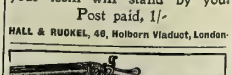
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fact that many motors are deficient in this respect. I do not know that French cars are superior, but at any rate the Service des Mines have a right of veto, and it naturally tends to make manufacturers carry out the regulations when designing the car.

Timing Methods

Mr. Max Pemberton recently consulted the Motor Union, of which he is a member, with regard to a summons which he had received for driving his car to the danger of the public at Henley-on-Thames. On the Union's suggestion, he secured the services of Mr. Moresby White, Barrister-at-Law. The summons was the outcome of a new police timing arrangement, instituted on the Fair Mile at Henley on Easter Sunday. It was elicited, on cross-examination by Mr. Moresby White, that the measured distance was a quarter-mile in length, and the policeman at one end was hidden behind a wall forty yards from the road. He climbed a ladder to time the car into the measured distance, and then waved a handkerchief to the sergeant. In order to see the policeman at the other end of the distance the sergeant had to stand on a wheelbarrow behind a hedge several yards from the road. As the car passed him he had to get out of the barrow, get to the hedge, and peep through to time the car out of the other end. He then whistled to another policeman and clambered back into the barrow before he could signal to the man at the other end to stop his watch. Mr. Pemberton gave evidence, and stated that he had received double warning of the existence of the police timing arrangement. His speedometer, which was recently tested, showed that he was only going fifteen miles an hour. There was no traffic on the road, and scarcely any persons on the footpath. Mrs. Pemberton and Mr. Neville corroborated this evidence, and the magistrates, after a very brief consultation, dismissed the summons.

A Point on Taxation

The great difference in the cost of the tax if a car is over one ton, viz., £4 4s. as against £2 2s., makes it worth while reducing the weight of the car if possible, and the following opinion expressed by the Automobile Association's secretary is worthy of attention. He says:—"The detachable Cape cart hood presents the most frequent difficulty, as this fitting, being somewhat heavy, may easily, if included, bring the weight of a car to over a ton, and thus render it liable to two guineas more taxation. The Secretary of the Local Government Board, to whom I have referred the point, states that the Board has no authority to determine the meaning of the expression, "weight," but he draws attention to a passage in the regulations which appears to me decisive. This reads:—"The expression 'weight,' when applied to a motor-car, or trailer, does not in itself determine what can be regarded as part of the vehicle, and what can be regarded as part of the load; and it appears to the Board that whilst any essential part of the vehicle or its mechanism is clearly included in calculating the unladen weight, the circumstances of construction may, in certain cases, permit of a *detachable framework* or body being treated as part of the load rather than of the car itself."

The term "detachable framework" should certainly cover a Cape cart hood.

The Dust Problem

In view of the great public inconvenience caused by the dusty state of the roads, special interest attaches to the two competitions that are being carried out by the Roads Improvement Association, acting on behalf of the Royal Automobile Club and the Motor Union of Great Britain and Ireland. It will be remembered that the competitions are for—

(1) The best machine for spreading tar upon existing road surfaces; and

(2) The best preparation of tar suitable for road purposes.

The list of entries closed on March 31. Seventeen entries have been received—eight tar-spreading machines and nine preparations of tar. The experiments will be carried out shortly on the Staines Road, by arrangement with the Middlesex County Council. I hope all surveyors and road authorities will watch events, as it will be demonstrated, I feel certain, that tarring the roads, although an outlay, is an economy in the long run.

Frome Hill Climb

The Hereford A.C. must be congratulated on the large entry received for the hill-climbing competition to-day (Friday). The number exceeds 100. If the Clerk of the Weather only gives the matter his attention, there is every prospect of the event being a great success. In view of the large number of motorists who have announced their intention of attending, the Automobile Association has decided to patrol the road from London to the scene of the contest. As it is obvious that every road leading to the district cannot be efficiently covered at one time, an official road has been chosen, which will be as follows:—Uxbridge, High Wycombe, Oxford, Witney, Northleach, Andoversford, and Cheltenham, thence via Ledbury to Hereford. This road will be thoroughly patrolled, and motorists visiting the hill-climb are advised to follow this course.

Calling at the works at Alexandria the other morning to take delivery of a new 26-30 Argyll, Mr. Hamilton, of Argylls, Liverpool, Ltd., accompanied by Mr. Charles McIver, the well-known yachtsman and member of the Royal Yacht Club, drove this car, which is one of the new models, from Glasgow to Liverpool without a gear change, a distance of 214 miles, in eight hours, making an absolutely non-stop run. This run demonstrates the effectiveness of the new throttle-valve and control fitted to these cars.

GRAPHICUS.

RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS FOR WHITSUNTIDE

The Railway Companies have made inviting preparations for Whitsuntide. Space does not permit of more than a brief summary, but full details are always to be had either from the central or suburban stations of the various lines.

The GREAT NORTHERN Railway affords opportunities for brief visits to the Norfolk and Lincolnshire coasts, to the fashionable inland watering-places in Yorkshire, to the bracing seaside resorts of that county and to its lovely moors. There are also excursions of various periods into Scotland, and half-day trips to Skegness.

The MIDLAND Railway issues for the guidance of holiday-seekers an attractive programme. This covers over five hundred interesting places in the Midland Counties, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the North, and contains details of trips to Scotland, Ireland, and the Isle of Man. The tickets are available up to seventeen days. Another feature of this Company's arrangements is a number of local day and half-day excursions.

The LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN Railway runs excursions to Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, the Isle of Man, Blackpool, and many other tourists resorts, in addition to an excellent service with several provincial towns.

The GREAT CENTRAL Company publishes an A.B.C. programme of its arrangements, and gives the choice of places from the Midland Counties to the far North of Scotland. Provision has been made for the expected rush of visitors to Dublin in view of the International Exhibition, and other parts of Ireland have been catered for. Continental trips may be taken to Belgium, Germany, and the Rhine.

The BRIGHTON Railway Company announces a fourteen-day excursion to Paris and Normandy, by the Newhaven-Dieppe Royal Mail Route, from Victoria.

The GREAT EASTERN Company's British Royal Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route is a useful one for the Continent, where it touches many of the most interesting cities; the Danish Royal Mail steamers of the Forenede Line of Copenhagen take one to Esbjerg, on the west coast of Denmark, and back, and the General Steam Navigation Company runs steamers from Harwich to Hamburg.

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Her Majesty Queen Victoria of Spain

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. S. STUART

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,955.—Vol. LXXV. *Registered as a Newspaper*] SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1907 WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS *"Portrait of the Queen of Spain," and "The Presentation of the Heir to the Spanish Throne."* PRICE SIXPENCE *By Post, 6½d.*



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At a quarter to one Señor Maura, the Premier, opened the door of the Queen's apartments leading into the room where the Diplomatic Corps and other privileged officials and high dignitaries were waiting and in a loud voice, amid an impressive silence, announced that Queen Victoria had given birth to a Prince.

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THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

FULL of years and honour—but, as we all hope, with a long evening of life yet before him—Lord Cromer has said farewell to the land whose regenerator he has been, and has left his life's work to be carried on by his pupil and successor. This is not the place in which to recite the achievements of the great administrator of whom we are all proud; all we have to do is to unite with his Sovereign and his fellow-subjects in giving Lord Cromer the welcome home which he deserves. He is, in truth, a splendid specimen of a splendid species—a species which has gradually come into being to meet the peculiar demands of the nation which, more than any other since the days of Imperial Rome, has been destined to rule over inferior races. It is by such men as Lord Cromer that the British name and British rule have been made the symbols of law and order, and of justice and mercy, everywhere, and of the fullest measure of liberty wherever such can be safely granted. While the honour of the British name rests in the hands of such men as Lord Cromer the British nation need never fear to give account of its stewardship in the dark places of the earth.

* * * *

By a happy coincidence the return of Lord Cromer has synchronised, almost exactly, with the payment of a signal public honour to another great British Pro-Consul. Lord Curzon's installation as Chancellor of the University of Oxford has afforded the members of that ancient society the opportunity of paying homage to qualities akin to those which we all admire in Lord Cromer. If Lord Curzon has not done India the unique service for which Egypt is indebted to Lord Cromer, he has, nevertheless, solid claims to our admiration for a Viceroyalty which will ever be remembered with gratitude. Lord Curzon has been a great Viceroy of India, and Oxford—nursing mother of so many brilliant public servants in India—honoured herself when she honoured Lord Curzon by electing him her Chancellor.

* * * *

We should like to think that nothing more dangerous than an exceptionally fine specimen of the nesting mare has been discovered by the St. Petersburg correspondent of one of our daily contemporaries. Unfortunately, however, the correspondent in question happens to be one of the most consistently well-informed of the foreign journalists in the Russian capital: his accuracy has rarely been called in question—and his good faith never. When, therefore, he relates, with circumstantial details, the accidental discovery of a regicide plot involving the collaboration of no fewer than eighty men, we are reluctantly compelled to believe his story. These four score desperadoes were to have broken into the palace of Tsarskoye Selo and murdered the Tsar. One can only hope that even such a discovery as this will not deter Nicholas II. from persevering in the painful path of Russia's evolution into full constitutional liberty. For in that—and not in yielding either to revolution or to reaction—lies the only hope of Russia's ultimate salvation.

* * * *

Whether the railway companies should or should not accede to the demand of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants for official recognition in its corporate capacity is a question as to which there is room for legitimate difference of opinion. On the one hand, it may be argued that the spirit of our time is increasingly favourable to the recognition of trade unions. On the other, there is the fact that the Society represents only 80,000 men out of 580,000 employed all over the country. One thing, however, is certain. If the Society attempts to put pressure upon the companies by engineering a general strike (especially at such a time as the August Bank Holiday), it will infallibly alienate the sympathy of the public, who hold that, when all is said and done, railways exist primarily for the benefit of railway travellers and traffic, and that these must not be used as pawns in the game between masters and men.

That eminently patriotic (not to say Chauvinistic) body, the German Navy League, has been behaving, in Conference, in a manner which must be highly discouraging to our amiable apostles of peace. The League scoffs openly at the coming Conference at The Hague, and flatly declines to consent to any limitation of German naval armaments, on the ground that to do so would be to perpetuate Germany's present inferiority to—well, to a certain other Power at sea. And it is worth noting that the German Navy League numbers 900,000 members.

* * * *

The Colonial Conference of 1907 seems certain to prove one of the most important contributories to the building up of the British Empire. For one thing, it has shown the inhabitants, white, coloured and black, that there is nothing really impracticable in the bed-rock idea of allowing each portion of the enormous territorial agglomeration a proportionate share in its administration. The exceptionally able statesmen who have been consulting on that among other vital questions are said to have been agreed that an Imperial Council invested with large powers must be brought into being if the Empire is to be preserved, and it is their conception that the materials needed for this *imperium in imperio* would be obtained without the least difficulty. Judging from the Colonial Premiers and the officials who accompanied them, there can be no doubt as to the competen y of a similar body to exercise a controlling influence in those particular affairs with which the members are particularly acquainted, whereas it often occurs that some Cabinet Minister entrusted with the governance of a slice of territory bigger than the United Kingdom exhibits deplorable ignorance of its aspirations and needs.



Prince Edward of Wales, who the other day began his studies as a naval cadet at the Royal Naval College, Osborne, Isle of Wight, will be thirteen next month. He is a few months older than his father was when he joined the Britannia. At Osborne he will, of course, receive a thoroughly scientific and practical education, and will go through the general routine there. He will rise early, like the other boys, and eat the same simple food. He will sleep in one of the detached dormitories, take his meals with the other cadets, and share in their games. He will make a thorough acquaintance with the foundry, the smithy and the carpentering shop, and learn the rudiments of machinery. He is intended eventually, not for the Navy, but for the Army. Photo by Hughes and Mullins.

PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES, NAVAL CADET, AND HIS FATHER

* * * *

As regards that burning issue, "Preference," tariff reformers find themselves still obstinately confronted by "a slammed door." The Government has left no room for doubting that it is resolved to make a firm stand, and it would certainly be matter for surprise if Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman were to be so extremely short-sighted, from a party standpoint, as to throw overboard the large majority of his Parliamentary supporters. He is not the daring sort of man to put back the hands of the clock that were re-adjusted by his great predecessor, Sir Robert Peel; there is nothing of the heroic in the present Radical chief. But although the Colonial Conference has come and gone without producing any immediate benefit to tariff reformers, there is a strong conviction among those who hold that faith that their prudent policy lies in playing a waiting game. The assembled Premiers, with, perhaps, two exceptions, have given it to be understood that though small differential duties on foodstuffs or other Colonial produce would, in themselves, be hardly worth talking about, they carry enormous consequence as the only effective kind of Imperial cement.

* * * *

Happily, there is nothing feigned or exaggerated in the rejoicing of all the King's subjects, whether at home or abroad, that the Royal Throne of Spain has already received an heir. When it became known that the young monarch looked with favour on the "bonnie Battenberger" who had made herself so popular alike with the masses and the classes, the progress of the personal attachment was watched with the deepest interest throughout the United Kingdom. The difference of faith between the young couple interposed an obstacle of a substantial character, which if maladroitly handled might have defeated the desires of those chiefly concerned. But as soon as King Edward became convinced that it would be a love match of a sort that his great mother always delighted in, he lent himself enthusiastically to its furtherance. There are, of course, some random guessers who have already begun conjecturing all manners of grand futures for the infant Prince and his famous realm. For our own part, we stop at wishing him and his loving parents the very fullest measure of happiness appointed for Crowned Heads in these volcanic times. And Spain is, unhappily, still rocking with the subterranean throes consequent on the American War.

* * * *

The Unionists are plucking up their spirits, we are glad to see, despite the utter hopelessness of their position in the House of Commons. Mr. Balfour, who at one time seemed to be losing heart, has thrown over despondency, and, inspired by his example, Stepney and Wimbledon add to the number of Unionist victories won since the General Election. Taken together, they serve to show that the "rot" in the party, which had virtually effaced it at the end of 1905, has ceased. Another particularly exasperating discovery to the Radicals must be that the frank and emphatic identification of the Unionist party with Tariff Reform has not produced the annihilation of it as a political organisation, which was so confidently predicted. On the contrary it is evident from the polling that a certain degree of veering has already taken place in the British mind from that blind faith in the Cobdenite gospel which used to dominate Radicalism in its entirety The revolt has not yet gone very far, it is true, but when the present "boom" in trade is replaced by as serious a "slump"—that is sure to happen—the British toiler may chance to show preference for permanent employment on moderate wages to casual jobs at immoderate rates.



The ceremony of the "Presentation" was attended by all the foreign Diplomatic Body, in addition to a deputation of the grandees of Spain, the Ministers of the Crown and other high functionaries. Afterwards the King conversed with the various Ambassadors, notably with Sir Maurice de Bunsen.

AFTER THE "PRESENTATION": THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS LEAVING THE PALACE



After the presentation of his infant son King Alfonso, assured of the Queen's good progress, spent the afternoon at his favourite pastime of pigeon-shooting. He is here shown drinking his firstborn's health in champagne with Don Jacinto Martos, the winner of the King's Prize for pigeon-shooting.

HEALTH TO THE HEIR: KING ALFONSO'S GLASS OF WINE WHILE PIGEON-SHOOTING



When the Royal Standard hoisted over the Palace and the salute of twenty-one guns informed the good people of Madrid that the Queen had given birth to a Prince, the inhabitants poured into the streets and gave vent to their delight by singing and dancing, while the church bells pealed throughout the city, and the national flag was raised on all the public and many private buildings.

THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS: MADRILEÑOS DANCING WITH JOY IN THE STREETS



As decreed by King Alfonso, the birth of the Royal infant was to be announced, in addition to the firing of salutes, by the hoisting of a flag over the Palace—the Royal Standard for a boy and a white flag for a girl. From an early hour on Friday the anxious crowd gathered from all quarters of Madrid on the Plaza de Armas, on the south side of the Royal Palace, their gaze fixed on the flagstaff, and when, a few minutes before one o'clock, the Royal Standard was run up, their joy knew no bounds, the square resounding with cheers and shouts of "Viva el Principe!"

"Viva el Principe!": The Madrid Crowd Acclaiming the Birth of the Prince Announced by the Royal Standard Hoisted over the Palace



THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID, WHERE THE HEIR TO THE SPANISH THRONE WAS BORN

Photo by Frith.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO, CARDINAL SANCHA, WHO WILL BAPTISE THE YOUNG PRINCE

The Birth of the Spanish Heir

To appreciate to the full the jubilation which the advent of a son and heir to King Alfonso has occasioned throughout the length and breadth of Spain, one must bear in mind the capital importance of that event owing to dynastic reasons. Since the Salic Law—introduced into Spain six centuries ago—was abrogated by King Ferdinand VII. in 1833 in favour of his daughter Isabella—that monarch having no male heir—the right of succession to the Crown has plunged Spain repeatedly into civil war, and even to-day the Carlist party is strong enough to cause grave uneasiness. Thus the birth of the Prince of Asturias is invested with a political significance which no similar event could assume in our more settled country, for it must necessarily increase the stability of the existing Spanish dynasty and render all chances of a Carlist succession very remote. So the news which flashed over the Peninsula on Friday of last week stirred the hearts of loyal Spaniards in a double sense—by removing all causes for fear and anxiety, and by calling forth universal joy and thanksgiving for the newly found happiness of their beloved King and Queen—the youthful Royal pair who have endeared themselves more and more to their people ever since the tragic wedding-day which opened so joyously and ended in such gloom.



THE CASKET CONTAINING THE TIME-HONOURED OFFERING TO THE HEIR OF 1,000 DOBLAS (£4,000) FROM THE PROVINCE OF ASTURIAS

THE FIRST ALARM

The rigid ceremonial which hedges round the Spanish Court was strikingly in evidence on this occasion; the course to be followed had, indeed, been prescribed in full detail by a Royal decree issued a month previously. Thus, as soon as it became evident that the auspicious event was at hand—about ten o'clock in the morning—while the ladies of the aristocracy hastened to the Royal Chapel to join their prayers with those of the officiating Bishop of Sion for the safe delivery of the Queen, the halberdiers and other messengers were despatched hot-foot in all directions to summon the dignitaries privileged to attend the "Presentation." The unusual stir and bustle did not fail to attract the attention of the Madrileños—already on the *qui vive* for many days past—and excited crowds quickly collected in front of the Palace.

THE GATHERING OF THE GRANDEES

Presently the bidden guests began to arrive, some of them only finishing their toilet as their carriages entered the Palace gates—so urgent had been the call. Ushered in by the picturesque halberdiers they passed up the grand staircase—a stately throng representing all the chivalry of Spain, resplendent in full uniform and Court dress. They passed on to the ante-chamber, adjoining the Queen's apartments, which gradually filled with the



WHERE THE ROYAL BABY WILL SLEEP

There is nothing Spanish about the Royal nursery in the Palace at Madrid. When the young heir wakes on the first morning that he is old enough to "take notice" he will imagine he is an English Royalty if he thinks of anything but the pretty decorations of his own baby "apartments." It is true that he will sleep in the cot in which his father slept before him, but otherwise he will find his surroundings typically English. His furniture was made by an English firm—Messrs. Hampton and Sons, Ltd., of Pall Mall—under the supervision of his Royal mother. The night nursery, like the day room, is decorated with white enamelled mahogany. The Royal Arms, in bright colours, will delight his eyes, and a high guard fender in oxidised silver will keep him from crawling into the fire when he plays on the soft green-hued carpet.



A CORNER OF THE BEDROOM

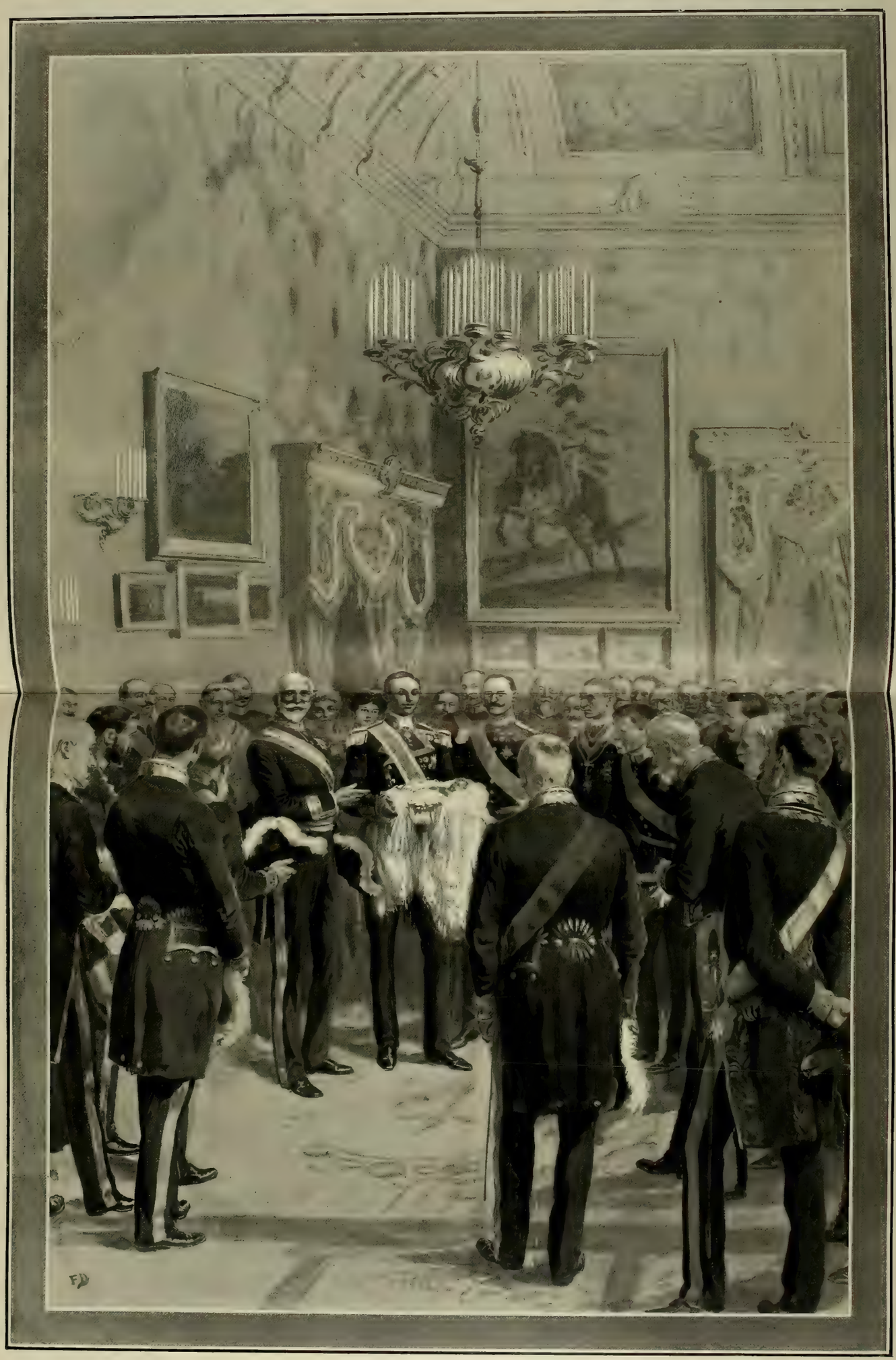
AN ENGLISH APARTMENT IN A SPANISH PALACE: THE LITTLE PRINCE'S BEDROOM IN THE ROYAL NURSERY IN MADRID



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, D. MACPHERSON

The chief ceremony marking the birth of an heir to the Throne of Spain was the "Presentation" in a *salon* adjoining the Queen's apartments, to a brilliant assembly of notables including Grandees of Spain, the Diplomatic Body, Ministers of the Crown, and other high officials, all in full uniform, resplendent with stars and Orders, ribbons and crosses. At ten minutes past one King Alfonso, accompanied by members of the Royal Family, entered the room bearing a silver salver, richly draped, on which lay a small lace-covered basket containing the newly born Prince of Asturias. The proud father "presented" his first-born to the assembled guests, and then, fearing that the tender infant might catch a chill, hastened to withdraw with his precious burden.

THE CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES: THE PRESENTATION BY KING ALFONSO OF THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS



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THE CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES: THE PRESENTATION BY KING ALFONSO OF THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS

flower of Spain's nobility, high ecclesiastics, military notabilities, Ministers of the Crown, heads of Government departments and various deputations who by immemorial custom are privileged to be present. All these attended by the King's command, but the foreign Diplomatic Body were also there, by invitation. At eighteen minutes to one Señor Maura, the President of the Council, who had been waiting in the inner or small ante-chamber, appeared in the doorway communicating with the Queen's apartments and announced amid an impressive silence that Her Majesty had given birth to a Prince.

THE PRESENTATION CEREMONY

The tiny infant was just forty minutes old when he made his first appearance in public, for it was exactly ten minutes past one o'clock when King Alfonso, *debonnaire* and smiling—arrayed in the uniform of a Capitan-General, and surrounded by members of the Royal Family—entered the *salon*, bearing in his hands a silver salver, richly draped, on which lay a small lace-covered basket containing the newly-born Prince of Asturias, wrapped in his swaddling clothes. The Marquis de Figueroa, whose duty it is, as Minister of Grace and Justice, to certify the birth for its entry in the civil register, then advanced and lifted the veil covering the child. For a moment the punctilious etiquette of the Spanish Court broke down in face of the eager desire of the assembly to see the baby and congratulate his proud father. Then, at a whisper from the Infanta Eulalia that the infant was in danger of catching a chill, King Alfonso quietly withdrew with his precious burden. This ended the ceremony, during which, in the Palace Chapel, a *Te Deum* was sung. Later on in the day King Alfonso gave practical effect to his joy by signing decrees pardoning several prisoners, including eight men condemned to death.

MADRID REJOICES

Outside the Palace the joyous tidings had already become known, the Capitan-General of Madrid and the Commander of the Halberdiers—as arranged by Royal decree—hurrying away to give the pre-arranged signals and salutes as soon as they heard the news from the lips of Señor Maura. So over the part of the Royal Palace known as the Punta del Diamante the Spanish red and gold Standard was soon fluttering in the breeze—it would have been a white flag for a girl—and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. Very anxiously did the people tell off the number. When it passed fifteen Madrid went mad



King Alfonso gave orders that, in the event of the birth of the Royal child taking place at night, the glad news should be communicated to Madrid by means of a light displayed on the palace roof—red for a Prince and white for a Princess.

THE LANTERN WHICH WAS TO SIGNAL THE BIRTH OF THE ROYAL CHILD IF THE EVENT OCCURRED AT NIGHT

with joy, and soon church bells were ringing and cannon booming everywhere, while people sang and danced in the streets or made their way to the Palace to see if the flag bore out the tale of the guns. Quickly the national flag was raised on all the public buildings, and many private houses were draped in colours—the Union Jack being prominent in the decorations.

THE RECEPTION OF THE NEWS ABROAD

Soon the Palace telegraph office was busy despatching messages to various European Sovereigns and Chiefs of States, and shortly afterwards telegrams of felicitation began to arrive, amongst the first being those sent by King Edward and other members of our Royal Family, and another from the Lord Mayor of London. The Pope sent a long message wishing prosperity to the infant, and invoking the blessing of Heaven on his Royal parents, and congratulatory telegrams were also received from the Kaiser, the Emperor of Austria, President Fallières, and President Roosevelt. At Gibraltar salutes were fired from the land battery and on board H.M.S. Albion, and as soon as the news was known at the Spanish Embassy in London the National Flag was hoisted and old Spanish tapestries were hung from the windows.

THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS

The baby is described as being of a fair complexion, with blue eyes and fair hair. His weight is just short of 9lb., and he is a strong and healthy child. It is said that the Queen intends to nurse the child herself. The heir to the Spanish throne is Prince of Asturias by right of birth. The title was first granted in 1388 by Juan I. of Castile to his son—afterwards Henry III.—on his marriage with Catalina, daughter of the Duke of Lancaster. Formerly the heir-apparent was known as First Infante. At one time the Prince of Asturias actually ruled the province bearing his name, but this authority was withdrawn when the Kingdoms of Castile and Aragon were united by Ferdinand and Isabella. Their son, the Infante Don Juan, bore the additional title "Prince of the New World."

THE REGISTRATION OF BIRTH

The civil registration of the Prince of Asturias took place at the Royal Palace, at 11 o'clock on Sunday morning. The day and hour of birth, the names of father and mother, together with the names of their respective parents and, finally, the names which the young Prince will bear, were all duly entered in the Royal register, the declaration being made by King Alfonso and the entry being witnessed by Queen Cristina, Princess Beatrice, the Infantas Isabella and Eulalia, the Infante Alfonso of Orleans and Prince Regnier of Bourbon. The infant received the names of Alfonso Pio (after Pope Pius X, one of his godfathers), Cristino (after the Queen Mother), Eduardo (King Edward) Francisco Guillermo (his paternal and maternal great-grandfather respectively) Carlos (Prince Charles of Bourbon) Enrique (the late Prince Henry of Battenberg) Eugenio Fernando Antonino Venancio (Patron Saints of the Spanish Royal Family). The ceremony was semi-private, the Royal Family, the Court and the Ministers being in attendance.



ANXIOUS TO HEAR THE NEWS: THE CROWD GATHERING IN FRONT OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID

COURT AND SOCIETY

The Levée and the Court

So far, only one Levée and one Court have been definitely fixed, the former for June 3, and the latter for June 6. As a rule, at least one Court is held before Whitsuntide, but this year, owing to the extension of Queen Alexandra's cruise in the Mediterranean, the arrangements were altered. The second Court will most likely be held on or about June 11, and the King and Queen of Denmark will be present. Their Danish Majesties will also, it is understood, be present at the first State Ball, which will be fixed for one of the five days (June 8 to June 13) of their State visit to the Court of St. James's. It is said, by the way, that King Frederick and Queen Louise will be accompanied by Princess Thyra and Prince Harold, who are both unmarried. Prince Harold is an officer in the Danish Army, and is also *à la suite* of the 6th Prussian Uhlans. In all probability he will be invested by King Edward with the Order of the Bath during his visit; he already has the Orders of the Seraphim and the Black Eagle, and, of course, the Danish Order of the Elephant.

The King's Plans

The Court will remove to Windsor to-day for Whitsuntide, returning to London on the 27th, and His Majesty will not be at Windsor again until he goes there for Ascot. It is expected that there will be a garden party at the Castle this season, but the date is not yet fixed. His Majesty and the Prince of Wales are both engaged to visit the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Lincoln next month, when the King will stay with Lord and Lady Yarborough at Brocklesby, and the Prince with Lord and Lady Londesborough at Blankney.

Lady William Cecil

Lady William Cecil, whose presence at the birth of the Prince of Asturias (not of "the" Asturias, as Major Martin Hume has learnedly pointed out) has much interested her numerous friends in England, is not to be confused with the other Lady William Cecil, the wife of the late Lord Salisbury's clergyman son. The wife of Princess Henry of Battenberg's comptroller is the eldest daughter of Lord Amherst of Hackney, to whose peerage she is the heir by special remainder. She shares her distinguished father's love of Egypt and its wondrous painted and sculptured antiquities, and some years ago she published a charming book, highly appreciated by nature-lovers, entitled "Bird Notes from the Nile." It was dedicated to the eldest of her four sons, who comes of age this year, and is, of course, a future peer. Lady William has a delightful place near Scarborough — Hunmanby Hall — and it is strange that no artist has yet "discovered" the striking pictorial possibilities of an old-world custom duly celebrated there each year. As Lady of the Manor, Lady William rides out to sea at low tide, and when she has advanced as far as it is safe for her to go, a stake is driven in, and this marks the limit of her fishing royalty.

The Queen of the River

Lady Desborough, who has been showing Prince Fushimi the beauties of Father Thames, indeed deserves the title of Queen of the River, for the charming hostess of Taplow Court has a lifelong devotion to the noblest of our English rivers. A daughter of the notably handsome family of the Fanes, and a co-heiress of the Barony of Butler—which went into abeyance, on the death of the last Lord Cowper, between Lady Desborough, and Lord Lucas and Dingwall and his sister, Miss Nan Herbert — Lady Desborough married the then Mr. Willie Grenfell, the great athlete, twenty years ago. They have two stalwart sons of nineteen and seventeen, and three younger children of whom the youngest is only two. Assuredly no more popular peerage has yet been conferred by King Edward than that which converted Mr. Grenfell into Baron Desborough of Taplow. Taplow Court, indeed, is where the peculiar charm and graciousness of English hospitality are seen in perfection, and it has long borne in Society the honourable nickname of "Honeymoon Hall," from the kindness of its owners in lending it to newly married pairs. Lady Desborough herself, however, has one association with the place which is not happy, for it was there that she was robbed, on a certain "Black Friday," the thirteenth day of the month to boot, of most of her jewels, valued at £15,000, and the burglars got clear away with their booty. One of the most delightful "water parties" in the modern history of Taplow Court was, it is interesting now to recall, that given in honour of the Colonial Premiers on their last visit in 1902. Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier were there, and the burly, genial "Dick" Seddon, of New Zealand, now, alas! no longer living.



MISS MORA ILBERT
Married to Mr. Arthur Cochrane at St. Margaret's, Westminster.
Photo by Kate Pragnell.



"QUEEN OF THE RIVER": LADY DESBOROUGH AND TWO OF HER CHILDREN
Lord and Lady Desborough entertained Prince Fushimi at Taplow Court on Sunday.
Photo by Stephanie Maud.

A Parliamentary Wedding

The wedding of Miss Mora Ilbert and Mr. Arthur Cochrane, Rouge Croix, which was fixed for Wednesday last, was particularly interesting, for it is not often that the Palace of Westminster furnishes a bridal. The last, if we remember right, was Miss Shelley Gully's marriage to Captain Carleton Salkeld. The bride of this week has had her home in Speaker's Court, beneath the shadow of Big Ben, ever since her father, Sir Courtenay Ilbert, was appointed Clerk of the House of Commons in 1902. It is curious, by the way, now that Lord Cromer has returned from his triumphs in Egypt, to recall that, years ago, as Major Baring, he firmly defended the famous Ilbert Bill during Lord Ripon's Viceroyalty of India. The bride has another association with Westminster, for her mother was a niece of the venerable Dean Bradley, who was her father's old headmaster at Marlborough. Mr. Cochrane, the son of a Derbyshire clergyman, was appointed Rouge Croix Pursuivant of Arms in 1904, and it will be remembered that he was one of the Earl Marshal's gold staff officers at the Coronation. He has strongly marked literary tastes, like his brother, the cricketer, who is secretary to Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co.

Memoranda for the Coming Week

TO-DAY, MAY 18

Royal Horticultural Society: Travel Exhibition opens (to June 8).

MONDAY, MAY 20

Whitsun-Monday: Bank Holiday.
Cart Horse Parade, Regent's Park.
Tradesmen's Horse Show and Parade, Crystal Palace.
Motor Race Meeting, Bexhill (and 21st).

TUESDAY, MAY 21

British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Essex Hall: Lecture by Rev. R. J. Campbell.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22

Royal Navy Club: Dinner, Whitehall Rooms.
Mounted Infantry and Northern Nigeria Regimental dinner.

THURSDAY, MAY 23

Sir Hector Macdonald Memorial unveiled at Dingwall.
Royal Society Meeting, 4.30.
Royal Institution: Sir James Dewar lectures on Chemical Progress.
Rowing: Oxford Summer Eights begin.

FRIDAY, MAY 24

Empire Day.
Prince Fushimi visits Portsmouth.
Federal Conference on Education opens at Caxton Hall, 12.
Linnean Society: Anniversary meeting, 3.
Botanic Gardens: Legion of Frontiersmen's garden fête.
Queen's Hall: Dr. C. Harriss's Empire concert.

In the secluded by-ways of the West End exist establishments of modest dimensions, but provided with every comfort and luxury. "The Curzon" hotel, at the corner of Bolton and Curzon Streets, is one of them. To the hotel premises has been added a public restaurant, a *salon* in eighteenth century style, and one of the most comfortable and elegant in London, tastefully decorated, and admirably ventilated. We recommend it.



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, D. MACPHERSON

In order that Madrid should be informed of the happy event without delay, King Alfonso decreed that at certain points round Madrid a salute of twenty-one guns should be fired if a Prince was born, and fifteen guns if a Princess. The inhabitants of Madrid listened anxiously for the number of charges fired, and when it passed fifteen the town went mad with joy. Our artist has depicted a battery of field artillery firing the salute at La Montaña, one of the points in question.

The Birth of the Prince of Asturias: Firing a Salute of Twenty-one Guns to Announce the Good News to Madrid

CLUB COMMENTS

By "MARMADUKE"

Our music-hall masters not only coin the catch phrase of the moment, they make and unmake Ministries, generate the enthusiasm that hurries a policy to victory, or hurls it to defeat, are courted by the politician, the poet, and the painter, and, imperceptibly, give the tone to the public of the time. "Light, lighter, lighter still" is the mandate from the music-halls, and our politicians have ceased to endeavour to rouse their audiences to anything more serious than "roars of laughter;" our poets write up to the pattern, our journalists break their articles into paragraphs and present them with headline puns, and even the police-court magistrate lightens a heavy punishment with a joke.

. . .

Soufflé solemnity is the nearest approach to the serious which any of us can assume here at the moment! The New Laughter is a feature of the time in England. There are as many smiles at a "Society" entertainment as there are sufferers, but the hearty laugh is seldom heard. At the theatres, restaurants, and in the streets the characteristic British scowl is being replaced by the set smile, but the sound of laughter unrestrained is terribly scarce. The *soufflé* style dominates in every direction; there are *soufflé* sermons, speeches, songs, sentiments, and even sorrows!

. . .

The ascendancy of the *soufflé* system here has many regrettable consequences. Amongst those who possess a prominent position there is much less of the dignified than there was amongst their predecessors—and there was a dignity which was especially becoming both to the position and to those who occupied it. In conversation now serious subjects are seldom discussed as they were formerly—the matter is not threshed out by able minds, but just touched, and dropped as tiresome. The essay which delighted our ancestors is little better than dead—we do not wish to think ourselves, and we do not wish others to think for us. Where are the standard books? There were three or four of them each year, even a quarter of a century ago—books that were destined to have a place in every well-stocked library.

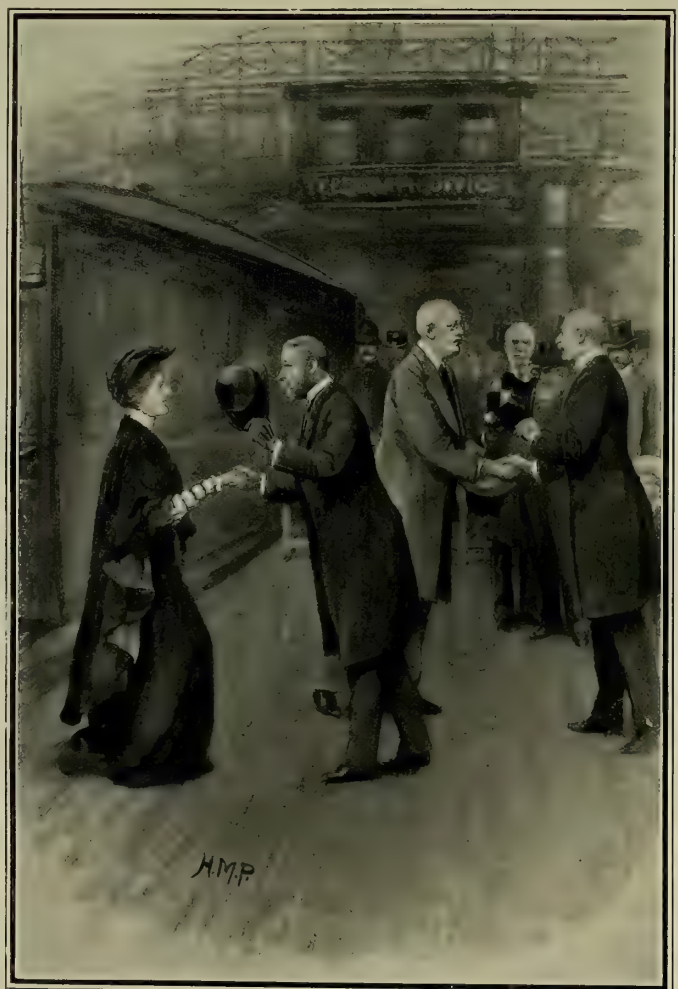
. . .

The *soufflé* conscience is an inevitable accompaniment of the condition. A gross scandal does not shock "Society" as it did; it provides material for gossip for a few hours, and is then set aside as not sufficiently new for continued use. Treated so lightly, the offence no longer has any importance attached to it by "Society." Characters that would have been avoided thirty years ago are tolerated now. "We know all about it, but it does not matter," is the continual observation. The tribunal of the unwritten laws in England has ceased to be either zealous or active!

. . .

It is worse; the tribunal has changed hands. "Society" no longer pronounces judgment; the music-hall does so in its stead. "Society" attaches little importance to a scandalous occurrence, but the music-hall public is shocked, and pillories the offenders. But this new tribunal has but one case in a hundred before it; the ninety-nine others escape unpunished, and often the hundredth is by no means the most objectionable. Besides, the adroit can influence the music-hall manager and singer to make light of that which should be made much of, and bring into prominence matters which are of comparatively little importance. "The Race for the Music-halls" is a headline which will recur frequently in the near future, for the Party leaders and organisations realise that these are as important in influencing the public as are the newspapers.

Sell's "Dictionary of the World's Press" (Sell's Advertising Agency. 7s. 6d.) has long been an indispensable work of reference in newspaper offices, and in scope it can certainly claim superiority over its rivals. The 1907 volume has just been issued, and its many bright articles by newspaper men, its maps, diagrams, and illustrations give it interest unusual to a reference book.



On their arrival at Victoria Station on Monday afternoon, Lord and Lady Cromer received a cordial welcome from the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught and a distinguished gathering, including Earl Roberts, the Prime Minister, and the Duke of Norfolk. On leaving the station Lord Cromer drove to Buckingham Palace, where he was received by the King.

A ROYAL WELCOME: THE RETURN OF LORD AND LADY CROMER

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

Our Portraits

The late Lieutenant-Colonel George Vincent Fosbery, V.C., won his coveted distinction during the Umbeyla Expedition. On October 30, 1863, he led a party of his regiment, the 1st Punjab Infantry, to recapture the Crag Piquet, after its garrison had been driven in by the enemy. The approach to the top of the crag was rocky, and only one or two men could advance at one time. Lieut. Fosbery, as he then was, led his small party "with the greatest coolness and intrepidity, and was the first man to gain the top of the crag," an exploit resulting in the recapture of the fort and the flight of the enemy. He retired thirty years ago, and devoted himself to the perfecting of machine guns. He invented the Paradox gun, and introduced the explosive bullet as a means of ascertaining infantry and mountain artillery ranges. Photo by Maull and Fox.

The late Admiral Sir Leopold Heath, K.C.B., was eighty-nine. He began his career in the Navy—and a distinguished career it was—at fourteen, and, after receiving a prize commission as lieutenant, found himself a commander at thirty. He took part in the attack on Lagos, in command of the Niger, and in the bombardment of Sebastopol three years later. After acting as superintendent of transports at Balaclava, he was promoted and received the C.B. He subsequently became Commodore on the East Indies Station, and saw more fighting during the Abyssinian War, where he was in command of the naval forces engaged. For his services he was thanked by Parliament, promoted to K.C.B., and became an aide-de-camp to Queen Victoria. He was made Admiral in 1884. Photo by Elliott and Fry.

We heartily congratulate Mr. Henry Chaplin on his great victory at Wimbledon, and the House of Commons on seeing once more so well-tried a Parliamentary hand and so forcible a debater. Whether looked upon as a decided turn in favour of tariff reform, or as an answer to the Suffragettes, the result is equally satisfactory. It is nearly forty years since Mr. Chaplin first sat in the House of Commons, and he retained his seat for Mid-Lincolnshire from 1868 till 1885, and for the Sleaford Division from 1885 till last year. Photo by Elliott and Fry.

Mr. Frederick Leverton Harris's victory for the Unionist cause at Stepney is attributed by him to his advocacy of tariff reform, which was certainly his first "plank." His majority of 949 was no doubt helped, too, by the unpopular discharges from Woolwich. The new M.P. was born in 1864, and is a director of a firm of shipowners and colliery proprietors which has existed in London for 150 years.

Dr. Joseph Michael Redmond, the new President of the Royal College of Physicians of Ireland, was Vice-President from 1901 to 1903, and has been President of the State Medicine Section in the Royal Academy of Medicine. He has written several treatises, and holds several important positions. Photo by D'Arcy.

THE F.O. BAG By LUCIEN WOLF

WHENEVER births, deaths, or marriages take place in the Royal houses of Europe, I read with amusement the prosy and pretentious disquisitions on their political significance which appear in the leading columns of our newspapers. There is no doubt a good deal of truth in what they say, and, besides, they are a tradition; but it wants a very little reflection to show that the considerations with which they deal are the last to appeal to what we call the "public mind." You find, for example, thousands of men and women—especially women—who know little and care less about the dynastic interests at stake, but who nevertheless devour with avidity every word that the papers have to say about these events, and otherwise manifest the liveliest interest in them. The truth is, it is not their political but their romantic aspect which attracts the average person. The domestic affairs of Kings and Queens are pages of Sir Walter Scott in action. We have had a striking proof of this in the intense interest with which the first maternal experience of the young Queen of Spain has been watched throughout the world. It was felt to be the culmination of a romance in which love and villainy, the powers of light and darkness, had struggled according to all the approved rules of classic romance. The fondest hopes have now been realised by the birth of a boy, and everybody is satisfied that the gallant young King and his beautiful English wife will live happy ever afterwards, untroubled by the machinations of their enemies, who did not spare them even on their bridal day. It has in truth been a charming and exciting love story, and the sporting interest of the *dénoûment* has been all that the most exacting novelette reader could desire.



THE INFANTE DON ALFONSO

Son of the late Princess of Asturias, formerly heir-presumptive to the throne of Spain. Photo by Franzen, Madrid.

The new Franco-Japanese *entente* is much too important an event in *Welt-politik* to be dealt with in a brief note, and I must consequently postpone for another week or so an examination of its unquestionably great significance. Moreover, the Treaty embodying the *entente* is not yet concluded, and a great deal depends upon its exact form and phrasing. The fact, however, that such a Treaty should be possible to-day is a remarkable illustration of the tremendous change which has come over the whole field of international politics since King Edward paid his epoch-making—for, in truth, it was epoch-making—visit to Paris in 1903. At that time France was still wedded to the Far Eastern policy expounded in the Franco-Russian Note to the Powers of February, 1902, by which the Dual Alliance was extended to Asia as a counterpoise to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. If all we hear of the new Treaty is true, France has now performed a complete *volte face*, for she will virtually become a party to the combination against which she tacitly protested five years ago. The assurance that this is approved by Russia is, I confess, not quite convincing to me. To Germany the Treaty must be a bitter pill—all the more bitter because when six years ago the Marquis Ito came to Europe in quest of an alliance, he was instructed to open negotiations with the Wilhelmstrasse in the event of Downing Street not proving responsive.

I often hear of that gallant old Royalist soldier, General de Charette, from some very dear Creole friends of mine who every summer pass a portion of their holiday with him on his delightful estate in Brittany. I was consequently not surprised to read the other day that in spite of his eighty odd years he is still as vigorous and aggressive as when nearly half a century ago he had two horses shot under him on the bloody field of Castelfidardo. Last week he summoned his old comrades in arms, the grizzled remnant of the Pontifical Zouaves, to meet him at Rouen, in order to hold there the religious service in honour of Joan of Arc, which the French Government, with detestable bigotry, virtually rendered impossible at Orleans. It is thirteen years since I first met the General, under somewhat dramatic circumstances, in the coffee-room of the White Hart Hotel at Buckingham.

Twenty-four hours before, I had been in Paris, when the late Fernand Xau, editor of *Le Journal*, of which I was then London correspondent, came to me at my hotel to beg me to return to England at once. He had heard privately that the Comte de Paris was seriously ill, and he wanted me to find out the truth of the matter. I set out with a heavy heart, as I had just planned a holiday to the Italian Lakes, which I have yet to enjoy. In London, I could hear nothing to justify the rumour, and so I took train for Buckingham, the nearest town to Stowe, where the French King *in partibus* held his court. There I found everybody as ignorant as in London, and mine host of the White Hart even pooh-poohed the idea of an illness, as he declared that he had seen the Comte walking in the grounds of Stowe only a few days before. I was tired and resolved to put off further investigations until the next day, and I ordered dinner preparatory to retiring for the night's rest I so badly wanted.

When I came down to the coffee-room I found the table laid for two. I was still wondering who my companion was to be when a tall, soldierly-looking man, with a white moustache and beard *à l'impériale*, stalked into the room, saluted me and sat himself down opposite me. I ventured to address him in French, whereat he was visibly delighted, and we were soon chatting away like old friends. His air and the scope of his conversation convinced me that he was a Frenchman of some distinction. If this were true, it seemed to me probable that he was at Buckingham in connection with the Royalist court. Accordingly, I made an effort to get his name as a prelude to further pumping, but he fenced with me. Then I turned the conversation on to Stowe and its inmates. He apparently knew all about them. I said casually that I hoped the Comte de Paris was better. He looked at me for a moment and then answered gravely, 'No, I am afraid he will never be better; extreme unction was administered to him this evening."

Here was the news I wanted, but still it was necessary to be cautious. "Yes," I said negligently, "there have been a number of sensational rumours about, but I imagine they are very much exaggerated." "Exaggerated!" shouted the old soldier. "I tell you he had extreme unction this evening, and I was present when it was administered." It now became more necessary than ever that I should know who my companion was before I ventured to the telegraph office. I was meditating how to get this information when the boots entered with a telegram which he placed before my *vis-à-vis*. He opened it, read it, put it into his pocket, crumpled up the envelope in his hand, and after holding it there for a moment, during which he was buried in thought, threw it carelessly into the fireplace. Quite half an hour elapsed before he took up his hat, made me a bow, wished me *bonne nuit*, and disappeared. The door had scarcely closed upon him when I pounced on that crumpled envelope. It had only one word on it, "Charette," but it was enough for me. The next morning, while I was still wrapped in slumber, *Le Journal* startled Paris with the announcement in type half an inch long that the exiled hope of the Monarchists was dying.



Before Lord Cromer left Egypt the members of the Diplomatic Body called upon him in Cairo to offer their regret at his impending departure. At the same time they presented him with a handsome silver cup as a souvenir. Our photograph shows Lord Cromer sitting in the centre of the deputation. Those sitting on his right hand are Herr de Villebois (Netherlands) and Signor Malmus (Italy), those on his left Count Koziebrodsky (Austria) and Count Wachtmeister (Sweden); and those standing behind, starting from the left of the picture, are Baron Gaillier (Belgium), M. Philon (Greece), Count Zogheb (Portugal), Mirza Ali Asbgar Khan (Persia), Count Bernstorff (Germany), M. Alexis Smirnov (Russia), and M. Paghano (Bulgaria). Photo by Dittrich, Cairo.

LORD CROMER'S RETIREMENT: A RECEPTION OF THE DIPLOMATIC BODY IN CAIRO

Mr. Rudyard Kipling made an eloquent appeal on behalf of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution at the banquet last week, when £2,027 was subscribed to the funds. Sir L. Alma-Tadema, Sir Ernest Waterlow, Sir William Richmond, Mr. J. S. Sargent, and other distinguished artists were present.

THE BYSTANDER

"*Stand by.*"—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

"What a very dull place!" said a young lady to me, as we drifted into the Architectural Room at Burlington House on the day of the Private View. And yet that room is associated in my mind with the merriest of recollections. Many of my friends have dined at the Royal Academy annual banquet, but there are few people surely who have taken part in a picnic in the Architectural Room. This I did for several years. It happened on the occasion of the Press View—I am afraid to say how many articles I have written on the Academy exhibitions—when I used to meet the late George Augustus Sala, whose notices of the collection were always the most entertaining things you could read. He used to say to me, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Remember. Architectural Room at One. Be in time!" And I always was in time. There I found my friend, with a mysterious little black bag, into which he dived like a conjurer and produced the most satisfactory results. Neat paper packets of sandwiches of *pâté de foie gras*, of chicken, of anchovy, came forth at the bidding of the necromancer, and eventually was disclosed a capacious silver flask of Sauterne. There were never more than three at this picnic, and on the last occasion Sir Francis Burnand was one of the guests. What with his jokes and our host's anecdotes the room rang with laughter, and grave critics who happened to look in shook their heads, looked very serious, and averred that art criticism was rapidly deteriorating. To me, then, the Architectural Room is *not* dull, but haunted with many pleasant memories of the past.

Our forefathers were much wiser in most things than we are. They levied tolls at bridges, and they put their faith in turnpikes. They acted on the sound commercial principle that those who used the bridges and those who wore out the roads should pay for them. There is no more reason for a man to have a free bridge or a free road than there is for him to be provided with a gratuitous cab or omnibus whenever he wishes to take a ride. Nowadays you will find those who use the roads and bridges most are those who contribute the least to their support. There is no doubt that in the present day country roads are more worn by the motor-car than anything else; but what do the proprietors of these vehicles, supposing they go from London to Edinburgh, contribute to the cost of the roads they pass over? In olden days the four-horse coaches did their duty towards repairing the roads they traversed, and so did everybody, even the owner of a pony-cart. It would be a good thing if we could return to that fine old institution, the turnpike, nowadays. It would not only compel those who wear out the roads to pay for them, but it would be a wholesome check on undue speed, and would be an advantage for the identification of drivers when necessary.

My remarks with regard to that feeble and unsatisfactory garment, the frock-coat, I am glad to say, have been well received. They have been extensively quoted in the papers, and I have received countless communications endorsing my strictures on this very Pecksniff of garments. It is to be hoped that this consensus of opinion may shortly lead to its disestablishment. The frock-coat has flourished for at least half a century: it has been considered the pink of perfection for the well-dressed man and the symbol of severe respectability. But I fancy its reign is at an end. At one time no bridegroom would consider himself properly married unless he wore a frock-coat for the occasion. But recently I have noted at several most fashionable weddings the bridegroom has been attired in a morning coat. I take this as a good sign.

A new terror has been added to our daily correspondence—and goodness knows it possesses terrors enough without any addition—by the introduction of some absurd contrivance which combines envelope with note-paper. I have received several of these lately, and I cannot describe the irritating effect they have upon a man who has a vast number of letters daily. In the first place the annoying missive is so closely fastened that you cannot make out where it opens, and there is no chance of approaching the contents but by tearing off the corners of the letter. Then you get very angry, and you insert a knife and cut boldly, first one way, then the other. Presently the whole thing breaks up, and you find you have cut the epistle into five or six pieces, which are difficult to put together. Sometimes a piece is missing, and you fail to grasp the meaning of your correspondent altogether. All this causes much loss of time and temper. For it should be borne in mind that the morning's post is too serious an institution to be interrupted by childish puzzles and conundrums in stationery. Besides, paper is cheap enough, and all this annoyance might be saved by using the ordinary notepaper and the sensible envelope.

As one of the very first to agitate with regard to the safety of St. Paul's Cathedral, I must warmly congratulate the London County Council on their decision to divert the course of the new sewer. There is no doubt whatever that this is a step in the right direction, but the work of those interested in the safety of the Cathedral is by no means at an end with this most acceptable concession. It is said that the settlements, fissures and cracks in the building are far more serious than is supposed by the general public, and that it will be necessary to make certain repairs before the structure may be considered absolutely safe. Let us hope these repairs will be undertaken without delay, for the longer the matter is neglected the more difficult it will be to accomplish.

With regard to the proposed transformation of Regent's Quadrant and to the height of the new Piccadilly Hotel, I read in a recent number of *Truth*:—"But when one pictures the whole street rebuilt on this scale and in this massive style, one cannot help wondering whether it is wide enough to stand it. Whatever the architectural effect, it strikes me that by the time the building is completed the shopkeepers will find a new cause for complaint in not getting enough daylight into their premises." This was precisely the question I raised a year ago, and I cannot understand why the inhabitants of the Quadrant did not agitate on the subject when first attention was called to it. They cannot now pull down the Piccadilly Hotel, but they might try to induce the authorities to leave the rest of the Quadrant as it is.

Every town in England, one is beginning to think, will soon have had its "Pageant," and now the epidemic is on St. Albans is to have its "Pageant" with the rest—five days of it, from July 15 to July 20. Though Mr. Louis N. Parker has come to be regarded as the Napoleon of Pageants, we note that St. Albans has chosen as "Master of the Pageant" Mr. Herbert Jarman, and the author of the "book" and lyrics is Mr. C. H. Ashdown.



The group in the Guildhall, when Prince Fushimi received from the Lord Mayor the golden casket containing the City's address of welcome, was an illustrious one. His Imperial Highness's hearty welcome in the London streets was officially echoed, with customary ceremony, in the historic building, in which had gathered in his honour not only the City dignitaries, the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, Diplomats, Ministers of State—Sir Edward Grey among them—officers of the Japanese Navy and Army, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and M.P.s, but the Prince of Wales the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Arthur of Connaught. After the reading of the address by the Recorder, Prince Fushimi and the Lord Mayor exchanged bows on the presentation of the casket, and Count Mutsu, of the Japanese Embassy, read the Prince's reply.

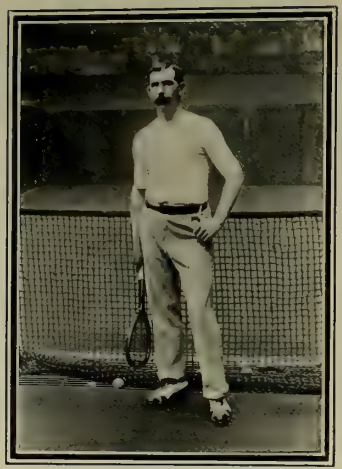
PRINCE FUSHIMI IN THE CITY: THE CEREMONY IN THE GUILDHALL
DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET



DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I. FROM A SKETCH BY A. GASCOIGNE WILDEY, R.N.

The great festival of the year in Cornwall is "Flora Day" at Helston, remarkable for the quaint "Flora" or "Furry" dance, in which the people literally dance through the town. They start from the Corn Exchange and, preceded by the Volunteer band and a detachment of Cornish constabulary, dance in at the front door and out at the back of every house they pass. This year Sir William Treloar and the Sheriffs of the City of London took part in the festivities, carefully complying with the regulation that frock or morning coats and silk hats should be worn. After this ceremony the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs paid a State visit to the Annual Horse and Dog Show.

Flora Day in Cornwall: The Lord Mayor joining in the Curious "Furry Dance" through the Streets and Houses of Helston



Peter Latham regained the tennis championship of the world at Prince's Club Court, Brighton, beating Cecil ("Punch") Fairs, champion in 1905, by a total of 51 games to 46, the contest being the best of 13 sets. With the title of world's champion Latham also gained a stake of £500. He is forty-two, ten years older than Fairs.

PETER LATHAM, THE WORLD'S TENNIS CHAMPION

Tablecloths and Sedition

BY HENRY W. LUCY

After a two nights' debate, the Government carried the second reading of the Budget Bill by a majority of 210. That is pretty well as an implement of legislative work. But it is less by 100 than was made possible as the result of the General Election. Liberals, Labour members and Nationalists then numbered 514 against 156 gathered under the Unionist banner. The discrepancy is accounted for by the fact that, whilst some of the Labour members, resenting the maintenance of recent taxation on tea and sugar, went into the Opposition Lobby on Tuesday night, the main body of the Nationalists have gone off to Ireland to digest the plum-duff served out by Mr. Birrell in the shape of a tentative Home Rule Bill.

As frequently happens in what is called a full-dress debate, the long-drawn-out discussion arising on the amendment to the Budget moved from the Front Opposition bench was dolefully dull. Had it been compressed within a single sitting, it would have been equally useful and infinitely brisker. As it was, there were frequent stretches of time through which the hon. gentleman on his legs had an audience not exceeding a score. On Tuesday night, in anticipation of the division, with Mr. Balfour up and the Chancellor of the Exchequer to follow, the scene put on warmth and colour. The relief was but temporary. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer resumed his seat, and a disposition was shown by Mr. Mond and others to prolong debate, the benches emptied again.

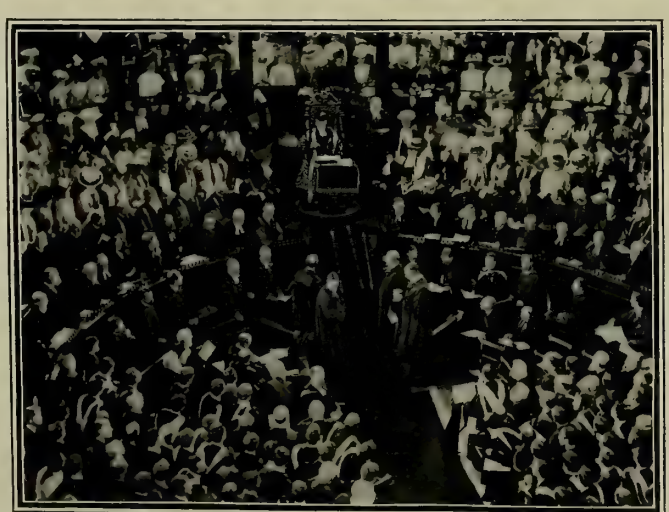
Thus it came to pass that Mr. Rowland Hunt had a comparatively small audience for what in music-hall phrase would be called "his turn." Mr. Hunt is a well-known authority on the Fiscal Question, being a whole-hogger in favour of Tariff Reform. He earned some notoriety at the opening of the session by bluntly attacking Mr. Balfour for alleged ambiguity in defining his position on the question, an act of indiscipline that resulted in his temporary expulsion from the ranks of the party. He came forward now as an out-and-out supporter of Mr. Chamberlain's amendment to the motion for the second reading of the Budget Bill, calling for the broadening of the basis of taxation. Having proceeded at some length in developing his argument, Mr. Hunt casually observed, "The other day I bought in a big London shop a tablecloth." Here he paused, and with some difficulty extracted from his coat-tail pocket a bundle of white cloth. Shaking out its folds, he held it up at arm's length to the inspection of the House. "It's a Japanese tablecloth," he said. "I asked the shopman particularly, and he told me these tablecloths are seriously interfering with an Irish industry."

He dropped the article on the bench beside him, and it was passed round for inspection till it reached some experts below the gangway, who, after close examination, declared that it had been made in Lancashire. This was rather disheartening. But Mr. Hunt stoutly stuck by the dictum of the shopman, and proceeded to demonstrate how the Government were so tied and bound by their old-fashioned, obsolete, out-of-date, wooden-headed, blind-eyed Cobdenism, that they would go down to history as a Ministry of inexactitude, lawyers, and second-class parish councillors. After this the House divided on Mr. Austen Chamberlain's amendment, which was negatived by 376 votes against 108, a majority of eighteen in excess over that recorded for the second reading of the Budget Bill.

The event of the week exceeding in interest this sham fight round the Budget arose in connection with the unrest in India. Before the House met on Monday, Mr. Morley received a note from the Leader of the Opposition informing him that, if it were not inconsistent with public interests, he would at question time invite him to make a statement with respect to the actual state of affairs in India. Mr. Morley accordingly prepared a written document which he was ready to read when questions on the paper were disposed of. But there is ever found in the House of Commons a class of members prepared to rush in where statesmen, careful of international interests, fear to tread. Only in less degree than Ireland is India made the field of the enterprise of faddists, probably well meaning, indubitably unwise.

On Monday, Dr. Rutherford led off with an argumentative question with reference to the recent arrest of a native of India who had made himself prominent in seditious proceedings. He was followed by Mr. O'Grady, Sir H. Cotton, Mr. Lupton, and, appropriately enough in such company, Mr. W. Redmond. The situation was one of difficulty and delicacy. Mr. Morley acquitted himself in a manner that drew from crowded benches on both sides of the House a warm tribute of applause. Whilst assuming and preserving an attitude of extreme courtesy towards "my hon. friends," he succeeded in conveying a rebuke, not less effective because of its dignified moderation, to members who at so critical an epoch helped the men stirring up trouble in India by presenting the appearance that upon the question of maintaining law and order the House of Commons was divided.

Whilst regrettable from that point of view, the episode had an immediate and permanently useful effect in demonstrating to whom it may concern that the Government of India is resolved to suppress with a strong hand the incipient rebellion ominously manifesting itself at the Jubilee date of the Great Mutiny.



The installation of Lord Curzon as Chancellor of Oxford University was carried out with all the quaint old ceremony which has come down from the Middle Ages. The ritual was conducted in Latin. The Registrar read the Instrument of Election, the Vice-Chancellor handed to the new Chancellor the Book of the Statutes and the Keys of the University, with a Diploma of the Degree of Doctor in Civil Law, and the two Proctors tendered a box containing the Seal of the University. After a few more formalities came the Chancellor's speech in Latin.

THE INSTALLATION OF OXFORD'S NEW CHANCELLOR: LORD CURZON READING HIS SPEECH



The tournament for the Ladies' Golf Championship at Newcastle, County Down, ended with an exciting match between the Sisters Hezlet, in which Miss May Hezlet was victor by two up and one to play. The champion's sister, Miss Florence Hezlet, played a good game, but was beaten at the last green but one. This is Miss May Hezlet's third victory.

MISS HEZLET, WINNER OF THE LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

The Alhambra Theatre has been redecorated, and is splendid in bright eastern colours. The programme, as usual, is a good one. Besides the customary items, it includes two magnificent ballets, and the performance of a Spanish singer who is paying her first visit to this country. Señorita Maria Vinent has a delightfully clear and beautiful voice, and sings with artistic feeling in French. She has a brilliant and extensive *répertoire*, and is well worth hearing. During their visit to this country, the Comité Républicain du Commerce, de l'Industrie et de l'Agriculture spent an evening at the Alhambra, and were delighted with the entertainment.

Messrs. Liberty have published a book on "Furnishing Fabrics," which contains a great many designs of an entirely novel character. Many of the illustrations are admirably produced in colours, and show considerable originality and taste.



THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR L. HEATH
A Crimean Veteran.



DR. JOSEPH REDMOND
New President of the Royal College of Physicians of Ireland.



THE RIGHT HON. HENRY CHAPLIN, M.P.
Returned by a great majority for Wimbledon.



MR. F. L. HARRIS, M.P.
The Unionist Victor at the Stepney Election.



THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. G. V. FOSBERY, V.C.

The Theatres

MORE AMERICANA

"Wonderful, wonderful, and yet again wonderful" is the exhibition of the simple fare which satisfies the theatre-going public in America, as shown by such pieces as *Strongheart* at the ALDWYCH, and *When Knighthood was in Flower* at the WALDORF. To comprehend the reasons for their popularity in the United States it is necessary to remember that in certain small towns in England bustling melodrama, incoherent as to language and childish as to incident, is played nightly to playhouses filled by people who are glad of any distraction after a day of hard, uninteresting and wholly mechanical labour. These audiences are composed mainly of people who are only just beginning to think, and who have few opportunities of observing life outside their own class and immediate neighbourhood—in fact of people whose intellectual life has scarcely begun to dawn. It would seem that America, great though she is as a hustling necessity-providing country, is, except for the small minority of her travelled and cultured citizens, on a par with our small northern manufacturing towns intellectually, and that that is the reason why most American theatrical successes are failures in London. We might put up with "noises off" and "darkness on," which is their system of realism in stage-management, if the plays "presented" represented any form of the life of the American people of to-day. This is, of course, the case with and accounts for the great success of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, now playing to crowded houses at TERRY'S Theatre. But Londoners are not likely to pay money to see the old melodramatic figures spouting old melodramatic sentiments in ambiguous language, even though it is spoken with a strong American accent and shouted with enormous vigour, as in *Strongheart*. True, Mr. Robert Edeson plays quietly as the Red Indian chief's son, and plays the description of the second half of the football match scene remarkably well, but he fails to give the essential differences in racial characteristics between the Red Indian and the white man, as he should do to make the character really interesting. He does not show the pride of race, or the strength of superstition and mystic belief in the gods of their ancestors which a great actor would get across the footlights, and nothing but a great performance of the chief part would, we think, make *Strongheart* acceptable in London.

When Knighthood was in Flower is quite as childishly written and conceived as the football play, but as it depicts such great historical characters as Henry VIII., Mary Tudor, Wolsey, the Dauphin (afterwards Francis I.), and Anne Boleyn with a sort of simple schoolboy *naïveté*, it is so delightfully serio-comic that it is quite possible it may prove a great success. If it does so this will be largely due to Miss Julia Marlowe's boisterous, spirited, and clever performance of Mary the termagant, who gets into bed when Henry comes to fetch her to receive the French Envoy, and throws slippers and many other articles, only visible generally in a bedroom, at his and Queen Katherine's heads. This is pure farce of course, but just because it is farce in a novel form, and withal more inoffensive than most farces, it is distinctly amusing and therefore welcome, and may take the town.

DRAMATICUS.

Sir Roger de Coverley is the title of a fine old English ballet introduced at the Empire Theatre recently. Mlle. Genée is, of course, the heroine of the story, which is admirably told in dumb show, and her dancing and acting as Lady Dolly are as fresh and finished as ever. Old English dances and songs, pretty scenes, good music, and beautiful dresses are the principal features that make for the success of the ballet; but there are also excellent and characteristic dances by Mr. Fred Farren, Miss Elise Clerc, and Mr. P. Sundberg.



The Lord Chancellor presided at the festival dinner in the Hall of the Inner Temple last Saturday, in support of the Westminster Hospital—an institution which he declared to be one of the most deserving in London, 2,750 in-patients and 23,000 out-patients being treated there annually. During the evening it was announced that subscriptions amounting to £6,500 had been received, with the conditional promise of another £2,000.

IN SUPPORT OF WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL: THE FESTIVAL DINNER IN THE INNER TEMPLE HALL



After lunching with Lord and Lady Desborough at Taplow Court, Maidenhead, on Sunday, Prince Fushimi had a two hours' trip up the Thames in the launch Cintra, with Mr. A. F. Yarrow. The Cintra flew the Prince's private flag, and was gay with flowers. The journey included Cookham, Marlow, Temple and Henley, and at Medmenham Abbey the Prince and his staff took tea with Colonel and Mrs. Douglas Dawson.

PRINCE FUSHIMI ON THE RIVER: HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS AND HIS PARTY IN THE LAUNCH CINTRA

At the Opera

If there is anyone in the world who knows how a Wagner opera ought to be staged, that man is surely Dr. Richter, and when he is satisfied it is proof positive that all things have indeed gone well. If report speaks truly, however, and there is even every cause to believe that in this instance report indulges in an unwonted fit of veracity, satisfaction but inadequately represents his feelings concerning the second of the present cycles of the *Ring*, and he has even allowed himself to wax positively enthusiastic over it, especially so far as the staging has been concerned. Such being the case, the management has every reason to congratulate itself upon the success with which it has solved some of the most difficult problems ever set by an exacting dramatist.

There are, I believe, several authenticated instances of stage managers whose hair turned white during a single cycle of the *Ring*, and no one who has ever attended a performance of that colossal tetralogy will be inclined to wonder thereat. At one time or another whole menageries of animals, known or unknown to naturalists, have to appear on the stage. It was ordained by Wagner that, at one time or another, horses, flying and otherwise, dragons, man-eating and tame, sheep, and even a mouse, should appear upon the stage, and though we are now generally spared the two last, the problems set by the former are sufficiently difficult. The aviary required includes two ravens and a singing bird, species unknown. Among the phenomena of nature which have to be represented are falling mists, scudding clouds, the rising and setting of the sun, thunderstorms and blazing mountains, while nymphs are expected to disport themselves in the waters of the Rhine, and a house must be made to fall without doing grievous bodily harm to the actors on the stage or the equally important members of the orchestra, who once, by the way, when the scene was enacted with amazing realism, were subjected to a perfect shower of beams and rafters.

It is hardly possible to say that the management has achieved perfect realism in every instance, but it has certainly carried us a long step nearer to the ideal. Calling the cinematograph to its aid, it has given us the most wonderful representation of the ride of the Valkyries through the air ever seen on the English or, perhaps, any other stage. By the ingenious use of a magic lantern and some sheets of painted glass it has succeeded in portraying scudding clouds so like Nature's little efforts that it is hardly possible to tell the difference. It has not yet succeeded in finding a substitute for Frau Vogl's famous horse, which had not only been trained to leap on to Siegfried's funeral pyre, but which is even said to have been so talented an animal that it knew the cues and would perform its feat at precisely the right moment without a hint from its rider. The illusion, however, was really very cleverly carried out; while the fall of the house, if not quite so convincing as that which caused such consternation in the orchestra, was very effective.

The parts, with two notable exceptions, have been filled by the same fine artists who appeared in them at the previous cycle. The exceptions were that Wotan was played by the inimitable Herr van Rooy, a singer who is absolutely without a rival in the part, and whose superb voice is in perfect condition this year, and that Herr Cornelius made his London *début* as Siegmund in *Die Walkure*. A new German tenor has long been badly needed, and it seems very possible that Herr Cornelius will fill the gap. His voice is pure and fresh, though it still needs a little development; but he has youth on his side, and, as he is a clever singer, he will doubtless soon acquire the qualities that he at present lacks. Certainly he made a very good impression, and it is to be hoped that we shall soon have an opportunity of hearing him in other *rôles*. As the work done by most of the singers was fully discussed in last week's GRAPHIC, it is hardly necessary to refer to it again now.

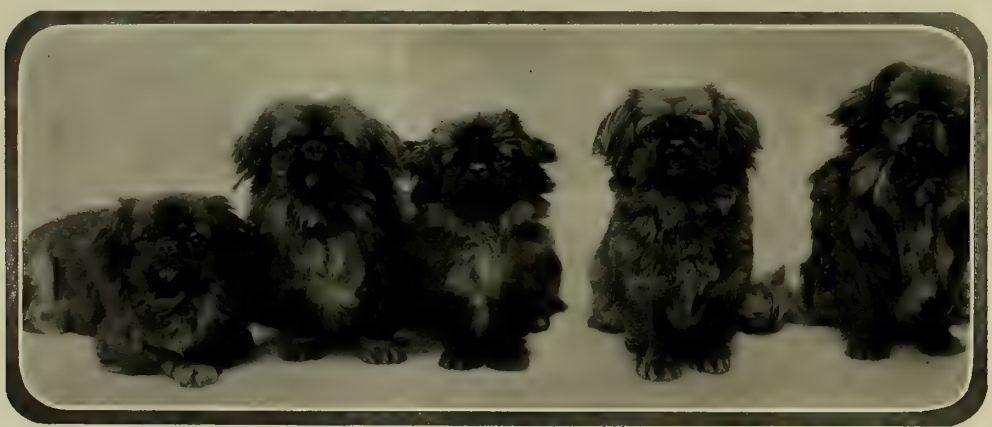
During the last few months there has been a perfect epidemic of Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The Winter Opera Syndicate was, I believe, the first to catch it; they communicated it to the Carl Rosa and Moody-Manners companies, and now the Covent Garden authorities have taken it in so virulent a form that they have actually provided the opera with new scenery. The disorder is harmless enough but a trifle out of date, and though everything possible is done at Covent Garden to make it interesting, it is hardly likely to become fashionable.

J. D. H.



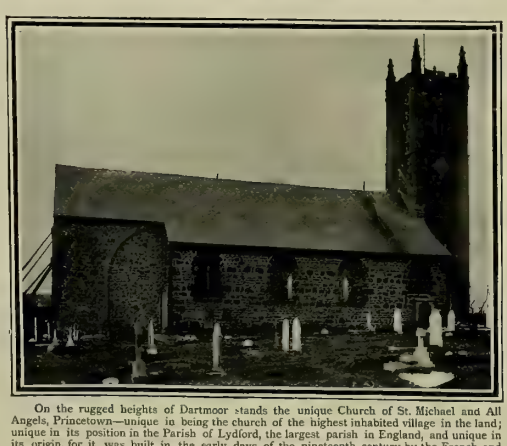
No lover of Burns could allow the Auld Brig o Ayr, made famous by the bard's fine poem on the "Twa Brigs," to disappear if engineering science could prevent it, and though more than ever "He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang," it has been decided to save the venerable structure, and the sum of £10,000 has been subscribed for its restoration. The bridge is 700 years old, and consists of four arches, the width between the parapets being only twelve feet. Photo by W. Martin, Ayr.

"FOR AULD LANG SYNE": THE AULD BRIG O' AYR, NOW BEING RESTORED



At the Toy Dog Society's Show at the Crystal Palace last week many well-known dogs were shown; all the chief toy breeds, with such larger pet dogs as poodles and chows, were to be seen. There were Pomeranians and pugs, Griffons Bruxellois, Japanese and Pekingese spaniels, for the latter of which Mrs. Tomkins, whose dogs are shown in our photograph, took the first team prize. These dogs had a large entry, the championships being won by Mrs. Sealy Clarke and Mrs. Hugh Andrews. Photo by Russell and Sons.

SUCCESSFUL TOY DOGS: PRIZE-WINNING PEKINGESE SPANIELS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE SHOW



On the rugged heights of Dartmoor stands the unique Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Princetown—unique in being the church of the highest inhabited village in the land; unique in its position in the Parish of Lydford, the largest parish in England, and unique in its origin, for it was built in the early days of the nineteenth century by the French and American prisoners of war. But now the church has fallen into disrepair. Money is wanted to rebuild the east end and the porch and outer door. £250 is needed, and £100 at once. Donations may be sent to the Rev. George S. Thorpe, Lydford Rectory, Bridestowe, Devon; or to the Rev. Heathcote Smith, St. Michael's Parsonage, Princetown, Devon. Photo by Heath.

A UNIQUE CHURCH IN DANGER: ST. MICHAEL'S AND ALL ANGELS, PRINCETOWN

"The Royal Blue Book" (Kelly's Directories, Ltd., 5s.) for May, 1907, has been issued with customary promptness, and reaches us corrected up to the end of April. It has again been printed on specially thin, tough paper, and retains its handy form.

The Father of Modern Botany: Linnæus and His Bicentenary

FOR three years the Swedish nation has been preparing for the celebration of the bicentenary of its great botanist, Karl von Linné, better known by the Latinised form of his name, Linnæus. Englishmen may rightly take more than academic interest in the celebrations in honour of this great man, for he was the father of systematic botany, and he evolved out of the chaos of knowledge of his time an order and a significance which made possible the work of all those who followed him, and in so doing laid the scientific effort of every nation under an obligation as deep as that which it owed a century and a half later to Darwin. He was born with a genius for classification. Every schoolboy knows that he classified plants. The position of Linnæus to the knowledge of his time was that of a man who comes into a great library, into which fresh books, fresh manuscripts, fresh periodicals, fresh notes are pouring every day; where there is no system and nobody with any idea of system; and where his task is not merely to arrange and catalogue, but to do it so that all the world may see at a glance what possessions the library has. We can realise in a small way the magnitude of the task by reflecting on some of the incidents of Linné's own career. When he was twenty-five years of age, and an assistant to the Professor of Botany in Upsala, he spent nearly a year in an exploring trip in Lapland, from which he brought back specimens and observations which were published two years later as "Flora Lapponica." In later years his students went all over the world collecting—to the Cape, to America, to China—journeys in those days as tedious as an expedition to the Antarctic to-day. He was a splendid inspirer of enthusiasm. From all these journeys and from his own frequent travels, specimens and new botanical problems were forever being brought. Imagine the confusion, the glut, if there had been no means of pigeonholing the knowledge that was coming in. The Linnæan classification was the system of pigeon-holes. This classification was intentionally an artificial one; but it served. It was superseded by the system of Natural Orders; but many botanists and many universities clung to the Linnæan system with rare fidelity long after it had become obsolete. A generation ago the Linnæan classification flourished side by side with De Candolle's system, which Dr. Daubeny had introduced into the Botanic Garden at Oxford, and it was only the other day that the Linnæan classification ceased to exist side by side with the Natural Orders in the old Physic Garden at Chelsea.

It was not, however, the mere classification of orders that gives Linnæus his unassailable title to be regarded as the father of modern botany; it was because he classified botanical theory and knowledge, criticising and appreciating the work of his predecessors and contemporaries, lending the weight of his authority and the powers of his mind to that which had in it the germs of truth or the possibility of enlightenment. If he was not himself a great plant anatomist or physiologist, yet he was an acute observer of physiological phenomena. There are in his "Philosophia" so many facts illustrating such important biological features as the distribution of plants in relation to climate and soil, and the dispersal of seeds, that this may be regarded as the starting-point of the modern science of "plant ecology." If he did not discover the sexuality of plants, yet he established the theory of sexuality on a sounder basis than any of his predecessors. His contribution to Plant Morphology was the "Philosophica Botanica," which gave to botany an unrivalled descriptive apparatus; and though, according to Professor Sidney Vines, there is no trace in his work or of his expressed opinion of any conception of the origin or mutation of species, yet we may concede him a recognition of the struggle for existence in Nature. In all these departments of botanic science he was a great teacher and a great illuminant; in the herculean task of reducing the chaos of eighteenth century knowledge to order he was a giant.

England has, however, besides the common sympathy with the bicentenary of this great man, a special interest, and a special opportunity of co-operation. After Linnæus the Great came, as Richard Cromwell succeeded the great Protector, Linnæus the Less, his son. The younger Linnæus travelled Europe too, everywhere received with respect, and everywhere painstakingly adding to his father's collections. But he was not his father; and he died leaving no great reputation as a botanist behind, nor any heir to the great collections—except his mother, who was his sole executrix. So the collections, and all that appertained thereto, came into the market, science being, in those days as now, a profession which did not establish fortunes. The collection was offered to Sir Joseph Banks, the scientific adviser to George III.; and Banks, for some reason impossible to fathom, did not buy it. But on the morning that he received the offer a young Norwich doctor, James Edward Smith, was breakfasting with him, and Sir Joseph suggested that *he* should buy it. He did so, having a generous and confiding father, and young Dr. Smith started thus in life with what was the greatest botanic collection in the world. A thousand guineas was the price, and it embraced books, manuscripts, relics, drawings, as well as specimens. Armed with these, Sir James Smith (for he was subsequently knighted) became a botanist, and in his own belief a great one—which he was not. But he founded the Linnæan Society of London, and sold to it the great collections. In the Linnæan rooms at Burlington House, the collections, in their original cupboards, are carefully enclosed behind air-tight glass doors to protect them from the penetrating London dust; the priceless manuscripts, written often in the most indecipherable mixture of Latin and Swedish, are as carefully protected against harm; the walking-stick, the medals, the many other relics which pious benefactors and collectors have added, are compassed in all the sanctity of a regalia. Two of the selected Linnæan manuscripts have been lent to the University of Upsala to grace the celebrations of next week. The Linnæan Society has also awarded a special copy of its Linnæan Gold Medal to be held by the University, and this medal will be conveyed by the Society's special representative, Mr. Carruthers, to be presented to the University on May 23, the anniversary of the birth of Linnæus. In conclusion we desire to express our thanks to the Linnæan Society, and to its Secretary, Mr. Dayton Jackson, for the most generous and courteous assistance in preparing this article and photographs. E. S. GREW.



LINNÆUS
From the painting by Krafft.



LINNÆUS IN THE DRESS IN WHICH HE TRAVERSED LAPLAND
In his hand is the plant Linnæa, named after him. From a mezzotint in the possession of the Linnæan Society.



THE LINNÆAN GOLD MEDAL: THE HEAD IS MODELLED FROM THE PRINT IN THE LIBRARY OF THE LINNÆAN SOCIETY



CHINESE DRINKING-HORN
Supposed to have the miraculous property of nullifying poison. Presented to the Linnæan Society by the widow of Linnæus.



THE HOUSE OF LINNÆUS, NEAR UPSALA

Restoring an Ancient Civilisation: The Excavations at Deir-el-Bahari, Egypt

THE excavations of the Egypt Exploration Fund at Deir-el-Bahari, near Thebes, have been brought to an end with the work of the present season. In the winters of 1892-98 and 1903-7, Prof. Edouard Naville, the well-known Egyptologist of Geneva, and pioneer of the work of the Egypt Exploration Fund at Pithom in 1883, carried on for the Fund the excavation of the two ancient temples which lie side by side beneath the cliffs of Deir-el-Bahari. The first period, when Dr. Naville was assisted by Mr. D. G. Hogarth for part of the time, was occupied with the *déblaiement* of the Great Temple of Hatshepsu, the renowned XVIIIth Dynasty Queen, who reigned over Egypt about 1500 B.C. The position of this temple had always been known, and its peculiarities of plan and construction had been noted by many Egyptologists; the work of excavating it therefore hardly possessed the charm of novelty and entire unexpectedness that has attended the work on the other temple during the four seasons 1903-4 and 1906-7. In this work Prof. Naville has been assisted by Mr. H. R. Hall, Mr. E. R. Ayrton, and others. The novelty of this temple consists in the fact that it is an entirely new discovery, made by Messrs. Naville and Hall in November, 1903, beneath the deep rubbish-mounds which lay to the south of Hatshepsu's temple. And the temple itself is of a previously unknown type, is the only one of its period (the "Middle Kingdom") that is at all well preserved, and is the oldest temple at Thebes, being the funerary chapel and monument of King Mentuhetep III., of the XIth Dynasty, about 2500 B.C. The excavation has, therefore, resulted in many unexpected discoveries. Illustrations of the first season's work were published in THE GRAPHIC for July 23, 1904; the beautiful Cow of Hathor, discovered last year in its shrine, was also illustrated in THE GRAPHIC for March 3, 1906; we now publish three photographs, lately taken for the Fund, showing the results of the work of the final season.



THE TWO ANCIENT TEMPLES OF DEIR-EL-BAHARI, NEAR THEBES

The first shows the two temples side by side from the south, and from it the peculiarities of their respective plans can be seen. The further of the two is the great temple of Hatshepsu, with its colonnaded terraces and ramps, and its shrines high up on a shelf of the hill. The nearer is the thousand-years older shrine of Mentuhetep, with its square platform, on which stands the base of the pyramid which once adorned it, and the ramp of ascent, flanked by colonnades, which leads up to it. Behind, in the shadow, we see a deep rectangular cutting in the rock. This, the westernmost portion of the temple, is that excavated this year.

The results of the excavation are seen in the two following photographs. In the centre of No. 2 we see a descending way, leading to the entrance of a long tunnel, like the corridor of a tomb. This leads, after a descent of 500ft., to a subterranean chamber, walled and roofed with great granite blocks like those of a pyramid. In it stands a beautiful *naos*, or shrine, of fine white alabaster and red granite. This subterranean tomb-like chamber is either the actual tomb of the king who built the pyramid, or, as Professor Naville considers more probable, an imitation tomb or subterranean sanctuary made for the *ka* or double of the king, which will have been represented by a statue, now destroyed, in the alabaster *naos*. In this sanctuary the royal ghost could be worshipped while its owner was yet alive, as the temple was built during the lifetime of the king. If this theory is correct, the real tomb of the king may be another one, excavated later, which contains an enormous uninscribed sarcophagus of alabaster. This tomb is much smaller than the "*ka*-sanctuary."

From the same photograph we gain an idea of the relation of the *ka*-sanctuary to the pyramid, which we see immediately in front of it. It lies on the central axis of the temple, in an open colonnaded court. West of it, and in the foreground of the photograph, is a pillar hall, which leads up to the base of the cliffs. Here, in a small *cella* or sanctuary of white limestone blocks, stands a small altar, also of white limestone, in front of a great niche in the rock, in which once stood a shrine. The altar and niche are seen in the third photograph. The shape of the altar is, as will be seen, peculiar, and in the sloping top is a circular depression, upon which libations were poured. This is the westernmost portion of the temple, and the most sacred. Its excavation marked the completion of the work.

During this season Professor Naville was assisted by Mr. C. T. Currelly, Mr. M. D. Dalison and Mr. J. T. Dennis, and also, later on, by Mr. Hall.

The trophies of the work which have been brought to London will be exhibited during the summer, if possible at King's College, Strand, where last year's exhibition was held. It is to be hoped that the exhibition will result in an increased flow of subscriptions for the Egypt Exploration Fund, whose work will, we believe, be continued next year at Abydos, where the Fund has made such important discoveries in the past.

Since its foundation in the year 1883 the Egypt Exploration Fund has regularly every winter carried on excavations upon some important archæological site in Egypt. Starting with the discovery of the "Store-City" of Pithom and the investigation of the Route of the Exodus, it has since then, through Prof. Naville, also excavated and published accounts of the temples of Bubastis, described by Herodotus, and of Deir-el-Bahari, where the two ancient fanes now stand side by side, as in the photograph shown above, a monument of the Fund's work for all to see. Through Prof. Flinders Petrie the Fund has also given to the world the discovery of famous Naukratis, and the wonderful results from the tombs of the kings of the First Dynasty at Abydos, besides other contributions to our present knowledge of ancient Egyptian civilisation. Contributions towards the work of the Fund will be received by Miss Emily Paterson, 37, Great Russell Street, W.C. The first volume of the publication of the newly discovered temple will shortly appear.



THE XITH DYNASTY TEMPLE, SHOWING THE ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB-SANCTUARY



THE ALTAR AND NICHE AT THE WESTERN END OF THE TEMPLE



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, D. MACPHERSON

The high officials, Ambassadors and other dignitaries invited to attend the presentation of the newly born Royal Spanish heir, were summoned to the Palace at Madrid as soon as the interesting event was imminent. They repaired in full uniform, escorted by the picturesque Halberdier Guards, to the apartments contiguous to the Queen's chamber, and there waited until the birth of the Prince was announced, and the King appeared among them bearing his little first-born on a silver tray.

The Birth of the Spanish Heir: Officials Waiting for the News in one of the Palace Apartments



H.M.S. GOOD HOPE. H.M.S. HAMPSHIRE. THE PRESIDENT'S YACHT, MAYFLOWER. MISSOURI.

The opening of the Exhibition at Jamestown, on the coast of Virginia—to celebrate the tercentenary of the landing of the first English settlers in America—was marked by an imposing international naval display. President Roosevelt, on board the Mayflower, reviewed in Hampton Roads the assembled warships, which included twenty-three battleships and cruisers of the United States, the Atlantic Squadron of four British cruisers, under Rear-Admiral Neville, and about twelve German, Austrian, and South American warships. The battleships saluted the President's flag as the Mayflower steamed down the line.

THE UNION JACK AND THE AMERICAN EAGLE: BRITISH CRUISERS SALUTING PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S FLAG DURING THE JAMESTOWN INTERNATIONAL NAVAL REVIEW

DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL



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WORLDLY WOMAN

THERE is no more charming spot anywhere than Paris in the spring-time, and those who have not visited it at this season and seen the chestnut trees in bloom in the Champs Elysées can hardly be said to know the City of Light or to understand the true inwardness of the Parisian's *joie de vivre*. Beneath the green shimmer of trees in the Avenue du Bois, the crowd of brilliant women seem more delightful and better dressed than ever. The air is full of new ideas. We breathe them in at every turn, artistic inspirations float in by the open window, even the veriest frump realises that there is more in dress than she ever dreamt of—in Paris in the spring-time.

Monsieur le Couturier has finished his new models, the models that are to take the world by storm, and make his little pile, by the way. Even the *midinette*, the Paris *ouvrière*, has her rosy dreams just now, visions of summer sunshine and green leaves, of *broderie anglaise* and Pompadour ribbon and lace, gossamer inspirations that will be the *succès fou* of Paris in the spring-time.

It is the hour of invention; everyone is overflowing with ideas. Only it is a pity these have a tiresome way of occurring to more than one person at the same time. The kimono sleeve, for instance, was a "brain wave" like this. Worth claims to have created it for La Duse, and calls it the "Duse sleeve;" while the house of Drecoll declares it was first in the field with its *manche Mousmé*, or *Chrysanthème*. And there are others, too, and by many another name has the Japanese sleeve risen to fame. Which proves that "*les beaux esprits se rencontrent*," and honour should be satisfied, if only the great minds themselves would see it in that light.

The all-important question as to what is really worn is as difficult to answer as ever. As usual, we have mixed two or three different styles, and arrived at nothing distinctive. This age of ours will leave no mark on the history of the world's fashions. We have invented nothing new, except, perhaps, motor clothes, and they are scarcely beautiful. To be precise, we shall wear the short waists of the First Empire period, the full skirts and sloping shoulder line of the Second, and the wide Japanese sleeve of no period at all. The result makes up in charm what it lacks in character. Quite the prettiest craze is the latest edition of the familiar pinafore frock. In some soft *voile* or *crêpe de Chine*, slightly short-waisted, with a mere nothing of a bodice and very wide, very short Japanese sleeves, a little embroidery, and a flimsy lace blouse beneath, this is a "creation" not even the little dressmaker can rob of all its charm

In colours, we have delightfully subdued shades for the daytime, soft pearly greys, *tabac*-browns, faded pinks and blues. At night, on the other hand, they blaze as brightly as ever they did in the garish days of the sixties. Silks in apple-green and in cerise, in bright blue and poppy-red are worn. They are made with great simplicity, with a full skirt, a fichu bodice, an old lace chemisette and the inevitable tulle scarf. But the whole effect as a reminiscence of crinoline days is quite charming—not, though, for the rank and file. In all the soft harmonies intended for the light of day a violent peacock blue is the only discordant note. It is hard and unbecoming. Perhaps in a silky *voile*, with peacock feathers' embroideries, it might have some attraction, but even that is doubtful. The colour has been revived, thanks to the craze for the feathers. Some women have worn them as aigrettes, having wearied of every other kind that ever waved from a diamond star. The idea is not a new one. It was Marie Antoinette who first pinned them in her pretty powdered hair, and the King, we are told, was charmed, and the Court delighted. Are we to take it that this is a straw which shows the way the wind is blowing, and that we are on the eve of a return to the Louis XVI.? It would not be surprising. All ways in fashion lead to the Trianon, and Marie Antoinette has always been the patron saint of the dressmaker. A doubtful honour this, for nothing in the world has been more sinned against than her immortal fichu, especially in England, where we love to renovate an ancient garment with a spotted net arrangement we fondly call a fichu, believing it to be the easiest thing to make and to wear. It is a fatal mistake. The apparent simplicity of the fichu is the studied negligence of the highest art, and where artists themselves have often feared to tread—well, there, it is best to be careful.

For the morning we have striped tweeds and a heavy Tussore silk; in fact, there is to be a craze for dyed Tussore, striped and spotted, but especially striped.



A TWEED FROCK FOR SPRING

Tailor-made frocks have not altered much, except for the sleeve. This is still short, in fact shorter and more "kimono" than ever. Skirts are very wide at the foot and long; it is no use pretending that the nice ones are short, comfortable though it would be. Our illustration is fairly typical of the smart little frock of the hour. The skirt is in the inevitable tweed, grey and black, the little coat of black cloth, with a collar and bands of the tweed round the short, wide sleeve. There are pipings of grey *suède* on the box pleats, and the black *suède* belt, also piped with grey, fastens with a dull silver buckle. The buttons are of dull silver to match, and the hat is the new shot straw in *vieux rose* and grey, with ribbon of the two colours, and some greyish-pink roses.

A propos of hats, the new ones are quite alarming. They are tilted to the back of the head to show masses of hair in front, have little or no brim before and a great deal behind. All this turns down over the face *à la* mushroom; of bandeau there is very little, and the whole affair is smothered in gigantic loops of ribbon. Their names are as strange as their shapes. We have the hat *Moule-à-crême*, the hat *Casserole*, and they are extremely like their names. Why stop there, I wonder? Why not trim all these "frying-pans" with carrots and *pommes nature*? It would be quite suitable, and I dare say it will be done. Meanwhile it is not promising to think that we have arrived at all this eccentricity at the very beginning of the season. Where shall we end? *Qui vivra, verra*.

We all want blouses, and we all want belts; we want them nice, and we want them cheap. It sounds impossible, but it is not. If we write to John Barker, High Street, Kensington, for his Spring catalogue, we shall see in black and white what we might otherwise disbelieve, however fervently repeated. Opportunity makes the well-dressed woman; let us not neglect this one.

L. S. R.

The Lord Mayor of London writes:—"Next month the 'Queen's Fête' will open at the Mansion House in aid of the 'Lord Mayor's Cripples' Fund.' Her Majesty has graciously promised to perform the ceremony and to receive purses. My object now is to institute a 'One Pound Collection' in order that the gross proceeds may be placed in a purse to hand to Her Majesty as the offering of the nation. My project for founding and endowing a special establishment, both educational and curative, for the relief of necessitous crippled children has, from the first, received the personal support of their Majesties the King and Queen and their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. I have asked for £60,000 to place the institution upon a sound financial basis, and I hope to raise the whole of that sum before I vacate the chair—just six months of my Mayoralty having expired. The public have already contributed upwards of £30,000."

"Crutches to Help Crippled Children" is a book to be issued on June 5 on behalf of the fund. Sir Douglas Straight and Sir James Linton are responsible for the literary and art sections. A large number of well-known authors and artists have given their services.

We have received the May edition of "The Royal Red Book" (Webster. 5s. net), and find it well up to date and accurate. It includes in its list of M.P.s the new member for North-East Belfast. With the present issue this invaluable and comprehensive guide reaches its one hundred and twentieth edition.

The Most Interesting Wine-Cellar of the Empire

A ROMANCE OF UNDERGROUND LONDON



VIEW OF EAST INDIA HOUSE, LEADENHALL STREET AND LIME STREET, FROM AN OLD PRINT PUBLISHED IN 1802

It was in the month of April, 1772, that Horace Walpole (seemingly gifted with the spirit of prophecy) wrote thus to his friend and namesake, Horace Mann :—"We beat Rome in eloquence and extravagance; and Spain in avarice and cruelty; and, like both, we shall only serve to terrify schoolboys, and for lessons of morality! Here stood St. Stephen's Chapel; here young Cataline [Fox] spoke; here was Lord Clive's diamond house; *this is Leadenhall Street*, and this broken column was part of the palace of a Company of Merchants who were sovereigns of Bengal." Walpole's prophecy, of the same class as Macaulay's New Zealander, has come to pass in a strange and literal fashion, as will be shown later on.

In the maps of Speed and Maitland, the India House of 1724 is portrayed as occupying the angle formed by the junction of Lime Street and Leadenhall House, now occupied by the famous wine-cellars of Messrs. H. R. Williams and Co. A goodly garden surrounded it in the far-off days when the victories of Clive and the diplomacy of Hastings were yet to astonish and delight the General Court, and it was not till the year after Walpole's letter to Mann that an Act of Parliament made the great Pro-Consul Governor-General. Later in the eighteenth century a ponderous Ionic portico and an additional wing rendered the headquarters of the greatest *imperium in imperio* in the world still more imposing, and the museum within its precincts had only just been completed by Mr. Digby Wyatt when the Mutiny of fifty years ago broke out, and the days of the once almost omnipotent East India Company were numbered. All London was crowding to Leadenhall Street to see the Buddhist idols, the Burmese musical instruments, the Chinese counting machine, and Tippoo Sultan's life-size mechanical tiger, when the literal fulfilment of Walpole's forecast began. In September, 1858, the British Crown took the place of "John Company." Before another five years had rolled by not one stone of the India House remained standing upon another, and an immense pile of offices entirely filled the vacant site. The Court Room of the Directors; the General Court Room of the Proprietors, the historic scene of the quarterly sales, the totals of which often reached millions; the statues of Clive and Hastings, Cornwallis and Coote, Lawrance and Wellesley; the finest collection of Oriental MSS. in existence; the mammoth picture of the grant of the Dewannee to the Company in 1765; the portraits of successful "Shakers of the Pagoda Tree," together with the heterogeneous contents of the Museum, had all either vanished utterly or been moved westward; and even the dungeon-like cellars, about which many uncanny stories existed, were renovated for the benefit of those who came to occupy the new buildings, in at least nine cases out of ten quite unconscious of Leadenhall Street's associations with Clive and Hastings, to say nothing of John Hoole, Charles Lamb, and the two Mills, each of them in turn a loyal servant of the Court and the Board.

April has come and gone more than a hundred and thirty times since Horace of Twickenham communicated his vaticinations to Horace of Florence. The Leadenhall Street of 1907 bears but a faint resemblance to the Leadenhall Street of 1772, but fourteen feet below its surface may be seen a large table supported by the capital of one of the demolished portico-columns and fragments of the pediment erstwhile crowned by figures symbolising Britannia, Europe and Asia. There is probably very little difference between the aspect of the original India House cellars and that of their successors. As you stand by the broken column which Horace Walpole saw in imagination, the faint hum of ever-busy London falls upon the ear, and a dim, religious light pervades the aisles and corridors, stretching east and west and north and south as far as the eye can reach. Round the corner, and now filled with thousands of dozens of bottles, there are arches which lead into great vaults beneath the old Leadenhall hide markets. Even the City Corporation, whose property it was, never suspected the existence of these vast underground abodes or the ghouls who peopled them, for the fittings were handcuffs, staples, and chains, whence blighted souls whose tavern scores, perchance, were unsettled, were led through the murk of the India House vaults to be shipped as food for powder. You cannot help thinking it not altogether inappropriate that the ancient treasure-house of "the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind" should now serve as the storing-place of the wines of a firm whose name and reputation stand unrivalled, not only in Great Britain, but in India, the Colonies, and on the other side of the Atlantic.

The old-world reminiscences connected with the history of the house of H. R. Williams and Co. neither begin nor end with those of "John Company." If your hand touches the Ionic capital below which Wellesley, Hoole, Lamb and the Mills probably passed many thousands of times, your feet rest on the *tesseræ* of a Roman pavement, and your guide tells you something of the early days of the business, when the predecessors of the casks, bins and piles of bottles you now see below Leadenhall Street, filled Crosby Hall, built fully a century and a half before the first India House came into existence, and described by contemporary writers as "ye highest and fairest in ye citie." It was here, on June 23, 1483, that the Lord Mayor and citizens offered the Crown to the Duke of Gloucester. William Shakespeare lived hard by, and refers to Crosby Hall as Crosby Place in his great play. Upon the very spot where the great commercial enterprise founded by Messrs. H. R. Williams and Co. started on its career of unbroken success, and where hungry citizens hurriedly lunch in the present year of grace, Queen Catherine of Aragon and Queen Elizabeth were in turn fêted with all that pomp of circumstance which characterised alike the beginning and the end of the sixteenth century.



"CROSBY HALL" WHEN OCCUPIED AS 'WINE-CELLARS' BY MESSRS. H. R. WILLIAMS AND CO. FROM A PRINT IN THE POSSESSION OF THAT FIRM

It thus comes to pass that the "tasting-table" beneath the City offices of Messrs. H. R. Williams and Co. is reminiscent alike of the Tiber, the Ganges, the Thames, and the Douro, and is perhaps not inappropriately in use as a base for the testing operations required for maturing and placing on the market in good condition the wines of the world's vineyards produce at prices in keeping with the times—the great *spécialité* of this famous firm.

So perfect are their departmental arrangements that they include a dining and reading room, as well as a lending library, savings bank, and loan club for the benefit of their employés. Steam and every modern invention and appliance have been utilised to bring the mechanism of their ever-increasing business up to date. Epicures in quest of rarities will find an abundance of them in the India Office crypts, but the transactions of the firm are conducted on so colossal a scale that they are always enabled to offer their customers a maximum of quality at a minimum of price.

The days of Warren Hastings, when the Government of the East from Leadenhall Street attained the acme of its power and prosperity, were those in which port was universally drunk, and nowhere more freely or appreciatively than at the India House Court dinners. Pitt and Hastings were friends and boon companions once, but it may reasonably be doubted if the Nabob was ever able to give the wine-loving Premier anything better than the *Sublime Port* (spelt in this case without the final "e") of Messrs. H. R. Williams and Co. There is many a true word spoken in jest, runs the old proverb, and never was the saying more thoroughly verified than by the happy sobriquet by which the wine is already widely known among the customers of the House, the descent from the "sublime" to the ridiculous being represented by the extraordinarily low price at which it is quoted to the public. Much care, thought, and attention have been bestowed on its maturing, and it is now eminently suited to the requirements of an age when heady and heavy wines are perforce forsworn and the characteristics beloved of our ancestors are looked at askance by so many.

Mr. Gladstone, in 1861, when, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he reduced the duty on wines of low alcoholic strength, was referring to the present occupants of the India House cellars when he informed the House of Commons that they would be able to obtain a dozen of claret in the City at about the price they had been accustomed to pay for a single bottle. Mr. Gladstone wrote personally to Messrs. Williams in terms of the highest commendation, and the "Chancellor Claret" is still one of the specialities of the firm.

The traditions of East India sherry are still well maintained in Leadenhall Street and the East India Avenue, for close to the commemorative "tasting-table" may be seen a couple of those unmistakably Eastern leather bottles, which once most materially helped to hasten its maturing. The associations of long-drawn centuries and vanished Empires must impress the imagination of visitors to Messrs. H. R. Williams and Co.'s cellars, but the evidences of a great modern enterprise are every whit as interesting. Historic as the site may be, in modern days, No. 6, Lime Street, is deservedly renowned for wines to suit the palates of the twentieth century gentlemen of the British Empire; wines on which absolute reliance can be placed for genuineness, quality, soundness, maturity, and every *desideratum* that can be expected from "the most interesting wine-cellar of the Empire."

LOVE UNDER FIRE

Written by F. NORREYS CONNELL

A Complete Story

Illustrated by FRANK DADD, R.I.



"Bill was in time to catch him."

THAT Delia Beauchamp should have married old Whittington of the Forestshire Light Infantry was a shock to the subalterns of that regiment, and worse shaken of all was the very youngest, Bill Dodd, whose plebeian name could be lengthened on State occasions into Lord William Orange-Nassau Opdam Maasland Mackie Dodd—this by reason that his father happened to be the Duke of Thomond.

"Delia married Whittington!" Lord William exclaimed—for no one heard of the affair until it was an accomplished fact—"why, he's old enough to be her father!" Now this was exaggeration, for Major Whittington had been born in 1870 and Delia Beauchamp in 1875, while Bill Dodd only came into the world in 1881, yet he would have resented the suggestion that Delia was old enough to be his mother. Indeed, until he heard of her marriage to Major Whittington he half supposed Delia might be his wife, and on hearing of the marriage he felt quite confident that she ought to have been his wife.

"This is shear peak," he wrote to his confidential friend, Ada Warburton, and that young lady rightly read this as the Public School spelling of "sheer pique." "Are you sure?" she wrote back (for this was not what she had looked for in his letter), and Bill Dodd, indignant and feeling the importance of the matter, wired her an emphatic "Quite." And snubbed little Ada Warburton wrote no more, thinking Bill Dodd had not grown up a nice boy after all.

This was a tactical error on Ada's part, for, deserted by her, Bill Dodd fell into the Wertherian mood, and every day felt more certain that Delia ought to have married him. He went so far as to tell her so when she returned from her honeymoon.

She only replied to the effect that he was an outrageously spoiled child, which was true enough; but the mischief lay in the fact that she had helped to spoil him. The truth is that Dukes' sons were rare birds in the Forestshire Light Infantry, and Colonel Beauchamp, who commanded, was a trifle fluttered when Lord William applied for the regiment. He persuaded himself that it was because his elder brother had been the late Duke's aide-de-camp when he was Governor-General of Canada, and would have thought flippant the suggestion that it came about through Bill Dodd seeing Delia come out of the New Gallery. Yet this had happened as he passed up Regent Street on his way from Burlington House, where he had been examined, to Verrey's, where he proposed to rejoice in gay company. He was a susceptible young dog, and the glimpse of Delia's pretty face swung him round on his heel to follow her. He pursued her to Charing Cross, where she took a ticket for Aldershot. He, regardless of what might be happening at Verrey's, took a ticket for Aldershot too.

It was typical of Lord William's character, though barely seventeen at the time, that he did not use the ticket, or only for the purpose of sitting opposite to the fair unknown in the railway carriage until the train started; then he politely uncovered, murmured a hope that he had not offended her, and showed some agility in closing the door behind him ere he leaped off on to the line. They were already away from the platform, rumbling out to the criss-cross of the bridge. Delia could not restrain an exclamation of dismay and a glance through the window to see if he were safe. She was rewarded by the sight of him, hat in hand, smiling at her from the railway track, along which the driver of another engine requested him, in somewhat unguarded language, to permit Her (then) Majesty's mails to pass. The appearance of each was that moment impressed on the memory of the other.

Delia had enough imagination to read in the youth's countenance the determination that they should meet again, and her vanity led her to forgive conduct which had at first struck her as oafish, as the symptom of a genuine if absurd passion. Yet the affair had passed to the threshold of oblivion, when Lord William was gazetted to her father's regiment and she recognised in the new and unaccountably attracted subaltern her romantic persecutor.

He explained to her fully and frankly at the earliest opportunity that he had chosen this regiment—though noted at birth for the Rifle Brigade, the Duke's old corps, which he had intended his son to join—simply and solely because it would bring him nearer her.

Delia was not so foolish as implicitly to believe all the eighteen-year-old nobleman protested, but she was conscious of the tincture of romance that coloured his story. He won his way into a remote corner of her heart, and with that success he seemed entirely content until she married Major Whittington. Then he took an attitude which became him not nearly so well as that of the Fantastic Youth which, to use Delia's phrase, had at first been his. His only excuse was that the Colonel had smiled encouragingly upon his pretensions to Delia's hand, and that Delia had apparently left her father under the impression that she might possibly marry the lordling, almost up to the very moment when she had married Whittington. He, though a brevet-major, was a solemn, mumchance sort of fellow, manifestly unfitted to marry a brilliant girl like Delia, thought her father and Bill Dodd, quite apart from the fact that he lived on his pay.

The Colonel showed himself mightily offended at the turn things had taken, and it almost looked as if Major Whittington might have to leave the regiment, had it not been for the prospect of active service. Colonel Beauchamp, indeed, won himself a little laughter, and threatened to make the Whittingtons ridiculous too, so loud was his disappointment that his daughter had thrown away her chance of marrying wisely and well. The situation was only saved by Lord William's sense of decorum, which made his behaviour publicly quite correct. If tensed into saying anything about the matter, he called himself a rejected suitor; this, as a matter of fact, he was not. In his heart he thought that had he proposed he would have been accepted; why then he had not proposed was too delicate a question for him to answer to his own satisfaction.

To Mrs. Whittington he carried himself always with a boyish charm, he looked at her reproachfully, but it was the reproach of a comedian and did not trouble her. To her husband, however, his behaviour was indifferent, if not bad, though the Major studiously ignored his half impertinences and only fell foul of his not infrequent derelictions of duty, derelictions which did not appear serious to Lord William nor to the Colonel, whatever view Whittington took of them. The Forestshire Light Infantry was not in its best period under the command of Colonel Beauchamp, and the officers who valued their career looked forward to his retirement. It was not quite hidden from him that some would have been better pleased to go into action under Whittington than under him.

Regimentally, however, Whittington was not even senior Captain. He had won his brevet on detached duty with a Maxim gun invasion of South America—an obscure, inglorious, extraordinarily well

CLARIDGE'S HOTEL

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CENTRE of the MOST FASHIONABLE QUARTER of the WEST END.



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WHERE THE MOST DISTINGUISHED
FAMILIES IN EUROPE AND AMERICA ENTERTAIN.

C. BRANCHINI - - - - **General Manager.**

carried out piece of work, too successful to attract attention. While his unwilling father-in-law was liked, if not greatly respected, by the regiment, he was absolutely respected but not too well liked. The hostile attitude was expressed by Captain Tottenham, the smart man in the mess, who called him "the Sapper astray." Moreover, when war broke out his reputation was clouded by the suspicion of his thinking there was something to be said for the enemy's point of view. The Forestshire Light Infantry were not too well read in the argument of the quarrel, but they held by the established military principle that anyone who had moral scruples about going on active service in any circumstances must be a poltroon. Bill Dodd half hinted that this was his view; the South American exploit occurred while he was still at Eton, and was, therefore, too remote to make any impression on him. Besides, South America was South America. The subaltern found this last point an unanswerable argument.

It was true that the news of war was evil news for Major Whittington; for it overshadowed even his relations with his young wife. He was unable to persuade himself that it was necessary, and he was too well educated to fall into the delusion that it might be glorious. His sense of discipline forbade his offering any opinion on the matter, but his face grew long and gloomy with the emotion he suppressed. And this was as incomprehensible to Delia as it was to Bill Dodd, only she made an effort to understand it, while he regarded it with unconcealed contempt.

"You might at least have married a man," said Bill Dodd, and, in spite of herself, Delia wondered whether her husband was not a little wanting. She had married him out of romantic love, seeing him as a rather good-looking, silent, penniless hero; she felt she was sacrificing a great deal for his sake, though she might have been puzzled to say what, and it seemed to her that he took this sacrifice much as a matter of course. She had the courage to recognise that Bill Dodd would never have made up his mind to propose to her, and she had the sense to have refused him had he done so; but married to the stolid, really quite unromantic Whittington, she sometimes regretted that she had lost the right to flirt with Bill, and could not but betray this regret in her conversation with him; indeed, some of the regimental society who failed to sympathise with Delia's attitude or understand her point of view expressed the opinion that she had risen superior to her loss. Certainly most plain persons thought she was more intimate with the subaltern after her marriage than before. Only Major Whittington did not seem to think so; provided that the lordling did not shirk his work he appeared to be indifferent to his performances in any other direction.

This indifference of her husband nettled Delia. She thought it ill of him to decline to be bellicose, but to decline to be jealous was to her mind a worse fault—it was not merely eccentric but unmannerly. She would have wished him to show himself a little less sure of her; he, on the contrary cultivated the slight sympathy between him and the subaltern that the boy might feel himself the guest of both. At last, on a certain evening, she opened on him almost angrily to ask, "Why do you encourage the boy to come here?" meaning of course "Why do you let me encourage him?"

His back was towards her as she spoke, and she expected him to turn with a melodramatic outburst. He did nothing of the kind; he did not even condescend, so she thought, to answer. There was absolute silence between them for five minutes, then she felt him lean over her from behind as she sat by the fire. He took her hand and said gently, "The poor chap won't be here any more after this week. We got our orders to-day."

She gasped. "For the Front?"

"I suppose so," said he in measured tones.

She felt her head whirling, and her ideas whirling with it. The reality of the war was suddenly brought home to her, and the reality of a possession she was about to lose. Her fingers closed on his. "When?" she asked.

"We entrain for Southampton on Monday. I take it that they won't waste much time there. One never knows."

She hesitated before she spoke again. "This is bad news for you?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "If war must be made, it is better for both sides that it should be carried on by serious people. It is really not less humane, and I hope it is more dignified." . . . He seemed inclined to say more but checked himself.

Heavily she sighed. "My imagination almost wronged you."

He smiled. "I do not appeal to the imagination."

She raised herself to his level and hid her head on his shoulder. "It was purely imagination"

He fondled her, saying, "I know, I know."

Bill Dodd could not understand why so suddenly he was turned out in the cold. When next he saw Delia he expected to find her in sad distress at the parting with him, but her attitude was as distant as sheer friendliness. He condemned her as a heartless coquette, and that moment sunk to his ears in love with her. Till then his passion had been sentimento-comical, now it took a tragic turn, and he really pitied himself very much indeed. He sought to avenge his wrongs by omitting all farewell, and he even pretended not to see her as she stood crying on the jetty at Southampton. He was possibly unaware of the fact that he himself was crying—but then there were so many, no one noticed. When the transport was really under way, hauling out from dock behind a tug, then, suddenly his nerve failed him, and his nineteen-year-old sense of dignity, and he shambled aft to cry desperately: "Mrs. Whittington! Delia, Delia!" but her face was sunk in her wraps, and she did not see him.

A hand fell on his shoulder: "My wife will be sorry she didn't notice you wave to her," said Major Whittington. And from that onward Bill Dodd hated him.

. . . .

The Forestshire Light Infantry were a long time in reaching the Front, which had a curious habit of getting up and going somewhere else when it saw them coming. At last, one morning, shortly before the outposts could be relieved, it turned up quite unexpectedly in their rear, and whether it was the suddenness of the encounter, or being on half-rations, or what not, the regiment did not greet it so heartily after all. For one moment of his otherwise comfortable life, Colonel Beauchamp looked extremely vexed, the next a spent bullet relieved him of his troubles by dulling his never very active brain, and other men were doing his work better than he could do it himself.

Bill Dodd found one very curious emotion in being under fire at last; it gave him an unwonted willingness to obey orders. When told to lie down, he did it at once, though it quite spoiled his view of what was going on—not that he could see very much standing up, except an occasional puff of smoke from behind a rock, half a mile away, where one of the enemy was using a Martini-Henry. Bill Dodd knew enough not to expose himself to that gentleman if he could help it.

"Pick pock" went the less obnoxious rifles, and the bullets rained down frank and free. Bill had a nice little rifle of his own, which he occasionally loosed off in the direction of the man with the Martini when it seemed fairly safe to do so; but now that it came to the point, he did not feel particularly anxious to kill any of the enemy unless he could find out which had shot Colonel Beauchamp. He regarded the maiming of that warrior so early in the morning as an inconsiderate and rather underhand proceeding. He reflected how sad Delia would be when she heard the news, and how much more satisfactory it would have been to all concerned if Whittington had been hit instead. He was far from wishing that officer harm, but, supposing that even the worst had happened. No doubt Delia would have shown a proper womanly regret, and drawn a long face and piped a tear and looked charming in her weeds for six months, or it might be a year; but sooner or later she would have found consolation in the survival of the fittest and her promotion to the rank of Lady William Dodd. "*Phlueg!*" went a beastly Martini bullet just over his head, and "Phew!" whistled Bill Dodd.

That cowardly, insolent enemy they had chased so long was now taking upon itself the criminal responsibility of advancing and threatening to hem them in. Bill Dodd's rancour was roused by this fresh outrage, and he bestirred himself to empty his magazine twice in the direction of the man with the Martini.

"Don't do that, Dodd," said a hated voice, "it's sheer waste. Remember the bad example to the men."

Bill Dodd said a bad word to himself, and did not reload. If he couldn't fire as he thought fit he wasn't going to fire at all, not he. He'd see old Whittington blowed first. Let the regiment get thumped. He wasn't going to save it. It was no business of his. "*Phlueg!*" went another Martini bullet.

Then Bill Dodd saw himself as a martyr. A nice thing for him to have to stand up and be shot at without any chance of defending himself, just because that screw of a Whittington didn't want to lose a few penn'orth of ammunition. "Nice boulder you have there, Dodd," said the hated voice. "I'm glad my lessons on taking cover were not entirely lost on you. "

"*Phlueg!*" went the Martini, and Bill Dodd heard a groan.

He looked up, startled. "Hit?" he asked.

"No," said Whittington; "but my cane is shivered to bits. I didn't want it hurt, my wife gave it to me."

"If it was mine I shouldn't have brought it under fire," growled Bill Dodd.

"Ah! no," said Whittington; "but then you're a sentimentalist. Well, don't you get hit, anybow, my lad. My wife will forgive me for the cane, but she'd never forgive me if I let you come to harm."

As he strolled off down the firing line, Bill Dodd's blood boiled over. He shook his fist after the retreating figure. "I will get hit; I'll get hit if I like," he cried. "*Phlueg!*" went the Martini, and Bill was startled by a sharp rap on the upstretched arm.

He lowered it gingerly and looked. "My Aunt!" said he, "I am hit and no mistake;" and further he said, "I've had my way for once." Then he started to ferret awkwardly for his surgical dressing. He could not get at it, and called to his neighbour to help him. There was no answer, for that neighbour was dead stiff,



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G.C. 3-2802—Then shall the righteous shine forth (Air) EDWARD LLOYD.
04002—O come every one that thirsteth (QUARTETTE).
04758—And then shall your light break forth (Chorus) ... CHOIR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The following remarks refer to a Concert given at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, London, where the Oratorio of "Elijah" was rendered by the Gramophone:

THE TRIBUNE, April 29th, 1907.

The rendering was keenly enjoyed by a critical audience, and the different records were enthusiastically applauded. The rich tenor of Mr. Edward Lloyd in the two solos "If with all your hearts" and "Then shall the righteous shine forth" was heard to fine advantage. Similarly the solos by Madame Dews, Madame Jones-Hudson, Mr. Robert Radford, and Mr. Peter Dawson were finished reproductions of the human voice. The choruses were by Mr. Stedman's choir and orchestra.

THE DAILY MAIL, April 29th, 1907.

The choral and orchestral records were remarkable enough, but the solos were surpassingly good.

The audience decorously refrained from applause during the first few numbers, but when a superb record of the tenor air "If with all your hearts" brought Mr. Edward Lloyd's voice so startlingly into the hall that it was difficult to realise that the great singer was not actually on the platform discretion was thrown to the winds, and there was something like an ovation.

THE DAILY GRAPHIC, April 29th, 1907.

There was nothing of the irritating, buzzing sound that once marred the performances of voice-reproducing instruments, neither was there any metallic harshness in the tone. Perhaps the most severe test to which the gramophones could have been put was in reproducing the choruses, but these came out as clearly as the solos. Possibly this praise is hardly necessary, for it is not likely that an artist of the standing of Mr. Edward Lloyd would sing to a gramophone if the result was not artistically correct.

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rifle to shoulder. "My Aunt!" said Bill Dodd again, and "*Phlug!*" went the Martini.

Bill Dodd lay flat and considered his position very seriously. He began to think war was really not such great fun after all, and wondered what on earth had made him so pleased with the news that it was declared. He remembered very well going with Tottenham to the Empire that night, and how enthusiastic everybody was, and all the desperate fine things he had made up his mind to do, if only he got the chance. He recalled how on the voyage out they all, except that prig Whittington, kept hoping and praying there would still be a bit of fighting left for them when they came on the scene. And now here they were on the scene, and the fighting going on, and it wasn't the least little bit like what he expected.

The drill books spoke about artillery preparations for the assault and advancing to the assault and a volley here and a volley there and so on at the double, bayonet, drum, and bugle, and all. He didn't see any likelihood of that happening to-day.

He could hear the whilom humorous, sarcastic Tottenham talking hysterically about bayonets and no surrender, when Whittington cut him short with a curt "Bosh! This is the merest child's play."

"*Phlug*" went the Martini. "Child's play, indeed!" coughed Bill Dodd. It was outrageous that the only two men near him who seemed quite at home under that rain of lead were the company colour-sergeant and the contemptible Whittington. "Beastly bad form to put on side like that," he growled. "I wonder whether he'd be so cocky if he was wounded like me."

And yet the horrible conviction grew on him that this man Whittington, who ambled about so carelessly under the storm of projectiles, could not be quite the canting pedant that it was the fashion of the subalterns to count him. He was strolling past Bill Dodd again when "*Phlug!*" went the Martini. Whittington stopped short and stood searching the scrub with his glasses.

"That fellow with the Martini has a mark on me," he said, and dropped quietly on his knees behind Lord William's boulder. "Lend me your rifle a moment," he begged, and took it from where it lay. Three times the Martini bullets "*Phlugged*" overhead before Whittington made up his mind to fire, but after that they came no more. "Nice balance, still I don't like the sighting," was all he said as he returned the weapon to its owner. "Have you hurt your hand?"

"O, it's nothing, sir," said Bill staunchly, but Whittington insisted on seeing it. "Quite a nasty graze," he declared. "These things can be quite as painful as a real wound. It would be no harm to tie your handkerchief round it keep out the dust. I'll do it for you. There," he said, as he rose to go away, "you must be more careful not to expose yourself. You young fellows won't learn caution. Poor Dick Thwaites yonder there has got himself killed through sheer carelessness. It's heartbreaking." He was off again.

With a sinking heart, Bill Dodd recalled that poor Dick Thwaites was the only subaltern who had stood up for Whittington in the arguments over the war. He was a short, round, rather unsmart little fellow, and the brilliant Tottenham had dubbed him "Soapless Sancho." The thought of him dead on the field of honour seemed less sublime than absurd. "I do think this sort of fighting awful rot," said Bill Dodd to himself. He grew profoundly miserable, and for the first time in his life was doubtful of his place and part in the scheme of things. Had the enemy only advanced and attacked him hand to hand he would have stood up to them as well as any man; but this long, colourless encounter with an invisible deadly foe was sawing through his nerves, strand after strand. To meet death at the double, training and tradition taught him to regard as a manly amusement. But to wait for it to crawl upon him inch by inch was a torture undreamt of before that day. "Why don't we get up and go for 'em?" he asked Whittington when next within earshot.

"Go for what?" asked Whittington.

"For the enemy, of course."

"Can you tell me where they are!" the Major inquired.

"Well, they must be somewhere out there," the boy protested.

"*Ecce signum!*" consented Whittington, as a bullet scraped his helmet. "Does it occur to you that the moment the regiment stood up to charge they would be tritulated?"

Bill Dodd did not know what precisely was connoted by the term "tritulated," though he understood from Whittington's tone that it was something to be avoided. "You've been standing a long time, but I haven't noticed that you've been tritulated," he observed, with much irony. He was puzzled by Whittington's laugh as he walked away. "You'll know soon enough if I'm tritulated." What the deuce was "tritulated" anyhow? It sounded like something surgical; something between trephined and aerated. He tried to define these words, but could only affix them to examples. He repeated to himself in a sing-song undertone:

> "You aerate bread,
> You trephine your head,
> But what do you tritulate?"

When Whittington came again, he summoned the moral courage of humility and asked: "What do you mean by 'tritulated'?"

Whittington, regardless of the haze of shot, turned schoolmaster at once. "Now just think, my lad. You know what decimated means?"

"Of course," said Bill proudly, "it means a lot of casualties at one go. Is that the same as 'tritulated'?"

Whittington smiled encouragingly "You are using 'decimated' in a journalistic and very incorrect sense," he replied. "But let that pass. To be decimated is, of course, to lose one in ten. To be tritulated therefore is"

"I know," interrupted the boy eagerly, "to be tritulated is to lose one in thirty."

"To be tritulated, allow me to remark," the Major begged, with freezing courtesy, "is to lose one in three."

"Gosh!" ejaculated Bill Dodd. "D'ye really mean we'd lose one in three if we stood up?"

"To the best of my professional opinion," said Whittington smiling; "something like that."

"My Aunt!" protested Bill Dodd. "I wonder you're alive."

"I wondered a little at first myself," said the Major deprecatingly. "But I think I understand why they're not shooting much at me."

"Aren't they shooting at you?" the boy exclaimed. "Why not?"

"Because," said the Major, "they're waiting for me to make a fool of myself."

Bill Dodd's thought travelled quickly. "Are you in command now?" he asked.

"It comes to that," nodded Whittington, and strolled on.

Very faintly at last came to Bill Dodd's perception a glimmering of the reason that led Delia Beauchamp to marry old Whittington. "If I come out of this alive I'll own up to Delia I've been wrong," he promised his conscience, and then he wondered if he would come out of it alive. He had been growing older these last hours under fire, and things seemed different from what they had been not so long ago. It seemed a pitiful thing to go on with life with the knowledge that one wasn't such a remarkably splendid fellow after all; to exist in face of the fact that the despised and ridiculous had proved himself the better man. Bill Dodd didn't like it, and the curves of his chubby face fell into line. He mentally saw himself rise and advance alone upon the enemy. His cheek glowed at the fanciful pride of it, but what then? Whittington would tell him not to make an ass of himself.

But at least he could imitate Whittington, show himself as cool as he; no one could laugh at him for that. He hailed him when he came again. "I'm doing no good here, because I can't shoot and I'm beastly stiff. May I walk up and down with you?" he asked.

"One's quite enough, thank you. I don't want to be shot if you do," was the Major's curt answer, given without pause. Bill noticed that he was grown very pale, and dragged one leg. "Serve him right for keeping the fun to himself." Some such thought flickered through the brain of Bill Dodd, though he had a shadow of misgiving as to whether he really wanted to play a moving target while powerless to retaliate. "If only one could get at 'em," he muttered savagely.

They had been pick-pocking away now steadily for upwards of four hours, knocking out one man here and another there, and never anything to see but a rare glimpse of a shabby hat or a shabbier sleeve. Except the man with the Martini, Bill could not make out that any one of the enemy had been hit, while the losses of the regiment were slowly mounting up. The men were murmuring among themselves, and more than once Bill Dodd caught a word that he hoped was "fire," but it sounded as if it had two syllables. Several, on the pretext of injury, had crawled away to the rear; more than one Major Whittington had turned sternly back. Bill longed to ask him whether he thought any good could come of it all, but found himself unable to frame the question in a sufficiently diplomatic phrase. And still the fight went on, and the pick-pocking grew ever louder and more deadly.

Bill was wondering whether the enemy wouldn't even knock off for dinner, when Whittington came along once more. He was halt and staggering in his gait, but his lean, furrowed face was wreathed in smiles. He spoke with an effort, and his voice was lost in the crash of the firing line, but Bill caught the words, "Good lads. Hold on. . . . wee bit longer. . . . Yeomanry galloper gun . . . got 'em. . . ." The next moment, gripping the air in a strong man's agony, he reeled; but Bill, forgetful of all else in the world, was in time to catch him ere he fell.

"Hold 'em, lad . . . hold 'em. . . . Never mind me," he gasped in Bill's ear. . . . His voice died in the utterance, "All right, if they're held."

The subaltern laid him gently down. He looked for a senior officer, but could see none; instead, his eye caught a lance-corporal tying a handkerchief to his rifle barrel. "Say, you lads," the fellow

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called to his neighbours, "old Whittington's hit. All U.P. with us now, ain't it?" "Liar!" yelled Bill, and his wounded hand felt well enough to bash the corporal's helmet down to his offending mouth. He raised his whistle to blow, but a bullet struck it from his hand. His voice trembling from the shock, he cried, "Steady, the Forestshires! Cease fire. Fix bayonets. Wait the word to rise and charge!"

Then a rough voice asked him the question Whittington had asked. "Charge what?" and other surly voices echoed it.

But Bill Dodd had his wits about him now, and answered loudly, "You'll see what in a moment." He threw his voice even higher. "The Yeomanry have got 'em in flank with their gun. Listen a minute and you'll hear it speak!" He prayed that he had read aright Whittington's broken phrase. Slowly fell quiet down the firing line; some fixed their bayonets, some did not. "Captain Tottenham! Captain Tottenham!" called Bill, overweighed with the sense of his responsibility. Someone laughed a dry laugh.

Pick pock, pick pock, nearer and nearer came the attack. . . . Pick pock, pick pock, pick pock.

"Gammoned we are!" yelled a wounded man. "Murdered, all for nothing!"

Pick pock, pick pock, nearer still.

Someone groaned, and a rifle bumped on a stone.

"For God's sake, sir," said the colour-sergeant, "let's go forward or back. We're dying like rats."

"Steady, Forestshires, steady!" cried Bill desperately, for the bullets now drove past him in full career. "Steady does it!"

And then at last, Whirr! pop, pop, poppety pop! went the galloper gun on the left; pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, followed by a growling volley from the supporting Yeomen; and the pick pock hushed off in panic from their front.

"Now, Forestshires!" screamed Bill Dodd, an octave above his natural pitch, as the fire of the flank attack ceased. "With the bayonet! Rise and charge!"

Most of the men obeyed; they came to their feet somewhat gingerly, but there were few to face them now, and the advance, as led by Captain Tottenham (opportunely in evidence again), was described by him as extremely dashing.

Bill Dodd did not pursue the tide of victory; he left that to the splendid Tottenham and Whyte-Smythe, the senior subaltern, who brought up the reserve. Once the men were well launched, he turned back to Whittington, thinking to find for him a dhooly. But Whittington was already sitting up, and wouldn't hear of it.

"I've only done a faint," he explained. "Lend us a hand and we'll go and get patched together."

In the evening, after his wound was dressed (severe but not necessarily dangerous the surgeon thought it), Bill Dodd came to see him again. The tears were welling in the subaltern's eyes as he said impulsively, "I've been such an awful ass."

Whittington's fingers patted his shoulder feebly.

"Nonsense, my boy," he answered heartily. "You may be certain nobody noticed it. . . ." Bill was better pleased when he added, "Sending Delia a line about her father, I told her I'd had a whack, and you'd helped me out of fire. She'll know by that you're all right."

"My Aunt!" said Bill Dodd. "Fancy your thinking of me."

.

Bill Dodd lived to see other and more brilliant fights, and Whittington lived too, but this was his most decisive victory. It decided, too, the fate of Ada Warburton, who carries now the style and title of Lady William Orange-Nassau Mackie Dodd.

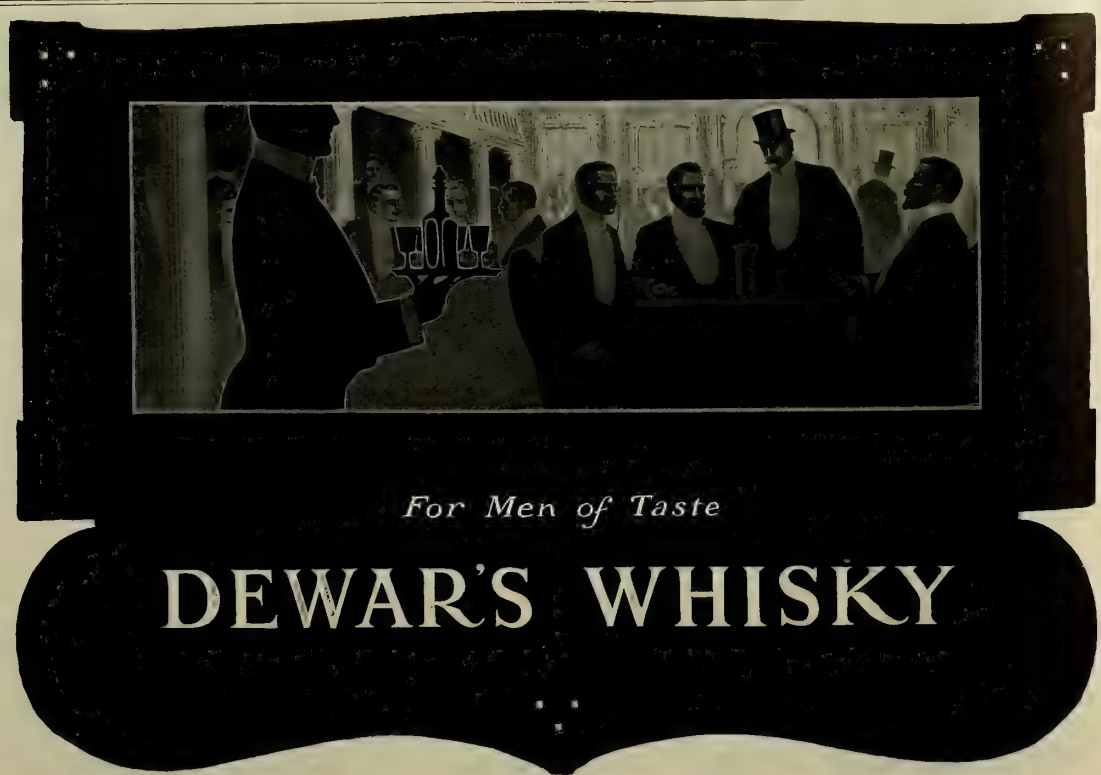
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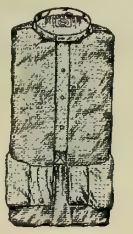
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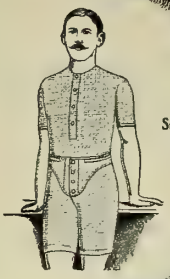


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"PLACE AUX DAMES"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

Miss Ellen Terry's marriage must have come as a surprise to many of her admirers, and yet her youthful nature, her charm, and her high spirits and popularity pointed to such a solution. Miss Terry's art has been discussed very often, but the bed-rock of her success, the secret of her power over her audiences, was womanliness, that womanliness which is perennially young and does not vary with age or circumstance. As her new husband said, "There are no years to a woman like Miss Terry; she has all the beauties and graces of a girl." And these beauties and graces lie in the fact of her womanliness. The ladies who ape men never become really masculine, but they lose the charm of womanhood, a charm given them by nature for a high and noble purpose. Sensitiveness and sympathy form part of the charm, a divine altruism which commands love. The selfishness of man comes from his eager struggle in the world, from his strenuousness and ambition; it is woman who keeps alive in his ideal all the best instincts of his nature, and it will be a bad day for everyone when women, despising their great career of motherhood, lose the charm of womanliness. The actress who possesses it will always be able to sway her audiences as she pleases.

The season may be said to have fairly begun now that the Opera is in full swing and that Signor Caruso and the other stars have arrived. It is a curious change from the time when opera did not pay to the present rage for Wagner, and the constant attendance of great ladies—led by the King and Queen—in all their finery and jewels, at the performances. It is a fashion, but a most beneficent one, not only to the lovers of music, but also to the general public, to whom Covent Garden is a kind of lodestar. There they can behold all the leaders of Society in their best clothes and finest jewels under the most favourable auspices; there they can study the latest modes, hear the most famous singers, and gaze on the most startling *coiffures*—*coiffures* which this year make women resemble Red Indian chiefs. The other day at the theatre I counted half a dozen birds-of-paradise and cock's-feather plumes stuck in the heads of the women sitting close to me; some were grotesque, some pretty, some original, but all barbaric. In addition they obstructed one's view of the stage.

I note that several ladies of Society have been giving their views about the way to earn a living. Mrs. Leopold Rothschild frankly confesses she would not know how, and the plain and humiliating truth is, that nine out of ten ordinary women placed in that position would starve. How few know even the rudiments of a profession! Amateurs dabble in this, that, and the other, but the value of amateur work, as a rule, is nil. Leaving aside the professions, for which a long and tedious training and a sum of money are required, what can the average woman do well? Can she cook, sweep, sew, manage a farm, a garden, or a school? Very few of us, I fear, could make more than a dreadful hash of it. Some could trim hats, perhaps, but that branch of trade is dreadfully overdone. All the impecunious ladies start hat shops, or millinery businesses. Every art one has to live by must be well done, and even needlework is but rarely practised.



This old silver tankard and cover, of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was sold at Messrs. Robinson and Fisher's room the other day for £2,300, or more than £100 per ounce. It stands 7¾in. high, is beautifully chased, and has three fine medallion heads round the barrel.

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With all the time they spend at games, how many women are sufficiently adepts at golf or bridge or hockey to become instructors or champions? The old profession of companion is rapidly dying out, and one of the principal accomplishments required of a companion, reading aloud, is practically extinct. The gentle, low voice that pronounced clearly, pleasantly, that read with intelligent inflections and sentiment, was a joy to the invalid; but the modern habit of indistinctness and clipping the words makes even conversation, much less reading aloud, fatiguing and disagreeable to the hearer. To walk out with dogs, to arrange flowers, to write notes, and to use the typewriter seem almost the only occupations left to the untrained woman. Of course, everybody could learn, but, if suddenly thrown on the world, one would not have time to learn. The idea of teaching a girl something by which she could eventually earn a living seems a good one, and in the Royal Family of Germany it is carefully practised. The Princesses learn cooking from a competent instructor, and some such teaching might with advantage take the place of some games in the curriculum of our young ladies' education.

The Japanese gentleman who writes about English life is right in most of his assertions, especially in his complaint of the overcrowding of our drawing-rooms by all kinds of pictures, china, and what servants call "oddments." By the bye, how often servants must curse their mistresses' craze for collecting trifles, and wish that, like the Japanese, they would bring out their art treasures one by one—a vase one day, a group the next—and keep the remainder locked up carefully, free from dust. I should think Mr. Wertheimer must often, since the robbery, have wished he had had his treasures locked up. What is the reason of this English love of profusion? It prevails in all things—in furnishing, in art, in dress, in display. One can have too much of a good thing, and the dressmaker who piles on lace and trimmings and braid is as culpable as the one who ignores all prettiness and makes a dress as bare as a man's coat. The result of simplicity is often a wonderful revelation. The pure white Adams room is a thing of beauty, and the plain unitoned carpets that are now fashionable give an appearance of restfulness entirely absent from the gaudy productions of our ancestors.

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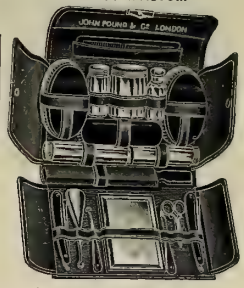
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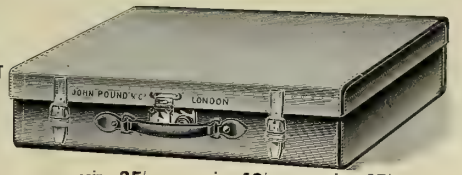
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Some New Books

"WORRY—THE DISEASE OF THE AGE"

Dr. C. W. Saleeby is certainly to be congratulated on having taken possession of a topic of personal and intimate interest to every man, woman, and child. It is to "worry," however, as a disease—"the disease of the age," he calls it—that his volume (Cassell and Company) is devoted; not to the worries which not even the sanest and healthiest can escape, and which may sometimes be equivalent to duties. Morbid worry—that is to say, without sufficient and immediate external cause—is generally, we are to conclude, a symptom of physical disease, which it aggravates and by which it is aggravated in turn, its victim being thus started in a vicious circle whence emergence becomes less and less hopeful. The more a man worries, the less he sleeps. The less he sleeps, the more he worries; and so on till he is fortunate if he fails to become a confirmed insomniac with permanently shattered nerves. Now "one of the most valuable and familiar means by which worry can be cured and prevented is sleep," and happily, if Dr. Saleeby's somewhat optimistic pathology is right, "there are very few cases of insomnia that cannot be relieved." The most common of its physical causes is indigestion, of which "the doctor may be relied upon, if he is given a fair chance to effect a cure." Self-consciousness is a formidable source and aggravation of every morbid condition; so the patient should help the doctor by worrying as little about his sleep, digestion, and all such automatic functions, as he can. All "sedatives"—wherein Dr. Saleeby boldly includes alcohol in every form—are absolutely condemned; "stimulants," notably tea and coffee, are, within judicious limits, recommended. Concerning tobacco—a sedative in some cases and a stimulant in others—he finds himself unable to give an opinion. Fear of the death-agony, which he finds to be a frequent symptom of worry, he dismisses as baseless. "It is not merely that the pain of death, as such, is trifling. . . It is non-existent." The scope of the volume, it will have been gathered, is large. It covers well-nigh all the activities of life which can be transformed into miseries by "the disease of the age." Its treatment of them is wholesome, and should prove helpful. If its counsels are apt at times to seem those of perfection, a sufferer from worry can always follow the thoroughly practical advice of the Hibernian philosopher—"Be aisy: and if ye can't be aisy, be as aisy as ye can."

R. E. F.

"PRINTERS' PIE"

Some talk of Salmagundi,
And Bubble joined with Squeak,
Or serve the joint of Sunday
In minces all the week;
But none of all these mixtures,
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Thus sings Mr. Adrian Ross—that practised rhymster—in the new number of "Printers' Pie," the wonderful shillingsworth whose profits go to the funds of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse and Orphan Asylum Corporation. "Printers' Pie" has been laid on our table now for four successive years, and it is as palatable as ever. There are many cooks, and Mr. Hugh Spottiswoode is the *chef*. It is "served" by the *Sphere* and the *Tatler*. Here are some of the ingredients:—Verses, stories, sketches, humorous pieces, one-act plays, by Katharine Tynan, G. R. Sims, W. Pett Ridge, William le Queux, Barry Pain, Lord Montagu, H. W. Lucy, E. V. Lucas, Tom Gallon, Austin Dobson, the Duke of Argyll, F. Anstey, and others. Nearly all the illustrations are coloured. Some of the tastiest are by such artists as John Hassall, Starr Wood, Tom Browne, Charles Pears, G. D. Armour, Cecil Aldin, H. M. Brock, Will Owen, E. T. Reed, and Fred Pegram, whose "l'envoi" drawing we reproduce. If the 100,000 people for whom Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, with the generous help of others, have printed "Printers' Pie" enjoy it as much as we, they will enjoy it very much indeed.



A DRAWING BY MR. FRED PEGRAM IN THE NEW NUMBER OF "PRINTERS' PIE"

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"THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE DUKE"

It would be unfair to Mrs. Coulson Kernahan to give even an inkling of the fare that her new story (V. F. White and Co.) provides for readers who may have been fearing that sensational mystery had said its last word. We shall be surprised, however, if it has not said its very last word—now.

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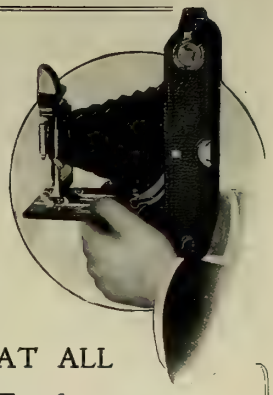
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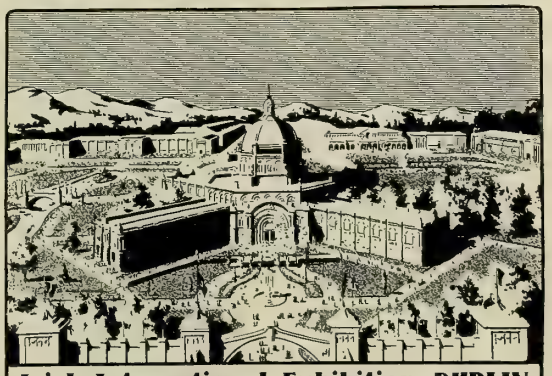
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THE HERO OF ITALIAN UNITY

Independence Day, the 4th of July, is always a great day in the New World. This year it will be a great day in the Old to lovers of freedom, for it brings round the centenary of the birth of Garibaldi. There are still many people living who can recall the extraordinary ovation which the hero of Italian Independence received in London in April, 1864. Garibaldi, at that time, was a magnificent specimen of humanity, a man not merely of handsome and singularly winning presence, simple of speech and unspoiled by success, but transparently honest and of romantic personality. His life had been rich in golden deeds and heroic achievements, and the heart of England was taken by storm. It was on that occasion that this great self-trained soldier paid a generous tribute to another of his fellow-countrymen, then an exile in our midst, who was as great a patriot as himself, and in the intellectual sense an even more illustrious man. These were his words: "When I was young and had only aspirations, I sought out a man who could give me counsel and guide my youthful years; I sought him as the thirsty man seeks water. This man I found; he alone kept alive the sacred fire, he alone watched while all the world slept. He has always remained my friend, full of love for his country, full of devotion for the cause of freedom—Joseph Mazzini, my friend and teacher." One other man played a great part in the liberation of Italy, the illustrious statesman, Count Cavour, whom Metternich called the only diplomatist in Europe. Mazzini was an idealist, Cavour was a practical man of affairs, Garibaldi was a soldier; these three made Italy free and united. They loved their native land with passionate devotion; they served her each in his own way with unwearied devotion, and all of them lived to witness the realisation of the splendid dream of their youth. Cavour died just as the triumph was complete, with the words upon his lips, "Fear not, Italy is made." Verily, there were heroes in those days.

Ink is in the blood of Mr. George Trevelyan, and, what is more, the instinct of the historian. He is the son of Sir George Otto Trevelyan, the great-nephew of Lord Macaulay; it is enough to add that he handles the family pen right worthily. It is not with the final aspects of the long and dramatic struggle which placed Victor Emmanuel on the throne of united Italy that this book ("Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Empire," by George Macaulay Trevelyan. Maps and illustrations. Longmans. 6s. 6d.) is concerned, but with the more tragic and obscure annals of the short-lived Roman Republic of 1849, in the defence of which Garibaldi played so memorable a part. Mr. Trevelyan does well in his opening chapters to sketch in bold outline the previous career of this extraordinary man—a story which is as full of romance as the life of any of the Crusaders of old. He says, with truth, "that there should ever have been a time when Mazzini ruled Rome and Garibaldi defended her walls, sounds like a poet's dream." Both of them had been sentenced to death in 1833 because of the part which they had taken in the insurrection in Genoa in connection with the Young Italy movement, and after years of exile, in which neither had been idle in the cause of liberty, they came together again, when the sore need of their country called all who loved her to the front. "One hour of our life in Rome," said Garibaldi, when the struggle was at its height, "is worth a century of common existence." How he bore himself at that supreme crisis, how he rallied his brave volunteers against overwhelming odds, when the French troops came to restore the Papal dominion, all this and much more that is significant and thrilling falls within the compass of Mr. Trevelyan's admirable narrative. The book is written with a full and constant appeal to contemporary evidence. It is a story of golden deeds, and it could not well have been better told. S. J. R.



GARIBALDI
From one of the photographs in Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's new book.

"AMALIA"

Graham Hope's "Amalia" (Smith, Elder and Co.) is not the less a pleasant novel for a degree of failure in conveying a sense of reality—such lack of convincing quality being no doubt partly due to the artificial, operatic sort of atmosphere of those Balkan States that are rapidly becoming too numerous for even the elastic atlas of Dreamland to find room for more. The plot, however, is not of the usual Danubian pattern. It turns upon a series of mutual misunderstandings that hold apart two married lives, and will, we fear, continue to renew themselves to the end of the chapter—not meaning merely the last of Graham Hope's novel. They are often provokingly perverse; but they are in keeping with two otherwise attractive characters, are not handled too seriously, and have more human and domestic interest than is commonly provided by the Princes and Princesses in this kind of novel.

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MOTOR NOTES

I would remind my readers that entries for THE GRAPHIC Trophy close on May 18, and the race will take place in the Isle of Man, the day after the Tourist Trophy Competition, viz., Thursday, May 30. Mr. J. E. Hutton has entered a 60 h.-p. Berliet and a 40 h.-p. Berliet, and a 35 h.-p. Daimler has been entered by Mr. George S. Barwick. I notice that a correspondence has taken place between the Automobile Club and the "White" Steam Car Company, in which the question of the admission of steam cars to this event was raised. After some discussion the committee decided that it was not possible to alter the regulations for 1907, which were already issued. It is, of course, out of the question to rescind any regulations already issued to competitors now, but I much regret that the steam car is not admissible. In nearly every competition the steam car is debarred from entry, and THE GRAPHIC Trophy would make an excellent opportunity to see how steam and petrol would compare. We will hope for better luck next year.

"The Graphic" Trophy

The Committee of the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Brompton, ask that any motorist, when purchasing a new car, should bear in mind the Sanatorium and Convalescent Home on the Chobham Ridges, near Frimley, Surrey, before disposing of his old car. Patients at the Sanatorium go through a studied and lengthy period of treatment by a system of graduated exercise, which gives restful occupation for the brain, and fits them for active work before they leave. Much more might be done in this direction if the Hospital were fortunate enough to possess a motor-car, upon which a patient who had previously been an indoor worker might be taught to become an efficient driver and incidentally learn some of the details of engineering. Whilst I am on the subject of appeals the Alexandra Hospital for Children, which has a branch at Clandon, Surrey, has an "Automobile" cot, which it is desirable to endow. The cost of endowment is about £1,000, towards which a few subscriptions have been given. There is no worthier object. The hospital is for the treatment of hip disease, and any motorist who has visited these poor little suffering mites, as I have done, would, I am sure, give a donation of some sort. Any subscriptions sent to the Motor Editor, THE GRAPHIC, Tallis Street, E.C., will be acknowledged in this column. The "Cot" is already christened the Automobile Cot, and has a brass plate to that effect.

An Appeal to Our Readers



The Northumberland Fusiliers' Band, which is having a little excursion in Germany, and playing in different towns, gave a concert in the market-place at Hamburg, in front of the equestrian statue of Kaiser Wilhelm I. last week. It was the first concert given in Hamburg by a British military band, and the Hamburgers were delighted. When "Die Wacht am Rhein" was played, the enthusiasm of the Germans was great, and the crowd gave vent to their feelings in loud and prolonged applause. The band is now in Berlin.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS' BAND IN GERMANY: A CONCERT IN HAMBURG

To-day, Saturday, has a heavy list of engagements to its credit in the way of motoring fixtures. The chief event is the Annual Meet of the Motor Union, which takes place this year at Lincoln. An assembly of cars will take place at 2.30 in the Great Northern Station Yard. From 3 to 5.30 there will be a garden party and gymkhana given by Mr. Waldo Sibthorp at Canwick Hall, and the dinner will be at 7 for 7.30 in the County Assembly Rooms. The chair will be taken by the Rt. Hon. Earl Brownlow (Lord-Lieutenant of Lincolnshire), supported by the Earl of Yarborough, the Mayor, Mr. C. D. Rose, M.P., the Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P., Sir Hickman Bacon, Bart., Lord Willoughby de Eresby, and other distinguished members of the Union. Special arrangements have been made with all the hotels for accommodation of members and their friends. On Whit-Monday and Tuesday automobile races will be held on the Bexhill track, under the auspices of the Crystal Palace Automobile Club. The programme consists of eleven events, which include several scratch races for four-seated touring cars.

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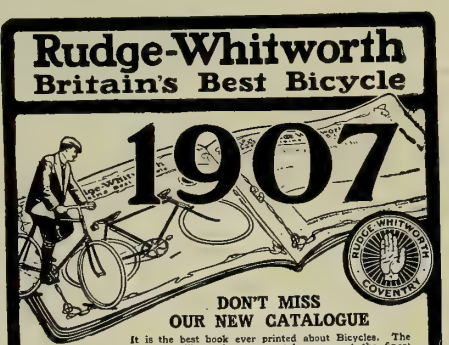
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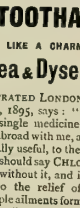
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The Chauffeur Question

An animated correspondence on this vexed topic is taking place in the *Autocar*. There are two sides to every question, but I venture to think the holding of the Automobile Club certificate would help matters. The owners who complain of their *chauffeurs* in many cases are very much in their hands, and have not sufficient knowledge to find out whether the *chauffeur* is equal to his task or not until some damage has been done. At the same time some guide, such as a really satisfactory certificate of ability, would be of great assistance. Anyone can call himself a *chauffeur*, and owing to the very rapid growth of the industry I suppose there are more novices in it than in any other. From the driver's point of view it does not do to go about proclaiming that one is a novice, and so the dissatisfaction arises. On the other hand, many owners expect far too much from the man, and it is not an altogether easy task to keep a motor always well tuned up and smart, unless the master is considerate in his demands. My advice is, "Train your coachman, if young enough." He is a good servant, and used to private service. He is naturally a good driver, and the rest will come in time. He is accustomed to turn out a carriage well, and will do the same to a car. Five years ago one wanted a good engineer; but times have changed, and cars are now extremely reliable. The proper place for a good engineer is the garage, and sadly is he required in many of them.

English automobilists who intend to travel in France this season, will be interested to learn that the Continental Tyre and Rubber Co., Ltd., have installed a touring office in their new building, which has recently been opened in Paris, Avenue Malakoff, 146. This new department is well equipped, and every motorist calling there can obtain from experienced officials all reliable information on any question with regard to motoring, roads, hotels, garages, etc. The Continental tyres showed up well at the Madrid Exhibition, a large number of cars being fitted with them.

Miscellanea



SIR GEORGE ARBUTHNOT

Head of the firm of Arbuthnot and Co., bankers, who was arrested in Madras in connection with the failure of his firm. Sir George, who is a nephew of the fourth baronet, was born in 1848, and knighted in 1901. He has been a member of the Legislative Council, and Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, Madras, and in 1900 was Chairman of the Famine Relief Fund. Photo by Thiele and Co.

On the invitation of Mr. D'Arcy Baker, fourteen Fiat cars with a full complement of guests journeyed from London to Brighton the other day to view the new Fiat garage in that town. Although the weather was hardly ideal, the run was enjoyable, and the new enterprise of this Company was voted well worthy of attention.

The London-Monte Carlo record has been lowered again, this time by a Ducros-Mercédès fitted with Dunlop tyres. The time was 29 hours 20 minutes.

The "Arrol-Johnston" car which competed in the Frome's Hill climb was not last year's "Tourist Trophy" car fitted with a horizontal engine, the car in question being one of the cars to compete in this year's race for the Tourist Trophy, with a vertical engine.

A six-cylinder 45 h.-p. Hotchkiss car, which has recently completed a 10,000 kilomètre reliability tour in France, has now started a similar tour in Britain. The car, which is fitted with Michelin detachable rims and tyres—these having proved their worth on the French tour—will be under the direct observation of the R.A.C.

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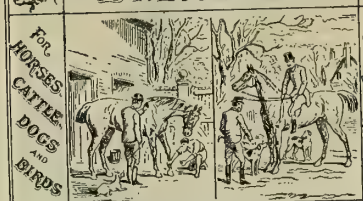


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THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

MINISTERS and their Parliamentary supporters can hardly have met their constituents in an excessively cheerful frame of mind this Whitsuntide—at least, if they have, they must possess a capacity for optimism under difficulties which would do credit to Mark Tapley himself. Legislation is behindhand; the famous thunderbolt to be launched against the Peers does not seem to be quite ready for use even now; Ireland is, to put it mildly, not exactly in love with Mr. Birrell's Bill; the Imperial Conference has done the Government no good in the eyes of the public generally; supporters are getting restless, and the Wimbledon election has given the Cabinet, in the language of democracy, "a nasty jar." In short, things being as they are, a prudent Liberal M.P. might have done worse than spend his holiday on a tour in a motor-car, or, perchance, a trip to Paris. Out of sight, out of mind.

* * * *

Lord Curzon's movement to supply the financial needs of the University of Oxford—to retrieve, in fact, what Theodore Hook would have called the tightness of the University Chart—has had a good send off. Wealthy Oxonians and friends of Oxford are coming forward handsomely, and we doubt not that the modest quarter of a million which the new Chancellor has asked for will not take long to find. But, as Lord Milner remarked, at a recent meeting, Oxford would not be the Oxford that her sons know and love if the voice of criticism were not raised in some quarter or other, and it has been raised by the President of Corpus. Perhaps one may add, without irreverence, that the President of Corpus would not be "Tommy" Case if he did not rather enjoy finding himself in opposition.

* * * *

By the way, has not a recent writer in the *Fortnightly* told us that Professor Case used to be pointed out in Oxford as the only resident Master of Arts who believed in the real existence of the external world?

* * * *

Socialism and Socialists cannot reasonably complain that they do not bulk fairly largely in the world's mind's eye nowadays. In Austria they have just gained a sweeping victory in the first General Election under universal suffrage, though, of course, the "Clerical" Socialists are only half-brothers of the other species. Between them, however, the "Red" and the "Black" Socialists have pretty well wiped out the old middle-class parties—a fact which makes the political outlook in Austria even more bewilderingly interesting than usual, which is saying a good deal. It is well that the hand of that Nestor of European Sovereigns and statesmen, the Emperor Francis Joseph, is still on the helm of the State. But it cannot be there for ever, and when it is there no longer—well, what will happen then nobody knows!

* * * *

If, however, Socialism has scored heavily in Austria, it has just had a serious setback in France, in spite of M. Jaurès and his seven hours' speech—a performance which reminds one of certain Irish exploits in the House of Commons in the palmy days of Joe Biggar and Parliamentary obstruction. The fact is that France is thoroughly alarmed at the excesses of the revolutionary wing of the Socialists, and is determined to shake herself free from a tyranny which, if continued much longer, would be bound to lead either to Revolution or Reaction.

* * * *

But the joke is—for it really is a joke, though a grim one—that the Socialists have been beaten and the Ministry saved, not by M. Clemenceau, but by his Socialist, or, shall we say ex-Socialist? colleague, M. Aristide Briand. M. Briand, who has real instincts of government in him, has had the wisdom and the courage to break frankly with an impossible past. In the present condition of affairs in France there may well be a great future before M. Briand.

* * * *

Things are unquestionably warming up in Southern Morocco. The anti-French feeling among the Moors is very strong, and at any moment something might happen that would absolutely necessitate military intervention by France otherwise than at Oujda. In that event the French would have to reckon with the fact that the great tribal chiefs of the South, who have paid no taxes to the Sultan for years past, have spent a good deal of the money which used to go into the Imperial Treasury in the purchase of rifles and cartridges. Consequently they are considerably more dangerous now than they were in the old days. This state of things materially increases the anxiety of the present situation.

* * * *

It appears that Mr. Winston Churchill's Edinburgh speech has been received with considerable disfavour in Australia. There is nothing very surprising about that. Our Colonial brethren—sons of the vast spaces and solitudes of which the stay-at-home Briton has so little practical notion—are apt to require elbow-room, fresh air and free speech to an extent to which an over-crowded Motherland is growing unaccustomed. Consequently, when the Under-Secretary for the Colonies suggests that the Colonial Premiers ought to have been less outspoken than they have been, because they were the guests of the Government, Colonial opinion is not precisely ready to acquiesce.

* * * *

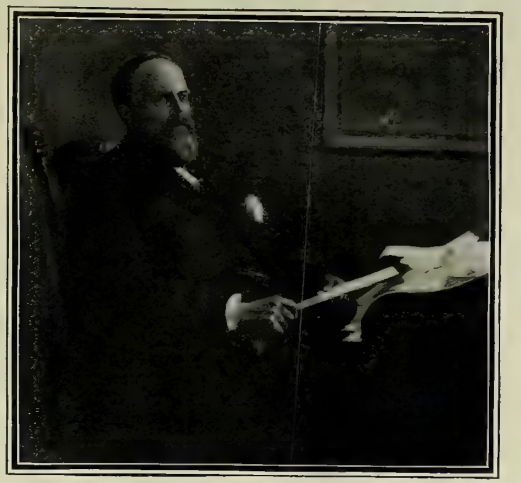
Thus, it is no more than we might have expected that we find Mr. Deakin, in a farewell interview, insisting that, at the next meeting of the Imperial Conference, the representatives of the Colonies shall not be in any sense the official guests of the Government, as Mr. Churchill described them. To be the guests of the nation is one thing; to be the guests of the particular Government which happens to be in power at a given moment is quite another: and it is fairly plain, at this time of day, that the representatives of Greater Britain have found the hospitality of Lord Elgin's Department somewhat too filling at the price.

* * * *

The salutary severity displayed—though none too soon—by the Indian Government in arresting and deporting that pestilent agitator, Lajpat Rai, has borne prompt and satisfactory fruit. Abundant evidence goes to show that respectable native opinion is everywhere opposed to the sowers of sedition; but—as everywhere and always in the East—it is necessary that the powers that be shall prove their power and their firm determination to stand by the men who stand by them. That is why we heartily welcome the news of the arrest of another seditious editor and proprietor of a native journal in the Punjab. If Mr. Morley and Lord Minto will only continue to take their stand on a strict enforcement of the law, the present crisis in India will pass without serious consequences.

* * *

The British Dental Association has uttered a note of warning as to the terribly defective condition of children's teeth in elementary schools. Bad teeth are the cause of unnumbered physical evils, and Army surgeons can tell a doleful tale as to the number of would-be recruits annually rejected on that score. Systematic inspection of teeth ought to be made compulsory in every school, elementary or otherwise, for, as Don Quixote sagely observed, when some half-dozen of his own grinders had been knocked out in one of his knightly encounters—a man had better lose a diamond than a tooth.



King Edward's interest in philanthropic work has prompted him to show his appreciation of the forty years' work on behalf of the Ragged School Union of Mr. John Kirk. Mr. Kirk has been Secretary of the Ragged School Union and Shaftesbury Society since 1879, and before that was Assistant Secretary. He organises, among other things, Sir William Treloar's Christmas Hampers. The King received him at Buckingham Palace on Thursday, and to-day (Friday) he was presented with this portrait and a testimonial at the Mansion House.

MR. JOHN KIRK

FROM THE PRESENTATION PORTRAIT PAINTED BY MR. W. RAINEY, R.I.
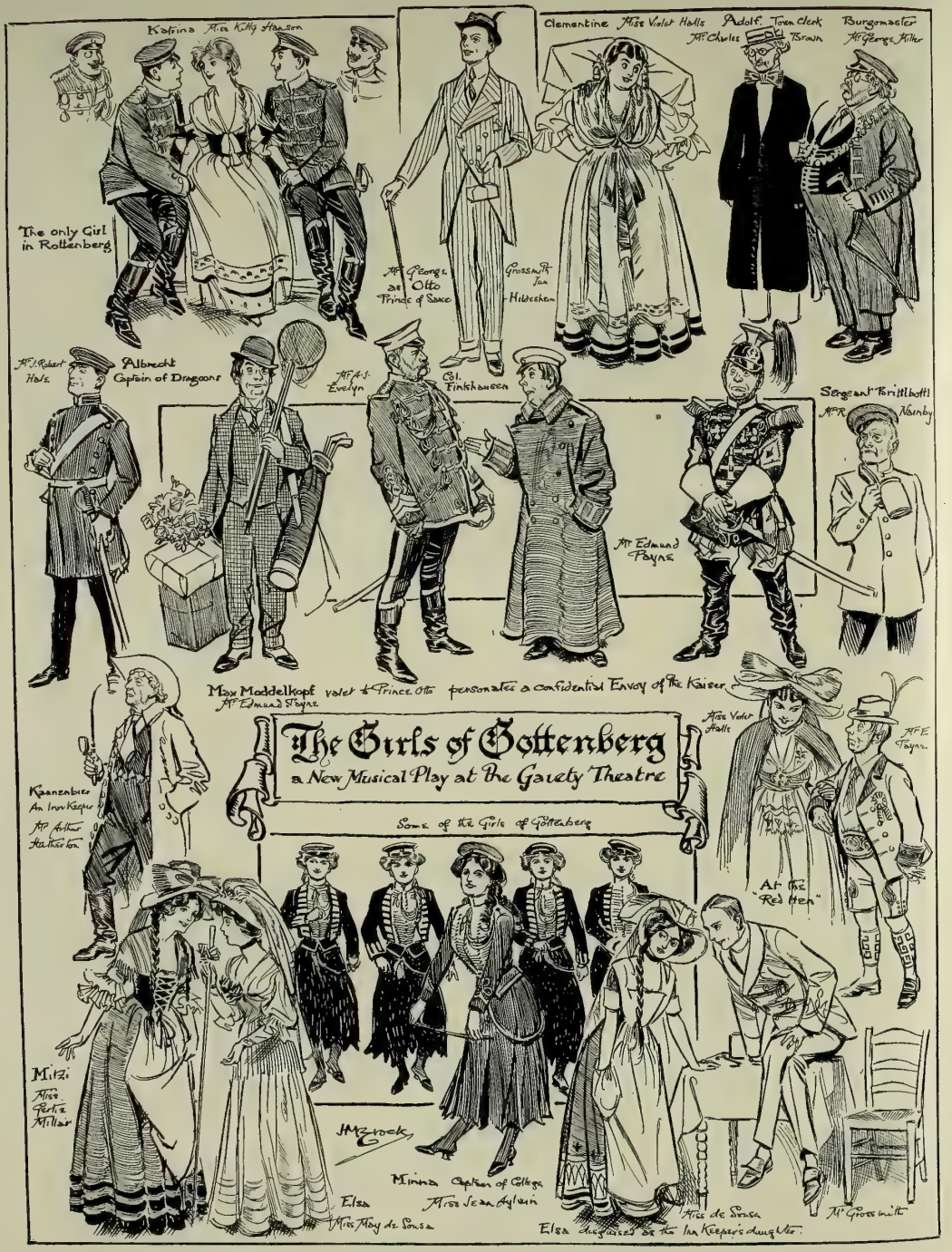


THE LATE MR. A. P. MOORHOUSE
General Manager of the Cunard Line.
Had occupied this post for the past nine years, and for fifteen years previously was the Company's Secretary. Before this was for many years in the service of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board.
Photo by Barraud.



MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS
Novelist and Writer on French Life.
Is now seventy, and has completed fifty years of literary work. Her best books are those on French country life. Was a contributor to THE GRAPHIC and other papers. She is now to be given a jubilee testimonial in recognition of her work.



THE LATE DR. ALEXANDER BUCHAN
Well-known Meteorologist.
Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society, and generally recognised as a pioneer of modern meteorology. Took an important part in the work of Ben Nevis Observatory. He wrote several valuable books. Photo by Moffat.


Katrina Miss Kitty Hanson
Clementine Miss Violet Halls
Adolf Town Clerk Mr Charles Brain
Burgomaster Mr George Miller
"The only Girl in Rottenberg"
Mr George as Otto Prince of Saxe
Grossmith Jun Hildesheim
Albrecht Captain of Dragoons
Mr J. Robert Hale
Mr A. J. Evelyn
Col. Finkhausen
Mr Edmund Payne
Sergeant Fritzbutt Mr R. Nanby
Max Maddelkopf valet to Prince Otto personated a confidential Envoy of the Kaiser Mr Edmund Payne
The Girls of Gottenberg
a New Musical Play at the Gaiety Theatre
Some of the Girls of Gottenberg
Miss Violet Halls
Mr E. Payne
Kranzenbier An Inn Keeper Mr Arthur Hatherton
At the "Red Hen"
Mitzi Miss Rosie Millar
Mimna Captain of College Miss Jean Aylwin
Elsa Miss May de Sousa
Elsa disguised as the Inn Keeper's daughter
Miss de Sousa
Mr Grossmith

"PLACE AUX DAMES"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

PRINCE FUSHIMI, who has been staying with the Duke of Montrose in Scotland, is a very great personage indeed: in fact, he is as great as the Mikado, being descended from an elder branch of the Royal Family. The Japanese have taken very kindly to European ways, and enjoy late dinner and our ordinary food, as a contrast to their own. A friend in Japan writes me that for the last fortnight, since she has been travelling in the interior, she has slept every night on a mat and sat on the floor! I imagine it is easier for the Japanese to conform to our habits than it is for us to adopt theirs. Few elderly Englishmen would care to squat on their haunches for an hour at a time. My friend is quite converted, however, to the Japanese mode of tea-making, and thinks the flavour of the tea much improved by the absence of milk and sugar. Poor people in England often drink their tea without milk, but in that case it is their poverty and not their will compels.

Now that some lady chauffeurs have killed several people, and that one is committed for trial on the charge of manslaughter, perhaps women will be more careful about driving. The dangers of motor-driving are many and great, but women rush in gaily, assuming that because men of experience and nerve can drive well in all sorts of ticklish places, therefore any and every woman is competent. The difference in physique and education complicates the question immensely. It is rare to find a woman with the resourcefulness, the strength, the presence of mind, and especially the prudence required for driving a big car at a rapid pace in the midst of traffic. Cross-roads are the greatest source of accidents, and I repeatedly notice chauffeurs taking these dangerous spots at a high speed, and without any blowing of horns. Even the horn is sometimes not heard, and on the French high roads it is often necessary to shout loudly to attract the attention of sleepy wagoners or careless drivers. The fact is, motorists start on the wrong assumption that it is the duty of all slower traffic to get out of their way. The lady chauffeur has not only her own life, but that of others to consider, and that the task is taken up far too lightly is proved by the case of the lady who raced the train in America, killed her friend, and severely injured herself. I heard of an instance of a lady whose father and sister had been killed, and who herself had two legs broken in an accident, and yet who persistently drives.

In Mr. G. Russell's interesting book of reminiscences he ventures the opinion that, notwithstanding all our vaunted education, men and women of good position are not now so cultured as they were fifty years ago. "What people professed to know they knew," he says; "the affectation of culture was despised, and ignorance was honestly confessed. They could quote Horace, and knew the mass of Shakespeare's plays with a wide and generous intimacy." The prevalence of newspaper reading, which almost obscures any other, is answerable for much superficiality. People get smatterings of things, a kind of inaccurate general information, which precludes all real and concrete knowledge. For instance, a lady who was asked of what country Christiania was the capital, first hazarded Denmark. Informed of her mistake, she made two other guesses—Sweden and Norway—finally giving as her reason for quoting Norway that she "knew it was in one of the Balkan States." This, however, can scarcely be compared with the ignorance of our Colonial possessions displayed by one of the officials of the Lord Chamberlain's office, who replied to a lady's request to be permitted to present a young girl at Court who hailed from Montreal, that the presentation must be made through the proper channel, the United States Ambassador! While we devour all kinds of abnormal foreign psychological and philosophical works, our knowledge of general history, of English literature, of the laws of architecture and painting, and the works of the Old Masters is, as a rule, lamentably deficient, and without this knowledge no one can be called cultured.

"The social graces," too, Mr. Russell comments on. The "smartness" of to-day would have been accounted the vulgarity of yesterday. The free and easy habits of young ladies, the elbows on the dinner-table, the public smoking, the lounging and sprawling that goes on in Society, the want of dignity and grace are great changes. Mr. Russell remarks that people of position did not run after Royalty as they do now; they accepted it as an honour and a part of life. "You made your bow and thought no more about it. Well-bred people knew how to behave themselves, and there was an end of the matter; but to force one's self on the notice of Royalty, to intrigue for visits from illustrious personages, to go out of one's way to parade before a gaping world the amount of intimacy with which one was honoured, would have been regarded as the very madness of vulgarity." I have heard of modern ladies who spread a red baize carpet at their door, in the hope that the public would imagine they were entertaining Royalty.



The first time King Alfonso drove in the streets of Madrid after the birth of his son, he received an enthusiastic ovation from the crowds through which he passed. There was great cheering and waving of hats, and His Majesty, who appeared very much pleased, smiled and waved his right hand, guiding his motor with the left.

ENTHUSIASTIC MADRID: KING ALFONSO IS CONGRATULATED BY THE CROWD ON THE BIRTH OF HIS HEIR



The Royal Naval and Military Tournament, which has thrilled so many thousands at Olympia with its stirring displays, and was much enjoyed last week by King Edward, comes to an end on Saturday, June 1. Our artist has depicted some of the most interesting items. (1) Pushball on Horseback by the 2nd Life Guards. (2) The famous "musical drive" by the Chestnut Troop of the Royal Horse Artillery. (3) A "Living Pyramid," by instructors from the Naval School at Portsmouth. (4) Field Gun Drill by Bluejackets. (5) An historic survival in the Life Guards. (6) Tent pegging. (7) "Ye Tournament of Ye Olden Days."

A Glimpse at the Naval and Military Tournament

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

THE ROYAL ACADEMY—II.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN

TO say that Mr. Sargent's portrait of "Lady Sassoon" is masterly is to employ an inadequate term to express the quality of this superb picture. All the old *bravura* is here in this rendering of the refined, aristocratic Jewish lady, attired in black relieved by pink, with a great black hat, with her intelligent look and delicate, winning face; but we forget the *bravura* in the perfection of handling and realisation, in the delight of gazing upon what is perhaps the most brilliant and at the same time one of the soundest things that ever came from Mr. Sargent's brush. Mr. Cope's genius is less gifted, but with his portrait of "The King," a half-length in full Garter robes, wearing the Garter collar and the Riband of the Bath, he produces what is, perhaps, the strongest and most virile likeness of the monarch that has been done.

Indeed portraiture is a strong section. Vividly and admirably realistic are Mr. Cope's "Viscount Knutsford," Professor von Herkomer's "Mr. Stracey-Clitherow," Mr. Bacon's "Mr. J. Albert Causton," and specially—for it is a portrait after all, if only of a model — Mr. Gregory's startlingly lifelike "Eldorado." The light that falls on the head and upturned face of this grey-bearded man in armour is the true light of day falling on a veritably living head. There is much pictorial dignity in Mr. Solomon's stately full-length of "Mrs. Van der Bergh" and in Mr. Dicksee's "Lady Weber;" true passion in Mr. Hacker's quite admirable and touching picture, "The Artist's Mother;" delicate illumination and sensitiveness in Mr. Henry's "Mrs. Bigham," and especially in "The Mirror" and "Goldfish;" originality and decorative composition in Mr. George Harcourt's "At the Harpsichord: The Artist's Children," as they group themselves in the hot sunshine around the instrument in the tapestry-hung chamber. And there are what Mr. Berenson calls "tactile values" in Mr. Logsdail's strong portrait of a young girl, called "An Early Victorian." But none of these is so daring as Mrs. Swynnerton's *tondo* of the little daughters of Mr. D. C. Guthrie. Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Madame Gilardoni"—the lady whom we have already seen so painfully and conscientiously picking her way through the music in his other picture, "Andante Espressivo"—appeals to us with its gentle human humour. People are apt to complain of the number of portraits in the Academy nowadays, in obvious forgetfulness of the fact that the proportion is smaller than ever it was before. But while there are such striking examples as these in every style of portraiture, there is no lack of æsthetic pleasure and instruction to be derived from the contemplation of them, whether or not the sitters be persons of celebrity; and without them the exhibition would be the poorer and less attractive.

Truly, trimming their sails to the light breezes of public encouragement, artists have not been busy with important subject-pictures—save those by the younger men which I have already spoken of. Of religious painting, as it was practised only five-and-twenty years ago, there is practically nothing—for "The Young Knight" in a church, by Mr. Campbell Taylor, and a young communicant in a white veil, also in a church ("Le Mois de Marie"), by Mr. Chevallier Tayler, can hardly be termed "religious painting" in the true sense at all. Of classic or pseudo-classic there is not much in these days of Sir L. Alma-Tadema's abstention; but in Mr. Waterhouse's beautiful harmonies, such as his "Phyllis and Demophoon," Sir Edward Poynter's graceful "Fishing," Mr. Herbert Draper's beautiful piece of academic drawing and composition, "The Pearls of Aphrodite," and, in style and feeling very different, "The Swing," a water-colour by Mr. Sims, we have a group that speak strongly for themselves on the Academy walls.

Pictures of sentiment, whether their appeal be obvious or subtle, are more directly attractive to the public than the more learned essays. So the lovely "Cottage Madonna," by Mr. Stott—how exquisitely the title fits the eloquent silence of the picture!—and the idyllic "Reaper and Maid," by the same artist, will always have their admirers, not only for their subject or for the beautiful pictorial manner in which the subjects are presented, but for the poetic charm and subtle richness of the colour. These pictures are at once epics and masterpieces, and will always hold their place in English art. There is the appeal of Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove's "And the Winter Shall Come"—a picture of snow in Bruges and the indication of death in the cottage. There is the appeal to conscience in Mr. Wolmark's picture of earnest East End Jewish life—"The Disputation;" and there is sweet domesticity of the refined and elegant kind in Mr. Frank Dicksee's expressive scene of a pretty confession between girl and woman, called "The Mother."

For history we have Mr. Gow's "Cromwell," after his "Scene in the House;" Mr. Bundy's wounded cavalier and ladies (fraught with prospective romance and comedy), "The Day of Sedgemoor"; and Mr. Croft's carefully studied "Funeral of Charles I," a scene of snow and sadness. Then we have pictures of grace and fancy—such as Mr. Perugini's "Woodland Symphony"—a fair girl listening to a blackbird, and Mr. Swaish's amusing little fairy-scene of a child "Convalescent," who has awakened in bed to find herself drawn back to health by tiny fairies dragging her with a rope of flowers. Pictures of decorative design, such as Mr. Harold Speed's "Love Leaving Psyche," excellent if not very original in line, Mr. Bohm's animated rendering of "Youth," and Mrs. Swynnerton's pyramidal composition, at once ideal and powerful, of the impressive "Oreads," all illustrate, not unworthily, a lofty phase of art with which the public is becoming every year more appreciatively familiar.

It is interesting and pleasant, after considering the pictures of these better known exhibitors, to turn for a moment to contributors whose efforts are usually overlooked simply because their names are not familiar or their work quickly recognisable. Miss Laura Knight, a disciple of Joseph Israels, has a picture of marked ability called "A Glass of Wine," in which we are shown three female figures in a room, in which light and colour are the primary problems the artist has set herself to solve. It is otherwise in Miss Anna Airy's picture, called "La Penseuse." The handling is a little more that of a virtuoso here, a little more skilful and self-conscious, but very clever. The aged woman in a purple sunbonnet sits at a table on which a candle has sputtered out in its socket, and the sands of the hour-glass have nearly run out. From Mr. Edmund Brock, the son of the distinguished sculptor, is a portrait group of high promise entitled "The Chess Players," in which the character is as good as the painting, and the picture deserves its place upon the line. Lastly there is a capital Dutch interior—"A Visit from the Neighbour" by Mr. Bernard de Hoog, painted in an earnest style seeking no prettiness, no exotic charm. This is the spirit more of which we should welcome in the Royal Academy, for it is the spirit of truth, of vitality, of art itself.



H.I.H. PRINCE SADANARU FUSHIMI

Whose State visit came to an end last week.

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE AT A SPECIAL SITTING ACCORDED TO "THE GRAPHIC"

THE F.O. BAG

By LUCIEN WOLF

LAST Monday was a notable anniversary in diplomatic history. It was the silver wedding day of the Triple Alliance. In this imperfect world there are, unfortunately, wedding days which are not occasions for rapturous rejoicing, and I am afraid the twenty fifth anniversary of Prince Bismarck's great combination is one of them. For some time past the Triplical *ménage* has not been cloudlessly happy. Poutings began years ago. Then came "extra dances" and flirtations, and lately certain *liaisons* have been contracted which have unquestionably weakened the cohesive force of the original union. Still it would be a mistake to imagine that the Alliance has become a mere diplomatic fiction. It exists, and it is still a necessity to all and each of its members, and hence it has to be reckoned with as a great force in international affairs. On the other hand, it has ceased to be the dominating power on the Continent, and its co-operative action is now limited to a much smaller field than formerly, and to contingencies which are somewhat remote. The Triple Alliance will nevertheless always fill a great chapter in European history. It is now the fashion to speak disrespectfully of it, but it was in its time a wonderful diplomatic achievement, and Europe owes to it the preservation of peace during the whole of the two closing decades of the nineteenth century. It was the nucleus of the greatest combination of States that has ever been formed, for there was a time when, in one way or another, Great Britain, Russia, Spain, Portugal and Roumania were parties to it. Prince Bismarck's fame will certainly not suffer when the full history of the Alliance is told. On the contrary, I believe that only then will Europe realise how great is the debt of gratitude she owes to him.



A FORGOTTEN HERO: THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY MONUMENT TO GENERAL STRINGER LAWRENCE, LORD CLIVE'S GREAT PREDECESSOR IN INDIA

It is too early as yet to sum up the results of the Austrian elections, for the Second Ballots have still to be decided, and it is quite on the cards that they may yield a Reichsrath in which the honest tendencies of the electorate will not be fairly represented. Nevertheless, we know already with perfect accuracy what these tendencies are. Universal suffrage has revealed a state of things in Austria for which few persons were, I imagine, prepared. That extreme democratic doctrines had made immense progress among the Austrian proletariat was well known, but no one dreamt that they would prove more powerful than the racial divisions and rivalries which had so long distracted the Empire. Everybody expected a revolution, but it was on the racial side that it was looked for. The revolution which has come is on the political side. Out of the welter of the electoral battle the Austria of Metternich—the one impregnable bulwark of Conservatism in Europe—emerges a Socialistic state! Prince Bismarck once said that "Austria would astonish the world by her ingratitude." Such a phenomenon, however, would be a very vapid thing by the side of the startling spectacle she now presents to us. There is, of course, no immediate danger of the subversive opinions of the electorate affecting the practical work of the Reichsrath. One half of the Socialist victories have been won by the so-called Christian Socialists, who are Clericals in democratic clothing, and they will probably become the nucleus of a new Tory party which will form the Parliamentary majority. Nevertheless, they will have to take very full account of the Socialist views of their constituents, and we may consequently expect to see a sort of Tory Democracy in power in Vienna. On the whole this is a far better solution than a racial victory either by the Germans or the Slavs. The nationalities seem to have become fused by Socialism, and this may well prove to be the beginning of that Austrian nation which hitherto has been the elusive dream of every well-wisher of the Dual Monarchy.

The victories of the Christian Socialists in Austria are a triumph for the sagacious policy of the late Pope, and they ought to prove an instructive lesson to his successor, who has hitherto favoured, with unhappy results, the less flexible politics of his namesake, Pius IX. The political future of the Papacy clearly lies in the democratic direction indicated by Christian Socialism. There the Church can, if it pleases, recover all its former strength and influence. We see proof of it in every Roman Catholic country. The German Centrum has only saved itself by adapting itself to the people. In Belgium, where hitherto the most obscurantist Clericalism has reigned supreme, the Jeune Droite, under M. Beernaert, has lately made immense progress, and there can be no doubt that the future of the Roman Catholic party in that country rests with it. The whole trouble with France has arisen out of the unwisdom with which the present Pope reversed the Republican policy of Leo XIII. and identified himself with the Monarchists and Monks. The Roman Catholic proletariat is everywhere anxious to remain Roman Catholic, but it must live, and if the Pope bids it choose between Christianity and Socialism, it is very probable that it will choose Socialism. Hence, the truest wisdom is obviously to favour the combination of the two, which the people and their lay leaders have already fashioned for themselves.

No public servant has more solidly earned his right to take his pension than Sir Eric Barrington, who in July next will relinquish his Assistant Under-Secretaryship at the Foreign Office. For forty years and a few odd months he has been a devoted and singularly intelligent servant of the Crown. During nearly half that period he held the delicate and responsible position of Private Secretary to the Minister—a position of enormous influence behind the scenes, requiring in its holder not only a wide knowledge of men and affairs, but also exceptional tact and discretion. No man could desire a better record than that he had served the late Marquis of Salisbury—one of the most brilliant intellects and hardest workers of our time—in this capacity for twelve years, with an additional seven years divided between the late Lord Iddesleigh and the Marquis of Lansdowne, and that he had enjoyed the fullest confidence of all these Ministers. This record belongs to Sir Eric Barrrington. Of course, it does not exhaust his *état de services*. He served as private secretary under Sir Arthur Otway and the late Lord Strafford when they were Parliamentary Under-Secretaries, and was for a time *précis*-writer or junior secretary to the late Lord Derby. Of foreign service he has seen little, but that little has been of peculiar interest, for it was connected with the last great drama of European diplomacy, when Prince Bismarck presided over the famous Berlin Congress in 1878. On that occasion he accompanied Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury to the German capital with a commission as Acting Second Secretary. Altogether, a very full, useful, and influential career, and as unostentatious as it has been influential.

A host of friends will wish Sir Eric happiness and length of days in his well-earned retirement. For my part, I must confess that there is an alloy of selfish regret in my congratulations. When one reaches a certain age, one finds some difficulty in making new friends; and the changes have been so many and rapid in the Foreign Office during even the last ten years that old *habitués* like myself now find themselves strangers within its gates. Sir Eric Barrington is the last link with the Foreign Office as I knew it when I first began to haunt it in the hungry quest for journalistic information. From the beginning I experienced the greatest kindness at his hands, a kindness which quite reconciled me to the otherwise provoking discretion with which he so often baffled my inquiring zeal. To deserve a similar kindness at the hands of new men involves an apprentice ship and perhaps a certain psychological readaptation which are not easy in one's second half-century.

Sir Eric is a Tory of an old-fashioned type, for he is quite a staunch Free Trader. I remember hearing from him once a good definition of Retaliation. Somebody asked him what he thought of the "Big Revolver." "It seems to me," he said, "to work out in this way: Suppose the Northern Railway of France puts up its fares. Well, you are annoyed. What do you do? You punish the French Company by—raising the fares on the Chatham and Dover line!"

A RIVAL TO THE FAME OF CLIVE

Colonel G. J. Harcourt writes apropos of Lord Curzon's appeal for a memorial of Lord Clive: "To the average Englishman the credit for the rise of England in the East belongs solely to the achievements of Lord Clive. Macaulay's brilliant but very inaccurate and one-sided 'Essay on Clive' is mainly responsible for this mistaken view, for he lauded his hero at the expense of that hero's commander and patron, General Stringer Lawrence, who by his heroic campaigns against the French, at that time all powerful in India, ending in their final and complete overthrow, was the real founder of British supremacy in Hindustan. Lawrence, unlike Clive, had no brilliant historian to write an essay on his career, nor was he, like Clive, impeached and tried by the House of Lords. This, chiefly, has rendered the latter's name imperishable, whereas the former, although his great services to his country were fully appreciated and rewarded by his King and country, and on his death a monument was raised to him in Westminster Abbey, is almost forgotten. If there is truth in the saying that 'the heroic deeds of the past are a present national asset,' then the neglect of Lawrence is not only an injustice to him but a reproach to the British nation."



DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, D. MACPHERSON

The christening of the Prince of Asturias in the Chapel Royal was followed by an interesting little ceremony. While the little Prince lay in the arms of Queen Cristina King Alfonso placed on him the Collar of the Golden Fleece, the Collar of Carlos III., and the Grand Cross of Isabella the Catholic.

After the Christening: King Alfonso Decorating the Prince of Asturias

HOW I WAS CAPTURED BY BRIGANDS

By Robert Abbott



MR. ROBERT ABBOTT

ON the evening of March 21 I was returning from a visit to a friend in Salonika, and had already reached my father's garden, when somebody assailed me from behind and tried to pull me down. I turned and hit out at his head with my fist, felling him like a log. Then I noticed several other men come in at the gate, and turned to run towards the house, but, unfortunately, I stumbled and fell over the man whom I had knocked down. Before I could rise the others were upon me, and, in spite of my struggles and cries for help, I was gagged and bound. I suspect that the gag they used was impregnated with chloroform, as I became dizzy, and for several days afterwards suffered from sickness. After blindfolding me, they left me on the ground for some time, and then carried me outside. Though dazed and blindfolded, I was made to walk for many hours in the snow and rain, but I could not tell the direction they took. We at last reached a house, where we must have stayed about two days, and all that time I was blindfolded and without food or water. The third night, as nearly as I can judge, they gave me some black bread and hard-boiled eggs, which I could not eat because my teeth ached from the gag. My captors then moved on, and, after a tedious walk of ten or twelve hours, we arrived at another house, where my eyes were unbound. By the light of a miserable lamp I could see I was in a room covered with matting and guarded by two brigands in disguise. Instead of speaking, one of them wrote on one of my visiting-cards with my fountain pen and handed it to me to read. The writing was in very bad Greek, and the spelling was atrocious. It read as follows:—"We are Albanians, and have kidnapped



Mr. Robert Abbott is shown standing on the spot where he was overpowered by the brigands.

THE GARDEN WHERE MR. ABBOTT WAS KIDNAPPED



This photograph was taken in Mr. Abbott's garden. The house in the background is that of the British Consul-General.

THE RELIEF FORCE: VANGHELLI (ON THE RIGHT) AND HIS MEN STARTING WITH THE RANSOM



This is the rendezvous, distant two hours' ride from Salonika, where Vanghelli went night after night when making terms with the brigands.

VANGHELLI AT THE BRIGANDS' TRYSTING-PLACE



The numbers 1 and 2 indicate respectively the spots where the brigand chief and Vanghelli remained for two hours, waiting for the brigands to return the horses on which they had carried away the ransom to a place of safety.

THE LONELY PLACE IN THE MOUNTAINS WHERE VANGHELLI HANDED THE RANSOM TO THE BRIGANDS

you for money. Whatever you want ask for and we will give it to you." The brigands gave me a capote (a kind of overcoat) to cover myself, and I was soon asleep. When I awoke one of my guards gave me some cold milk, which I could not swallow. A few hours later, in the night, the captain, as they called him, came to see me. He was wearing a long beard and a huge moustache, which appeared false. He did not speak, but wrote "that I was not to be uneasy, as I was safe with them, and that they would protect me while I was in their keeping." For two weeks I remained in this room under constant guard, and at the end of the time the brigand chief dictated the following letter, which I wrote to my father:—

"Dear Father,—I am very well, and I would never have believed that the brigands would look after me so well. Please send £T25,000—twenty-five thousand pounds—and this is what you must do. On Monday, the 26th of March (old style), send the money with one or two faithful men, and without soldiers, and not more men. They must start from the Church of the Annunciation at twelve o'clock Turkish time, *i.e.*, after sunset. They must take the road that leads up to Mount Hortiati till they get to Hortiati's Arch. A brigand will meet them on the way, and they will go together until they reach the place called Agogi. The men who will bring the money when they meet the brigand must call out 'Heaven,' and they will hear in answer 'Heaven' also. On Monday, the 26th of March, at twelve o'clock Turkish time, they must start punctually. Do not send soldiers, because my life will be in danger. It snows and rains. On Monday and not later; do not lose time, because I may fall ill. Your loving son,

"ROBERT ABBOTT."

Enclosed in this letter of mine was one written by the brigands in very bad Greek:—

"Do not send untrustworthy men. Nor counterfeit or marked money. Because your boy won't come back. You will find his head in your garden!"

I had also to write a copy of my first letter, which I now learn was thrown on the morning of the 6th of April into our garden. The other, dropped into the Austrian post-office box, was delivered to my parents two days later. As I afterwards learnt, my father wrote me a letter and sent it immediately by one of his farm surveyors, Vanghelli Theocharis, who has been in our service for forty years, accompanied by a keeper (deimen) named Costa. Vanghelli and Costa went to the meeting-place, but the brigands did not appear. Three nights in succession they patrolled the place indicated by the brigands, but they did not see anyone. Then the captain dictated to me another letter in duplicate which was sent in the same manner as the preceding letter.

Again my father wrote, and sent his letter by Vanghelli and another man. This time the brigands met them, and keeping them always at a distance, and with their guns pointed at them, the captain shouted, "Down with your arms!" They put down their revolvers, and cried out, "We have no others." The captain then ordered Vanghelli to fall back a few paces, and the keeper to retreat further with the horses. They did so. He then asked, "Have you brought the money?" And on Vanghelli answering, "No, how could you expect such a sum of money to be brought immediately?" they threatened to kill him, but after a long discussion and more threats they brought their demands down to £T20,000, and with this report Vanghelli returned to my father, promising to come the following night. He was allowed to leave two open letters and a change of clothes for me. Vanghelli returned the next night, and wandered about in utter darkness, in rain, snow, and strong wind, but no one appeared. On the following night he returned to the appointed place, and met some of the brigands, who at once asked for the money. On Vanghelli answering that they had not yet fixed the amount, they became excited, and all shouted at once, "£T20,000, and not a penny less. And these must be brought at once, we do not intend to pass the summer here." After a long discussion, two of the brigands said "Although our captain is not here, we, his men, have decided, in order to finish at once, on 15,000 liras, on condition that the money is brought without fail to-morrow night." The brigands added, "Two days after the ransom is paid the boy will be safe and well in the very place whence he was taken." On Vanghelli trying to discuss this point, they referred him to the captain. Then, in answer to a request from Vanghelli, they agreed to change the rendezvous for the next night, and indicated another place where he should meet the captain and make further arrangements. Vanghelli, with his man, went the next night to the newly appointed place, and found no one. He went again the next night, but to no purpose. Just after he left our house a letter was found again in our garden by the gate, which the captain had dictated to me, giving an appointment at the old place. On Sunday, April 21, my father received a letter from the brigands, making a peremptory demand for £T20,000 without further delay, and threatening to kill the messengers if they arrived empty-handed. My father showed the letter to Vanghelli, saying that he was free to go or not to go, as he liked. The brave fellow threw the letter away, saying "Braggarts! I despise them; I will certainly go again and again." So he went again that night, met the brigands, had a long talk with them, and offered them up to 12,000 liras, to be brought to them next night. But they stuck to 15,000, the captive to be released forty-eight hours after receipt of ransom. Vanghelli told them that he would bring a decisive answer the next night. So on the 23rd ult. Vanghelli returned to them and said that the ransom of 15,000 liras was consented to, and that it would be brought to them on the 25th at the new place appointed. But he added that he would be accompanied by three other men, all well armed, in order to protect the money on the way. And this was done.

At last, after having been, according to my calculations, prisoner for thirty-five days, the brigand chief came and returned me my things, and also gave me twenty liras as a present, saying "The ransom has been paid, you will be home in a few days, therefore prepare yourself to leave this place to-morrow evening." On Friday evening, about nine o'clock, the brigand chief returned and asked me if I was ready to go, and on my replying in the affirmative, I was blindfolded and led outside the room, where I found all the brigand band waiting to bid me farewell. This they did with due solemnity, kissing my hand and thanking me for the ransom which my father had kindly given them—as they put it. Two of them started off with me, and we walked till morning, resting now and then. As soon as it was light we stopped, and one of the brigands unbound my eyes and gave me something to eat, but I did not see where I was because some of the other brigands held a capote in front of my face. As soon as I had finished they blindfolded me again and left me to sleep. After some time I was awakened, and we continued our march; at about eleven o'clock on Saturday evening the two brigands who had guarded me unbound my eyes and told me to follow the direction of the setting moon. Guided by the stars, after a fatiguing march I reached the top of a high hill, from which I saw the lights of Salonica, and walked towards them, till at last I arrived home at 3 a.m. on the Sunday morning.

Before closing this account of my adventures I feel it my duty to express publicly the warmest thanks and most profound gratitude of my family and myself to our excellent Consul-General, Mr. R. W. Graves, as it is to his extraordinary tact and energy I owe my speedy liberation.

ROBERT ABBOTT.



The Grand Duke Alexis Nicolaivitch is not yet three years old, having been born on July 30, 1904, while his country was in the throes of the Russo-Japanese Campaign. The future Tsar is here shown wearing his first pair of knickerbockers.

THE HEIR TO THE RUSSIAN THRONE: THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE TSAREVITCH

Photo by Boissonnas and Eggler.

Written by H. W. LUCY

This Week's Parliament

Sketches by RALPH CLEAVER

The Last Lap

By HENRY W. LUCY

After an exceptionally brief Whitsun holiday, the House of Commons, resuming its labours on Thursday, entered the final lap in its race against time. It is long since a similar stage was reached with the legislative programme in equally backward condition. It is true that the state of things is not quite as bad as it appears to the passing glance. Whitsun fell this year at its earliest possible date. By comparison with last Session the House has a fortnight in hand. Another thing to the good is that whilst bills are in a backward state, Supply is exceptionally forward. It is the invariable custom that the days allotted to Supply on the Standing Order proving inadequate, a Supplementary three are filched from legislative purposes. That will not be necessary in the coming August.

These things taken into account, there remains the practical certainty that the Premier must needs be liberal in his dealings with flotsam and jetsam. There are indications ahead that he may be assisted from outside in his task of lightening the ship. If the Irish Council Bill were persistently carried through its stages, and sent on to the House of Lords, it would be a moderate estimate to assign a dozen working days for the purpose. That is equal to more than a fortnight, according to almanac reckoning. But it looks exceedingly probable that what Mr. Tim Healy scornfully describes as "a stunted bantling" may save its parents and friends trouble by dying an early natural death.

Reference to its friends is a figure of speech. Not in recent time has there been a measure dealing with a question of first-rate importance that has excited so little enthusiasm. To drop it, after wasting time sufficient to carry the Second Reading, would deal a serious blow at the prestige of the Government. For Mr. Birrell, in successive Sessions, to have two measures come to grief would threaten permanent injury to a budding Ministerial career. Nevertheless, by hook or by crook, the measure is predestined to be "called hence by early doom." If the Government decide to force it through the Commons they may count upon a majority sufficient for the purpose. But the Lords, encouraged by the lukewarmness of the support by which such end was achieved, will be likely to give effect to their natural impulse, and throw it out.

The measure dealing with the relations of the two Houses, drafted two months ago and fatuously withheld till after this late period of the Session, stands in another category. The main body of the Ministerialists loyal to their chiefs are not disposed too critically to examine their method of managing business. But they certainly mean to have this matter dealt with before the Prorogation. Of all the promised legislative enterprises it lies closest to their heart. They have watched with growing impatience the reluctance of the Premier to open the attack.

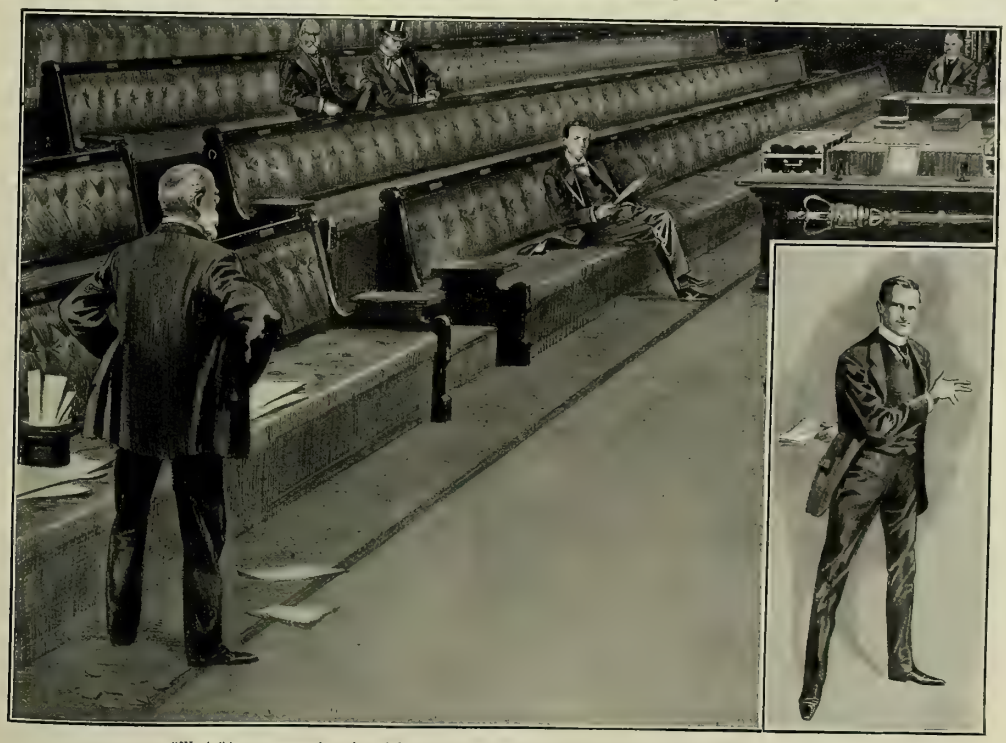
If, they argue, business is meant, this question should have had precedence of all others, not excepting the Army Bill. What is the use, they ask, of spending weeks and months in moulding measures with the possibility, not to say the certainty, that when they go to the other House they will be dealt with as was the Education Bill of last year? By this undertaking, entered into on the threshold of the Session, to make an end of the existing state of things, the Premier, Frankenstein-like, has created an influence from whose domination he cannot deliver himself. Whatever happens, at whatever cost, the question of predominance of partnership in the legislative machine must be settled before the Prorogation.

This opens up a fresh field of difficulty. Unless a change has been instituted within the last six weeks, the promised re-constitution of the business relations between Lords and Commons will take the form of a Bill. Having passed the Commons, it must go up to the Lords on the way to the Statute Book. It is not likely the Peers will tamely assist at their own maiming. They may be expected either to throw the Bill back or take the sting out of it by amendments. In such case it is difficult to see how an early appeal to the country can be averted, an expedient as distasteful to Ministers as it is popular with the Peers. Whilst there is no reasonable expectation of the Government being defeated, the most sanguine Ministerialist cannot expect to see repeated the overwhelming majority of January in last year.

With these clouds on the horizon it is puzzling to find Cabinet Ministers in the freedom of conversation taking a cheery view of their prospects. They have convinced themselves that when the products of the Session come to be garnered they will be found by no means disappointing. This is credible only on the supposition that they have in reserve some device for expediting business in the three months still remaining. It is a maxim accepted in ordinary times that measures which have not been read a second time before Whitsuntide have little chance of passing before the Prorogation. In that category stand the Irish Council Bill, the Licensing Bill, the Irish University Bill, Valuation Bills for England and Scotland, the Miners' Eight Hours Bill, and the Small Holdings Bill which will raise the whole question of the ownership of land.

It is understood the Premier looks for great things from the new Grand Committees recently established. It is probable that the precedent created in respect of the Army Bill, of fixing a time limit for discussion of all stages after the Second Reading, will be extended in the case of other measures. Even with this pressure it is difficult to see how this overload of work can be effectually dealt with within the limits of an ordinary Session.

The mystery of Ministerial complacency deepens when it is learned that whilst there will be no Autumn Session, it is not expected that the Prorogation will be deferred beyond the third week in August. It will be interesting to see how far this confidence in high places is justified by the event.



"We shall have an opportunity to-day to judge what is being done with *my* money."

MR. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS MORTON ON SUPPLY

LIGHTNING ORATORY BY MR. J. D. WHITE

AMONG THE ESKIMOS

"THOSE merry denizens of the Far North," as Captain Amundsen calls the Eskimos, have been a good deal in the public eye of late, for the two recent Arctic expeditions owed much of their success to these hospitable inhabitants of an inhospitable land, and both Captain Amundsen and Commander Peary have paid a generous tribute to their friendliness and usefulness. When the latter carried the Stars and Stripes to the "furthest north" last year he formed an Eskimo contingent of all the tried and trusty men he could lay hands upon—in some cases depopulating entire villages—and when the stout ship Roosevelt steamed into the "Palæocrystic sea" her deck-houses were packed with over half a hundred Eskimos—men, women, and children—and their belongings, while several hundred of their invaluable dogs crowded the deck. The natives did splendid work in hunting and reconnoitring, and when Commander Peary made his final dash for the North Pole a picked band of these hardy and courageous people accompanied him. During the three years Captain Amundsen spent in making the North-West Passage he was constantly in touch with different tribes of the Eskimos, who are scattered along the whole northern shore of America, from Labrador to Behring Straits. One morning, while working their way along the east coast of King William Land with sledges and dogs, the Norwegians met a number of Eskimos on the pack-ice. The two parties were soon on friendly terms, and an invitation to visit the snow huts of the natives was promptly accepted by the white men. "After travelling a couple of hours," says Captain Amundsen, "we reached their huts. These numbered sixteen, and stood far out on the ice. To begin with, the fair sex showed themselves very timid, but after awhile they were led on by an aged belle. As they passed us each one uttered a brief grunt, which was apparently meant as a welcome. Only three of the oldest members of the tribe had seen white men before. All were very well dressed in fine new clothes made out of reindeer skins. All wore the typical native costume, with long tail-pieces on their coats that have a good deal of resemblance to full-dress coats." The Eskimos paid the white men a return visit to see that strange wonder—a ship—which none had beheld before, and in a short time the Gjoa was surrounded by an Eskimo village. They hunted and fished for the Norwegians, keeping them plentifully supplied with fresh food, and in return they were the delighted recipients of empty tin boxes and other apparently worthless articles upon which they set great store. Finally, when the Gjoa departed, a round dozen of these children of the frozen North were made rich beyond the dreams of Arctic avarice by being presented with piles of planking, wooden boxes, etc. Captain Amundsen gathered much information as to their habits and ways of life, and he tells of their peculiar method of committing suicide, a deed to which no stigma attaches, but which is only resorted to when a man is ill and in great pain. A thong of sealskin is stretched across the hut two feet above the floor, and the patient is left alone, the others watching through peepholes in the wall. The sick person then kneels down and tries to suffocate himself by pressing his throat against the taut thong, but if the business is unduly prolonged the onlookers take pity upon the unfortunate sufferer, and friendly hands help to throttle him and put an end to his cares.



SOMEBODY'S DARLING: AN ESKIMO BELLE

A new game, which ought to be popular, entitled Poker Dominoes, is just out. It consists of thirty-six stones on which the pips and blanks on ordinary dominoes are replaced by emblems of two *écarté* packs of playing cards. An *écarté* pack, of course, has no card lower than seven in any suit. "Grand cards" take the place of "doubles" in the ordinary sets of dominoes, and have a similar playing value. Numbers in the top left-hand corner of each domino represent the particular value assigned to each stone for the purpose of calculation at the end of each hand. Almost every game played with ordinary dominoes can be played with poker dominoes. The arrangement of the cards, however, will enable players to devise numerous variations. This variation of ordinary dominoes is brought out by the P. D. Syndicate, 1, Mitre Court, Wood Street, E.C.



FAIR LADIES OF THE FAR NORTH: YOUNG ESKIMO WOMEN OF CAPE PRINCE OF WALES, ALASKA, WITH THEIR PET REINDEER

THE BYSTANDER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE other day I was talking to one of our most eminent actors, and he was telling me how much the profession suffered from the disadvantages of artificial light. Formerly, he told me, actors endured great inconvenience from gas, the fumes thereof seriously affecting the throat and injuring the voice. Of late years, since electricity has been introduced, this evil has vanished, but one even more serious has appeared. It is in the intense glare of the electricity, which affects the eyesight. I am not at all surprised to hear this. Some time ago I ventured to point out in this column the injury likely to occur to eyesight by the electric light, and my views on the subject were subsequently confirmed by eminent medical authority. That the actor must acutely suffer from this blinding glare I can readily understand, and I fail to see why some adaptation of the incandescent burner cannot be utilised for theatrical illumination. For my own part, though fully appreciating the cleanliness and convenience of electric light, I never dream of having it in any part of my residence, and simply on account of the painful and deleterious effect it has on my eyes. Probably not a few of the ophthalmic troubles of the present day are due to the electric light.



MR. THOMAS PARKER
The Inventor of Coalite.

Coalite is simply coal which cannot smoke, and we gather from all that is said of it that we shall soon have skies in London as clear as those of Italy, and the Smoke Abatement Society will have no work to do.



MR. F. ENRAGHT-MOONY
First Resident Commissioner for Swaziland.

Has had a wide experience in South Africa. He fought in the Boer war, defending Fort Edward, Northern Transvaal, during an eleven days' siege. Photo by Duffus, Johannesburg.



MR. T. W. RUSSELL, M.P.
New Vice-President of the Irish Board of Agriculture.

Mr. Russell succeeds Sir Horace Plunkett. He has been twenty-one years an M.P. He is a Scotsman, and early in his career was a temperance speaker in Ireland. Photo by Chancellor.

The present-day idea of improvement seems to be to pull down something and then wait to see what will happen next. This was the notion of the London County Council in the Strand, and it does not seem to have been entirely successful. The same idea seems to pervade the minds of certain persons connected with the London Institution in Finsbury Circus. It is proposed to convert the noble Reference Library into a series of smaller rooms. As this library happens to be one of the finest private ones in London it would be fatal to the Institution to demolish it. It is satisfactory to find that there is a very strong feeling amongst the proprietors against this being carried out. No doubt the managers have just now considerable difficulties to contend with, but the disestablishment of this fine library, which was designed by the father of Shirley Brooks, would probably be found to be the most unfortunate step they could take.

A title will probably be required for the Charing Cross and Hampstead Railway. Charing Cross and Hampstead is much too big a mouthful in these word-clipping days, when the English language is degraded by slang and its beauty entirely destroyed by abbreviations and initial letters, when people have neither the time nor the ability to pronounce their mother-tongue properly. This being the case, I would suggest that the new tube might bear the title of Charingham. In one word it would comprise the point of departure and destination, the name would be euphonious, easy to pronounce, not difficult to recollect, and certainly not sillier than other railway cognomens that have achieved considerable popularity. Let it then be known as Charingham, for I am inclined to think this appellation is hard to beat.

Sunday-calling, which has of late years become an institution, is threatened with extinction by the more modern custom of week-ending. Personally I don't give my mind to week-ending, for if the place and the people you visit are pleasant, Saturday to Monday you find to be scarcely sufficient, while if you are bored the one day and a portion of two seem an eternity. Besides this, I always find it as much trouble to go away for two nights as for two months. For all that the custom of week-ending has had a most serious effect on Sunday-calling. "We are always at home on Sundays," the hostess used to say, and having got this idea into our heads we proceed to make a round of calls on Sunday afternoons. But we find so many people are away that instead of only accomplishing three or four calls we get through a dozen and over with the greatest ease. When the calls only happen to be those of ceremony this is a distinct advantage, but when you really want to see people and have a chat, you are apt to say uncomplimentary things with regard to the custom of week-ending.

Formerly the exploration of the Thames was known but to few. Now it is within the reach of all. The County Council steamers have begun their service between Putney and Greenwich, and there are other steamers that will take you to the Nore and back again. There are yet other vessels that will convey you to Kew and Hampton Court, while there is Salter's well-known fleet that will transport you from Kingston to Oxford. In this pleasant and convenient fashion you may enjoy the prospect of Chertsey, Windsor, Bray, Marlow, Henley, Maple-durham, Streatley, Wallingford, Abingdon and countless other attractive places in the lovely valley of the Upper Thames. Indeed, if you managed the thing properly, with due consideration to the different services, you might accomplish the entire trip from the Nore to Oxford within a very short space of time. As I happen to know intimately every inch of the voyage, I can assure you, if you have fine weather, it would be one of the most enjoyable and cheapest excursions you could possibly undertake.

The King, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family have conferred their patronage on a concert to be given by the Gentlemen and Children of the Chapel Royal at Bridgewater House on May 31, by the permission of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere. A family ticket to admit three may be had for one guinea, and a single ticket for half a guinea, from the Secretary of the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace.

AN IDEAL SUMMER HOLIDAY.—Messrs. Elder, Dempster and Co. have arranged to issue tickets during the summer months to and from Jamaica at £25 return. The trip can be done in thirty-two days, allowing five or six days' stay in the island, thus affording an excellent opportunity of visiting one of the finest British possessions. The Constant Spring Hotel, magnificently situated at foot of the Blue Mountains, is now open, and excellent accommodation can be obtained there at moderate prices.



IN THE LAIR OF THE LION



THE HAUNT OF THE POLAR BEAR

Hagenbeck's "Zoo," at Stettingen, near Hamburg, recently opened, presents the somewhat alarming appearance, at first sight, of a menagerie of wild beasts let loose in a park to roam and devour at will. There are lions, tigers, bears (polar and otherwise), elephants, leopards, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, and reptiles, and as you go in it seems that you must either walk into the midst of them or run away. No houses or cages are to be seen; no iron bars or enclosures of any kind—no visible indication that the animals are captives. They are all in the open air, but are confined to their different quarters—and kept from eating the public—by hidden ditches twenty feet wide and twelve feet deep. There is a lake for waterfowl, a mountain range for mountain beasts, and a huge iceberg for polar bears and their comrades of the North, with an Arctic sea for penguins and seals. All the other animals also have their artificially made haunts. You may go up the iceberg by winding stairway and toboggan down the other side.

A CAGELESS "ZOO": HAGENBECK'S ANIMAL PARK AT HAMBURG

COURT AND SOCIETY

THE King, who is Visitor of Wellington College, has promised to attend the Speech Day next month, open some new buildings, and unveil the war memorial in the chapel. His Majesty will be accompanied by the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales, and of course the Duke of Connaught, who is President of the college, will be present. The association of Wellington with the Royal Family is in some ways even closer than that of Eton. Founded in memory of the great Duke, the Duke of Connaught's godfather, it owed much to the encouragement of the Prince Consort. Of the present generation of Royal personages it is interesting to note that the Princess of Wales's brothers, the Duke of Teck and Prince Francis of Teck, were both at Wellington; as were also the Queen of Spain's brothers, Prince Alexander and Prince Leopold of Battenberg. The late Prince Christian Victor was especially devoted to the school, as his Life, written by the President of Magdalen, shows; and it was there that he learnt his cricket, a game in which he excelled.

The King and Wellington



CAPTAIN THE HON. RONALD GREVILLE
Photo by Russell and Sons.



MRS. RONALD GREVILLE
Photo by Alice Hughes.

KING EDWARD'S WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAY: HIS MAJESTY'S HOST AND HOSTESS, OF THE PRIORY, REIGATE

It should not be forgotten that the man who did more than anyone to raise Wellington to its present position among the schools of England was the late Archbishop Benson, and it is plainly stated in his Life, written by his son, Mr. Arthur Benson, that he received nothing but the most valuable sympathy and support from the King, then Prince of Wales, and the old Duke of Cambridge. "I often heard my father say," observes Mr. Benson, "that intended opposition among the Governors had often been averted by the Prince of Wales saying, 'I think, gentlemen, that this is eminently a matter which we must leave entirely to the discretion of the headmaster.'" The present Master of Wellington, the Rev. Bertram Pollock, is one of the King's chaplains-in-ordinary and a cousin of Sir Frederick Pollock. He received the membership of the Victorian Order from the King some three years ago, and the school has, if anything, increased in efficiency and reputation under his able and sympathetic rule. It is not generally known that not far short of 500 Old Wellingtonians fought in the South African war, chief among them being Lieut.-General Sir Ian Hamilton and Colonel A. W. Thorneycroft. Among other distinguished "O.W.s" are Lord Ardee, Colonel Dalgety, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, and no fewer than six out of the seven sons of Lord and Lady Derby, including the ever-popular Lord Stanley himself.

Great Traditions

The King spent Whitsuntide with Captain and Mrs. Ronald Greville, who have had a long lease of Lady Henry Somerset's fine old mansion, The Priory, Reigate, which they recently sublet to Lord Curzon. It will be remembered that His Majesty honoured them with a visit last June. Captain and Mrs. Greville are indeed *très répandus* in the best and most amusing social world. Mrs. Greville, who has dark eyes and hair, and is famous for her conversational powers, is the stepdaughter of Mr. William McEwan, the enormously wealthy benefactor of Edinburgh University. Her marriage to Captain Ronald Greville, the elder son and heir of Lord and Lady Greville, was a great event of the season of 1891. They have a house in Charles Street, where they give delightful little dinners and dances. Mrs. Greville came out brilliantly as an electioneerer when her husband used to sit for East Bradford. Reigate Priory is a very interesting old house; one most extraordinary room may be said to have been brought over bodily from Italy by Lady Henry Somerset. It was the entire interior of a chemist's shop, which attracted her fancy, with wonderful carved oak panels; while the old counter, also beautifully carved, makes an excellent sideboard. Lovely old blue-and-gold drug bottles on the oak shelves also add much to the effect.

The King at Reigate

The only matinée at the Opera this season is to be that of the Duchess of Connaught on the 28th, in aid of the funds of the Royal Albert Orphanage Asylum at Bagshot. The King, who, as is well known, has a peculiar veneration for the memory of his father, Prince Albert, has promised to be present, as have also the Prince and Princess of Wales, and, in fact, all the members of the Royal Family in England. The Queen, it is feared, will not be back in time; but if she is, her Majesty will, undoubtedly, attend with Princess Victoria. There is no doubt that, owing to the Duchess of Connaught's efforts, it will be by far the most distinguished matinée of the season, both socially and artistically. Madame Melba is to appear in the part of La Tosca, with Signor Scotti as Scarpia; and she is also to sing an act from *Traviata* with Signor Caruso. The prices of the ordinary parts of the house have wisely not been increased, though additions have been made to the charges for boxes on the pit and grand tiers, while the stalls are twenty-five shillings. These are nothing to the prices to be charged on the occasion of the gala performance in honour of the King and Queen of Denmark.

The Duchess of Connaught's Matinée



THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT
Owing to whose efforts a charity matinée at the Opera will be given on Tuesday.
Photo by Mendelssohn.

Fortunate indeed is the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society, in aid of which the Duchess of Devonshire has undertaken to give a garden party at Devonshire House on June 12. The Duke of Devonshire himself will speak, and Londoners will also have one of their all-too-rare opportunities of listening to the wonderful eloquent Bishop of Ripon. The gardens of Devonshire House, though they would not, of course, be thought large for the country, are immense considering the enormous value of every inch of soil lying between Berkeley Square and Piccadilly. Evelyn, who laid out the gardens of what was then called Berkeley House, records with naïve vanity that they were "incomparable by reason of the irregularities of the ground and of a pretty fishpond; the holly hedges on the terrace I advised the planting of." That Berkeley House was bought by the first Duke of Devonshire, and was burnt to the ground some thirty-five years later, on which occasion the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., took an active part in endeavouring to check the flames. The present Devonshire House, which has seen so many magnificent entertainments, and is full of such noble memories of beauty, rank, and fashion, was then built, and it is evident that the gardens have undergone a good deal of alteration since Evelyn's day.

A Garden Party at Devonshire House

Memoranda for the Coming Week

SATURDAY, MAY 25

Competitive Musical Festival, Alexandra Palace: Concert, 7.
Golf: The Amateur International Match, St. Andrews.

MONDAY, MAY 27

International Cotton Congress opens, Manchester.
Princess Christian opens summer sale at the Royal School of Art Needlework.
Golf: The Amateur Championship meeting begins, St. Andrews.

TUESDAY, MAY 28

Royal Horticultural Society: Annual Flower Show, Inner Temple Gardens (three days).
North-Eastern Hospital for Children: Dinner in aid, the Lord Mayor presiding, Mansion House.
Haymarket Theatre: *My Wife*, 9.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29

"Rainbow Bazaar" in aid of the British Lying-in Hospital, opened by the Duchess of Connaught, Prince's Skating Rink, 3.

THURSDAY, MAY 30

Launch and naming of the King's yacht by Duchess of Argyll: the Clyde.
Missions to Seamen: Annual meeting, Lord Elgin speaking, Church House, 3.
His Majesty's Theatre: Matinée of *Hamlet*, 2.

FRIDAY, MAY 31

Motor Race for GRAPHIC Trophy, Isle of Man.
Broderers' Company: Dinner, Whitehall Rooms.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1

Mr. Birrell opens the Handel Cossham Memorial Hospital, Kingswood, Bristol.
Royal Military Tournament closes.
Great Queen Street Theatre: Opening of the Shakespearean season with *Troilus and Cressida*.

At the Opera

After many years of waiting, we have at last been vouchsafed an opportunity of really enjoying *Die Meistersinger*. There are, of course, many thick and-thin admirers of Wagner whose devotion to their idol is such that nothing in the world can induce them to own that he could possibly do wrong, and that even his longest outpourings never seem too long. No doubt they are perfectly sincere in their contentions, and, such being the case, it is only possible to congratulate them on their iron constitutions. Those of us, on the other hand, who are cast in an ordinary mould, candidly confess that our powers of assimilation are limited and that our digestions, like those of the Colonial Premiers, are apt to be upset by a surfeit. For example, a performance of the music of *Die Meistersinger*, allowing nothing for intervals, occupies, roughly speaking, four hours and a half, and, when it is played on the usual plan, it is necessary to send the curtain up at half-past six in order that it may descend for the last time before midnight. Now the man who can live through such an evening without showing signs of exhaustion, and who can say with his hand on his heart that he enjoyed the last note as much as the first deserves a certificate for endurance and a post at the War Office or one of the other Government institutions where the hours are long and arduous.

When *Die Meistersinger* is played on the Bayreuth plan, however, it is possible to enjoy every note of it, and so charming is the music that it never seems a bar too long, while the opera seems especially delightful when it follows immediately on a performance of the *Ring*. Wonderful as the great tetralogy is, there is no denying that the characters who walk the stage are outside our common experience. Whatever the next few years may bring with them, it is a fact that at present none of the young ladies of our acquaintance fly through the air or live under the waters of a river. Those of us who are not intimately connected with freak shows have no giants or dwarfs on our visiting lists, dragons have not figured in the fauna of our native land for centuries, while no modern mythology includes a deity who is the sport of every one who comes in his way and who can be thwarted with impunity by anyone who chooses to thwart him. The characters in *Die Meistersinger*, on the other hand, are real, living human beings. Most of us probably know a Walther, an Eva and a Beckmesser, while, though we may not actually be acquainted with a Hans Sachs, we can, at any rate, understand and appreciate him. Furthermore, the allegory of the fight between the old art and the new is as applicable to these days as to those of Hans Sachs or of Wagner, while, lastly, the music is as fresh now as it was on the day when it was written.

The performances which Dr. Richter has given us this season have, beyond a doubt, been the finest ever given in London. Never before have the parts been so uniformly filled by good singers and clever actors, never has the orchestra played so well, and never has the *ensemble* been so perfect. Fräulein Hempel was a fascinating Eva, Herr Jörn is that *rara avis*, a German tenor who can sing, Herr van Rooy is the most perfect Hans Sachs of the day, Herr Geis plays the querulous and spiteful old pedant Beckmesser to the life. Herr Zador sings Kothner's music instead of barking it, as do most of those who play that part. Herr Knüpfer is a splendid Pogner, Herr Bechsrin makes a most entertaining David, and Frau Tolli, as the lady of his heart, is no less excellent. The chorus, once a terribly weak spot at Covent Garden, now covers itself with glory by its wonderful performance of the Riot scene in the second act, and, in short, all has been for the best in the best of possible performances.

Madama Butterfly made her *rentrée* on Friday night, and proved herself, it need hardly be said, as dainty and fascinating as ever. Certain pessimists, having heard that Mlle. Destinn had been taking part in the Parisian performances of Strauss's *Salome*, confidently predicted that she would return with a broken voice; but they proved, fortunately, to be false prophets, for she soon showed that her powers are quite unimpaired. As Pinkerton, Signor Caruso sang as superbly as ever, while the Sharpless of Signor Scotti, the Suzuki of Mme. Lejune, and the Goro of Signor Zucchi were among the most notable features of an excellent performance.

It may be doubted, however, whether *Madama Butterfly* will ever quite rival *La Bohème* in popularity, unless Puccini will consent to make a few radical alterations in it. Much of the music is, of course, delightful, but there are moments when the opera drags. To quote but one instance, the scenes in which the drunken uncle plays a part in the first act, intended, doubtless, as a little light relief, are neither very edifying nor very amusing, while so far as the development of the drama is concerned they are absolutely superfluous. If these were allowed to go, and one or two other equally unnecessary scenes were sacrificed, the opera would be vastly improved.

J. D. H.



Madame Melba, who has often "sung into" the gramophone, laid the foundation-stone of a gramophone factory the other day, that of the Gramophone and Typewriter Company at Hayes. The factory will employ over 500 hands, and the labour will be "all British."

MADAME MELBA AND THE GRAMOPHONE: THE FOUNDATION-STONE LAYING OF THE NEW FACTORY AT HAYES

Lady Violet Greville writes:—"I think that if the gentleman in the Government ranks who gave it as his opinion recently that there would be no objection to the influx of poor foreigners, even when penniless, could hear and see some of the misery of the unemployed in the East End, he might alter his opinion. Last winter was one of the worst for absence of work and presence of starvation, and the most eager philanthropists now agree that emigration is the only remedy. To Canada then are the able-bodied respectable poor working men flocking, and one can but hope that there, at least, they may find the prosperity and comfort which their own inhospitable country denies them. Builders, carpenters, and labourers of all kinds are welcome in that fertile and undeveloped country. Why should they then stay at home to starve?"



THE PRIORY, FROM THE PARK

At the stall of the Booth Steamship Company at the Travel Exhibition are to be seen some interesting curios from the Amazon. Among these are a Jangada canoe, large turtle shells, hornets' nests, a large gourd, a calabash, Buruty palm-seed pods, Sapucaia and Brazil nuts, and a ball of raw rubber.

Owing to a slip occasioned by a mistake in the Royal Academy catalogue, the portrait by Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A., of the Rev. Thomas Cecil Kirkpatrick, President of Queens' College, Cambridge, was given in THE GRAPHIC of a fortnight ago as that of the "Rev. Thomas Cecil."



THE HOLBEIN HALL



THE DINING-ROOM

WHERE THE KING SPENT WHITSUNTIDE: THE PRIORY, REIGATE

From Photographs by Rimton and Bristow Noble.



DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, D. MACPHERSON

Prince Alfonso Pio Cristino Eduardo Francisco Guillermo Carlos Enrique Eugenio Fernando Antonino Venancio had the most gorgeous christening Spain has ever seen. The baptismal pageant, combining the splendid ritual of the Roman Church with the stateliness of the Bourbon Court, was, by King Alfonso's express wish, invested with extraordinary magnificence. The Royal Chapel in the Palace at Madrid was beautified with white flowers. The spectacle of the ladies in brilliant Court costumes, white mantillas and dazzling jewels, of the gentlemen in gala uniforms—the seventy Grandees of Spain, Ministers, diplomats, Court chamberlains, Judges—was no doubt magnificent. But it became with Queen Cristina, the Infantes and the Infanta, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and the King himself, were people of no importance compared with the exalted infant who had called them together. And it is to be suspected that the voice of the Archbishop of Toledo as he performed the rites, did not impress the princely throng half so much as the baby's cries when the cold water from the Jordan was sprinkled

THE BAPTISM OF THE HEIR TO THE SPANISH THRONE: THE CEREMONY IN THE ROYAL CHAPEL



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THE BAPTISM OF THE HEIR TO THE SPANISH THRONE: THE CEREMONY IN THE ROYAL CHAPEL

CLUB COMMENTS

By "MARMADUKE"

There is the New Ear! The experts find that there is a tendency for the ears of both men and women in this country to increase in size, and that the development is especially noticeable in towns where there is much and continuous noise. The mechanism of the ear may be becoming more adapted to bear the increased strain, and the process may necessitate a modification of the whole organ; or it may be that a combination of circumstances is affecting the condition of men and women in the new surroundings. It has, however, been generally observed that many of the most strenuous American men have large heads, ears, and noses, and small eyes; the continual movement which prevails in busy modernised towns must affect the eye, which has developed mostly, through the ages, in the comparative repose of country life.

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America may, then, not only be altering our institutions, character and customs, but our appearance! It is true that the American woman is not remarkable for having large ears, but it is one of the peculiarities of the nation that it produces women who differ exceptionally in build from the men—the former are frequently especially delicate in make. It cannot be doubted, however, that the rapid alterations of ordinary life in England in recent years must affect the appearance. The well-cared-for English girl of thirty years ago, who spent most of her time in the country, or a little else than noiseless town, and was much indoors, was in altogether different conditions from her successor, who is surrounded with movement, is out in all weathers, rides, cycles, drives a motor-car, plays a multitude of comparatively rough games, and is physically hardened as few women were in the past.

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There are those whose profession gives them the necessary special experience, who assert that small sizes in gloves and boots are not in such demand as they were formerly, and the peculiarly slight waist is not so often to be seen as it was. The ordinary breadth of the hat worn by men is said to have increased. Those, however, are particulars which may not be corroborated by all, but it is obvious that English men and women of to-day seem broader built than were their predecessors, especially the women, for amongst the latter it is comparatively an exception to find the fairy-like, delicately framed girl who was the delight of our ancestors. This is not touching the question of our supposed decrease in height.

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Is the race being made coarser by the new circumstances of life? "He" or "She has a very distinguished face," was an expression which was often uttered in the near past, and is seldom heard now. It is not to be denied that the clear-cut, refined features which were more or less common then are rarer to-day—the type of the "good-looking" man of the moment is more healthy and more solid. The men who are continually thrown on their own resources—not supported by an artificial system, as were those in the West End formerly—who are accustomed to "rough it," and travel much in a variety of climates, must undergo some physical change in the direction of coarsening, and if both men and women are altering in this respect, their children will probably be affected by the modifications. A race in the remaking is a curiosity.



This fine Greek statue, generally known as the "Greek Priestess," discovered in 1878 among the ruins of Nero's villa, has recently been purchased by the Italian Government for the sum of £20,000

AN ANTIQUE STATUE BOUGHT FOR £20,000

Messrs. Gale and Polden have issued a handsome souvenir of the Royal Naval and Military Tournament, which, if not quite up to the standard of its predecessors, is quite worth the shilling charged for it. Splendid reproductions of two famous regiments, the 17th Lancers and the Middlesex Regiment, are prominent in the illustrations, and Mr. Gilbert Holiday's spirited picture of the Royal Horse Artillery chestnut troop in a musical drive, already familiar as a poster, is reproduced in the booklet. There are also many excellent photographs, and a series of comic drawings by Mr. G. M. Payne.

Another step towards perfection in mechanical piano-playing has been made by the inventor of the "Angelus." By the use of the "Melodant" the melody is made predominant, and each note in the central or inspired part of the composition given its full value. The "Melodant" can be heard at Angelus Hall, Regent Street.

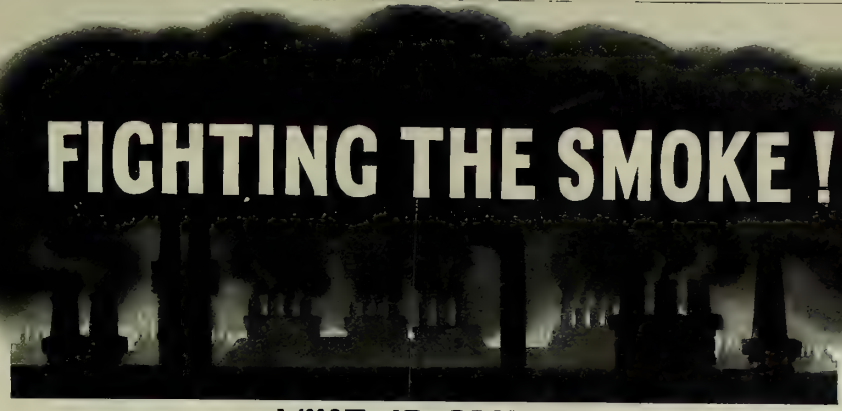


The Royal Church of St. James, the church of the Spanish residents of London that adorns Spanish Place, presented a brilliant spectacle when the thanksgiving service for the birth of the Prince of Asturias was held last week. The uniforms of the representatives of King Edward, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Spanish Ambassador, and Prince and Princess Christian, of the Diplomatic Corps and Ambassadors, the Lord Mayor's robes of State, the beautiful ecclesiastical vestments, and the fashionable dresses of the congregation, made a very striking scene. The Spanish Ambassador, of course, was a prominent figure.

THE BIRTH OF THE SPANISH HEIR: AFTER THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN LONDON

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FIGHTING THE SMOKE!



WHAT IS COALITE?

AT intervals during the past fifty years or more a few people have raised their feeble voices against the smoke evil of London, but the smoke has remained. Londoners have been content to be jeered at by their country cousins for living "in the smoke," and they have suffered untold loss of health and wealth for not overcoming this grave evil. With the dawn of the twentieth century, however, will come a new order of things, for the opportunity is given to Londoners to wage war successfully against the demon of smoke. The power has been given to them by Mr. Thomas Parker, the famous engineer and inventor of Coalite. In setting out to solve the smoke problem, Mr. Parker soon discovered that no appliance, either in the grate or in the chimney, could really annihilate the smoke from the fire. The only way to prevent a fire from emitting smoke was to burn something from which smoke could not come, and so he set to work and produced Coalite.

COAL—YET NOT COAL

It will be admitted that Mr. Parker had a very difficult task before him, and he doubtless knew that others had failed where he hoped to succeed. Being a practical man he knew also that even if he could produce a substance which, being burnt, would not emit smoke, that substance would have to meet certain requirements if it was to be of any commercial value. Any fuel used for household purposes must be capable of being lit easily, must burn well in any grate or stove, must provide a cheerful fire, and must be as clean and as cheap and as convenient as any fuel now on the market. Coalite fulfils all these conditions and more. Coalite is merely an improved coal—that is to say, coal treated in such a way that it gives out far more heat than ordinary coal, but without smoke. The process of manufacture is, of course, a secret, but one may say that although gas is extracted from coal during the manufacture of Coalite the resultant substance is entirely different from coke, and the gas is of much better quality than that usually obtained from coal. The writer had an opportunity of seeing some fires in which Coalite was burnt. In no single case was there a single thread of smoke to be seen. White mantel-pieces and grates with white tiles were not soiled with smuts and smoke. The Coalite fires burnt evenly and brightly in a red mass. In each case the fire completely covered the grate, and the flames above it gave it a very cheerful appearance. The heat obtained from each fire was much more intense than would have been produced by an ordinary coal fire in the same grate, and one was not surprised to hear that a dining-room of ordinary size, in which a Coalite fire was burning, could be well warmed at a cost of about one-third of a penny an hour. If the cost had been four times as much Coalite would still have justified its existence, for until one has had an opportunity of seeing a fire that does not contaminate the atmosphere one has not really been able to estimate the value of such a luxury. It is not, however, on economical grounds alone that Coalite is to be recommended, but mainly because it is the only practical fuel which, being burnt, does not emit smoke.

LONDON'S SMOKE

It is well-nigh impossible to gain a clear idea of how smoky a place London is by merely quoting statistics. A few figures, however, and one small object-lesson may serve the purpose. Let us visit, in imagination, a block of offices in the City; possibly there are seven to eight hundred offices in the one block. The day is cold, and therefore each office has its fire. Imagine that the register of one of the stoves is pulled down and that the room is filled with smoke. The place soon becomes unbearable, but that atmosphere is precisely the atmosphere that all Londoners are compelled to breathe. It may be argued that London smoke passing into the open air cannot be so hurtful as the smoke in a room, but you do not weaken or destroy the effects of a poison by diluting it. The man who is drinking himself to death will not live the longer because he mixes water with his spirits, and the injurious effects of smoke are not cancelled because it rises in the air. London smoke does not get above 300 feet from the earth. We have seen, in imagination, the horrible effects of one smoky chimney in a room in an office. Multiply that effect in imagination millions and millions of times and you have a very faint idea of what a black pall hangs over London. The popular idea is that factories are responsible for this evil, but experts tell us that over 70 per cent. of the total smoke of London and nearly all its fogs are caused by the chimneys of private houses. There are over 600,000 inhabited houses in London, and in every single one of them at least one smoky fire is probably burning. (The exceptions are those houses in which Coalite is used). These facts will bring home to every householder his sense of responsibility in making London the foggy, dirty, smoky place that it is. Possibly, when the general public have been taught that to burn ordinary coal is an unnecessary defilement of the atmosphere, they may learn better ways. The lesson they have to learn is perfectly simple. The remedy for all this loss of health, loss of money, the injuries to buildings, pictures, statues, plants, trees, grass, and animals caused by smoke may be in the cellars of every one. It is simply—Coalite.

SMOKE AND ILL-HEALTH

The solution of London's smoke problem is not to be shirked because it is apparently one that affects only the outward appearance of London. A dirty, smoke-laden London must of necessity be an unhealthy London, and therefore we object to the presence of smoke. On this point the leading medical men are at one. Sir Frederick Treves has publicly stated that "the lung of the smoke-breather is already compromised," and that smoke-caused fogs "kill Londoners not only by hundreds, but by thousands." It is a well-known fact that Londoners are deprived of their fair share of the light and warmth of the sun because of the thick mass of smoke that always stands between London and the sun. According to the highest authorities, London gets only half the sunshine that falls upon Southern England, or about 12 per cent. of the possible amount, from November to February. During the bright months, May to August, when fewer fires are burning, London sunshine amounts to only 84 per cent. of that of Southern England, or 37·8 per cent. of the possible amount. The effect of withholding sunlight from plants is so well known that Londoners have ceased to wonder at it. They have been content to go on having their gardens spoilt by the poison-bearing soot particles, which clog the pores of every leaf and stem. Gardeners tell us that a London garden costs twice as much as a country garden of the same size, and that the increased expense is entirely due to the smoke-laden fog, which ruins plants and increases the amount of labour necessary to keep them alive. Looked at from every point of view, the spectacle of a smoky London is deplorable, and the waste of money caused by smoke will seem incredible to those who have never before given a thought to the subject. In a paper on "London Fog and Smoke," by the Hon. F. A. Rollo Russell, it is stated that the value of the wasted fuel and of the damage done by smoke and by smoke-products is over five million pounds per annum for London only. One could buy almost half the coal consumed in London in a year with this money.

LOSS BY SMOKE

It is not a difficult matter to arrive at some idea of the enormous loss caused by smoke. In London alone fires caused by sooty chimneys entail a loss of two million pounds a year. One foggy day in London will compel the public bodies to spend £7,000 on artificial light. One is so accustomed in London to bear without complaint the extra cost of cleaning household goods and furniture and cleaning and repainting houses externally and internally that probably few people ever pause to consider that such expense can possibly be avoided, or that the fine bright sunny days in which the people on the south coast revel may be theirs also if they will only abolish smoke. There is but one way of doing this. It is by burning Coalite instead of coal. Coalite is merely coal robbed of its smoke-producing elements. Everyone knew many years ago that such a fuel would solve the smoke problem, but most people appear to have believed that the solution of the problem would never be discovered. That they were wholly wrong has been already proved by the wholly satisfactory results obtained by burning Coalite, for Coalite has long since passed the experimental stage. One looks in vain for any fault to be found with it, and its valuable properties are not impaired when it is kept for any length of time in the open air. The process by which it is made is perfectly simple, and causes no injury to health, and people who have tried Coalite are enthusiastic in their praises. No one is more emphatic in his admiration of it than Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., President of the Coal Smoke Abatement Society, who has stated that he has used Coalite and found it perfectly smokeless, with no evil smell, generating heat quickly, and radiating far more than ordinary coal. And he has added that in his opinion the greatest evil of modern times, coal-smoke in the air, would be overcome if the use of Coalite became general. It may be suggested that Sir W. B. Richmond regards smoky London only from the point of view of the artist, but scientific men tell us that in the matter of abolishing the smoke nuisance art and science are at one. Professor Vivian Lewes has said: "The universal adoption of Coalite would solve the important problem of the smoke question in the easiest and most rational manner, whilst the value of the by-products recovered during its manufacture would save an enormous and wasteful loss, and their separation would also bring about that most important of all hygienic reforms—the cleansing of the atmosphere."

BEAUTIFUL LONDON

Londoners have become so accustomed to a dirty and ugly London that they can scarcely realise what a beautiful place it might be if the black pall of smoke were withdrawn and people could bask in the sweet, health-giving sunshine. It has been found by experiments that twenty tons of soot are projected daily into the air of Leeds. What then must be the condition of the atmosphere of London, which is many times greater than Leeds? Sir William Thiselton-Dyer, F.R.S., Curator of Kew Gardens, has calculated from his examination of the smoke deposits on the vegetation there, "that six tons of solid matter, consisting of soot and hydrocarbons, are deposited every week on every quarter of a square mile in and about London," or 39·65 hundredweights per acre per annum. As to the injurious effect of these deposits on every substance on which they alight there can be no question. "Upon the lintels of windows inside as well as outside St. Paul's Cathedral," says Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., "is deposited a thick crust of solid smoke, sulphur, and what not, and this layer is constantly active. It is alive with acid, which is devouring the stone and causing it to decay into powder." If these deposits are so injurious to stone how much more disastrous must they be to less solid substances and to the delicate organisms of London's population. It may be remembered that many years ago Faraday warned the nation that "every smut, however small, which remains upon the surface of the picture, even if the colour is dry, leaves behind it a greasy matter, so potent that it can only be removed by a solvent of such a strength which, being applied, will eat into the surface of the paint."

ALL ABOUT COALITE

Coalite is obtained by the distillation of coal in an apparatus of a peculiar construction. "Analysis," says Professor Vivian Lewes, "shows it to be coal from which the smoke-forming constituents have been separated, leaving enough hydrogen-producing matter to insure easy ignition and free burning, so that the heat and combustion, instead of having to do the work of decomposing and volatilising the hydrocarbons and water produced by the combustion (as is the case with bituminous coal) is largely generated as sensible heat." Some three tons of coal are required to make two tons of Coalite." On the face of that statement Coalite would appear to be necessarily dearer than coal, but the value of the by-products gained during the process of manufacture is so high that it is sold for less than the best coal.

Indeed, since by the Coalite process the coal is distilled at a low temperature, with the result that the hydrocarbons are not broken down, almost twice the quantity of valuable liquid by-products is obtained as the amount which has hitherto been recovered, and the gas derived is much richer than ordinary gas. Here we seem face to face with a discovery of the greatest national importance for the treatment of coal so as to produce not coke, but a perfect Household Fuel and a larger yield of liquid by-products, and a quantity of rich illuminating Gas, is a new principle.

The heat radiated by a Coalite fire is so much greater than the heat from a coal fire of the same size that it is in reality a very much cheaper fuel than coal. The appearance of a Coalite fire will gain for the fuel the approval of every housewife. A kitchen range in which Coalite is burnt requires no sweeping, neither do the flues require cleaning. The fire can be regulated to such a nicety that it becomes an ideal fire for grilling or any other form of cooking. In the first part of this article we saw in imagination the effect of the smoke arising from millions of fires on the atmosphere of London. A much pleasanter picture is the effect produced by burning Coalite in the home. It lights quickly and burns evenly. A Coalite fire never cakes or becomes lumpy, and consequently the use of the poker is not necessary. The ashes left by burning Coalite are few and very fine, and if they are raked away occasionally from the bottom of the grate no other attention to the fire is necessary.

Medical opinion concurs in recommending Coalite as the ideal fuel for hospitals and all sick-rooms, and one of our most important Sanatoriums has already adopted it. A Coalite fire made up at 5 o'clock in the evening will burn steadily and slowly, so that at 7 o'clock on the following morning—14 hours after the grate has been filled—the fire is still alight and can be renewed without the use of wood or paper. Only those people who have had to spend nights in hospitals and sick-rooms can appreciate the value of such a fuel.

The advantages to be gained by burning Coalite are so numerous that it would not be a matter of surprise if in the near future people were compelled by law to use this smokeless fuel. From every point of view it is an admirable thing, and with the knowledge of its good properties one stands aghast at the waste of money and time spent in erecting garden cities outside towns, when by actually spending less money on their fuel than they do now and obtaining more warmth from their fires, Londoners might convert the capital of the world into one large garden city. That glorious state of things will come in time, for nothing can delay the introduction of Coalite into every home in England. Already, although it has been on the market for less than a year, the demand for the new fuel greatly exceeds the supply, but, happily, the invention is in the hands of business men, who will see to it that the public are not disappointed. Possibly in future years the man who burns crude coal will be treated in the same way as the man who poisons his fellow-creatures by selling adulterated food. With the remedy for the smoke evil at hand, it should be made a penal offence not to take advantage of it. And when London is clean and sunny, and her population are as healthy and vigorous as any in the British Isles, there will be no name in the land more revered than that of Mr. Thomas Parker, the man who transformed crowded cities and their peoples by inventing Coalite.

BURGLARY

Written by D. CONYERS — **A Complete Story** — Illustrated by ALEC C. BALL



"'Oh, stop!' the girl cried . . . as she sprang forward. 'Put those down, sir! My brother shall talk to you.' 'Brother!' Hartley swung round."

RUIN. It seemed painted on the stillness of the June sky. It winked from the changing advertisements, blotting out flaring red and yellow signs of somebody's soap. Lumbering 'buses muttered it in thunderous undertone; hansoms' bells jingled it shrilly. Ruin—so great a thing and for so small a thing, a mere two hundred pounds. The boy—he was little more—who heard and saw the soft word so incessantly, walked white-faced through London, going through an endless network of streets and squares, afraid to stand still and let thought rend him. Sometimes he peered into passing carriages, with their freight of well-dressed men and women, wondering what they would think of his trouble if they knew. Nothing to them: a new jewel's price, a dress or two, an evening's amusement, flowers for one room at a ball—while to him it was a gigantic tragedy; the earthquake wave about to flood Atlantis.

Neil Schofield was a young barrister, who, as foolish boys will, had listened to another boy's careless promises and signed his name to a bill. The borrower had gone abroad, conveniently forgetful; the Jew moneylender, scenting out Schofield's rich uncle, insisted on his pound of flesh. To-morrow, if the money was not forthcoming, he threatened publicity, and Neil knew what it would mean to him. The loss of allowance and, consequently, of career, for he felt sure that his hard old uncle would not forgive. He had given his promise never to run into debt, and without thought had broken it.

Five hundred pounds and a passage to Australia, instead of the life he had learnt to love. Already men nodded at him as he passed, whispering that the new junior "would do;" but the bar is slow; it would be years before he could keep himself.

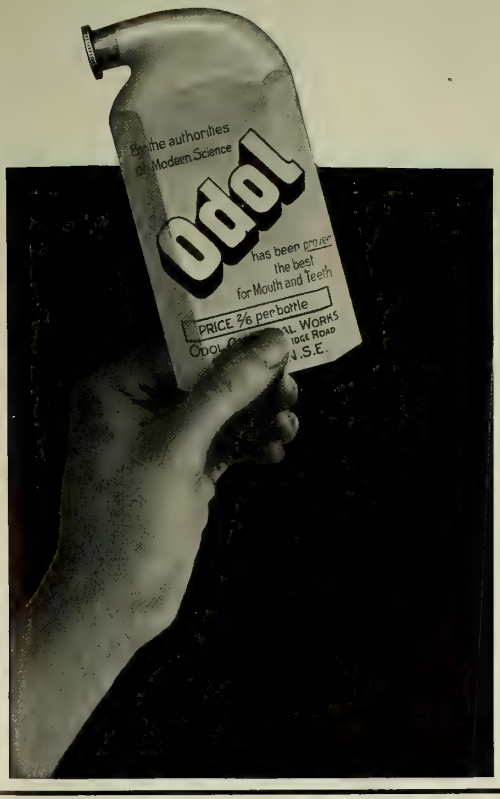
Neil had come out at seven to walk dinnerless on and on, trying to think. Time was so desperately short. He might have tried to borrow from others, but a strain of obstinate pride forbade that. Reaction followed the numbness of despair; the rage of impotence seized him as he passed into the quiet streets beyond Oxford Street. He paused, faint and dizzy. There was a dance at one house, a woman, glittering with jewels, went in from an electric brougham as he passed; she held a tiara of diamonds in her hands, saying something about a defective catch to her companion. Neil stared at her, his lips working; it would be a second's act to snatch the glittering, winking thing from her careless grasp and be away before she had recovered from the start; to dash round the corner, and then step quietly into a cab.

He could get money for it, he knew that, for he had been to a pawn-shop that morning to be offered £20 on his watch and a parcel of other things. A dirty place, in a noisome lane, which his servant had directed him to, and the proprietor, a half-shaven dirty Jew, had eyed him with suspicious, unfriendly eyes. Schofield left, but had turned quickly back to ask for a match, and, unwitting of pawn-shop etiquette, turned into the nearest box and heard the low word, half whispered to a villainous looking ruffian with a bulky parcel, "Take what we get, but we pay accordingly." Neil had got his match, given to him with surly looks from receiver and thief, and, idly wondering what he had stumbled across, he left again.

"Take what we get!" He stood outside the house; the strains of the Chorister's waltz, the rush of feet and the swish of skirts drifting through the window. The girl with her winking crown was safe now, but if he had acted on the mad impulse which had stirred him, he might have gone back with it to that dirty shop, got his money, a third of the jewels' value doubtless, and saved himself. Before morning could stir the police, he knew that the tiara would have been in pieces.

Schofield walked on, his head swimming, his brain working on this new idea. He must sink while these people owned riches. There were treasures in those quiet, close houses which would pay for him many times, and scarcely be missed by their owners. He came to Berkeley Square; one side was empty and still, another blocked by carriages. He chose the quiet side, devouring the sombre houses with greedy eyes, until he came to one where a slit of white light poured across the flagged steps, making him pause astonished. He knew the house; it was Lord Cranberry's, an old man who had recently married a pretty young wife, and whose collections of treasures were priceless.

Why did the door stand open? Trouble and want of food have driven men mad before now. With a sudden reckless laugh, Neil



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Schofield, gentleman and barrister-at-law, went up the steps with the lust of theft in his heart.

He pushed the door open and went in. One small globe lighted the hall, but the rooms beside it were dark. He stood there listening, half wondering if anyone would rush out at him, and what he should say if they did so. Yet, even as he listened, he knew that he had expected to find it still; burglary was being made easy to him. The dining-room lay to his left, but silver is a heavy load, and something within him rebelled at the thought of stealing spoons; the drawing-room was his goal. He had heard of the collection up there.

He saw the old prints on the walls, the marble statue of Apollo which poised its slender limbs on the landing, then he went on, his feet silent on the thick carpet.

The drawing-room door stood ajar, but inside he could see the gleam of the moonlight striking through the blinds.

There was no one about then, some accident had left the hall door open; still smiling grimly, still upborne by madness, he walked in, turning to search for the switch of the light. But, as he did so, something clicked, a swift flare dazzled him, and he blinked at it, his heart throbbing heavily.

"You are early," a woman rose, standing in the circle of light.

The sound of her voice broke the spell of madness upon the boy, he stood dumb and stupid, cold with a shamed fear.

The details of the long drawing-room seemed to burn themselves upon him, a veritable treasure-house; toys of silver and gold, a little table full of precious things.

Outside a big clock, chiming, struck one.

"You are early," she said again, in a young, tremulous voice.

White-faced, he stared at her. Lady Cranberry, of course; she was well dressed in clinging white, her neck and arms bare.

"You can speak," she went on. How her voice shook. "Lord Cranberry is away. The servants are asleep at the top of the house." It was evident that she mistook him for someone else, and for someone whom she didn't know by sight.

"One," he stammered foolishly, as another clock boomed, and a jewelled figure on the writing-table pounded a single feeble clash on a gold anvil, appeared nearly to overbalance, and then recovering itself, went to sleep.

"And the hour was half-past," she said, looking closely at him. "Come, Mr. Hartly, let's have this out," but how her voice trembled. "You ask impossibilities, as, surely, you must know."

Schofield started then, for he knew a man called Hartly by reputation, and that an evil one. A hanger-on to Society's fringe; a doubtful man to play cards with; a person without any known income, who managed to live well.

"Oh, do speak," she said unhappily, and as she stirred he saw that she was a mere girl, a pale, slender child, with masses of hair which, catching the light, made a red glory about her troubled face. Her eyes were dark, her eyelids pink from recent tears.

"I asked you to come here," she twisted her hands, "because—oh, because I was afraid to meet you out anywhere. I know what you hold over me; but why ask what I cannot give?"

What he held over her! Child as she was she cowered before the baring of some guilty secret. What bee's nest had he stumbled upon, and what should he do? Common sense should have suggested flight, but the evident trouble held him.

"See, I have sold——" Her voice broke. "At least that does not matter. I have got here notes for two hundred pounds. I *cannot* get you any more. Why, even to-morrow my missing jewels may be asked for. Oh, sir, will you not take it, and give me what you wrote of—a promise of silence?"

She took a step forward, holding out a little package. He could see her dress rise and fall as she drew quick, panting breaths; one hand was pressed against her heart.

Neil smiled then. He had only to take this package, evidently made up for him by Satan himself, and he could face to-morrow without a qualm. Face it and leave this pitiful frightened child to meet Derek Hartly, a man who would make her pay again and again if she treated him like this, trusting to a blackmailer's honour. Perhaps, after all, the powers of good and not of evil had sent him there.

"Lady Cranberry," he said gently, and noticed that she started, "I am not Mr. Hartly. Forgive me for not saying so before, but your presence startled me."

"Who are you, then?" she whispered,

"I am—in fact—I——" he stammered, his face aflame, "I am a burglar, a common thief."

She sat down then, her cheeks snow-white, but her eyes steady. He saw that she was not afraid.

"A burglar," she muttered. "I—oh, do burglars —— You look like a gentleman," she said.

"And hoped up to an hour ago that I was one. I am telling you the truth. I am a mere Bill Sykes. But perhaps I can help you. At least, burglar though I may be, I've not come to steal a girl's peace of mind. We've got ten minutes. Look on me as what I am, a mere thief, but let me teach this man Hartly not to blackmail women. Only, I must know where I stand. I cannot work in the dark."

She ran across to him then, touching his sleeve, looking intently into his face.

"You—you'd help me," she cried softly. "You'd meet this man, frighten him away." Her colour came and went. He saw that her eyes were grey. "But—but—he knows that there is no one to help me. He would suspect a plot."

"Have you no brother or cousin whom I could personate?" asked Schofield.

"A brother! Oh! I've a brother Fred," she cried, childishly. "He's in Australia, so no one knows him. Mr. Burglar, you shall be that brother."

"But I must know the story," he said, and winced; it hurt him to think that this young wife should harbour a guilty secret.

"There's no time. Oh, what shall I do?" She held up her finger, listening to hansom bells, and switched off the light. The moonlight stole in through the white blinds. "Wait! You shall get behind the curtains and hear me tell the story to him. Only, only then——" she faltered.

"You mean that two men will know your secret. Trust me, Lady Cranberry, burglar though I may be."

"I trust you," she whispered, and pushed him to the window. He pulled out the chintz curtain, standing behind it. Steps were on the hall below, then were lost on the stair-carpet. The girl flashed on the light again and stood in its circle, pale and young.

The second man came stealthily. He halted in the shadow by the door, striking his knee against a low chair as he came on, and swearing softly. The light fell on him, a tall, coarse man, with shifty eyes and a hard mouth. Assertively well dressed, and too gentlemanly to be a gentleman.

He looked round the handsome room and came on, a sneer on his face. He found his voice easily.

"I don't like this," he said. "Not half like it. The servants——"

"They sleep soundly," she said in a low voice, but it rang firmly. Her terrified manner was merged into one of quiet courage; she felt the protection behind the flowered curtains.

"You see I wished to speak to you, and feared to meet you elsewhere. You've asked for high payment, Mr. Hartly, to keep my little secret."

"You may call it little," he said, sitting down, and leaning back, his manner insolent.

"We'll go over it," she said, coming close to the window. "Yes—I prefer to. A year ago I became friends with a certain man in Society, one specially disliked by my—by Lord Cranberry; in fact, he asked me not to continue the friendship. But I was obstinate and foolish, and continued the acquaintance. Suffice it to say that this—gentleman played on a young girl's sympathies, and finally asked me down to Brighton with him to meet his sister. Lord Cranberry was away. You need not sneer, Mr. Hartly; that was the arrangement. I left Victoria, and you, knowing me by sight, thought it worth your while to follow. You followed us to the Metropole, found out that we were alone, and apparently went away satisfied, having achieved a step in your—profession. What you do not know is that I returned to town in an hour, and have not known that person again."

"It seemed so unnecessary to go over it all. You know quite well how it would sound in Society. You are aware, also, that Lord Cranberry would never forgive you. We all know what he is. I think I'm letting so indiscreet a young lady off rather cheaply. Come, I'll take five hundred now and the rest when you can." The curtains quivered; it hurt Schofield to hear this sneering wretch browbeat a mere child.

"So pay me—or take the consequences," said Hartly easily.

Schofield thought of what it would have been then, in his absence. The little useless bundle of notes, the child's tears.

"I cannot," she said. "I've no way of raising so large a sum."

"I'll take it in instalments, my dear," he said coarsely. "You ought to know some way of getting money. If not, why, who'll miss a few of these toys, and they're worth a bit? I'll choose a few now."

He rose, going to the antique table close by her. It was locked, but he took a key out which turned easily. There were the small treasures down there which Schofield had thought of. Indian necklaces and bangles heavily set with stones, buttons of turquoise and emeralds, rare gold boxes, old lace.

"You—you'd make me a thief," the girl whispered aghast.

"Better than what people might call you. Why be melodramatic? They will put it down to the housemaids or the butler." He bent over the table.

And, all the time, Schofield was going over the drama; if he had not come in to thieve, and this helpless child had been alone!

"Oh, stop," the girl cried, her silken skirts swishing as she sprang forward. "Put those down, sir! My brother shall talk to you."

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"Brother!" Hartly swung round, dropping a necklace with a clatter. "Your brother is in Australia."

"There are steamers," she said, with strict truthfulness, and touched the curtains. "Fred," she said tremulously.

Hartly stood open-mouthed, his face white.

"You cur!" said Schofield, stepping out, but keeping carefully in the shadow lest Hartly might chance to know him. "You cur! A pretty story this, to come blackmailing a mere girl, and to try to steal in her house. I think, sir, even the clubs you frequent would close their doors to you if this were known. I've taken the only possible course. Lord Cranberry knows your trumped-up tale, and you were brought here to-night to see how far you would go. We scarcely thought you would stoop to breaking open cases of curiosities." The fine contempt in Schofield's voice was well done—for a burglar. "Now, my good Mr. Hartly, if you don't leave quickly, by Heaven, I'll help you on your way."

"You speak prettily—as a very Bayard," said Hartly; but his teeth were bare, his breath came quickly. Bullies are generally cowards, and Schofield towered blackly over him.

"Go," said Schofield. "If it were not for my sister's presence, I'd give you the thrashing you deserve. For your own sake, bury this night; let a breath of it stray abroad and I'll have you whipped off the narrow shore of decency you stand on. More, I'll track you myself, and—I'm a strong man and would be merciless."

Years of card-playing and late hours had not hardened Hartly's muscles; he shivered and muttered.

"Don't whimper about the law," said Schofield. "Your story would sound lame in Court. Besides, having marked you, I'd pay the fine only too willingly."

"Oh, fine words! Fine words!" sneered Hartly unevenly. "All right; I see I'm beaten."

The girl stood silent, her hand on the table, but now and again she drew quick breaths and her eyes were afire.

"Go," said Schofield. "And remember."

The blackmailer turned, a somewhat pitiful figure. "We may meet later, Miss Eden," he said, "at other railway stations." Having shot a last bolt of spite, he bowed and left them.

The shadows swallowed him, they heard his step in the hall, and by a common impulse darted to the window. Outside they saw Hartly shake his fist at the house, and walk on, snarling, to his waiting hansom.

"That," said Schofield, "is over." He looked down at the pretty face, glad that no black secret lay behind it.

"But if I had been alone," she whispered. "If you had not come in. What then? What would the coming months have been?"



An interesting addition to the "Zoo" is a pair of chamois, presented by the Emperor of Austria the other day. They are to be seen in the Mouflon enclosure, close to the Elephant House. The last specimen acquired by the Gardens arrived five years ago, but died almost immediately. Before that date none had been received since 1874. Our photo is by Lewis Medland.

ONE OF THE CHAMOIS PRESENTED TO THE "ZOO" BY THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA

Neil drew in his breath. He thought of her piteous shaking voice, her frightened manner, her little roll of notes, they would have had scant mercy from the blackmailer.

"Thank God I came!" he said softly.

She beckoned to him, flitting suddenly down the stairs and took him to the dining-room, pointing to the decanters and syphons. Neil took a long drink gladly. There were sandwiches on a plate, and he had never tasted more welcome food.

"He'll never trouble you again," he said munching. "But tell me, why did he call you Miss Eden?"

"I am Lord Cranberry's adopted daughter," she said simply, "not his wife. A mere nobody in the establishment, now that he has married. Her ladyship does not care for me, so you see where I stood. Also," her voice trembled again, "Lord Cranberry, though a severe man, has been very, very good to me, and the thought of causing him pain was not the least of my trouble. And you, Burglar," she wheeled on him, "I want the truth from you. Surely, surely, burglars are not quite so—well, so like what you are," she concluded lamely.

It was a night of strange events. Schofield told his story; the girl he had helped listened silently, watching him closely. Outside the occasional hoot of a motor-horn or jingle of bells as the ball-goers went home, broke the silence. The clocks struck two, unheeded.

The girl waited until Schofield had finished, then she took her little parcel, thrusting it into his hands.

"You'll borrow from me," she said simply. "You see you might have run away with it if you had chosen. Even in your madness, though, you would never have stolen. And—will you take my advice? Tell this uncle of yours everything. He may be cross, but he is human. I shall be surprised if you do not bring me back my loan in a day or two."

"Back?" he said, bewildered, holding the notes. "Back?"

"My friends are allowed to call upon me," she answered steadily.

"And you would number me——"

"Among them, if I may," she said, with childish dignity. "I think that I remember your face. Don't hurt me by refusing either my loan or friendship."

He saw fresh tears on her lashes as he bent over her small hands and said good-night. The clocks struck three as he went out. The June skies were blue when he went away, wondering if it had all been a dream.

It was certainly an odd proceeding for a burglar to call two days later at the house which he had entered to rob. He carried a sum of two hundred pounds above a light and happy heart.

Later, rising in his profession, he married, and his gentle little wife is wont to declare with gravity that she once met a burglar who came to steal the spoons and found him quite charming. What Derek Hartly said when, for curiosity's sake, he slipped in to see the wedding, was quite unfitted for the interior of a sacred building.

THE END

Prince Alexander of Teck and the Duke of Argyll sign a letter asking for funds for the Royal Waterloo Hospital. They say:—"Among the many hospitals of London we know of none having higher claim to sympathy and support than the Royal Waterloo Hospital for Women and Children. Here every comfort awaits the sick—good doctors, good nurses, good light and air, books and light occupation for the women, toys for the children, and flowers for all. But the good-sized and airy wards mark the fact that there is only money enough to fill the beds provided in the case of one large and one small ward only. £3,000 must be procured. Will you help, to however small an extent, in this necessary work?"



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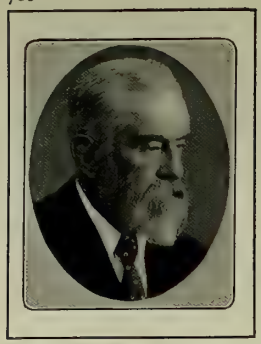
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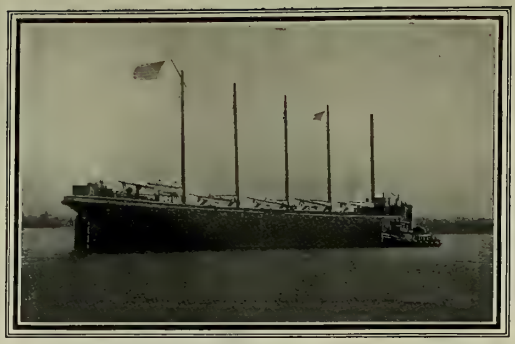
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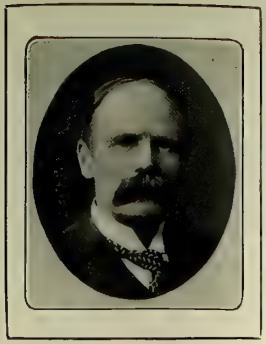


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Army Surgeon and a Mutiny Veteran.
Born 1824. Was Physician Extraordinary to the King. During the siege of Lucknow he rendered gallant service as residency surgeon, and was in the city till Sir Colin Campbell relieved it. Photo by Maull and Fox.



A novel experiment in the Transatlantic trade is now being tried by the Standard Oil Company, who are sending a huge barge in tow of a steamer across the Atlantic to London. Both vessels are deeply laden and carry together 4,000,000 gallons of refined petroleum in bulk. The run will occupy about a fortnight, and if the trip is successful a regular line of oil barges will be established.

A NOVELTY IN TRANSATLANTIC TRAFFIC: AN OIL BARGE TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC



THE LATE SIR BENJAMIN BAKER
Great Engineer.
Born sixty-six years ago. His greatest engineering work is the Forth Bridge, begun in 1883, and he was also famous as the engineer of the Assouan Dam, from which all Egypt has benefited. Photo by Fall.

The Theatres

POOR MELODRAMA

What a powerful thing is fashion, and how much there is in a mere name! Who would go to see a play nowadays if it were announced as a sensational melodrama? Yet the poorest kind of melodrama, a piece relying upon sensational situations brought about in the clumsiest fashion by strained, unnatural, illogical actions on the part of the characters, is thought likely to fill a West End playhouse if it is dubbed "a romantic drama" and elaborately mounted. Fancy DRURY LANE descending to an execution scene, with the hero bound to a stake waiting to be burnt alive, and to a fight in which an actor is stripped naked to the waist in order to draw playgoers! Yet these two sensations are the chief things in *The Last of His Race*, and we Londoners smile in scornful superiority at the third-rate provincial melodrama which relies upon a man being almost hanged or guillotined as its chief attraction! Of course the scenery and Red Indian costumes at Drury Lane are "mighty fine," and Mr. Basil Gill and Miss Constance Collier both look very handsome, but the play is emphatically *not* "the thing." It isn't possible to sympathise with Lonawonda—though Mr. Reeves Smith is dignified and simple of mien—because it seems ridiculous that he should never have suspected that the Lily of Namabin was the white prisoner's child and not his, and both ridiculous and improbable that Matawagnon should have waited until she was grown up and in love with his son Niatawa before he taunted Lonawonda with the fact of his wife's unfaithfulness. Apart from the unlikelihood of this, things that are past, especially twenty years past, do not move anyone greatly, so Lonawonda's woes do not move the audience, because they don't believe in the blind old chieftain's ability to feel such long past troubles greatly himself. There is little character drawing and no dramatic writing in *The Last of His Race*, for machine-made situation is not drama, but there is just one poetic idea. This is not the illumined canoe of Adulola's dying vision, but Niawata's dying entreaty to his beloved to bear with life, in order that she may join him in eternity, since the self-slaughtered soul may not enter the happy hunting grounds of the Red Indian paradise. The pity is that Mr. Donald MacLaren should have wasted this really poetic idea on such a purely sensational and theatrical effort as *The Last of His Race*.

Mr. Tree's experiment of reviving *A Woman of No Importance* is interesting in many ways, the chief of which is that it shows there is no reason why HIS MAJESTY'S Theatre and Mr. Tree should be exclusively devoted to the spectacular drama. As to the play itself, though much of the writing is brilliantly clever and tickles the ear agreeably, the wit is too superficial to stand the test of thought and time. And the characters and incidents (in spite of the efforts of the exceedingly fine cast) have no power to move, because they are merely lifted out of melodrama to serve as speakers of witticisms and would-be finely written speeches, many of which are inspired by Scripture, and none of which is sufficiently simple or direct to achieve its object and count as fine dramatic writing.

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SOME NEW BOOKS

AN UNFORTUNATE QUEEN

The Vicomte de Beauharnais was an ardent revolutionary, and shared the fate of Danton and Robespierre, and in the same terrible year, 1794. His beautiful widow, two years later, married Napoleon Buonaparte, who thus became the stepfather of Hortense Eugénie Beauharnais, then a vivacious young girl of thirteen. Amiable, accomplished, the girl grew up through the restless and dramatic years when the Corsican adventurer was fighting his way to the goal of his ambition—the Throne of France. She was to have married General Desaix, but Buonaparte—(he was an autocrat in his own family before he became autocrat in France)—brushed the project aside and compelled Hortense to marry his younger brother Louis. Four years after this union, the latter became King of Holland, and Hortense somewhat reluctantly found herself a Queen. She had three sons, and the youngest of them, Charles Louis Napoleon, after various vicissitudes and adventures, treading theatrically in his illustrious uncle's steps, founded the Second Empire and became Napoleon III.

Queen Hortense, after the fall of the First Empire, was known as the Duchesse de St. Leu. Her husband was rather a sorry creature, and the Dutch are notoriously a stubborn race, so power fell from his weak hands long before Waterloo. The ex-King of Holland eventually separated from his wife, and died in well-merited obscurity at Leghorn in 1846, but not before he had dabbled a little in literature, a *penchant* which he shared with Hortense. She wrote an account of her life in Italy, France and England, and also composed some excellent songs, amongst the rest "Partant pour la Syrie," which her son, who was devoted to her, in due time made the National Anthem of France.

The life of Queen Hortense was full of change—the downfall of her mother, the Empress Josephine, her forced and unhappy marriage at eighteen to the Emperor's brother, the death of her gallant and only brother, Eugène de Beauharnais, who in the retreat from Moscow shared with Marshal Ney the honour of saving Buonaparte's retreating troops from extinction, the collapse of the Empire itself, and the early deaths of two of her three sons, to say nothing of the heartless conduct of her husband, made her career tragical. She died in 1837 at her place of final retreat, the Château of Arenenberg in Switzerland, long before her idolised youngest son revived the lost glories of the Empire as Napoleon III. In her own fashion, Queen Hortense was a patron of literature and art. Chateaubriand and Alexandre Dumas and Madame Récamier were among the last visitors to Arenenberg—representative names picked out of a brilliant crowd. If the Duchesse de St. Leu had her failings, it is not difficult to pardon them in the light of her misfortunes; she was in every sense a much better woman than her



QUEEN HORTENSE
An engraving from a painting by Girodet.
From Mr. J. A. Taylor's new book.

ill-fated mother, the Empress Josephine. Madame Récamier declared, "The only defect I recognised in her was to be not sufficiently Buonapartist," but that was a judgment which the rest of the world hardly shared. There are many portraits in this book ("Queen Hortense and Her Friends, 1783-1837." By J. A. Taylor. Illustrated. Two volumes. Hutchinson and Co. 24s. net.), a good deal of curious and interesting information, and an evident attempt to hold the balance even between judgment and mercy. If the scale dips slightly to the side of generosity, it must be admitted, in view of all the facts of the case, that that, rather than the other, is the more excellent way. S. J. R.

"THE SECRETS OF THE VATICAN"

"The reader who is led by my title to expect scandal in this book will be disappointed," says Mr. Douglas Sladen at the outset of his very handsome volume (with sixty illustrations and plans: Hurst and Blackett). By the attractive word "Secrets" he means the neglected or usually closed portions of the Papal palace; his two-fold object being "to give the traveller who goes to Rome for sight-seeing, and the stay-at-home who has to do his sight-seeing in books of travel, some idea of the parts of the Vatican which are not generally seen, either because the visitor does not know where to look for them, or because they are only shown as a special favour;" and to give as good an account as possible of its personnel and administration. He accordingly fills up a wide gap, left by the guide-books, in workmanlike style; the general reader will find himself agreeably instructed in the singularly little understood machinery of the Papal Court and Government, while the complete bibliography summarised in the preface is sufficient warrant that Mr. Sladen has explored the literature of his subject as thoroughly as its crypts and chambers. A chapter on "How the Pope Lives" is one of several that bring a personal interest into his pages. That his account of the various Congregations and their functions should be of the most superficial sort is perhaps inevitable without a more expert knowledge of ecclesiastical law and procedure than could be reasonably expected. The main point is that he has used good guidance, and is accurate as far as he goes—which is probably quite as far as most of his readers will require. He does not, however, seem to be aware that the tradition of the ceremony of striking the forehead of a dead Pope with a silver hammer has been frequently denied, despite all the books in which it has appeared.

The archæology of the Vatican is Mr. Sladen's strong point, unless his skill in rendering it popularly interesting as well as useful for all who are especially concerned with it is a stronger point still. The spirit in which he writes—he is careful to explain—is that of a staunch Protestant, who none the less takes an affectionate external interest in the Church of Rome.



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"The description which you give me of your difficulty scarcely varies from that of which I am so often told. Work has become a drudgery and life a heavy thing. You tell me that you go to bed feeling tired, and that you wake in the morning almost equally tired, that your food is distasteful to you, and that little things which used to sit lightly upon you have become heavy burdens; that even pleasure is toil. I know you have worked hard through many years, and have had much mental strain. This may in a measure account for your weakness, which is not brought about by any condition of actual disease, but which seems to arise from an even greater trouble, namely, that your nerve-force is seriously over-spent.

"It is important to understand that in these days of worry and over-excitement, the over-work, mental and physical, to which most of us are subject, calls forth an undue expenditure of strength, and that to recuperate the vigour we have lost we must consider what sort of food or remedy we require.

"Of course the whole question of proper nourishment requires much thought and experience. Many forms of food and many restoratives are recommended, but having had to do with a great many people who have impaired their digestive organs, and whose nerve-power has been seriously undermined, I do not think that I have come across anything which I believe a more suitable nutrient for all forms of weakness than Sanatogen. I do not know if you have tried it, but it seems to me, under the conditions such as you have described, an ideal preparation, because it provides a valuable tonic-food in the most suitable form. It consists, I believe, in the nourishing element of pure cows' milk, incorporated with which is a special nerve-tonic containing phosphorus. It has an invigorating power on worn-out nerves, and gives tone to exhausted tissues to a surprising extent. The feeblest system and the poorest digestive organs are able to assimilate it, when they can really touch little else. I am strongly of opinion that you cannot do better than begin a course of Sanatogen if you wish to regain your strength.

"I have watched the effect of Sanatogen on people who have come here, and whose nervous systems have been entirely undermined. In the case of such people, one of the greatest difficulties with which we have to contend is their sleeplessness. I have proved under these circumstances that Sanatogen is most valuable.

"Sanatogen undoubtedly restores sleep and invigorates the nerves, and it braces the patient to health, for I have noticed that with the restoration of the digestive organs the mind becomes more quickly active, and work, both mental and physical, becomes more easy, and the freshness and keenness which such people have lost, apparently altogether, return gradually, and bring with them an enjoyment of life and a feeling of hopefulness not hitherto experienced.

"When the body is subjected to a course of Sanatogen, the blood condition improves, the skin assumes a more healthy colour, the invigorated nerves are braced to a more healthy tone, and the whole human machinery is made fit for exercise and work and for fulfilling its functions in the most perfect manner

Isabella Somerset"

The above is an extract from a letter addressed by Lady Henry Somerset to an intimate friend. In view of the public interest associated with the subject, the recipient has obtained her ladyship's gracious permission to make the contents widely known. Additional information on the same subject may be obtained from the Sanatogen Co., 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C. Sanatogen is sold by all Chemists, in packets, at 1s. 9d., 2s 9d., 5s., and 9s. 6d.

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SOME POETS AND THEIR POEMS

The most interesting poet among a bevy is Mr. John Gregory, of Bristol, the author of "My Garden and Other Poems" (Arrowsmith), to which Mr. E. J. Watson contributes a critical and biographical introduction. Mr. Gregory, we gather from this notice, is the son of a Wesleyan local preacher, was brought up as a cobbler, and, at the age of seventy-six, still remains a cobbler, privileged to mend the boots of all the Clifton College boys. No very enviable lot in the view, one dares to surmise, of the other poets whose works the present reviewer found in the same parcel with his; and yet Mr. Gregory impresses one as being the happiest member of the melodious band. The prevalent modern note of pessimism is nowhere sounded in his pages. There is pathos, of course, now and then; but the general tone is that of a man for whom his art has been a good deal more than an anodyne—who finds in it, not an "escape from life," but a help to the discovery that life is very good. Perhaps the typical utterance is in the piece called "Aspirations":—

> How shall I live
> So that I may grow beautiful? I long
> For things that will to me their beauty give,
> And not for that which doth my being wrong.

And Mr. Gregory has evidently realised this ambition, and faces the world, as his photograph shows us, with a flower in his buttonhole and a smile upon his face. To say, as Mr. Watson does, that "his greatest poem is his life," is to give his life high praise. His verse, if nowhere profound, is always musical, and often full of charm.

The contrast is sharp when we turn from these serene compositions to "Castles in Spain," by Constance Farmar (Burleigh). The internal evidence suggests that fortune, so far as externals go, has smiled more kindly on the author than on Mr. Gregory, and she writes with a touch which is at once surer and more deep than his. But she also writes with much less of happiness and hope and faith. The riddle of the earth perplexes her; she finds her consolation in making the perplexity melodious. She would seem to hold, with Mr. Thomas Hardy, that the affairs of the universe are directed in a spirit of amused irony:—

> They reign, the everlasting gods,
> Afar on immemorial heights—
> To scourge us with their scorpion rods,
> To steep us in divine delights—
> They are the everlasting gods.

> Theirs is the barren blue of skies,
> Beyond the range of storm and wind;
> The darkest of our mysteries
> Is but a jest to them who grind
> The stars to powder in the skies.

That is the statement of the riddle; and it would seem that the solution is sought in the melancholy philosophies of the East:—

> Ours is the soul which godhead shares
> With them, when freed from hindering breath
> The spirit transcendent glory wears.
> The gods weave fate, but it is death
> Crowns us with coronals like theirs.

Death, the escape from life—that is the note here; and we find the same *leit-motif* in "The Shore of Dreams," by Evelyn Threlfall (George Allen). "For our disease is life," this poet cries. And then again:—

> Every voyage ends at last, be it months or years,
> Be it to the nearest port or out among the Spheres,
> And the everlasting Calm shall hush to silence all our tears.

And yet again:—

> Youth, Love, Fame, Rapture, Hope—all, all must go—
> Wild birds that claim release—
> Beyond the silent seas where no tides flow,
> Where wish and thought must cease;
> But in that dreamland of the soul I know
> There will be Peace.

It is nearly all like that—a dirge and a lamentation: "our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought." There are some other collections of songs on the table—some of them of a comparatively cheerful character—but, as there is nothing to be said in their praise, why even name them? The authors are, as the undergraduate said of his parents, "our fellow-creatures after all."

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.



WILLIAM PENN

An engraving from a bust of 1770 in alto-relievo. From Mr. E. S. Roscoe's book on "Penn's Country"

"PENN'S COUNTRY"

The honours of title, frontispiece (which we here reproduce), and prominence of interest are conferred upon Mr. E. S. Roscoe's little volume of Buckinghamshire Sketches (with illustrations: Elliot Stock), by William Penn, whose "country" is sought and found "not in the flourishing State which bears his name," but "amid the wooded slopes, the secluded villages, of the Buckinghamshire Uplands," where—

> We recall his vigorous and strenuous youth, his persistent and courageous struggle for his faith, the events of his early life. At the Grange, on the slope above Chalfont St. Peter, he courted Gulielma Springett, the step-daughter of Isaac Pennington, the patient and high-minded Quaker, and, after the Penningtons were deprived of their property, at their home at Amersham. In 1672 he was married to her in a farmhouse called King's, near Chorleywood, on the borders of Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire, and the first months of married life were passed at the adjoining little town of Rickmansworth. Finally, at Jordans, under the shade of the fragrant limes, he is buried; and by him lie his first and second wife and six of his children.

That only three miles from the quaint old Quaker burial-ground of Jordans—a Mecca for Pennsylvanian Friends—is the village of Penn, appears to be but a notable coincidence, though Penn himself liked to think otherwise. He was not a Buckinghamshire man. The descendant of a family of Wiltshire yeomen, born in London, immersed throughout a fine life in great affairs, he came into the country to which Mr. Roscoe has given his name by the merest chance, made there



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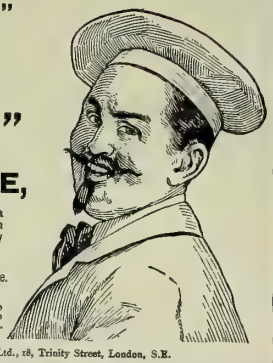
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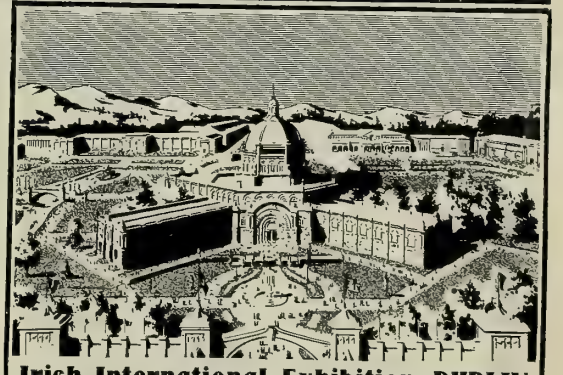
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THE HOLIDAY OF THE YEAR.

but a short youthful sojourn, and never seems to have returned to it save for burial after death elsewhere. But it was the scene of his love-story; and, as Mr. Roscoe says, "There is a certain sadness"—we should prefer to say "pathos"—in Penn's final homecoming, after a strenuous and combative life, to the secluded graveyard, to rest with the wife whom he had won not far off, in his early manhood." It is, moreover, a country where his fellow-friends, especially about the Chalfonts, were exceptionally numerous, and where, accordingly, their persecution ran high. The book is very interesting for its pictures of what life in rural England, in those days and in that regard, could and did mean.

Milton and Chalfont St. Giles; Bulstrode and the Bentincks; Gray and Stoke Poges; Dropmore and Lord Granville; Burke and Beaconsfield; Hampden and Great Missenden; Disraeli and Hughenden; Chenies and the Russells; Chequers Court and Frances Cromwell; Cowper and Olney, are among the associations between persons and places distinguishing a district which, though so near to London, has been hitherto, and in great measure still is, among the most representative of English scenery; little visited from without, and singularly little changed from the times of Gray and Cowper, and even of Penn. Things, however, are changing fast—"opening up" as the phrase is—there as elsewhere. Meanwhile, any persons who may wish to make a little escape into the past before it becomes quite too late and without having to travel far, will find Mr. Roscoe an interesting, sympathetic, and practically useful companion and guide.

"VALDORA"

The number of fine young—and, by this time, of fine middle-aged and even elderly—Englishmen who are the husbands of lovely Danubian Queens, should have an appreciable effect upon our political relations with South-Eastern Europe. Why does not one or other of the apparently inexhaustible supply, such, for example, as the hero of Mr. Thomas Pinkerton's novel (John Long) take in hand the urgent public affairs of Bulgaria and Roumania? Valdora, of which he is Prince Consort, being somewhere on the Eastern coast of the Adriatic, is in an excellent strategical position: while any advertiser for a "Young General" who requires a better all-round character than Mr. Pinkerton's heroes must be hard to please. It will at any rate please any and every reader who has not yet found the Balkan novel, with its sameness of subject and monotony of plot, beginning to become a bore.

"SWEET ROGUES"

Red Ned Pugh and Phil Trevor, Cavalier Captains and joint heroes of a new novel (Duckworth and Co.) by "Owen Rhoscomyl"—who now, by the way, brackets his pseudonym, and reveals himself as Owen Vaughan—are among the now countless cousins, and less distantly removed than many, of certain famous Musketeers. Like their kindred generally, they are never more at home than when on a difficult and dangerous errand: like them, they are apt to be outwitted, especially by woman's wiles, as often as the length of the story requires. The wiles in the present case are innocent enough, and often practised and retaliated with the light-heartedness of well-matched practical jesters who can enjoy their game even when the laugh is at their own cost—if any such there be. But there is a mar-plot about whose business there is no sort of jesting. Indeed, the scene up to which the story seems to be written,



Salomone, the famous brigand of Sicily, and perpetrator of many murders, was recently captured after an exciting chase at Riesi, in the Province of Caltanisetti. He tried to evade the police in the shadow of night, but stumbled, and though the bullets of his pursuers missed him, he was captured and taken to Palermo. One who has seen him says: "He is tall, and of a distinguished appearance, dresses tastefully, and speaks Italian elegantly." He is about thirty-two. Photo by Underwood and Underwood, London.

THE FAMOUS SICILIAN BRIGAND, SALOMONE

where Phil, bound hand and foot, has to deal with the villain, four assistants, and a cauldron of boiling pitch, is scarcely fair to sensitive nerves We do not find Owen Vaughan quite up to the mark of Owen Rhoscomyl; but, none the less, "Sweet Rogues" may be cordially recommended to all who care for its kind.

"'TWIXT SWORD AND GOWN"

The last novel from the pen of the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter, whose death, at the age of sixty, occurred in February last, is another of the countless offspring of the school of Dumas *père*. The hero of "'Twixt Sword and Gown" (illustrated by Victor Prout: Ward, Lock and Co.) Bertram de Conflans of Louis XIV.'s *Mousquetaires gris*, is one of those brave boobies who blunder through a climax of perilous adventures at the rate of about one per page. The one thing needful in stories of this type is never to let the reader's curiosity flag for an instant; and this sole condition of success has been even superabundantly observed. It is, therefore, of comparatively little moment that Modena and its reigning house of Este have been presented with a chapter of history that would have been more convincingly, and thus more effectively, invented for an imaginary principality.

"THE SECOND EVIL"

In a loosely constructed story (John Long) Sadie Grant tells how a young woman on a visit to a country house walked in her sleep into the bedroom of one Sir William Grib, and was furthermore accused by a Miss Martinez from Argentina of stealing a necklace which had been purposely hidden in one of her shoes. Saved from the former scandal by the chivalry of Sir William, who declared himself engaged to her, and from the latter by the testimony of his valet, she made a voyage to Japan, where, when just on the point of eloping with a married man, she went out in a boat, and was drowned, with her dead father's voice exclaiming "Honour before life, Areen!" clearly sounding in her ears—dishonour being presumably the first evil, whatever the second may be. The early attempts of Areen and her good sister Pamela—left to console Sir William Grib—to make a living when unexpectedly left unprovided for, appeal to only too large a circle of likely readers. Should it induce any of these to think twice before taking a tea-shop for seaside trippers unless well out of tidal-reach, it will not have been written in vain.

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NEW YORK { Broadway and 34th Streets Herald Square Hotel. Fireproof. European Plan. Rooms, $1 50 and upwards.

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MOTOR NOTES

A question that is often discussed by motorists is: "Does it pay to have tyres re-treaded?" The size and make of car and tyres are both important factors. I am of the opinion that it does not pay to have a large tyre, especially a non-skid, repaired at all. The most economical method is to get the last ounce out of them and discard them. Take, for instance, a 920 by 120 non-skid, which costs in round figures £12 10s. This tyre, if fairly used, and if up to the weight to be carried, should run something over 4,000 miles. The new life, if the tyre be re-treaded, will be very small, and the repair is likely to cost over 50 per cent. of the original price. It is quite clear, therefore, that unless at least 2,000 miles can be fairly expected, it will not be a paying transaction. It is quite the reverse with a front wheel, say 870 by 90. This will probably run 5,000 miles, and the cost of re-treading should not be more than £2 10s. to £3. The renewed life may be put down at over 3,000 miles if the structure of the tyre is in good repair; and it will, therefore, pay to have it done. As a general rule applying to all tyres, it may safely be described as a "risky speculation" to have *any* tyre re-treaded.

Re-treaded Tyres

The high hedges at corners, which are so easily cut down, are a source of great danger in these times of rapid locomotion. I have repeatedly urged that local Councils should take the matter up, but I see in a recent number of the *Builder* that that journal is up in arms at the idea. It says:—"It is really difficult adequately to express one's feelings about such a proposal, made with cynical indifference to everything except the engineering aspect of road locomotion. The English hedgerows form one of the characteristic beauties of English country: and here is a cool proposal that they should all be lopped down to a minimum level in order that motor-car drivers who insist on going at a dangerous pace should be able to see each other better." It must be remembered that roads were made for locomotion, and also that the original idea of hedges was to keep cattle, etc., off the roads. Now, it does not take an eight-foot hedge to do this, and, picturesque as it may be, utility would be served by half that height. Owners of hedges at corners should be made to clip them, just as much as owners of trees overhanging the highways are compelled to keep them within bounds.

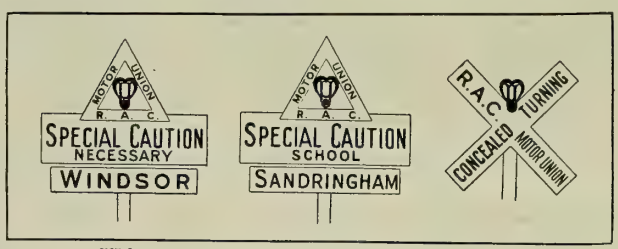
Hedges and Corners

The unfortunate motor has to bear the burden of a decrease in jewellery sales, which is now attributed to it. I can quite believe it. Anyone who has once owned a car would sacrifice almost everything else to retain it. It revolutionises life. Now jewellery is one of the first expenses which may easily be dispensed with. The cost of maintaining a large car is considerable, and somehow one always ends with a large car, notwithstanding the fact that every motorist "in embryo" acclaims the fact that "a very small power should be sufficient;" he "does not want to go more than fifteen miles an hour," etc., etc. With regard to the jewellery question, I received this morning a circular from one of the largest motor firms in Paris, who have established their showrooms in the Rue de la Paix. And this is not by any means the first. *This* is cutting into jewellery if you like. In London there are one or two firms in Piccadilly and Bond Street; but firms adhere chiefly to their own quarters, Long Acre and surroundings, Brompton Road, etc., as the French do in the Avenue de la Grande Armée. Motor showrooms in the Rue de la Paix are indeed a sign of the times.

Jewellery and Motors

The Motor Union, in their endeavours to encourage considerate driving, more particularly through towns and villages, and in the vicinity of schools and places of worship, have decided to issue cautionary signs to be erected in suitable positions. They hope that in many towns and villages public authorities, local organisations, landowners, the clergy, schoolmasters and private residents, may be willing, either by subscription or by individual gift, to purchase and erect these signs in suitable positions by leave of the local highway authority or the owners of private land adjoining the roads. The signs are of cast iron, and their appearance is shown below. The name of the town or village on the Special Caution sign will be specially cast in each case. Applications for signs, stating in the case of Signs 1 and 2 the name of the town or village for which they are required, should be made to the secretary of the Motor Union. A remittance to cover the cost of manufacture should be enclosed. The price of Signs 1 and 2, including the name of the town or village specially cast, is 20s., and of Sign 3 (concealed turning), 10s., carriage forward in each case. Wooden or iron supports can be supplied at an additional cost of 20s. each, but it will generally be found less expensive to make these near the place where they are to be erected, rather than have them made in London and forwarded.

The Motor Union and the Public



SIGN 1 SIGN 2 SIGN 3

"TO ENCOURAGE CONSIDERATE DRIVING": MOTOR ROAD SIGNS

Cudham Hill, which has recently obtained so much notoriety owing to the numerous cars that have climbed it (and advertised the fact), causes some amusement to residents in Kent. Some one finds a steep hill and writes to the papers to say so. At once there is a rush of motorists to the spot. The ordinary motorist, who is not desirous of breaking any records, never thinks of hills, and takes them as they come. I come up a hill nearly every day, on which a horse-drawn vehicle is rarely seen. It

Hills

DISFIGURING HUMORS,
ECZEMAS, RASHES, ITCHINGS, INFLAMMATIONS, BURNINGS, SCALINGS AND CHAFINGS CURED BY CUTICURA.

The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, as in eczema: the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair and crusting of scalp, as in scald-head; the facial disfigurements, as in pimples and ringworm; the awful suffering of infants, and anxiety of worn-out parents, as in milk-crust, tetter and salt-rheum—all demand a remedy of almost superhuman virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills are such stands proven beyond all doubt by the testimony of the civilized world.

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Unequalled for Cleaning and Polishing SILVERWARE.
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The late Earl of Beaconsfield,
Sir Morell Mackenzie,
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And many other persons of distinction have testified to the remarkable efficacy of
HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA
Established over a quarter of a century
Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an Inhalation and without any after bad effects. A free sample and detailed Testimonials free by post. In tins, 2s. 9d. British Depôt—46, Holborn Viaduct, London. Also of Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Son, Sanger & Sons, Edwards & Son, May, Roberts & Co., Butler & Crispe, John Thompson, Liverpool, and all Wholesale Houses.


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Adjustments for interocular distances and inequalities of range of vision of the two eyes.

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A Sample Packet of 6 towels in the four standard sizes post free for 6 stamps from the Lady Manager, 17, Bull Street, Birmingham.

Southalls' Compressed Towels—tiny silver packets, only 2½ in. long, Size A, 1d. B, 1½d. C, 2d.

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All kinds and sizes, to suit every requirement.

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SUPPLIED BY ALL IRONMONGERS.

FASHIONABLE & USEFUL FABRICS.

A PATRON WROTE: "*I have received the costume quite safely and am simply delighted. It fits to perfection, and I beg of you to keep my measurements for a future occasion.*"—Mrs. A. M. S. G. (Paris, 14/3/07).

Patterns, Self-Measurement Forms and Price Lists, Post Free. Any Length Sold.



No. 453. Coat and Skirt in Wool Navy "Wonwarsuit" Serge, 46/-, or Homespun Serge, 64/3. To Measure.

24 ROYAL WARRANTS.

Egerton Burnett's Royal ETB Serges

ARE WELL MADE, WELL DYED, AND VERY DURABLE.

For Ladies and Children from 1/11½ and for Gentlemen from 3/6 per yard.

Navy Blue, Black, Crimson, Grey, Brown, Green, and a choice range in Cream.

LIGHT-WEIGHT SERGES, TWEEDS, &c., FOR WARM CLIMATES.

TWEEDS (English, Scotch, and Irish). FLANNELS, VENETIANS, ALPACAS, DELAINES, COTTONS and LINENS, in large variety. SILKS, WINCEYS, &c.

TAILORING, TO MEASURE.

Ladies' Costumes		.. from 26/-
Girls' Dresses		.. ,, 9/-
Boys' "Wontarewilware" Tweed Suits		.. ,, 17/3
Men's Suits		.. ,, 37/6 &c.



No. 439 Girl's Coat and Skirt, in "Cheltenham" Homespun (E. B. Ltd.'s speciality) or good Navy Serge, including trimmings, 18in. Skirt, from 36/-. To Measure. Cheaper Fabrics from 20/6.

No. 47. Suit in good Navy Serge, or Cornish Homespun, 46/6. To Measure.

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Oakey's "WELLINGTON" Knife Polish

The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery and all Steel, Iron, Brass and Copper articles. Sold in Canisters at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, &c. Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E.

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Fleas, Beetles, Moths, Bugs.

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is too steep altogether, and dangerous to go up or down. Since my first car, on which I should certainly not have attempted the hill, I think nothing of it. It is well-nigh an impossibility to find a hill which ordinary traffic travels over that could stop an up-to-date car of average power. There is no novelty in Cudham Hill. Hundreds of cars had gone up it long before it was recently "discovered."

Motoring in the Parks

The Motor Union are supporting Mr. McCall, K.C., who is a member of the General Committee of the Union, in an appeal to the Divisional Court against the endorsement on his driver's licence of a conviction for exceeding the ten-mile speed limit in one of the Royal Parks. A rule to bring up and quash the magistrate's order has been granted by the Divisional Court. Mr. Avory, K.C., and Mr. Cleave, in asking for the rule, contended that the endorsement was wrong because, under the Parks Act, there is no power to endorse a licence, while the Motor Car Act gave power to endorse only on a third conviction for exceeding the speed limit under that Act. It was also contended that the ten-mile speed limit fixed by the regulations was not in existence in January, 1904, when the Motor Car Act came into force, and therefore the Motor Car Act could not apply to it, as the offences there mentioned are existing offences. If the magistrate's order is held to be correct, then exceeding a speed-limit fixed by Parliament brings the penalty of endorsement only in the case of a third offence, whereas exceeding a speed limit fixed by Commissioners brings that penalty for the first offence. This construction, it is contended by many, is entirely opposed to the intention of the Legislature.



The motor-race meeting at Bexhill on Monday and Tuesday drew a large crowd of spectators. On Monday Mr. S. F. Edge beat the track record, travelling over a measured quarter of a mile at the rate of 73·77 miles an hour.

THE BEXHILL MOTOR-RACE MEETING: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURSE

Running Costs

With reference to various letters addressed to the secretary of the Motor Union on this subject, a "Seven Years' Motorist" writes from the Automobile Club, in reply to a correspondent who puts the cost of running his car at £450:—

This is "slightly more than the carriage and pair used to cost." Indeed, I should think it was. I would be glad to contract to keep the writer a coach and four for the money. I have had to do with horses for forty-seven years—hunters and harness horses—and twenty years as a master of hounds. The writer evidently has been scandalously robbed. I give the cost of carriage and pair, taking the same time as he does for his car:—

	£
Rent and rates, stables	Depends on locality
Wages and living of groom	70
Shoeing of two horses	10
Keep of horses	60
	£140

I only take the same things as he does, less rent and taxes of stables. But, say £60, as he does (which is absurdly high), it makes a total of £200, instead of £450. Your correspondent was robbed when he had a carriage, and is probably still more robbed now with his car.

I am afraid the question of "robbing," although it is an unpleasant word, is a factor in many cases. It is not so much robbing as inability to detect extravagance. In the case of horses one has data to go on, but with a car it is extremely difficult to find out the correct and legitimate cost, as circumstances vary so much.

Needless to say, the Japanese Prince would hardly leave our realm without visiting some up-to-date motor works, and he took the opportunity when going up the Clyde to the shipbuilding yards to look over the "Argyll" Works.

Prince Fushimi

Perhaps the word "Kindergarten" may seem unkind, but it is not meant in that sense with reference to the "Dissected Model of a Motor-Car," published by Messrs. George Philip and Son. On most subjects the difficulty is to get a book which one can understand before one is an expert. By a most ingenious device given in this book, every part of the mechanism is displayed by lifting up various pieces of card pasted together, and, as a whole, making a complete car.

Motor Kindergarten

It was quite a relief when the trial of the "Sidd' y" car came to an end. One feared there was no stopping it. Certainly it went through the most severe ordeal yet attempted, and it came out with flying colours.

Long Distance Trials

GRAPHICUS.

The Great Western Railway Company have built for the accommodation of passengers travelling to and from the West of England, sleeping cars of a new and greatly improved design. These cars are at present provided on the night services in both directions between Paddington, Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth and Penzance. They are 70ft. long, 9ft. wide, and 12ft. 7¼in. high, with two six-wheeled bogies. Special precautions have been taken to ensure quiet running by the construction of a specially designed double floor. Each car accommodates twelve passengers, there being ten single berths and one double berth. The interior of the cars is finished in walnut and sycamore, the trimming being moquette tapestry of handsome design. Sliding doors, run on ball bearings, are provided for the compartments and vestibule. The utmost attention has been paid to ventilation, the compartment doors being fitted with double louvers, which in addition to ensuring privacy can easily be adjusted for ventilation.

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"THERMOS" FLASK (PATENT)

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COLD DRINKS keep ICY COLD for Weeks in any Climate. NO ICE, NO ARTIFICIAL COOLING REQUIRED.

DIRECTIONS.—Fill the Flask with Hot or Cold Liquid.

HOT BEVERAGES Keep HOT for 24 hours without applying any HEAT or any precaution against COLD.





THE INVENTION possesses the property of preserving liquids HOT or COLD at practically their ORIGINAL TEMPERATURE — ALWAYS READY for use. — NO REPAIRING. WILL LAST A LIFETIME. — Made in TWO SIZES at FIXED PRICES Pint, 21/- Quart, 31/6 — Every Flask Guaranteed.

A COLD DRINK IN A HOT CLIMATE. A HOT DRINK IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

INVALUABLE to ALL TRAVELLERS, Motorists, Yachtsmen, Sportsmen, and a boon to all Coaching, Boating, and Picnic Parties.

It is ABSOLUTELY INDISPENSABLE for the wants of INVALIDS and CHILDREN, as liquid foods are maintained at the ORIGINAL HEAT throughout the NIGHT without the use of fire or lamp.

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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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The anniversary of Queen Victoria's birth was celebrated this year in every part of the British Empire on a larger scale than ever—the number of schools taking part in it being estimated at 50,000, of which over 14,000 were in Great Britain. One of the most picturesque ceremonies in London, in connection with the event, was the torchlight tattoo by the boys of the Duke of York's School. The display took place on the evening of "Empire Day" on the lawn in front of the school, and was witnessed by General Sir Frederick Stephenson, Adjutant-General to the Forces, and other distinguished visitors.

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TO CYNTHIA—IN SUMMER

Tell me the secret of the careless power
That lies in those victorious eyes
To mock the chilly learning of the wise,
And shatter with a glance old wisdom's tower.
Against my will you now have won o'er me
Sweet, undeserved, unconscious victory.
The thousands you have vanquished all adore,
Yet pity me and I will worship more.

What value conquests that your beauty gain
If love's sweet passion you still fear.
No nun's ambition yours to die austere;
To live unworshipped is to live in vain.
I from a thousand singled you afar,
Distinguish me, and be my avatar!
Condemn me not that I'm importunate,
Or, sentencing—reprieve me not too late!

Such grace and beauty sure were Heaven planned
To charm the will, the heart and mind.
Fair form and feature only so designed
To give you sovereign power to command.
Full meed of homage shall I fail to tender?
Well satisfied I offer you surrender
I stand disarmed, but give me back my sword,
And let your captive victim be your lord!

F. F.



TO ROSE IN WINTER.

I thought my garden lacked no flower
 Until you walked its ways,
And then each blossom bent its head,
 To whisper me your praise.

You watched me train each creeper up
 Yon wall of mouldering brick.
Do you e'er think a radiant rose
 Were safer with a stick?

Or do you wish to stand alone
 Through storm or summer shower?
Heart-whole you will not have a stake—
 A self-sufficient flower—

Yet when chill winter spreads its pall,
 Swathes earth in snowy veil,
The jessamine clinging to the wall
 Thinks kindly of the nail.

Rude winds may snap a fragile stem,
 Shake each frail petal free—
Oh, in the garden of my soul,
 Dear Rose, be tied to me!

Let summer blossoms bloom and die
 When come the winter snows,
But be my everlasting flower,
 My everlasting Rose!

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

NOT this week—not until Monday next—will the Prime Minister make any statement as to the course to be pursued with respect to Government Bills. Pressed by Mr. Long for a hint as to the Ministerial intentions in the matter of the Irish Council Bill, Sir Henry declined to make even that exception: there is safety in silence. We cannot, however, imagine that Ministers intend to persevere with the ill-starred measure, which enjoys the melancholy distinction of having brought all parties in Ireland into an unprecedented harmony of disapproval. To be sure, there is Mr. Atherley-Jones (a fair sample of your English *doctrinaire* Radical) pleading that a Government "ought not to shrink from pressing forward their policy," but should cram the Bill down the throats of the pig-headed Irishry, who do not know what is good for them. But that cock won't fight: the game of Devolution is up, and, for the future, the Liberal Party must range itself frankly, either for or against Home Rule—the real article, as Parnell understood it, and as Parnell's people understand it to-day.

* * * *

For the present the Ministerial game would seem to be to use Mr. Harcourt's Land Bill as a provocation to the Peers to give some excuse for fanning the imaginary flame of popular indignation against the Upper House. Well, if the Peers walk into that very obvious trap, they will be considerably more simple than we take them for.

* * * *

Is there not, by the way, a curious contrast, just now, between the state of things in the Commons and in the country? In the Commons we see an enormous Radical majority confronted by a practically powerless Unionist Opposition. In the country all the evidence goes to show that the biggest Parliamentary majority of modern times is growing daily less and less representative of public opinion—so little representative, in fact, that probably there are very few Ministerialists, outside the perfectly safe seats, who would care to contest an election just now. And this is less than a year and a half after the cataclysm of the General Election! It must, indeed, be a Ministry of "all the talents" that has succeeded in losing so much popularity in so short a time.

* * * *

One cannot leave the subject of domestic politics without noticing the sinister and ominous increase now reported in the number of agrarian outrages in Ireland. That is, of course, no more than might have been expected. Now that Mr. Birrell's Bill has been contemptuously rejected, we may expect a recrudescence of agrarian crime to remind Ministers that they have Ireland ever with them, and that Ireland will make things hot for them if they presume to forget the fact. So much for the cheery optimism of our amiable Chief Secretary, who would have us believe that Ireland is an Arcadia solely devoted to pastoral pursuits and the cultivation of the arts of peace!

* * * *

It is much to be regretted that the rowdy element at San Francisco should have again resorted to violence against the local Japanese. Once again the Japanese Ambassador has been compelled to invoke the protection of the Government of Washington for his fellow-countrymen in California, and though Mr. Root is, of course, only too willing to recall the Californians to a sense of their grave responsibility, he finds himself confronted with the old conflict between State rights and the rights of the Federal Government. One cannot doubt, however, that all that is best in American public opinion will range itself on the side of that respect for treaty rights and for international courtesy to which Mr. Roosevelt appealed so forcibly in his last Presidential Message.

The fact, of course, is that the dualism which exists between the rights of the several States and those of the Federal Government is only possible in practice where domestic questions are concerned. In foreign affairs, it is obvious, the Central Government must have the last word, if America is to be regarded as a civilised Power responsible for the execution of the treaties into which it has entered. The existing antagonism did no practical harm in the early days of the Republic's history, when its foreign relations were few and simple; but, now that they are manifold and complex, the time seems to have come for a revision of the Constitution, such as Mr. Roosevelt has suggested, for the purpose of strengthening the power of the Federal Government in international affairs.



Not content with establishing a "highest north" record on his last Arctic expedition, when, on July 16 1905, he reached 87deg. 6min. north latitude, beating the previous furthest north by 32min., Commander Peary is starting this month on another—his sixth—Polar journey, when he hopes to traverse the 174 nautical miles yet to be conquered before the North Pole is reached. He recently declared his belief that to reach the Pole by the American route is now a comparatively simple matter. May the plucky explorer succeed in his task!

COMMANDER PEARY, THE VETERAN ARCTIC EXPLORER, WHO STARTS FOR THE NORTH POLE THIS MONTH

* * * *

That the Sultan of Morocco should at last have consented to the various demands of France for satisfaction is well enough—on paper. But it is one thing to promise and another to perform, particularly in Morocco. Foremost among the French demands are the recall and imprisonment of the Pasha of Marrakesh, a French Consular inquiry, on the spot, into the murder of Dr. Mauchamp, and the punishment of the murderers. But Marrakesh is in the hands of hostile tribesmen, who have already expelled the Europeans and will have none of the French Consular Mission. How can the poor puppet at Fez compel obedience to his orders? And, if he cannot, are the French prepared to send an expedition to Marrakesh from the coast to do it for him? If they did so, they would probably discover that, as we pointed out here last week, the tribesmen have been spending the taxes withheld from their liege lord in buying rifles and cartridges against the day when it should become necessary to fight the Infidel. Consequently, it is not easy to see how France is to come out of this business without loss of prestige, for she is certainly in no mind to march on Marrakesh.

* * * *

"Custom is King," says our old friend Herodotus, and so, one may suppose, Londoners (even if they are ratepayers) have grown accustomed to the sight of the spacious and breezy building sites in Aldwych, Kingsway, and the Strand, for which the London County Council has hitherto failed to find tenants. Nevertheless, inasmuch as these open spaces (though, doubtless, salubrious) are not only unsightly but expensive—to the tune of £150,000 per annum—it is high time that the new Council should seriously consider whether the conditions imposed upon would-be tenants have not been prohibitively severe. Common sense, in fact, not to mention expert opinion, suggests that they have, for the suitability of these splendid sites in the very heart of London is not open to question.

* * * *

Evidence is not lacking to show that a new doctrine of employers' liability, for which we have to thank the present Government, is utterly destroying those sentiments of kindly relationship between employers and employees which have hitherto so very generally subsisted. Thus, a medical man, writing in the *Lancet*, gives three distinct instances of cases within his own experience in which large employers of labour, who have hitherto paid generously for medical attendance on their people in cases of accident or illness, have now refused to do so any longer. That, after all, is only human nature: few men feel inclined, when legal compulsion is put upon them, to go beyond the strict requirements of the law. But the production of such a change of feeling is profoundly deplorable, and it is the natural consequence of the Act which comes into force in July.

* * * *

Hence, as the *Lancet's* contributor points out, the medical profession will have no cause to thank a too paternal Government for its action. The doctor will, of course, be called in as of old; but his fees, whether paid by an insurance company or not, will be far from equal to what they were when employers were under no constraint. Wherefore, neither patient nor doctor seems likely to gain much by the change.

OUR SUPPLEMENT

The work of Mr. Cecil Quinnell, R.B.A., is well known to many who frequent the exhibitions of the Royal British Artists; from him they look for something tinged with the faintest hue of fancy, a thing of delicate sentiment, and feminine charm, and he never fails them. A drawing-room artist such as he is need seldom languish for votaries. To say a pretty thing prettily is what is expected of him. Like that of Mr. Gibbs—whose work is also seen in our supplement—his art has something of a Victorian sweetness, always the more taking when accompanied by graceful verse, which harmonises with it like the mellifluous accompaniment to a gentle song.



The annual Surrey Lawn Tennis Championship Meeting was brought to an end at Surbiton on Saturday. The meeting produced some interesting play. In the Ladies' Open Singles for the Championship of Surrey, Mrs. Sterry a former champion, beat Mrs. Chambers, who has not competed before this season. The games were:—6-4, 6-3.

LAWN TENNIS: MRS. STERRY BEATING MRS. CHAMBERS IN THE LADIES' OPEN SINGLES



In spite of England's tremendous beating by Scotland in the amateur international match at St. Andrews on Saturday, some fine golf was seen. The game of the day was that played between Mr R. Maxwell (Scotland) and Mr. H. H. Barker (England). The result of splendid golf was a victory for Mr. Maxwell by 3 up and 2 to play.

INTERNATIONAL GOLF AT ST. ANDREWS: SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND



As usual, "Eights week" at Oxford has produced some exciting racing. The weather, however, has for the most part been against a large attendance of visitors, but "Eights week" is always popular, and on the finer days there were a good many people on the river.

"EIGHTS WEEK" AT OXFORD: BETWEEN THE RACES



A servant in the stables of the King of Italy performed a remarkable feat the other day. For a wager of £100 he crossed the Tiber on the back of an old cavalry horse, the horse equipped with all its trappings, and its rider fully clothed, from boots to hat.

CROSSING A RIVER ON A HORSE FOR A WAGER



The International Motor-Car Reliability Trials for touring cars, under the auspices of the Irish Automobile Club, have been a great success. There were seventy entries. The third day's run was from Dublin to Waterford, a severe route across the mountains of Wicklow. Luncheon was taken at Glendalough, when the cars were drawn up on a hillside.

THE MOTOR-CAR TRIALS IN IRELAND: THE LUNCHEON HOUR AT GLENDALOUGH



Three French officers last week were coming away in their motor from the horse show at Nancy, when the car ran over a dog. The chauffeur lost control of the car, which crashed into a tree and was wrecked. One of the occupants, as well as the dog, was killed.

THE RESULT OF RUNNING OVER A DOG: A SMASH-UP IN FRANCE

Ball, Water, and Wheel in the World of Sport



One of the most stirring sights at the Royal Naval and Military Tournament has been the "Lancer ride," in which, for the first time in the history of the tournament, the whole of the six regiments of British Lancers were represented—the 5th (Royal Irish), 9th (Queen's Royal), 12th (Prince of Wales's Royal), 16th (Queen's), 17th (Duke of Cambridge's Own), and 21st (Empress of India's). The uniform of the Queen's is scarlet and that of the rest blue, and with the differing hues of the facings and plumes the array was extremely picturesque. The "ride," of course, ended with a magnificent charge.

"Charge!" The Finish of the Lancers' Musical Ride at the Royal Naval and Military Tournament

DRAWN BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

COURT AND SOCIETY

HIS MAJESTY'S action in conferring the honour of knighthood on Mr. John Kirk, who has completed forty years' devoted service as secretary of the Ragged School Union, seems to point to a change in the system on which such honours are distributed. It is particularly significant that His Majesty's kindly thought had the warm approval of the Prime Minister.

The King's Sympathy

There can be no doubt that in the past the Order of Knighthood has suffered somewhat in public esteem by being conferred upon mayors and sheriffs, who may or may not have led particularly chivalrous lives At any rate nothing could be more analogous, in these prosaic days, to the old chivalry than to work for forty years on behalf of poor little children as Sir John Kirk has done, and his naive account of the knighting shows him to be in no sense a self-seeking or ambitious man. The King's interest in social work for the disinherited will be further exemplified on Monday, when His Majesty and the Queen will be present at a concert and gymnastic display to be given in the Royal Albert Hall by the students of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind. The work of this college under its principal, Dr. F J. Campbell, is simply marvellous, for between eighty and ninety per cent. of these most pitiably afflicted people are taught to support themselves, some by means of music, and others by various little industries.

Quite a number of Royal visitors are expected in England in the near future. The King and Queen of Denmark arrive next week, and will occupy the magnificent Belgian suite of rooms in Buckingham Palace. Their Majesties, unfortunately, can only stay five days, but during that time there is to be a Royal Review at Aldershot, a State Ball, and a gala performance at the Opera, in addition to the customary entertainment in the City. Prince and Princess Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden are coming to visit Her Royal Highness's parents, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and another future King and Queen, namely, the Duke and Duchess of Sparta, are also expected. Finally, King Chulalongkorn of Siam, who has been spending the past few weeks in Northern Italy for the sake of his health, is coming on to London from Paris. His Majesty visited England ten years ago, and has always shown, throughout his reign, a particular affection for this country. It will be remembered that he made a point of securing English tutors for his children, one of those who filled that office at the Court of Bangkok being Mr. Morant, the present well-known Permanent Secretary of the Board of Education. His Majesty not only sent the Crown Prince but others of his sons to be further educated in England, and it is interesting to note that His Majesty himself, as a child, had an English governess.

Our Royal Visitors



MRS. LAURENCE HARDY
Photo by Annie Bell.

The Rainbow Bazaar, which was to be opened on Wednesday by the Duchess of Connaught, on Thursday by Lady Pembroke, and yesterday by the Duchess of Somerset, was in aid of that very deserving charity, the British Lying-in Hospital. The Princess of Wales, the Princess Royal, and Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll gave their patronage, and the list of stallholders included many ladies of social importance.

The Rainbow Bazaar

Among the stallholders may be particularly mentioned Lady Hawarden, Lady Beatrix Wilkinson and Mrs. Laurence Hardy. Lady Hawarden, who was to preside at the glass, china and pottery stall, comes of the very ancient Northumberland family of Ogle; she married Lord Hawarden, who was then Major Robert Maude, in 1881, and they have a little boy of between six and seven. Lord Hawarden is a kinsman of Mr. Cyril Maude, whose charming wife, otherwise known as Miss Winifred Emery, was to preside at the bookstall. Lady Beatrix Wilkinson, who was to help Lady Darnley at the art stall, is one of the two beautiful daughters of Lord and Lady Pembroke. Her marriage to Captain Nevile Wilkinson, which was celebrated in the Guards' Chapel, was one of the most important weddings of the season of 1903. Lady Beatrix is very dark and slender, and has always been extremely popular in society. Captain Wilkinson is known as a particularly clever artist; he has a special taste in designing bookplates, which he also etches himself. Mrs. Laurence Hardy, who was also to help at the art stall, is the wife of the popular member for the Ashford Division of Kent. She is the elder daughter of Mr. John Gathorne Wood, of Thedden Grange, Alton. The original Wood of Thedden married a daughter of the Hardy of Dunstall who was the ancestor of the Earls of Cranbrook, the Hardys of Chilham, and the baronets of Dunstall. Mrs. Hardy has two sons, aged respectively fourteen and five.

"A Group of Noble Dames"



VISCOUNTESS HAWARDEN
Photo by Kate Pragnell.

Miss Rosamond Tufton's wedding to Mr. Stuart Anderson is fixed for to-day at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The bride, who is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Hothfield, is a most charming and highly cultivated woman, who is also known in Society as one of the best amateur singers and actresses now living. She is immensely popular both in Westmoreland — where her father has his seat of Appleby Castle— and also in Kent, all round Hothfield Place. Mr. Anderson is the son of the late Colonel James Anderson, of Earlywood, near Ascot. He and his bride have bought a house in Cambridge Square, and they are to spend their honeymoon at Brownsea Island, which has been lent them by Mr. Van Raalte. Westminster Abbey will be to-day the scene of a most interesting musical wedding, that of Dr. Edward Stainer and Miss Rosalind Bridge, the younger daughter of Sir Frederick Bridge, the genial and popular organist of the Abbey.

To-day's Weddings

The old superstition that May is unlucky for weddings still holds its ground, and as a consequence an exceptional number are always put off till June. Thus Lady Dorothy Gathorne-Hardy, Lord and Lady Cranbrook's daughter, is to be married to Mr. Rupert d'Oyly Carte at St. George's, Hanover Square, on the 6th. On the 11th, the marriage of Lord Guernsey, Lord and Lady Aylesford's son and heir, with Miss Gladys Fellowes, the second daughter of Lord and Lady De Ramsey, will bring together a notable congregation, for the bride and bridegroom between them are related to many important and interesting people in society. On the 12th Mr. Candy, the Duchess of Newcastle's brother, is to marry Miss Gladys Bourne, Lord Faber's niece, at Hilderstone, in Staffordshire, and the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle are lending Clumber for the honeymoon. On the 26th Lord Deramore is to marry Miss Blanche Violet Saltmarshe, the second daughter of Major Philip Saltmarshe, of the family who have been seated at Saltmarshe, in East Yorkshire, probably from William the Conqueror's time. At the end of June, too, or the beginning of July, will be celebrated at St. George's, Hanover Square, the wedding of Miss Nina Hill, only daughter of Lord and Lady Arthur Hill, to Mr. George Brooke, eldest son and heir of Sir George Brooke, Bart., of Somerton, county Dublin.

Forthcoming Weddings



LADY BEATRIX WILKINSON
Photo by Kate Pragnell.

"PLACE AUX DAMES"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

Princess Christian, who has devoted so much time and energy to the prosperity of the Royal School of Art Needlework, this week inaugurated an exhibition of dress embroideries executed by pupils and students which seems likely to introduce a welcome innovation. Hitherto nearly all the embroideries and trimmings used by dressmakers have been made in Paris—necessitating delay and expense—whereas if our own artificers could compete with the foreign workpeople much money and occupation would be gained by them. The embroideries shown are very finely executed, and can certainly compare favourably with the French productions. It is to be hoped that ladies and dressmakers will avail themselves of the opportunity, and give their orders in England. Commissions for Court gowns might with advantage be given, the general standard of English embroidery thus be raised, and the efforts of the ladies connected with the school, who are ever open to new ideas and developments, thereby amply rewarded.

I see that the County Council are about to try further developments in the education scheme for girls, which hitherto certainly has not been particularly successful. They now intend to spend money and turn their attention to a "school for housewives." The lamentable ignorance, carelessness, and wastefulness of English housekeepers are proverbial on the Continent, where every girl, whatever her station, is taught to keep house by her mother, or at some of the housekeeping schools. The health and happiness of the family depend on the housewife. If she can neither cook nor sew, what comfort can they enjoy? The present race of girls in England are far less well equipped than were their mothers, who were often beautiful needlewomen and good cooks. The modern idea that domestic occupations hinder culture and are degrading to a woman, must be put to flight by the fact that in Germany the servants constantly attend the opera and are fully conversant with the best music.

It seems to me that Mrs. Brinsmead, who, with her husband, the genial and prosperous maker of excellent pianos, the principal merit of which is that they rarely go out of tune, is celebrating her seventieth year of happy marriage, has solved the question of the servant difficulty. She has all her domestics taught the various branches of housework. The cook learns to make beds and sweep, the housemaid to serve the dinner, and all to sew, and wash, and iron, an art now almost extinct. In an ordinary household, if the cook fall ill, a general panic prevails, no one can even grill a chop or boil a potato. Outside help is hurriedly obtained at an outrageous price, or the charwoman is permitted to spoil good food and carefully produce indigestion, whereas, by Mrs. Brinsmead's plan, the housemaid would quietly take the cook's place, and all would go smoothly as on greased wheels. Mrs. Brinsmead opens a savings bank account for her girls, and preaches economy, so that the young women are eagerly sought in marriage, and generally prove excellent wives. Surely this is the right way, the only way to keep house and promote the ultimate well-being of modest homes and husbands.

The waitress from Lyons's who won the walking competition lately was, it seems, a fine young person, with an erect carriage, but she was specially admired by the judges for her excellent style in walking. This is the rarest of accomplishments, and one that we do not expect from a waitress, who has to be on her feet all day, and must often be weary and footsore. Waitresses seldom wear high heels, and perhaps therein lies the explanation. Children begin in their school days with high, narrow heels, their ankles are weak and unable to support the foot that cannot be poised flat on the ground, consequently the ankles turn over and the gait of the girl is spoilt. If mothers would only understand this and believe that nature knows best and nature made the foot with all its play and spring of elasticity and its complicated nerves and muscles to be used flat on the ground and not tilted upwards in an unnatural position, we should hear less of backaches and curvature of the spine, and we should, best of all, see our women walk gracefully and well.

MUSICAL NOTES

Popular though *Lohengrin* is at the moment, a day will surely come when it will fade softly and silently out of the modern *répertoire* and will only be revived occasionally for the sake of its historical interest or for the benefit of some tenor who fancies himself in the part of the hero. Last year it was left out of the Covent Garden bill, and no one seemed to take the matter to heart. This year it was omitted from the original scheme, and there was no particular outcry, nor did anyone rejoice exceedingly when it was suddenly announced that it would be played last Friday night, with Frau Fleischer-Edel and Herr Cornelius in the chief parts. *Lohengrin*, in fact, is not made to stand wear and tear, and already it is becoming a trifle thin. That it has many great beauties is, of course, undeniable; but, as a whole, the opera is apt to pall. The story, in the first place, is a tissue of improbabilities and absurdities, in which it is perfectly impossible to take any serious interest—it always seems, for example, most unmannerly in a knight of Lohengrin's standing to desert his young wife merely because she expressed a not unnatural desire to know her husband's name—while the lack of rhythmic variety in the music makes inevitably for monotony.

The opera must, indeed, be uncommonly well played if it is to be made at all engrossing, and it is impossible to say that Friday's performance was quite up to the highest Covent Garden standard. Herr Cornelius, who, by the way, is a Dane, and had never sung the part in German before, made a fine Lohengrin vocally, but he was hardly mystical enough to suggest the true Knight of the Grail, while Frau Fleischer-Edel suggested the "thoroughly nice girl" rather than the poetic, persecuted Elsa of the story. In fact, the honours of the performance went to Mme. Kirkby Lunn and Mr. Clarence Whitehill, who are certainly to be congratulated on their fine acting and singing, though it is not to be denied that when Ortrud and Telramund become the chief figures in *Lohengrin* the parts can hardly be regarded as perfectly balanced.

The chorus was in high fettle at the performance of *La Traviata* on Saturday night, for it had been provided with new frocks and new dress suits, all of them fashioned according to the modes which prevailed in 1850. Hitherto, all those appearing in this opera have, apparently, been allowed to ransack their wardrobes and to array themselves in whatsoever garments took their fancy, quite irrespective of the period, with the result that a performance of *La Traviata* has generally suggested an historical pageant, entitled "fashions of the last three centuries." The music is, of course, only tolerated nowadays on account of the opportunities it affords to the hero and heroine for displaying their vocal prowess, and of these full advantage was taken by Mme. Donalda and Signor Caruso.

Though more than two centuries and a half have passed since Orlando Gibbons died, he has never yet been honoured in that Abbey where for the last two years of his short life he acted as organist, and it is good to know that he is at last to come to his own, and that a bust will, on Wednesday, be unveiled at Westminster. Moreover, the ceremony is to include a festival performance of some of his works, and it is to be hoped that interest will thus be revived in the music of one of the greatest composers that ever England produced. Of course, everyone with the least pretence to musicianship knows his name, the position in the world of art to which he is entitled, and one or two of his madrigals; but, to our shame be it said, the greater part of his music has been almost as completely forgotten as if it had never been written.

How little is generally known of Gibbons and his work is shown by the fact that people who ought to know better persist in calling him the English Palestrina. In reality, the sole resemblance between Gibbons and Palestrina is that they both wrote very good church music. Otherwise they were as different as could be. Palestrina took a form which had already been created and perfected it, without attempting to advance the musical art along new lines. Gibbons, on the other hand, was a veritable Richard Strauss in his appetite for experiments and new effects.

J. D. H.



One of the most interesting functions held on "Empire Day" was the Lucknow Jubilee Dinner, held at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole. Hitherto the dinners of the surviving members of the garrison and of Havelock's and Outram's relief force have been held on separate dates, but this year the two events were combined, and some of the ladies who went through the siege were also present. Amongst the toasts was "The Memory of Departed Comrades." The survivors will be presented in a body as the veterans of Lucknow at the Levée to be held on Monday. Photo by Fradelle and Young.

IN MEMORY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY: THE LUCKNOW JUBILEE DINNER AT THE HOTEL METROPOLE



The largest balloon race ever held in England started from the grounds of the Ranelagh Club last Saturday afternoon, when ten balloons took part in the contest for the Harbord Cup, under the auspices of the Aero Club. Goring and Streatley Station, forty miles off, was the winning-post, and the aeronaut who descended nearest to it was to be declared the winner. The Cup was won by Mr. F. H. Butler in "Dolce far Niente," who came to earth in a backyard 275 yards from the station. "Pegasus" (Colonel J. E. Capper R.E.) was second, landing within 700 yards of the given point. At the start some of the aeronauts had to lighten their balloons suddenly, and spectators were showered with sand.

THE BALLOON CONTEST FOR THE HARBORD CUP: THE START AT RANELAGH

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN



The sheet-anchor of a battleship is carried at the starboard bow, close behind the bower. It is sometimes necessary to lay it out, that is to say, to drop it at some distance, so that the ship may be hauled to some new position, perhaps off a shoal into deeper water, and ships' companies are practised at this rather awkward evolution from time to time. At a signal from the Admiral all the fleet drills together. First the launch is hoisted out and brought forward; the chain cable is unshackled, being far too heavy to drag over the sea bottom, and a steel wire hawser bent in its place. Then the great anchor is gently lowered into the water, and lashed close up under the bottom of the launch. When all is ready the launch, deep in water, and attended by her satellite laden with the wire hawser, is towed away to the required distance. The anchor is then let go. Afterwards the end is hove back to the ship and brought to the capstan, and the unwilling bulk of the armoured is drawn towards the anchor, which finally emerges once more from the sea and is stowed on its bed at the bows.

At Work in the Navy: Battleships of the Home Fleet Laying Out Sheet Anchors

DRAWN BY W. L. WYLLIE, R.A.

THE F.O. BAG

By LUCIEN WOLF

THE visit of British editors and other representatives of the newspapers of the British Empire to Germany promises to be a huge success. So far—I am writing this from Bremen—their reception has been magnificent. The organising committee, which counts among its members not only representatives of all the influential organs of German opinion, but also some of the greatest names in contemporary German politics, literature, science, and art, has princely ideas of hospitality. The entertainments are on a lavish scale, while the attention to detail is of the minutest and the most considerate. Behind it all, too, is a volume of unrehearsed cordiality, at once large and deep, which even to those of us who have never doubted German friendship is a revelation. Perhaps in the Hanse towns, which are in such close contact with English life, and which have played so distinguished a part in British commercial history, this was only to be expected. I am confident, however, that the same spirit will be found in Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Frankfort and Cologne, which are the chief halting-places in our itinerary. As a demonstration of the friends of peace on both sides the pilgrimage will assuredly have a far-reaching effect. Although one or two leading British newspapers have declined to avail themselves of the opportunity of clasping the hand which Germany has extended to us, the British delegation is thoroughly representative. With the exceptions to which I have referred, every leading newspaper in the United Kingdom has sent of its best, while there is no question of the truly national character of the reception which is being given to them. Its most conspicuous effect so far is to show how small an element in both countries is constituted by the workers of mischief and the sowers of ill-will.

I have been lately spending a few days in Belgium investigating the Congo question. The impressions I have derived from conversations with the leading public men, including M. Woeste, the Clerical leader; M. Beernaert, the chief of the Jeune Droite; M. Paul Hymans, the accomplished lieutenant of M. Janson in the direction of the Liberal party; M. Vandervelde, the fugleman of the Socialists, and Senator Wiener, the confidential lawyer of the King, lead me to believe that we should do well in this country to badger the Belgians a little less in regard to the defects of the Congo administration. There can be no question, as I have already pointed out in the *Daily Graphic*, that the Belgians are honestly and zealously striving to solve the problem, and that they have a very substantial interest, apart from their national repute, in hastening reforms. The question, however, is a very difficult one, and our demand for an immediate change of a radical character is simply impossible. Moreover, by badgering the Belgians we are likely to defeat our own ends, for if they have to choose between concessions to the foreigner and concessions to their King, they will most likely opt for the latter. Our tall talk is all the more regrettable because, as a matter of fact, we have no alternative outside the goodwill of the Belgians. The Powers will not support us in intervention, and without them our hands are tied; while the exercise of the French right of pre-emption would not help us much, for reforms would not come more quickly from Paris that from Brussels.

The political situation in Belgium is full of interest to the student of affairs who is not entirely obsessed by the business—not always as important as it seems—of the Great Powers. The new Cabinet consists very largely of second-rate men, though one or two personalities, such as M. Helleputte and Baron Descamps, stand out in some relief against the mediocrity of their colleagues. M. Helleputte, who now holds the portfolio of Railways, represents the so-called "Jeune Droite," or Dissentient Tory Democrats, whose secession from the Clericals on the questions of the mining law, the Antwerp fortifications, and the Congo—especially the Congo—brought about the fall of M. de Smet de Nayer. It was he who organised the floating discontent of the Independent and Liberal Clericals with the Clerico-Democratic League. Baron Descamps is, of course, the eminent jurist who divides, with Heer Asser, of The Hague, and Professor Martens, of St. Petersburg, the primacy among authorities on International Law. Why he did not take the Ministry of Foreign Affairs instead of that of Education, Science, and the Fine Arts, is one of those mysteries of Cabinet-making which no fellow can understand, more especially as the new Foreign Minister, M. Davignon, is quite unknown. All the Ministers are, however, instruments in more powerful hands. They are a Cabinet of marionettes, the strings of which are pulled from outside.

The real arbiters of the political situation in Belgium are M. Woeste, the Clerical leader, and M. Beernaert, formerly an Independent Clerical, but now—"*malgré mes vieilles jambes*," as he once said to me—the real chief of the Young Right. For the moment these two men are allies, but their personal rivalry is as keen as ever. They are not even on speaking terms, and I was told the other day that in a great case now before the Court of Cassation, in which they are both retained, together with the *avocat du roi*, Senator Wiener, on the same side, they communicate with one another through the good offices of their third colleague. In manner and appearance they form a striking contrast. M. Woeste is spare, upright, sharp-featured, acid, foxy and abrupt; M. Beernaert is stout, double-chinned, a trifle ungainly, but very good-humoured, genial, and apparently frank. Both have held power, but M. Woeste has not been a minister since the early eighties. M. Beernaert was Premier for ten years, from 1884 to 1894. M. Woeste is austerely honest and fanatically religious. The man-in-the-street talks of him as the *Eminence Verte*, a nickname which suits him admirably. He has the courage of his opinions, and during the Boer War he was the only eminent Belgian who stood up publicly on the side of Great Britain. Whether M. Beernaert is as ingenuous as he seems is questioned. One of his own friends said to me, "Woeste is a Benedictine, but Beernaert is a Jesuit!" They are, however, both statesmen of great ability, and very astute Parliamentary hands. On a larger stage they would have made real history.

Among the younger Party leaders the most interesting are unquestionably M. Paul Hymans, now virtually the chief of the Liberal Party, and M. Vandervelde, the president of the small Socialist group in the Chamber. They also constitute an interesting contrast. Hymans has the appearance of an Anglo-Saxon, with his fair hair and fair moustache and his loosely knit figure; Vandervelde is meridional—alert, springy, and vivacious—dark hair, high colour, and brilliant eyes. Hymans is phlegmatic; Vandervelde easily boils over with excitement. The one is constitutional and patriotic; the other revolutionary and cosmopolitan. Both, however, are Anglophile. M. Vandervelde is not only a politician, but he is also an economic writer of the highest rank. His great work on "Rural Depopulation" is a classic, or, at any rate, deserves to be one.



THE DUKE JOHANN ALBRECHT OF MECKLENBURG

Who has just been appointed Regent of Brunswick in succession to Prince Albert of Prussia, who died last year, is brother of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. It will be remembered that the Duke of Cumberland, who is heir to the Duchy of Brunswick, is excluded from succession owing to his refusal to renounce his claim to the throne of Hanover. Photo by Heuschkel.



THE LATE MR. F. GOUGH

Who had charge of all the arrangements connected with the stay in London of the Colonial Premiers, with whom he was very popular. He had been in the Government service for nearly forty years. Photo by Russell and Sons.



A most cordial welcome was extended to the Professors of London University, with their wives, who went to Paris last week to return the visit paid by the Professors of the University of Paris to London last year. The fêtes began with a reception at the Sorbonne, when M. Briand, Minister of Public Instruction, made a most eloquent speech of welcome, the company repairing afterwards to the Hôtel de Ville, where they were entertained to luncheon by the Paris municipality. A reception at the British Embassy and another at the Élysée were among the functions in honour of the visitors.

LONDON UNIVERSITY IN PARIS: THE RECEPTION AT THE SORBONNE

Written by H. W. LUCY

This Week's Parliament

Sketches by RALPH CLEAVER

The Political Crisis

Among the strangers in the House of Commons on Monday afternoon was the American Ambassador, who held a long conversation with Earl Carrington, probably on other subjects than that of Small Holdings. He had come down, like many others, in anticipation of an important statement from the Premier on the political crisis. The Irish Council Bill, a deliberate and painstaking effort to conciliate national opinion in Ireland, had been contemptuously rejected. What would Ministers say and do? In ordinary weeks, attendance on Monday is slack. Members who have been week-ending in the country are inclined to extend their holiday at least up to the dinner hour. Last Monday every bench on both sides was thronged. Notable absentees were the bulk of the Irish Party. Mr. Redmond sat almost alone in his corner seat. But the deserted camp was speedily filled by British members, and no break presented itself in the continuity of the throng.

The group of questions addressed to the Premier were placed, as usual, near the end of the long list. They referred to other subjects besides the Irish Bill. Members wanted to know generally about the ordered business of the Session. The first question put had reference to the Irish Bill. "There are," "C.-B." casually remarked, "several questions relating to various Government Bills. I would ask that they should all be put off for a week, when I can answer them more fully."

For a moment the crowded house sat in silent surprise. The unexpected habitually happens in the House of Commons, but no one under the heaviest attack of prancing nightmare looked for such a reply. A week save one day had elapsed since the National Convention, meeting in Dublin, had rejected Mr. Birrell's Bill. The House met last Thursday after the recess, and Ministers had been within hail of a summons to a Cabinet Council. None had been publicly recorded, but it was incredible that opportunity should not have been seized to talk over the altered condition of affairs. If the Premier had pleaded the dislocation of means of communication consequent on the holidays, had hinted at a Cabinet Council on Tuesday morning, and promised a statement at the meeting of the House on that day, or even on Wednesday, no protest would have been entered, though the procedure would have been regarded as dilatory. To put the affair off for a whole week passed all understanding. The silence was



The American Ambassador—a frequent visitor to the House of Commons—accompanied by Lord Carrington.

broken by a burst of ironical cheers from the Opposition, which found no response from the Ministerialists, equally puzzled and disappointed.

Mr. Balfour still tarrying on his way to the House, Mr. Walter Long, who now habitually acts as his deputy during temporary absence, urged that if the Premier found it more convenient to postpone a statement with respect to other Government measures, he might at least satisfy public curiosity in the matter of the next move with respect to the Irish Bill. "It is an invidious thing to pick and choose," replied the jocund Premier. The little joke had an accustomed measure of success. The subject dropped, but it left behind it a feeling of mystification.

Evidently there was something in the wind. Two solutions suggested themselves to anxious inquirers. One was that, in spite of their rude rebuff, the Government contemplated carrying on the Bill. This being dismissed as too preposterous even for His Majesty's Ministers, it was suggested that difficulties had arisen with Sir Antony MacDonnell, and that the week would be utilised to overcome his alleged disposition to resign his post at the Irish Office.

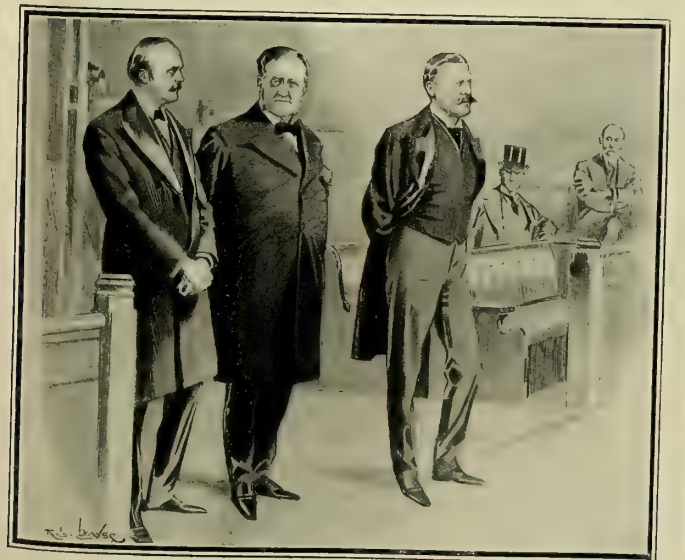
There was still another disappointment in store. The English Small Holdings Bill was put down as the business of the sitting. The Bill was in charge of Mr. Harcourt, and expectation was pitched high in view of his first big job as a Cabinet Minister. It was naturally expected that, as soon as Questions were over, he would find his opportunity. A bit of manœuvring by the wily Whip displaced him. The Report stage of certain financial resolutions connected with the Scotch Small Landholders Bill was threatened with obstruction. The eleven o'clock rule was suspended on the specific ground of passing the first reading of Mr. Harcourt's Bill before the sitting had closed. The opponents of the Scotch Bill might be counted upon to achieve the easy task of talking about the English Bill till eleven o'clock, when no fresh business might be entered upon. The Scotch Bill was accordingly put in the forefront, and it was twenty minutes past six before, with the assistance of the closure, it was got rid of. These were disheartening circumstances for the young Minister. But they added to the triumph of his achievement.

Mr. Chaplin had a very hearty reception on taking his seat after his return for Wimbledon. He presented himself on Tuesday under depressing circumstances as far as attendance went. Members, chilled by the disappointment of Monday, with singularly wide unanimity abstained from putting in an appearance. But the few succeeded in raising a hearty cheer, in which all sections of party joined, a gratifying tribute to personal popularity and unimpeachable political honesty.

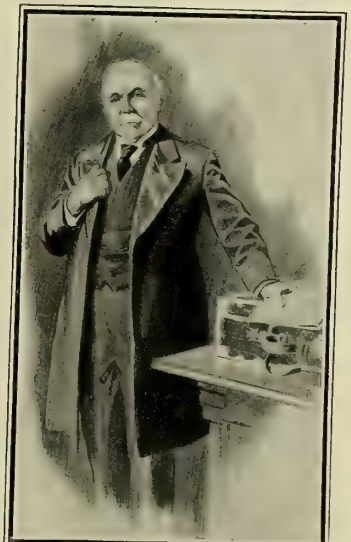
A picture of great interest alike to frequenters of the Thames, Thames oarsmen, and followers of rowing generally, is now on view at Messrs. Dickinson's galleries in New Bond Street. It is a large canvas showing the enclosure of the Leander Club at Henley alive with figures well known in the rowing world. There are nearly 250 figures, each a portrait which may be at once recognised, for the likenesses are excellent. The engraving to be made from the painting should become very popular.

The Paris Salon pictures, "Mi-Carême," by Chocarne Moreau, and "The Dawn of Day," by A. Matignon, reproduced in last week's GRAPHIC, are copyright, the former by Chocarne Moreau and the latter by Arnot.

The portrait of Captain Ronald Greville which we published last week was from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.



Mr. H. Chaplin, the new member for Wimbledon, awaiting his introduction to the House by Mr. Balfour and Sir A. Acland-Hood.



The Prime Minister announcing the postponement of the Government's decision with regard to Mr. Birrell's Bill.



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

An interesting experiment in the direction of mounting troops has lately been made in British North Borneo. In portions of this country where there are no roads, and where the tracks are too soft for the use of ponies, the police have been mounted on buffaloes. This has been done at the suggestion of Major Harington, Commandant of the British North Borneo forces. A large number of his troops have been supplied in this way, with satisfactory results. This is the first time local troops or police have been so mounted in any part of the British Empire.

The Buffalo Brigade: A Novel Method of Mounting Troops in British North Borneo



RIVETING IN MID-AIR



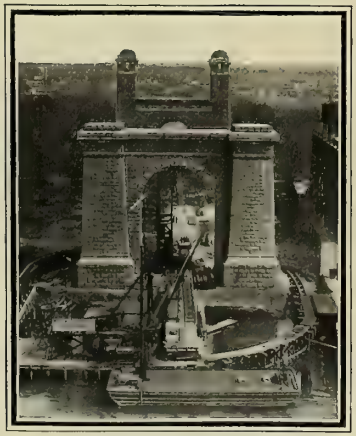
THE GREAT MIDDLE SPAN



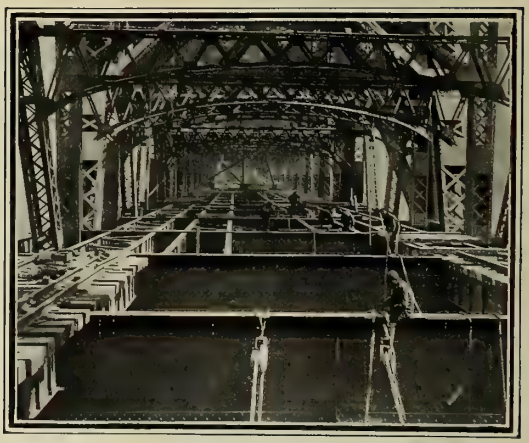
FIXING A GIRDER



PERILOUS WORK



SOME OF THE MASONRY



A VISTA OF STEEL-WORK

New York's great new bridge, now being built over the East River, and stretching high across Blackwell's Island, between Manhattan and Long Island City, will have cost, when it is completed two or three years hence nearly £4,000,000. Fifty thousand tons of steel will have gone to the making of it. Londoners complained of the £600,000 spent on the new Vauxhall Bridge, and of the time (seven years) the builders occupied on its construction. But New York does not murmur either at the cost of its new bridge, or at the time it will be in the building, nine or ten years. It will be nearly a mile and a half long, including the shore approaches, which are very lengthy. There will be two shore spans, two river spans, and a middle span, over Blackwell's Island. Vessels will have 138 feet of headroom under the bridge. The steel superstructure will rest on five masonry piers. It will be a two-decked bridge, with four trolley tracks and a roadway on the first story, and two railway tracks and two footwalks on the second story, and the total breadth of roadway will be 88 feet.

Fifty Thousand Tons of Steel: Building the Great New Bridge over the East River, New York

CLUB COMMENTS

By 'MARMADUKE'

We are all ladies and gentlemen now—but the "ladies" and "gentlemen" themselves! The ordinary men and women of the time in England are far better educated, read, behaved, and dressed than were even their immediate predecessors, and this general improvement in those directions makes clearer than ever before the failings of the members of the "upper class," who formerly monopolised the labels "lady" and "gentleman." Moreover, "Society" in England now is not composed of those who were bound together by relationship, interests, traditions, and the claim to inherited superiority, and were subject to a complication of restraints; it is mostly composed of individuals who are prepared to live extravagantly to attract the attention of each other, or of the public.

Formerly the labels "lady" and "gentleman" were not supposed to be attached to any but those who had inherited the privilege, and they, generally, were in sufficiently good circumstances to receive an exceptional education, and to maintain themselves according to the requirements of the condition. Besides, there was what amounted to a class union, and an unfortunate or improvident member of this was, generally, re-established by the State, his family, or friends, in suitable circumstances—if only in the interests of the class itself, which would have been depreciated in the eyes of the public by the unbecoming downfall of a "lady" or "gentleman." Those conditions have been altogether altered. Modern legislation and developments in this country have almost entirely removed the advantages formerly possessed by this class union. Moreover, there are now several hundred thousand English men and women who have received an education which is far superior to that which all but a very few received before our time, and most of them are able to maintain themselves suitably.

The altered circumstances throughout the community cause a bold contrast between those who are "ladies" or "gentlemen" by inheritance and those who are the one or the other through the developments that have been described. Many of the former, who are much at the front, and their extravagant associates — the combination which is generally supposed to be "Society" —are deficient in education and intelligence, are self-sufficient, arrogant, selfish, and, in their craze for display and publicity, do many things which are altogether inconsistent with the labels of "lady" and "gentleman," which they attach to themselves respectively. On the other hand, in the suburbs of London and in the provinces are hundreds of thousands of educated, intelligent, experienced, refined, and restrained men and women who prove by their characteristics and conduct that the theory of heredity in this direction requires reconsideration.

These material circumstances are obvious: (*a*) the collapse of the class-union system, which reserved the labels "lady" and "gentleman" for its own members; (*b*) the production of a new "Society" composed mainly of those who are prepared to be extravagant; and (*c*) the creation of a new "lady" and "gentleman," totally irrespective of inheritance, who have the qualities and attainments of the condition.

Our Portraits

The late Lord Young, who was eighty-eight, and was at work as recently as 1905, with powers still pre-eminent on the Bench, was one of Scotland's greatest lawyers. He was called to the Bar in 1840. He sat in Parliament during the second Derby Administration, having been elected (as a Liberal) for the Wigtown Burghs, which he represented for ten years. In 1862 he was made Solicitor-General in Lord Palmerston's Government, and again in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry of 1868. As a judge he was as plain spoken as the great plain-spoken judges of a former day, and had a mordant and ever-ready wit.

The late Right Hon. G. H. Finch, M.P. for Rutland and "Father of the House of Commons," was seventy-two, and had sat for Rutland continuously for forty years. He had held the seat unopposed for nearly twenty years, from 1886 till the last election, when Mr. H. Pearson contested the seat.

The late Mr. Michael F. Dunn, who lost his life in a boating accident, which also cost the life of his nephew, at Kingsend, was one of the most popular members of the Irish Bar. Boating was one of his hobbies, and he held a master mariner's certificate. He was well known as a foremost worker in the temperance movement in Ireland.

General Sir George Digby Barker, K.C.B., who presided at the Lucknow Jubilee Dinner the other night, will head the body of Mutiny veterans which will attend the Levée on Monday. When Havelock's and Outram's relieving force arrived at the besieged city he was the first to get into the Residency, a manœuvre he accomplished by crawling under Outram's horse.



THE TEMPLE IN 1722, FROM AN OLD PRINT

The Making of a Cricket Bat

The whole of the countryside near a bat factory is denuded of good willow-trees, and at all seasons of the year buyers are prowling about the country, sometimes over a hundred miles from their depot, purchasing standing trees, which are afterwards cut down at the proper season of the year and sent to the sawmills. At Elmswell, in Suffolk, one can follow with interest the many stages through which the willow-tree passes from the time it arrives at the sawmills until it is eventually ready for use. At the season when the sap is down from the trees, the timber-yard is busy receiving its stock of willow-trees, which will remain exposed to the open air for a first course of seasoning, very often for a period of some years. As their turn arrives, the foreman will select the particular trees which are ready to be converted into clefts, and will mark them for cutting into lengths suitable for bat blades.

After the proper lengths have been cut, the woodmen remove the bark, and the round logs are then taken into the sawmills and are split with axe and wooden mallet down the grain. The rough clefts are again stored for a period for further seasoning. As their turn arrives and the manager considers they have successfully passed through their second seasoning, they are taken to a workshop, where men are engaged in roughly chipping out the shape of the blade with axes. When the rough blades have been fashioned out they are stored for a period to season again.

From the particular factory where our photographs were taken the fashioned clefts are despatched to the London works, where, with a drawing knife, a large two handled blade, the workmen reduce the rough clefts to the exact shape the blade will assume when finished, and these are handed on to the splice-cutter, who, with a machine band-saw, cuts out the V-shape splice, ready to receive the handle. The building of a cricket bat handle is in itself a careful and somewhat tedious process. A good bat handle will consist of sixteen canes, and in the first process the workers will draw two flat sides of the round canes, and four of them will be securely glued together, forming a cane board, to be seen in our illustration, in which the worker is again drawing with his knife a flat side on one of these boards. The four boards, having been similarly treated, are glued together, forming a cumbersome handle consisting of a square of sixteen canes. It is then shaped to fit into the splice cut in the blade, and the two parts are securely fixed together. The handle is then reduced with drawing knives to about the size that will be required, and the now perfectly formed bat is handed over to the finishers to be straightened and smoothed with spokeshaves. There then only remains the stringing, which is done by men, who place the bat in a lathe so that it can revolve while they hold the string, an operation which is performed with remarkable speed. We are indebted to Messrs. George Bussey and Co., Ltd., for the opportunity of securing our illustrations at their works at Elmswell and Peckham



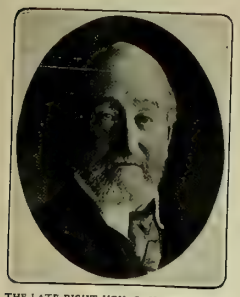
MAJOR HOLFORD'S ORCHIDS WHICH WON THE VEITCHIAN GOLD CUP



A SNAP-SHOT AMONG THE VISITORS

The Temple Flower Show, which annually turns the grounds of the Inner Temple into a garden of delight and a centre of fashion, was this year more brilliant than ever. Never were such orchids as those for which Major Holford, the King's Equerry, won the Veitchian Gold Cup for the best exhibit seen at the show. The roses have never been rarer, and the pansies, sweet-peas, dahlias, fuchsias, anemones, peonies, the ferns, shrubs, trees, the peaches, nectarines, strawberries and cherries did equal credit to Mother Earth and their growers.

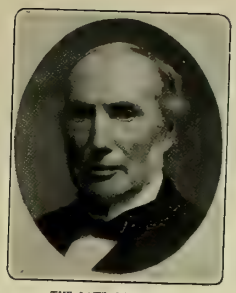
FASHION AND FLOWERS IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS



THE LATE RIGHT HON. G. H. FINCH, M.P.
"Father of the House of Commons."
Photo by Elliott and Fry.



THE LATE MR. MICHAEL DUNN, K.C.
Drowned in a boating accident.
Photo by Lafayette.



THE LATE LORD YOUNG
Great Scottish Judge.
Photo by Elliott and Fry.



GENERAL SIR G. D. BARKER, K.C.B.
Chairman of the Lucknow Dinner.
Photo by Maull and Fox.

THE BYSTANDER

"*Stand by.*"—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

It was pleasant to see a graceful allusion and testimony to the extraordinary power and versatility of Mortimer Collins in one of the papers the other day, and I am glad to find in these days of shoddy literature, pinchbeck verse and reporterial rot he is not absolutely forgotten. If he had stooped to the elaborate arrangements of self-advertisement, if he had had the commercial spirit to engineer the various methods of booming, he would be better known and more widely appreciated than he is in the present day. He was one of the very few writers whose prose and verse are equally good. There are many writers who attempt to excel in both departments, and when you read them in prose you say "Ah! why didn't he write this in verse?" and when you peruse their poetry you say "What a pity he didn't treat the subject in prose!" But with Mortimer Collins each kind of literature seemed to be equally at his command. He has been called by a well-known modern writer "most musical Mortimer," and this applies as well to his prose as to his poetry. There is a freshness, a spontaneity, about most of his lyrics, many being hastily dashed off in a newspaper office, that may well be envied by more modern singers.

A propos of this matter I may recall some delightful verses by the poet alluded to—for he was a poet and something more than a graceful writer of *vers de société*—which appeared in an early number of THE GRAPHIC. I am inclined to think it was on the occasion of the fire at the Star and Garter at Richmond a good many years ago. Possibly with the facility of communication to more distant places this hostelry does not command the exclusive patronage that it did in the past; but on a fine summer's evening it is certainly hard to beat, and we all of us have a panorama of pleasant recollections connected with the well-known hostelry on Richmond Hill. Some one once sang:—

> Ah! how gladly each over-danced martyr
> Will give up her "afternoon Park,"
> To dine at the dear Star and Garter,
> And snugly drive home in the dark.

When I come to think of it, I have had a good many pleasant drives home from this charming retreat at one time and another, for I have known it from my youth up. If you went back by rail it was a commonplace and bustling proceeding: it was a prosaic ending to a poetical evening. But the drive to town in congenial society completed the charm of an altogether good time. The drive home was, however, not invariably pleasant, as one may learn from the pages of "Pendennis," when Mr. Harry Fokes drove back with Miss Rougemont, Mlle. Coralie, Madame Brack, Miss Pinckney and others after his famous banquet. My first recollection of this hotel was when it was under the management of, I think, Mr. Ellis. At one time King Louis Philippe stopped here for a while, and my early impression of the place is a picture by the late Jerry Barrett, which used to hang on one of the landings, representing the reception of the deposed monarch at the hotel. But why tell us all this now, you will ask. Why? Because the Star and Garter is offered for sale, and the changes in such historic mansions, so full of varied associations, are always interesting.

What a terrible age of change and disestablishment this is! When I first obtained my Foreign Office Passport as a youth, never mind how many years ago, I imagined it was to last my lifetime; and now I see, according to the latest regulations on the subject, such a certificate must be renewed every five years. But perhaps this is as well. My old passport, with its worn and shabby case and accompanying book, is so signed and countersigned, so stamped and docketed, so be-scribbled and obscured, that there is scarce space enough left for another signature or inscription. And when I want to go abroad again it will undoubtedly be necessary for me to obtain a new document. As I gaze upon this shabby, creased, elaborately inscribed paper, what a chronicle of good old times does it give me! Of early sketching days in Brittany of mountain-climbing in Switzerland, of delightful sojournings in out-of-the-way places in Holland, of grayling fishing in the Black Forest, of dreamy hours on the Italian lakes, of careless, irresponsible days in the Quartier Latin in Paris, and a thousand other pleasant recollections! All these I can recall when I gaze on my old Foreign Office Passport.

The Amateur Golf Championship

By A. J. ROBERTSON

The principal golf tournament of the year is being played this week at St. Andrews. When the competition was started twenty-one years ago at Hoylake the number of competitors who entered in the hope of being able to win the coveted honour of holding the title of Amateur Champion for the year was relatively small. In those early years golf had not become the extremely popular and fashionable pastime it is to-day. Its practice was confined to a few well-defined districts in England, such as Hoylake, Westward Ho! Wimbledon, Blackheath, Seaton Carew, and some other suitable areas in the neighbourhood of our large and prosperous cities. At that time the predominance of Scotland in all matters connected with the playing and regulation of golf was unquestioned, and it was not until nearly ten years later that the general and widespread interest in the game was shown all over England, leading in a brief interval of time to the multiplication of golf clubs by hundreds. As the number of golfers was relatively limited at the institution of the Amateur Championship in 1886, it was in conformity with the restricted knowledge of the game that the number of entries should be few. Since that time, however, the number of clubs have multiplied to such a degree, and the general standard of play has been so much improved both in Scotland and England, that each recurring championship has shown a very large increase in the number of players entering the competition. When the championship was played at Hoylake last year there were 166 entries, but for the gathering that is being held this week at St. Andrews that number has been increased to 200 players. The result is that whereas formerly the play in the Amateur Championship could be finished with comparative ease in a couple of days, the decision of the various heats in the tournament now means the devotion of a solid week's golf before the final is decided. Another marked feature in connection with the annual play in the Amateur Championship is the desire shown by American and Colonial golfers to take a share in the struggle. The fact that Mr. W. Travis, a brilliant American amateur, carried off the championship a couple of years ago at Sandwich, has doubtless whetted the desire of other young and aspiring Americans to share in the honour of proving to our home-bred talent that our kith and kin beyond the seas are quite the equals, if not the superiors, of our best trained golfers at home. This year, therefore, there are six American golfers included in the draw, among them being Mr. E. M. Byers, the American Amateur champion, Mr. W. C. Carnegie, a relative of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the millionaire, and Mr. F. Roosevelt.

One of the suggestions that might be hazarded to explain the large gathering of amateurs at St. Andrews this year is the perennial attraction of the old and historic "grey city by the sea," combined with the unfailing interest in the high quality of the golf to be enjoyed on its links. Every golfer who plays the game reasonably well feels it to be an incumbent duty upon him to pay at least one visit to St. Andrews, and to be able to say that he has teed his ball within earshot of the murmuring estuary of the Tay and the Eden. It may be truly said that from time immemorial golf has been not only the amusement, but the industry upon which the growing prosperity of St. Andrews has depended. The links, which are under the joint control of the Town Council and the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, are in the shape of a shepherd's crook; and on this fine strip of beautiful undulating turf, mingled with sand dunes and bent, there are eighteen holes laid out as a golf course capable of putting the best golfing skill to the highest test. The length of the holes is so varied, the turf so diverse in its undulations, and the bunkers placed with such delicate judgment to entrap defective play, that no golfing visitor to St. Andrews can either hope to return a good score or to play a satisfactory match against an opponent unless his game is of a relatively high quality. Apart from its fine golf links, there is much in the historic monuments of the old town to interest the golfing visitor who finds himself at St. Andrews for the first time. The city itself dates from the eighth century, and it was in the thick of all the religious strife during the Reformation period. The Cathedral dates back to the thirteenth century, and the Castle much earlier; while the three Colleges which constitute the University take the student of history back to the dark days at the beginning of the fifteenth century.



Our illustration shows the Queen of Beauty in the pageant "Ye Tournament in Ye Olden Days," at the Royal Naval and Military Tournament. Photo by Gale and Polden.

QUEEN OF THE TOURNAMENT



1. Unloading willow logs for bat-making at Elmswell, Suffolk. 2. Cutting the logs into lengths. 3. "Barking" the willow logs. 4. Bats in embryo: cleaving the logs. 5. The next stage. 6. More like a bat: rough-cutting the blade. 7. Cutting the splice. 8. Shaving the cane. 9. Fitting the rough handle. 10. Finishing the blade. 11. Stringing the handle.

Wielding the Willow Tree: How Cricket Bats are Made

From Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.



"Malcontents"

FROM THE PICTURE BY BERNARD F. GRIBBLE, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY



THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: FAMOUS LINKS AND FAMOUS PLAYERS



THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: FAMOUS LINKS AND FAMOUS PLAYERS

A TROPHY OF WAR

Written by SIDNEY PICKERING — PART I — Illustrated by W. H. MARGETSON



"Marcel Rey found himself staring across the table at the fair-haired girl who . . . held her wine-glass high. She spoke . . . 'Signore and Signori, I give you a health. Long live those other heroes, the dead of the Capuan Gate!'"

I

THE guns that swept the long, straight stretch of the Capuan Road had all been silenced, their gunners having failed to weather a whirlwind of Chasseurs à Cheval. The dead lay very thick upon the causeway, thicker still in the orchards and market-gardens on either side of it. The way was free. Steadily rank after rank of French infantry swung into the Piazza—and halted.

Then, from the old grim towers of the Capuan Gate, from every window, loophole, terrace, and parapet of the tall, flat-roofed houses, a leaden hail beat down upon them. There was no need of the sinister appeal of the tocsin, that "Death to the French!" clamoured by all the belfries of the city, echoed by village churches far away along the coast. The defenders, fisher-folk, beggars, freed galley slaves—Naples' lowest and bravest sons—were drunk with blood and victory. What was it to them if, up at Fort St. Elmo, Dukes and Princes, amateurs of liberty à la Française, or terrified for their own skins and palaces, were plotting to turn the guns upon their own city and its tatterdemalion volunteer army? Little they cared that the bigwigs, the "Capezzoni," were holding out a treacherous welcoming hand to the foreign invader! Those flagstones down there were wet already with French blood. Twice already an attacking force had fought its way into that shot-deluged Piazza, only to see its Commanding Officer fall wounded, and hear the word given to retreat. Smoke-darkened, the blessed winter twilight was drawing in. A little patience—a few more volleys! And they would swarm down and harass the retreating foe, finish the wounded, and plunder the dead.

Beneath, in the death-trap between the house-fronts, the French were firing at windows far above them, and dropping where they stood.

Some Grenadiers, pressing round their Commander, called to him:

"Withdraw, mon Général, withdraw. We will not budge; but what will happen to us if to-day we lose all our leaders?"

"Three is a lucky number," answered the General, smiling. "Sapeurs, smash the doors down!"

Captain Marcel Rey, the General's aide-de-camp, put little faith in his chief's gay assurance. Had not both Monnier and Ordonneau been carried back desperately wounded? Now it would be the turn of *his* General, who was also the best friend he had. He would see him fall, picked off from those accursed house-tops, and then would come the shame of a third retreat! His anxious eyes, searching a street opening, caught sight of a huge pile of pine planks. A fierce joy thrilled him. Ah, they should burn, those big matches! He pointed them out to the General.

By the time the doors crashed in under the Sapeurs' hatchets the pile had been torn asunder, and the planks were ready. Desperate valour thrust them into passages and under stairways, heaped them high, and set them burning. A thin smoke drifted outwards, grew denser. A sinister change came over the houses as the light within them sprang upwards from story to story, lit window after window, sent red gleams over stone and stucco.

And now the defenders must face, not the assault upon narrow stairs down which they could pour a murderous fire, but death by suffocation, or death by burning, or death on the bayonets whose glittering circle closed in round smoke and flame. A great glare filled the Piazza, and shone far over Naples and fought the gathering night. Long before it sank to "a light low" the massacre had ended. The Capuan Gate was won.

II

It seemed to Captain Marcel Rey that something in the nature of a veil was withdrawn from his mental vision, so that his perceptions,

MISS ELLEN TERRY,

WHOSE AUTOBIOGRAPHY COMMENCES IN NEXT WEEK'S "M.A.P."



Copyright Photo] [*Lallie Charles.*

EVERYBODY will be delighted to hear that Miss Ellen Terry has just completed her autobiography, and that its publication in serial form commences in next week's *M.A.P.*

"The Story of My Life," as her reminiscences are entitled, is a story of absorbing interest. It will rank as one of the most important biographical works of recent years. It is at once the story of the astonishing career of the greatest of actresses, the story of the stage for the last fifty years, and the story of a woman whose friends are as the stars in number, who has held enthralled the hearts of all who have known or seen her by her beauty and by her charm.

"The actress is great, but the woman is greater than the actress," a famous critic once wrote, "and in the final analysis of Miss Terry's acting, it will be found that her enchantment is that of a unique personality."

And this personality breathes through every line of the autobiography. "To read it is to hear her speak and see her smile," said a friend who has been privileged to see the manuscript. Just as she charms when she appears in public or in private, so does she charm through her pen. As a brilliant writer, an incomparable story-teller, Ellen Terry is now to shine in a new part.

"For years," she confesses, "I have contemplated telling this story, and for years I have put off telling it. When it was suggested to me that I ought to write down my recollections in the year of my Jubilee, all the difficulties of the undertaking began to frighten me. I could not deny that I had had an eventful life, packed full of incident, and that by the road I had met many distinguished and interesting men and women. I could not deny that I had been fifty years on the stage, and that this meant enough material for fifty books."

So, appalled at the task, but inspired by the knowledge that her story would be warmly welcomed by the great public that had proved so loyal to her through fifty years, she began to write of her eventful life.

"What is the first thing I remember?" she asked herself, and began with that—a picture of herself as a baby in a Glasgow attic asleep on the floor, clinging all night to her father's hand. And then the rest of the story flowed from her pen: the recollection of her first appearance on the stage as a little girl of eight, in the year 1856—the history of her famous brother and sisters, Kate, Marion, and Fred—of her associations with the Keans and Henry Irving—and of those parts with which her name will ever be associated—her triumphs as Ophelia, as Portia, as Beatrice, and as the Margaret of Goethe's *Faust*. . . .

Our readers will be well advised on no account to miss the opening chapters of Ellen Terry's "Story of My Life," appearing in next week's *M.A.P.*

(*Continued from page* 816)

under a sudden stimulus, grew keen and alert once more. For a time they had refused to act, exhausted by impressions too vivid and too rapidly succeeding.

The desperate fighting at the Capuan Gate; the wrathful, reluctant withdrawal, in obedience to a Commander-in-Chief as over-cautious as he had hitherto been over-rash; the re-entry next day, through the blackened gateway, past wrecked and burnt-out houses, and then the hard winning of the city, quarter by quarter, street by street, the stamping out in blood of the last splendid flare of the Lazzeroni's ferocious, hopeless, gallant resistance. Ah, those deadly streets, those black passages, and twisting viccoli, and flights of steps, where above the *mêlée* many coloured rags hung flauntingly, like battered standards, and where too often among the enemy's heaped-up dead one saw no uniform save—rags! By daylight 'la bella Napoli' was grim and hideous enough, but to-night a hundred times more terrible, since no merciful darkness had covered her dead, and lights innumerable shone on the patches of blood that had not yet had time to dry. She, the newly vanquished, had illuminated in honour of her conquerors.

Key knew something of the fears and hatreds that held sway in this mad topsy-turvy city, driving her upper classes to welcome a capitulation, and her mob—wearing the red cap of liberty—to die for a runaway King. Yet he had never foreseen the reality. He had never imagined that but a few hours after the battle ended, he, Marcel Rey, entering the theatre of San Carlo with a crowd of officers behind the Commander-in-Chief, would see the whole brilliant, aristocratic, gala-night audience rise suddenly, waving, clapping and cheering. With the thunder of that ovation still in his ears, he had sat like one in a dream beside his friends, Broussel and Picquet, listening to Cimarosa's music and feasting his eyes on Naples' loveliest women. Still in a dream he had accepted an invitation to supper from Baron Luca d'Arci, a Neapolitan whom Picquet had known in Rome the year before.

And now at last something had roused him from his torpor. Not the wine, not the attentions of his charming neighbours, but a picture, the half-length portrait of a lady, hanging on the wall opposite him.

She was superbly beautiful, this paint and canvas woman, at sight of whom his blood stirred. She sat leaning a little forward, her hands resting on the arms of a gilded chair, her eyes intently watching him. Her hair was golden as some wines are golden, her flesh tints brilliantly fair, her figure "goddess-like for to behold." Her splendid colouring shone out gloriously against a neutral background and a magpie dress of white satin, slashed and barred with black.

Here was no beautiful imagination, no painter's ideal, but a most individual woman, face and figure instinct with a singular unity and intensity of expression. The shoulders shrinking a little to one side, the full, round throat and small, proud head bending slightly forward, the beautiful hands grasping the carved chair-arms, told the same story as the close-shut red lips, the defiant, waiting, expectant eyes.

What was that story? Marcel Rey asked himself. What intense tragic moment had left so deep a trace upon this woman that a great painter could so read her secret soul, and so reveal it?

The stiffly magnificent dress, cut square on the bosom and rising to a high point lace collar, belonged to the Late Renaissance, the sixteenth century. That was a time when strange wild fortunes might befall the most high-born, closely guarded women. Perhaps this great lady, sitting one day alone in her deserted palace, had heard the feet of a conqueror come echoing up the stairs. Ah, happy conqueror! Why did no such glorious women live and love and hate in these degenerate days? But were there none such? Might there not exist some great-granddaughter, degenerate, no doubt, but perpetuating, however imperfectly, her ancestress's immortal charm? Eagerly he looked about him, and pretty faces, dark-skinned for the most part, mocked his impatience. The handsomest woman by far was his hostess, Donna Leonilda, and she was black-browed and black-haired, a mere typical southern Italian.

Once, indeed, he felt as one feels who, after looking right and left for a thing, finds it close under his hand. Directly beneath the portrait a fair head, filleted *à la Grecque*, shone out between two men's heads. A fruit stand blocked his vision. He moved it aside only to experience keen disappointment. He was gazing at a young girl, a callow creature, slender and undeveloped, whose blonde hair had no glowing tawny tints in it, and whose finely grained skin was like white wax. Her eyes he could not judge, since she kept them modestly fixed on the tablecloth. She was a mere fledgling, fresh hatched from the conventual egg, who one day might put on pretty bright feathers, but who never by any miracle could become a glorious man-enslaving woman.

That strange never-to-be-forgotten evening was destined to end strangely. There came a hushed, expectant moment when even Picquet's gay chatter, which had made up for Broussel's lack of polish and Rey's absent-minded monosyllables, was suddenly checked.

Baron Paola d'Arci had risen to propose a health. He was a young man, slightly built and boyish-looking. Pale to the lips, he spoke in a low, clear voice: "My friends, let us drink to the death of a tyranny, and the birth of a new republic!"

All the emotion of terrible hours and days found vent in the men's clamour, and the women's laughter and tears. Their wild excitement swept the Frenchmen with it, and Picquet eloquently toasted "*la plus jeune et la plus belle des républiques!*"

No sinister prevision whispered to these ardent optimists that the youngest of the republics might be short-lived, and falling, defeated and forsaken, drag them with her into the shadow of death.

They were all eagerness and impatience to drink another toast, and acclaim "that band of heroes, the French Republican Army."

But before Broussel could open his lips in answer, the applause died down abruptly, and Marcel Rey found himself staring across the table at the fair-haired girl who, standing slender and whiteclad in the full light of the great chandelier, held her wine-glass high as she had seen her brother hold his. She spoke, and on that amazed silence every word told: "Signore and Signori, I give you a health. Long live those other heroes, the dead of the Capuan Gate!"

The amazement deepened to shocked confusion. Broussel was gaping, Picquet could find but one word, and that a wholly inappropriate one.

Marcel Rey, aware of all this, though his eyes never left the girl's blanched face or ceased to meet a glance as steady as his own, caught up his glass. His voice rang out as though he were giving the word to charge: "Long live all the brave dead!"

The emptied glass snapped between his fingers. He bowed to the girl and sat down.

Round the table passed a low tense murmur: "*Brava!*" But it was for Palma d'Arci rather than for the Frenchman. A new passion had flared up in these men and women. They remembered that they were Neapolitans, and remembered nothing else.

When Marcel Rey at last reached his quarters and threw himself half-dressed upon the bed, his brain's last visions before sleep clouded it, were of a golden-haired, swan-necked woman who smiled divinely on him, and a wan girl ghost with implacable eyes.

III

As everyone knows, the Parthenopean Republic, which shot up in those January days of 1799, blossomed all through the spring, forced on by a hothouse atmosphere fragrant with admirable theories, and fenced in by French bayonets. What had lately been the army of Rome was now the army of Naples, well pleased to billet its officers in palaces, and accept whatever a sumptuous city offered it, after the hardships endured in getting there.

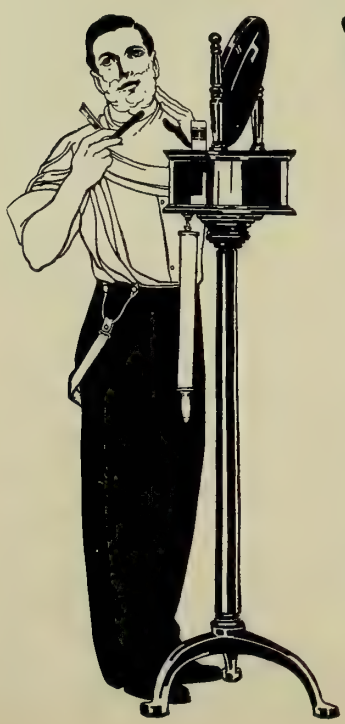
Marcel Rey, who was not only handsome but well bred, and had made a good impression at the d'Arci supper-party, was given the *entrée* of many aristocratic *salons*, where great ladies made him welcome. He did not, however, become an habitual guest under the roof of Baron Paolo d'Arci. The latter, whom he cordially liked and admired, was now a member of the Provisional Government, and absorbed in public business. Donna Leonilda, for all her good looks and her amiability, spiced with coquetry, did not attract him. Nevertheless, he went to her receptions because the house contained two things about which he was keenly curious, a portrait and a young girl. Not till the third visit did he see either of them. It was a farewell visit, his regiment having been ordered to Apulia to subdue a revolt against the Republic. He paid it immediately after dinner, was shown into one of the smaller reception rooms, and found himself its only occupant.

Seen by the strong, clear light of a brilliant February evening, his surroundings seemed wholly unfamiliar, until, turning his glance from the windows, he scanned the opposite wall. He gave a joyful exclamation. No, the room was not strange to him! Here the supper-table had stood. From the panelled wall a dress shone white, and a beautiful tragic enigmatic face looked down upon him.

He was now free to examine the picture carefully, and as he did so he felt a pleasant glow of self-satisfaction. His excited fancy, then, had not misled him. Not only was the woman very fair; her portrait was a masterpiece. Only the brush of a great master could so have modelled hands and neck and face, have given such delicate beauty to pearls and satin, and made an attitude the key to a woman's soul.

In such matters Marcel Rey was no ignoramus, and considered himself something of a connoisseur. Campaigning in Italy had given him unique opportunities of studying the fine arts, as well as the art of war. It was not only Commanders-in-Chief who showed a practical appreciation of sculpture and painting by shipping off strange pilgrims to Marseilles—"The Dying Gladiator" for instance, or Raphael's "Transfiguration." A mere captain might easily gratify a refined taste at a time when so many noble families were suffering ruin from forced contributions. Small wonder if now the lust of possession awoke in him, and he said half-aloud: "I must have her, she shall be mine!"

He was far too absorbed to notice that the door on his left had opened, admitting a stout, elderly lady and a girl, upon whose arm



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she leant. The elderly lady had reached a chair, and had sat heavily down, before he wheeled round, bowed and apologised. He recognised her as Donna Maria Patriconi, a relation and on occasions a chaperon of the Baroness Leonilda. The girl beside her was Palma d'Arci.

"If I am here too early," he said, "it is because my time is short. I start at dawn to-morrow with reinforcements for General Duhesme. When you entered, signora, I was rapt in admiration of this fine portrait. Who is the fair lady?"

"That is more than I can tell you," said Donna Anna. "Palma, my child, give the Signor Capitano the information he desires."

Slowly the girl came a few steps nearer to him. Her slight shoulders, her long, slender limbs, had a certain fragile grace, and she was tall. So much had struck him already in that strange moment when their eyes had met across the supper-table. Seen by day-light she was neither ghost-like nor impressive, merely a young, shy girl, painfully conscious—no doubt—of that embarrassing recollection which they shared. He glanced at the portrait and again at Palma d'Arci, trying to discover a likeness. None existed, except the obvious fairness. The features were wholly different, straight and rather long in the painted face, short, small, and delicately aquiline in the living one. He said:

"It is easy to see, mademoiselle, that she is your ancestress. Can you tell me who painted her?"

"The portrait is by Paolo Veronese," the girl answered. She dropped her heavy, white eyelids and looked at the frame, not the picture.

"A great name, as I expected. And the lady's name?"

"At one time, signore, it was Virginia d'Arci. Before she married she was an Orsoli."

"Paolo Veronese," said Rey, ponderingly. Then with delighted eagerness: "Surely with that hair and complexion, that gold and snow, she must have been a Venetian!"

"Yes, signore, the Orsoli are a Venetian family."

He suspected a faint irony in her level voice.

"And do you know nothing more of her than that?" he asked.

"What can one know about her? There is no interest. She is dead."

Rey was furious at the girl's stupid insensibility.

"Mademoiselle, you are entirely mistaken. Such beauty as hers is immortal. There are some women who never die, just as there are some who never really live."

Palma d'Arci's lowered eyelids fluttered slightly. A very faint rose colour tinged her whole face. She said:

"I would rather never live at all than do as *she* did!"

He was prevented from insisting on an explanation. Donna Leonilda entered, and her young sister-in-law at once effaced herself, withdrawing into her appropriate place, the background.

The girl was not stupid, Rey decided, but perversely hostile, tutored, no doubt, by nuns who had taught her to believe every French Republican officer a monster.

Some day, if chance favoured him, he might enlighten her, and chance or no chance, she and none other should tell him the true story of Donna Virginia. She had deliberately tried to deceive him, pretending that she knew nothing about her. He was not so easily put off a scent

Before leaving, he bade a silent farewell to the portrait, looking across at it and smiling. There was the one woman's face in Naples which would haunt him when he lay by camp fires, or drank his wine in some dreary village osteria, the only one for whose sake he would have risked his life, had she but come into the world some centuries later!

IV

Marcel Rey distinguished himself at the taking of San Severo, and had his reward in promotion and a staff appointment under his friend, the young commander of the attack on the Capuan Gate, now Adjutant-General. After two months' hard service in Apulia and Terra di Bari, he found himself once more in Naples.

He had left a city still in holiday mood, dazzled by a new day, confident that her conquerors were her deliverers. He returned to a changed atmosphere, heavy with anxiety, depression and dread of coming disaster. Dark clouds were gathering over the Parthenopean Republic. The French troops had been withdrawn from Apulia, and all through the province loyal Republicans were falling victims to a fierce reaction. Up in Calabria, Cardinal Ruffo's army was gathering strength like a *fiumara* in spring-time, ready to rush down from the mountains and spread desolation over the level lands below. Worse still, for weeks an English squadron had been seen cruising off the coast. Worst of all, the fortunes of France were waning all over Italy. While the optimists ceased to discourse confidently of a rose-coloured future, the pessimists hinted darkly at a terrible possibility, namely that the French army might evacuate the whole South of Italy, leaving Naples to whatever fate should await her.

According to the French officers, such unworthy fears had no justification, and in obedience to orders they kept up this attitude to the last.

One day, late in April, Marcel Rey received a visit from Baron Paolo d'Arci, who speedily made it clear that where he was concerned the usual soothing assurances were mere wasted breath. He had come, he said, to ask a favour. His wife and sister, accompanied by Don Emilio Patriconi, were on the point of leaving Naples. Donna Leonilda, who was a Genoese, was about to visit her family in the North. Their passports had already been drawn up. The roads were obviously unsafe for travellers. Would Rey, through his friend the Adjutant-General, obtain the promise of an escort?

Rey assured him that he would do his best. The difficulty lay in the fact that so many people were making the same request.

"You are right," d'Arci answered. "So many Neapolitans desire change of air that soon the Government will refuse to give any more passports. No consideration but one would make me send my wife away. If the King and Queen return, her life will be worth no more than mine. She is marked down for vengeance. She refused to receive Lady Hamilton, refused the honour of her acquaintance. That is an offence which Maria Carolina will never forgive."

In due time, Rey was able to inform the Baron that his request was granted. All through the Neapolitan territory and up to the gates of Rome, escorts would be forthcoming for the ladies of the d'Arci family.

Both men were careful to ignore the fact that the escort would form part of an army on the march. But Paola d'Arci, looking Rey in the eyes, said quietly: "Our acquaintance which, under happier conditions, would have been a friendship, will end very soon. I am told that you are a lover of the arts; so was my father, and he collected many valuable pictures. Will you do me the favour to accept one of them as a souvenir of a friendship that might have been?"

Rey understood. Here was a man who would accept no favour without returning it. To his thanks he added a frank expression of his great admiration for Donna Virginia Orsoli. "But her picture," he said, "is a family portrait, an heirloom which you will hand down to your son."

It was evident that d'Arci had his answer ready. "The picture is yours," he said, unhesitatingly. "The lady whom it represents did not value our family, and, except as a work of art, we have no reason to prize her portrait. It shall travel in my wife's carriage, and remain under her care until you are able to receive it."

Any hesitation Rey might have felt at accepting such a gift was qualified by the knowledge that he accepted with it a heavy responsibility. It would now be incumbent on him to watch over, help, and protect, to the utmost of his power, the Baronessa and her companions. "These Italians," he thought, "have always an *arrière pensée*. D'Arci thinks that I shall certainly keep my eye on his wife's carriage if it contains my own precious property, and, *parbleu!* he is right!"

V

The carriages and wagons belonging to headquarters had been halted in a meadow on the outskirts of the little town. From her seat by the carriage window, Palma d'Arci could look past the feathery branches of the acacia trees into a green, sweet-smelling twilight, above which the mountain's sharply cut outline barred the rose-flushed evening sky. Twilight and mountains alike suggested to her a hundred peaceful, familiar, childish memories, but their message was roughly broken in upon by what she heard—shots, discordant shouts, a woman's piercing cries.

Beside her Donna Leonilda's voice complained angrily: "Last night that horrible little room was wretched enough, but at least we were not starved, and had a roof over our heads. It is abominable that Rey should desert us in this way!"

Don Emilio Patriconi, who sat on the step outside the open carriage door, looked up at her and laughed significantly.

"Truly, my cousin, I think that neglect is the last thing you can reproach him with. The village at present is no fit place for women, and if we must sleep here, at least we shall not be eaten alive by insects. And now your *preux chevalier* is approaching, and Captain Picquet with him, and an orderly carrying a basket."

Marcel Rey had come bringing the General's apologies, his assurance that the ladies were better off than they could possibly be at headquarters, and, what was more to the point, a share of his supper.

The picnic which followed was almost gay. Picquet and Don Emilio undertook the cooking. Cheered by her friends' presence, Donna Leonilda seasoned her black bread and polenta with heroic jests. Only Donna Palma kept an absolute silence, unnoticed except by Marcel Rey, who was now and then impatiently conscious of it. No conditions, however new and unconventional, brought him one step nearer to her. She would remain a shadow in the background, obstinately *farouche* and obstinately hostile. As such she was

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Men

often prefer a thoughtful to a pretty wife. In either case the lady uses Vinolia. If thoughtful, of course; if pretty, well, why ask?

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'No Voice, however feeble, lifted up for Truth ever Dies.'

THE GENIUS OF THIS LIFE, COMMON SENSE!

'We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on,
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.'—WHITTIER.

Nothing happens by Chance. We have Eyes and see not.

THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH THAN ARE DREAMT OF IN OUR PHILOSOPHY.

It is for you to find out why your ears are boxed.

AN IMAGE OF HUMAN LIFE. INCAPACITY MEETS WITH THE SAME PUNISHMENT AS CRIME.

NATURE'S LAWS.

'Nor love thy life nor hate; but whilst thou livest live well.'—MILTON.

'Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon us winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to *learn at least* the names and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allows his sons, or the State which allows its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us—*and, more or less, of those who are connected with us*—do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are *what we call the laws of Nature*. The player on the one side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, *just* and *patient*. But also we know, *to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake*, or makes the smallest *allowance for ignorance*. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of



overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And who plays ill is checkmated—*without haste, but without remorse.*

'My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather *lose than win*. And *I should accept it as an image of human life.*

'The great mass of mankind are the 'Poll,' who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. *Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again.* Nature's pluck means *extermination.*

'Ignorance is visited as sharply as *wilful* disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the *blow without* the word. It *is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.*"—HUXLEY

'*Nature's Laws*, **I must repeat, are eternal; her small still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No man can depart from the truth without damage to himself.'**—T. CARLYLE.

'Into man's hands is placed the rudder of his frail barque that he may not allow the waves to work their will.'—*Goethe.*

SUBSTANCES IN THE BLOOD THAT ARE HURTFUL AND INJURIOUS TO HEALTH AND LONGEVITY

We quote the following from a well-known writer on Pathology :—

'Now, a word on the importance of the regular and proper action of these excretory organs and of the intestinal canal. The former separate substances from the blood that are hurtful if they are kept in the blood. The waste substances that are got rid of by the intestinal canal include the parts of the food that are not digested and certain secretions from the intestinal canal, especially from the large part of the intestine. These substances are injurious if left in the body, as certain portions of them are reabsorbed into the blood, especially the foul organic matter in them, so that if these various excretory organs do not perform their functions in a proper manner, waste substances are either not separated from the blood or are reabsorbed into it and poison it, and as the blood is distributed to the various tissues of the body they are not properly nourished and they become degenerated, weak, and incapable of performing their proper functions, so that the regular action of these excretory organs of the body is of the greatest importance with regard to health, for not a single tissue of the body can be kept in a proper condition if the waste substances are not got rid of in the manner they should.'

Were we to mention the many and various diseases caused or produced by blood poisoning, it would require more space than we have at command. To hinder the poison from gaining admission, you must sustain the vital powers by adding to the blood what is continually being lost from various circumstances, and by that means you prevent the poison being retained in the body. The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is to take away all morbid poisons and supply that which promotes healthy secretions only by natural means. The chemical nature or antidotal power of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is to expel the foreign substance or render it inert (by natural means only). If we could maintain sufficient vital power we could keep the poison from doing any harm. That power is best attained by following the Rules for Life (see page 10 in Pamphlet) and using, according to directions, Eno's 'Fruit Salt,' which by its healthy action keeps the secretions in perfect order only by soothing and natural laws, or in other words it is impossible to overstate its great power in preventing unnecessary suffering and disease.

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

IT IS NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, AND AN UNSURPASSED ONE.

A GENTLEMAN WRITES:—**'After 25 years' use I have found a cup of hot tea, taken in the morning about a quarter of an hour after a dose of 'FRUIT SALT,' a great boon.'**

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unworthy of any man's consideration, unlike the Baroness, whose charms he was beginning to realise.

Forgotten in her corner, Palma d'Arci watched and listened. She heard Picquet tell Don Emilio that the skirmish at the entrance of the town had been a mere trifle; a few madmen had fired off a cannon and had tried to defend some barriers of brushwood. They had been promptly disposed of. "But our men in their present temper are hard to hold," he explained; "next time it happens they will wipe out the whole population. I hear all the country between us and the frontier has risen; it will be lucky if we do not leave the next halting-place a heap of smoking ruins."

Palma d'Arci shivered. This, then, was what awaited her! Smoking ruins, and the bodies of dead peasants—men, women and children—and she would pass by under the protection and safe conduct of the enemy. Her eyes sought Marcel Rey, who stood leaning against the open carriage door. The light of a lamp hanging from a tree shone full upon him. His dark, close-cropped head was bare. She could see every line of his face, handsome, sharply hewn lines, full of energy and pride and strength. Just now a new expression softened them—intent, deferentially eager. The girl clenched her hands till the nails bit into her palms. How she hated them—the wife, who, leaving Paolo, perhaps for ever, could so easily forget him, and the man who had been bribed to protect her! The bribe which would be his reward was close beside her; the portrait, without frame or stretcher, had been rolled inside a canvas case. Its presence constantly reminded her of a transaction she bitterly resented.

Later, the whole party stepped out on to the grass. It had rained that day, and the air was delicately pure and fresh. The fields beyond the road were alive with crowding figures and flickering bivouac fires. A medley of sounds rose from them, and now and then a resonant chorus.

Palma turned and looked towards the silent mountains. A passionate longing for freedom stirred in her. Under her breath she murmured a line from a psalm: "I will flee as a bird unto the hills."

Silence and sleep came early to troops which had marched since four in the morning. Town and camp slept profoundly. So did Donna Leonilda among the carriage cushions, and Don Emilio Patriconi and Donna Leonilda's maids. A sentry paced slowly past the long line of equipages. The sky above the mountain-tops grew momentarily more luminous; presently the waning moon would transfigure their harsh masses with her faint radiance.

In the acacia thicket the song of the nightingales hushed suddenly. The sentry noticing the cessation was merely grateful for it. The throbbing chorus had got on his nerves.

Dawn found the village and camp already astir, and the little Piazza full of officers and orderlies hurrying to and from headquarters. Marcel Rey was just about to mount and ride off when a hand was laid upon his arm. Turning, he stared in astonishment at Don Emilio Patriconi, whose grasp was detaining him.

"What the devil brings you here?" he asked.

"A disaster," answered the other, "a horrible misfortune! My cousin Palma has disappeared."

"Impossible!"

"Impossible, but true. No one has seen her. I have visited all the other carriages; I have questioned the sentries—they know nothing!"

"This is an absurdity," Rey answered. "She cannot have been taken from the carriage against her will, without your knowledge."

"But she could leave it of her own free will, without our knowledge, while we slept."

"You mean that she has let herself be carried off?"

"Not for an instant. Listen! The convent where she was brought up is there, a few miles off among the mountains, and so for the matter of that is the d'Arci's castle and village. We believe she has tried to reach the convent. She has lately implored her brother to send her back to it, but he refused."

Rey was still incredulous. "Alone?" he said. "At night! She would never dare to attempt it."

"You do not know her. She has done it—and what will become of her? The Baroness is frantic, and I am responsible for them both."

"I also am responsible," said Rey sternly. "Return to your cousin and tell her I pledge my honour her sister-in-law shall be found and brought back."

Just as the first regiment left its camping-ground, Marcel Rey rode off towards the mountains, followed by a corporal and three troopers. He had received a few hours' leave of absence and permission to rejoin during the march. One of the troopers led a spare horse, which carried a lady's saddle.

The road was a greasy bridle-path, winding up and inward between the hills. Rey's anxious eyes scanned every rock and crevice. It was almost certain that the girl could not have gone far. Her thin shoes would soon be cut from her feet. She would cower down and wait for the day. But the growing light showed him nothing save a steeper way and barer hill-sides.

(*To be concluded*)



A popular exhibit among the sculpture at this year's Royal Academy is the bust of Captain John Smith, the famous soldier, explorer, administrator, and founder of Virginia, executed by another versatile soldier, Major-General Baden-Powell. General Baden-Powell claims descent from the Elizabethan captain, and when the original bust was unveiled at Louth Grammar School he said that John Smith had been the inspiration of his life. "I tried to follow Smith in every kind of way, both in character and ability," he said, for John Smith was a man "who went in for all-round excellence."

A ROYAL ACADEMY ATTRACTION: "B.-P.'S" BUST OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, THE FOUNDER OF VIRGINIA

It is of gratifying interest to be able to note that, despite predictions to the contrary, the Irish International Exhibition, Herbert Park, Dublin, has proved a marked success, fully justifying the anticipations of its promoters. During the comparatively brief period in which the exhibition has been open considerably more than 200,000 persons have visited the buildings and grounds.

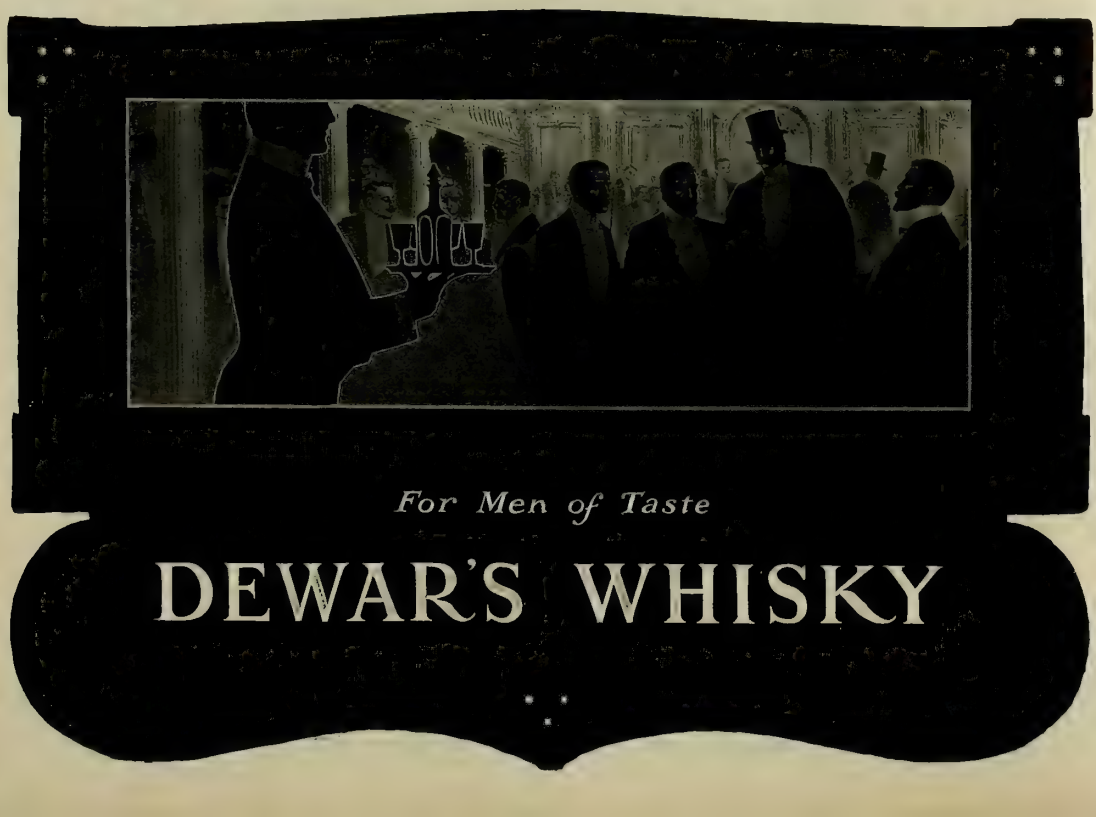
The British Sports Publishing Company have issued a Cricket Annual, edited by J. A. McWeeney, and a book on cricket by Tom Hayward, in their admirable series, "Spalding's Athletic Library."

The *Pall Mall Press* publishes an interesting illustrated guide to "The Picturesque Pyrenees." It is very well written by Mr. Charles Dawbarn, and can be had for sixpence.

Two additions have been made recently to "Mrs. Peel's Cook-Books" (Constable. 1s. net). They are "Fish and How to Cook It," and "Dishes Made Without Meat."

Hastings and St. Leonards are noted as winter and summer resorts, and the pleasant weather usually experienced there during the summer holidays is the means of collecting many pleasure seekers. St. Leonards has fine golf links, and, the surrounding country being high, bracing air and stimulating conditions prevail. The Medical Officer of Health for the Borough has written a little book, for the guidance of intending visitors, which can be had free from the Mayor of Hastings.

Messrs. C. P. Goerz, who are well known as manufacturers of photographic cameras and all goods of the same class, have perfected a new form of shutter, so efficient that by its aid exposures half as short as those given by lens shutters can be made, the same amount of light reaching the plate in both cases. The shutter automatically gives exposures from 5 seconds to 1/1200th part of a second. It is also suitable for time exposures. The regulation of the shutter is easy and simple.



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Some New Books

A GREAT LADY'S DIARY

The author of the "Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne" (Heinemann) was one of those useful people—useful, that is to say, to historians and biographers—who, without themselves being great, or even preferring claims to greatness, have been on terms of social equality and intimacy with the greatest. From such, when they are intelligent, as was Madame de Boigne, we get piquant, dispassionate judgments, and the sort of scandal that is indispensable to those who want to know what the society of the past was really like. Madame de Boigne was in London for some years after the French Revolution, and returned to Paris in 1804. About French society in both cities she writes pretty much in the spirit of the modern Society journalist, but without any purpose of making an immediate sensation, and also without any fear of libel actions before her eyes. Sainte-Beuve evidently got some of his best stories from her. Probably it was she who hid behind the bushes at Coppet, and overheard that famous wrangle of which he tells us between Mme. de Staël and Benjamin Constant. At any rate, she knew them both well, and has a piquant chapter on their relations. Another of her interesting acquaintances was Chateaubriand. She was by no means one of his idolators—his "Madames," as Mme. de Chateaubriand called them—and we can almost hear her chuckle as she relates the great man's discomfiture in his intrigue with a certain Mme. de X:—

"This intimacy was at its height when M. de Chateaubriand started for the Holy Land: the lovers arranged to meet at the Fountain of Lions in the Alhambra. Mme. de X. had every intention of keeping so romantic an appointment, and was at the spot on the day arranged. During the absence of M. de Chateaubriand, she had permitted Colonel L. to distract her uneasiness with his assiduous attentions. While she was at Granada, awaiting the return of the pilgrim from Jerusalem, she learned of the Colonel's death. Thus, when M. de Chateaubriand arrived, full of excuses for his delay and of panegyrics upon the punctuality of his beloved, he found a woman in deepest mourning, bewailing with extreme despair the death of a rival who had been successful in his absence."

The book is full of stories as good and as malicious as that; and the glimpses at the manners of the period are also entertaining. In 1806, for instance, Mme. de Boigne, having been ill, went to Dieppe to bathe in the sea. There were no bathing-machines, but she was driven into the water in a covered cart. "These preparations," she says, "raised the public surprise and curiosity to such a pitch that my first bathes were watched by a crowd on the shore. My servants were asked if I had been bitten by a mad dog. I aroused extreme pity as I went by, and it was thought that I was being taken to be drowned." It is a pity that space does not allow of further quotations, for there is hardly a page in the book which does not contain something worth quoting.

THE TYROL

Up to the present, the best books about the Tyrol have been written in "the barbarous German language;" and none of us need be ashamed of not selecting for the light reading of our leisure hours works composed in a tongue which Gibbon despaired of mastering, and of which Mr. Andrew Lang professes to be ignorant even after reading everything written by German *savants* about the Homeric poems. Moreover, most of the German books about the Tyrol are heavy reading in every sense of the phrase, one of the most famous of them being in twelve folio volumes, each weighing about a quarter of a hundredweight. Here would be a good reason, even if there were no other, for welcoming Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman's "The Land in the Mountains" (Simpkin Marshall). Mr. Baillie-Grohman's style is a happy blend between those of the German professor and the British sportsman. He tells us all about the Tyrol, both past and present, that any reasonable man can want to know. He gives us a summary of the history of the country, including a spirited account of the famous insurrection of Andreas Hofer, the innkeeper who defied Napoleon; he provides a still more detailed history of the Brenner Pass, which has been one of the recognised ways to Italy from the North, ever since the Cimbrian invaders came that way, and probably from a still earlier period; he has much to say about the Minnesänger and the knights of old; he describes the life in the huts of the peasants and in the castles of the feudal lords. His text is interesting to the general reader, while his footnotes afford a feast of reason to the scholar. In fact, he has written a book destined to take rank as an authoritative work. FRANCIS GRIBBLE.



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Since Sir Samuel Baker published his famous book, "With Rifle and Hound in Ceylon," there has been no such complete account of Ceylon as a sporting country as that which Mr. Harry Storey has written—"Hunting and Shooting in Ceylon"—published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. Mr. Storey deals with the whole range of game in Ceylon, from the elephant to the quail, and his volume is illustrated with many interesting photographs and an admirable map. Since Sir Samuel's day the game of Ceylon has been sadly thinned, not in consequence of the advance of cultivation, but of the unlimited possession and use of firearms by the natives, who shoot and slaughter all the year round. "Nobody takes the trouble," says

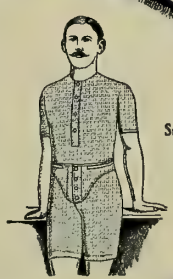
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A SKETCH OF MR. BEERBOHM TREE

Mr. Beerbohm Tree is the subject of Mr. John Lane's second volume of the "Stars of the Stage" series—admirable little books on actors and dramatists. The author, Mrs. George Cran, has an interesting, "live" style, and tells the story of Mr. Tree's life vividly and well, and, let us commend her for it, briefly. Here is her sketch of the actor:—

In person Mr. Tree is tall, he measures 6ft. 1in., and was formerly of an amazing slimness; to-day he is of fuller proportions, clean-shaven, with fair hair, and eyes that in his genial moments are an intense blue, and in his thoughtful, grey-green, like mistletoe. Meeting him in private life for the first time, one is impressed by his brain-box; its suave and regular line is beautiful, and one has a quick, instinctive sense that the possibilities of the line are great; his eyes are guarded, he has complete mastery of them—a rare gift—his mouth is treacherous, for it betrays him always to his friends (it drops at one corner when he would tell his little social lies); he is a man of rapt poetic demeanour, with an incandescent brain behind. A man who leaves a distinct taste on the mental palate, neither sweet nor satisfying, but rather of the quality, if one may say so, of sage and pungent herbs.

The book is very well illustrated, one of the most interesting of the pictures being Mr. Max Beerbohm's caricature, which we reproduce.

"DANIEL QUAYNE"

Grim in its conception and sombre in its setting is the rustic story of "Daniel Quayne" (John Murray), described as a "Morality," in which Mr. J. S. Fletcher tells how that good ploughman and good fellow was brought to the gallows through having given the whole of his honest and simple heart to a young woman to whom he was nothing more than—another man. Rosanna, who may be found, it is reasonably to be feared, in loftier regions than dairies, is just a pretty wanton to whom it seems absurd to ascribe a soul, or any purpose in the scheme of things but fatal mischief which does not always, as in her case, recoil upon its maker. Whether in these days, to which the story—which is, of course, essentially as old as the hills—happens to belong, Daniel would have been actually hanged for the crime, the double murder of his master and his master's mistress, of which he was legally guilty, we very strongly doubt. There would have been a recommendation to mercy, which would almost certainly have been effective. Taking, however, Mr. Fletcher's word for the final fact, we can scarcely say too much for the tragedy on its dramatic side—its light outset at the statute fair; its premonition by the croak of the blind balladmonger; and the gradual darkening of the shadow still only one end is possible, if not in judicial or official practice, yet in the world of naked souls; especially when, like Daniel Quayne's, the soul is unconscious and dumb.



MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS SEEN BY MR. MAX BEERBOHM
A caricature done in 1896—reproduced by permission of the artist.

"HER MAJESTY'S REBELS"

A resemblance between the career of Michael Desmond, the central interest of Mr. Sidney Royse Lysaght's new novel (Macmillan and Co.), and that of Charles Stewart Parnell, both in its rise and in its ruin, is frankly unconcealed. That the likeness does not extend to circumstance or character is equally evident. Michael, representing an old family in Kerry which had been disinherited by the penal laws, reminds one by his physique, his forensic and platform eloquence, and his mass-moving personality, rather of the "Liberator" than of the "Uncrowned King;" while his utter deficiency in any sense of honour, public or private, taken in combination with his other qualities, entitles Mr. Lysaght to considerable credit for original creation. His portrait, however composed, is vividly and consistently sustained. In other respects the novel is perhaps even better worth reading; the blind fiddler, Tom Begley, with his scraps of hedge-school poetry, is a not wholly new but still wholly welcome feature of the Ireland that is passing away. Must the same be said of the rich native humour that used to characterise the Irish novel of long ago? In any case, much of it will be found here.

"CAPTAIN DESMOND, V.C."

The man who has had the ill-luck to marry the wrong woman, and then to meet with the right one, is no novelty—at any rate in fiction; nor is the flighty young wife, nor the "perfect woman, nobly planned" by way of contrast, nor the rough diamond of a Scottish doctor, nor the good-hearted sister of the regiment, nor the cad who gets a hold over a married woman by a secret loan, nor, in short, any of the *dramatis personæ* of "Captain Desmond, V.C.," by M. Diver (Blackwood and Sons). Excellent use, however, is made of our old friends, whose story, moreover, obtains fresh and at times thrilling incidents from the employment of the Indian frontier under exciting conditions as its scene. That Captain Desmond, of the Punjab cavalry, *sans peur et sans reproche*, is no mere fancy portrait, that same frontier service has proved; and that he is left suitably mated at last will relieve many an anxious fear lest the author



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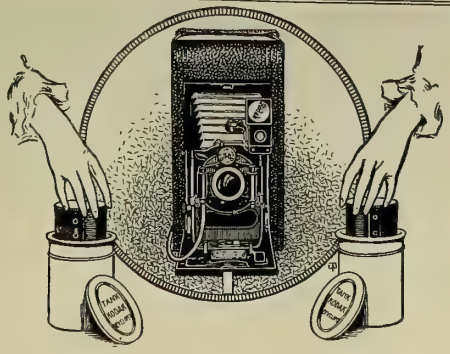
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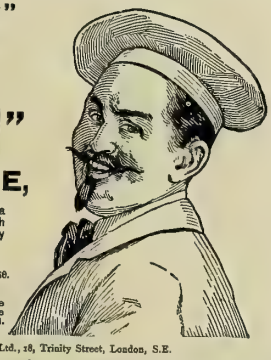
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"FRIDAY THE 13TH"

The cost—to others—of becoming not merely a millionaire, nor even a multi-millionaire, but a full-blown billionaire, is the theme of a romance of Wall Street by Thomas W. Lawson (William Heinemann). The result is a veritable nightmare, aggravated, for uninitiated sufferers, by a free use of the American dialect of the language of the Stock Exchange. A frontispiece signed Sigismond de Ivanowski, depicting a young woman sent mad by the news that her father had cut his wife's and another daughter's throats and then his own, serves as an appropriate preface for the wholesale wreck and ruin to follow. Mr. Lawson's views on stock gambling are strong, and are expressed, to say the least, freely. Probably a less sensational treatment would have been more effective for his purpose. No doubt, in these days, one must shout very loudly to get heard at all. But it is possible to stun even the deafest ears.

"THE LATE TENANT"

The young gentleman from Wyoming who started an intended literary career by solitary bachelorhood in a haunted flat, had evidently a shrewd eye for potential "copy." That he presently found himself in the thick of an exceedingly substantial mystery shows Gordon Holmes, the writer of his story (with illustrations by James Durden: Cassell and Company), to have a keen scent for an effective plot—at any rate of the sort that depends for its interest upon guessing which of two well-matched antagonists will at last throw down the winning card, and what it will be.

"BRASSEY" AND THE GERMANS

"Brassey"—as everybody familiarly calls "The Naval Annual"—appears this year as a smaller volume than usual, and at a reduced price. The section devoted to guns and armour has been cut out, enabling a number of pages to be dispensed with. Of peculiar interest is the chapter on "The British Navy," which deals with the Dreadnought and her doings at sea, and with the ships of her class now under construction. "Brassey," it is interesting to note, is strongly on the side of the Admiralty in regard to the policy of Lord Tweedmouth's *régime*. The much-criticised "economies," and the reduction in the shipbuilding programme, are in the eyes of the editor of the Naval Annual meritorious measures, justified by the present Government's "mandate" at the last General Election to reduce expenditure in the fighting services. The new contributor for this year is Mr. Percival A. Hislam, and his noteworthy chapter on "The Strategic Features of the North Sea" deserves attention. He mentions in the course of it two matters that are particularly in point at the present moment. Referring to the strategic position of Sheerness and its defences he makes this note:—"Details of these defences are, by request, withheld, although the writer received them correctly from a German bluejacket casually met in Berlin. They had, he said, been fully described to the whole ship's company." Elsewhere in his chapter Mr. Hislam adds this:—"In the course of a recent visit the present writer made the acquaintance of a petty-officer attached to the Wilhelmshaven torpedo division, and by him was given a perfectly accurate list of the guns mounted in the Thames mouth defences, together with their angles and rates of fire. In addition to this, the sailor knew the exact position of all the moorings in Sheerness Harbour, and which were generally used by the various classes of ships. This intimacy of acquaintance with the questions affecting torpedo attack is universal throughout that branch of the German Navy." . . . "It is as well to remember that a score of boats and a thousand lives would be well spent in the destruction of the twelve battleships and cruisers that are to constitute the Nore division of the Home Fleet." Let us hope that they read their "Brassey" at Whitehall. History records one Medway disaster. Great Britain might not survive the second. This interesting point in connection with "Brassey" for 1907 may be mentioned in conclusion—the volume marks its coming of age.



A CARVED SHRINE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, AND OTHER OBJECTS, ON VIEW AT MESSRS. WARING'S EXHIBITION OF SPANISH ART

ART IN SPAIN

The latest exhibition arranged by Messrs. Warings in their antique galleries in Oxford Street (just opposite the firm's new building), which will be opened on Monday by the Spanish Ambassador, is one which cannot fail to be of special interest. At a time when the English and Spanish peoples are uniting their hearty congratulations to the King and Queen of Spain on the birth of a son and heir, it seems peculiarly appropriate to give Londoners an opportunity of studying the masterpieces of ancient and modern art executed under the sunny skies of the Peninsula. In the exhibition an effort has been made to bring together examples of the decorative and pictorial arts of Spain in illustration of the development of artistic achievement from the fifteenth century to the present day. It is well known, of course, that Spanish art owes as much to Moorish influence as to European. Indeed, many of the gorgeous tapestries and embroideries on view have something quite Oriental in their wealth of colour and intricacy of detail. The collection of ecclesiastical vestments is very interesting. There are chasubles, copes, stoles, mitres and banners. The sixteenth century, that period during which all Europe was influenced by the outburst of artistic activity in Italy, is represented by a large number of specimens of decorative art. In fact, no form of decorative art is left unrepresented. Carved ivory, needlework, tapestry, woodwork, inlay and marquetry, lace, Cordovan leather, Hispano-Moresque lustreware, glass, etching on mother-of-pearl, jewellery, medals and orders, lacquering and gilding are all shown, while an important collection of modern Spanish pictures is hung on the walls of the galleries.

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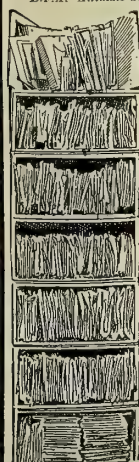
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MOTOR NOTES

At Horsham Petty Sessions recently a number of motor summonses were heard, prior to which the magistrate's clerk read the following petition to the Bench:—"Gentlemen, the undersigned residents of Cowfold desire to represent to your worships that the reckless driving of motors through our village has given rise to a feeling of great uneasiness. Parents are in a state of fear for their children, goods exposed in shop windows are seriously injured, gardens are disfigured or ruined, and the comfort and happiness which formerly existed is quite destroyed. The danger signals erected by the County Council are in most cases entirely unheeded. We therefore earnestly hope you will take our plaint under your serious consideration, and do the utmost in your power to abate the nuisance which is causing so much annoyance."

A Prayer

The inhabitants of Cowfold have my sympathy, and I hope I have theirs. During my motoring career I have only been fined once, and it was at Cowfold, in the days of the twelve miles limit. As I had driven carefully through the village and increased my speed just *outside* over the common, and the police, to state it mildly, had made some errors in their calculations, I am not in love with the methods adopted at that period. With due humility, let me suggest "tar," which will get rid of some of the complaints, and I am quite willing that the £5 I left at Horsham on that occasion should be used for that purpose. I am afraid Cowfold is right. Motorists drive too fast nowadays, and certainly the pleasures of life to those who do not possess motors are decreased by the use of them.

Which is the best? Personally I am in favour of chains, perhaps because I have usually possessed cars with this form of transmission. On the other hand, many makers of chain-driven cars invariably fit their racing cars with bevel drive, presumably thinking it the best for severe contests. One advantage of the chain is that it takes a great deal of the wear on the transmission gear, and is easily renewed. I believe if all chains ran in oil in cases there would be no doubt as to their popularity. The life would be very much prolonged and the rattle and excessive wear, which are entirely due to the grit and mud picked up from the road, would be done away with. Of course, the chief advantage of the chain-drive is the fact that a solid axle is used, but the design of axles for bevel-driven cars has so much improved of late years that there is not so much to be said on this point. I do think, however, that for a heavy, high-power car, a solid axle cannot be surpassed, however well designed a live axle may be, and with chains encased and running in oil this form of driving must be superior. It rests with motorists to have these cases fitted. As long as we are satisfied to take cars without them, the manufacturers, except in one or two cases, will not bestir themselves.

Bevel Gear v. Chain-Drive



MR. AND MRS. JOHN BRINSMEAD

Who celebrate the 70th anniversary of their wedding on Monday.

Mr. John Brinsmead (the "father" of the pianoforte trade) and his wife, each ninety-two years of age, celebrate their 70th wedding anniversary on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Brinsmead will mark the celebration by receiving all their relatives, friends and workpeople at their house at Regent's Park, by inaugurating a provident fund amongst their workpeople, by making a personal presentation to each man who has worked for them for over forty years—of these there are quite a number—and by sending every man in their employ, together with his wife, to a London theatre, for which purpose they have engaged 500 seats. Photo by Ernest H. Mills.

The race takes place on the Slein Lewaigne Hill, near Ramsey, in the Isle of Man. The length of the Hill from Balline Bridge to the "Rest and Be Thankful Public-House" is about 2,550 yards, and the gradient between these places is 424 feet. The steepest part occurs half a mile before the public-house is reached, and is 1 in 12. The entries for the race, which takes place to-day, Friday, number fourteen, viz.:

"The Graphic" Trophy

Mr. F. W. Bailey (Holder of Trophy)	50	h.-p.	Napier
Mr. J. E. Hutton	60	,,	Berliet
Mr. J. E. Hutton	40	,,	,,
Mr. Geo. S. Barwick	35	,,	Daimler
Mr. W. Hillman	20	,,	Hillman-Constalen
Mr. J. S. Napier	38	,,	Arrol-Johnston
Captain W. E. D. Owen	40	,,	Junior
Mr. Francis A. Bolton	35	,,	Daimler
Mr. S. F. Edge	45	,,	Napier
Mr. Thos. Henshaw	35	,,	Daimler
Mr. C. H. Saunders	40	,,	Gracile
Mr. W. Watson	24-40	,,	Berliet
Mr. Chas. Sangster...	35	,,	Ariel-Simplex
Mr. Chas. Sangster...	35	,,	,,

I have, in this column, frequently expressed surprise that the records made on French roads, as from Boulogne to Monte Carlo, are permitted, and raised the question as to whether it is quite fair to France to go over there and drive at speeds which would not be permitted here, notwithstanding the fact that their speed limit is less than our own. I notice that at the last committee meeting of the A. C. de France, a letter was read from our R. A. C. proposing the disqualification of any manufacturer making records with

Records in France



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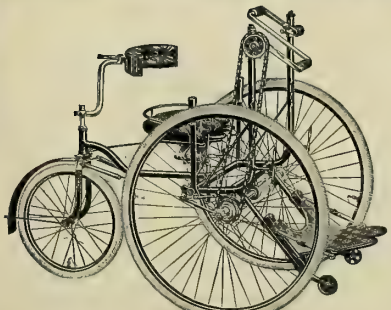
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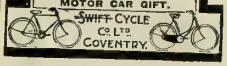
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his car from town to town or country to country by unguarded roads, on the ground that the making of these records involves a rate of speed in excess of that allowed by law. The Committee of the A.C.F. thereupon passed a resolution disapproving entirely of these attempts at making records and of the publicity ensuing therefrom, and decided that very severe measures should be taken to prevent such attempts in the future.

Hear, hear! Such record-making does no good to motorists as a body, and presents a handle to anti-motorists.

It is rather interesting when an opportunity affords to ascertain what features predominate in a number of cars, as a guide to what the manufacturers think the best for the purpose. For the Tourist Trophy Race there are left in twenty-three competitors. As to ignition, sixteen of the twenty-three employ accumulator and coil combined with high-tension magneto, five use high tension alone, and only two the low-tension system. This endorses the verdict I gave in this column many years ago that high tension was the system which would be most universally adopted. Thirteen cars out of the twenty-three are fitted with leather-faced cone clutches, two have cone clutches, presumably metal to metal, two multiple discs, and six run with metal disc to disc. So that the old leather-faced cone is still the favourite. All the twenty-three competitors favour four-cylinder engines. Eleven cars are British throughout. The chain drive is employed on seven vehicles, and the propeller shaft on sixteen. Circulation is obtained in every case but one by a forced system. One particular I am unable to obtain and that is the make of radiators. I believe the tubular radiator will come back. The honeycomb radiator may be placed with the disc clutch. Very excellent in its way, but not quite as reliable as its predecessor.

An Analysis of the Tourist Trophy Cars

Lord Montagu, in a recent number of the *Car*, makes some interesting comments on the new track at Weybridge. He says:—"A few days ago I was looking at the course of the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club, and was surprised to see the wonderful progress made in the construction of the track, grand stands, and other arrangements, since I last visited it about three months ago. After trying many things, Mr. Locke King has finally decided that the track shall be laid with concrete, covered over by a layer of rough cement. It is thought that this will be the best surface on which to run the races, and certainly it will be the cheapest to maintain. I wonder whether motorists in general realise the enterprise and determination which Mr. and Mrs. Locke King have shown in constructing the first real motor track in the world. Their idea, besides being novel and daring, has involved an expenditure amounting to more than £150,000. Everyone will hope that their reward will be commensurate with the risks which they have run. I should mention that there are some excellent pictures of the course on the biograph at the Empire Theatre every night about ten p.m., which should be seen by those who have not had time to visit the course itself."

Brooklands Racing Club

GRAPHICUS.



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This handsome sterling silver cup in new art design has been presented to the Commonwealth Council of the Rifle Association of Australasia by the Chairman, Colonel J. M. Templeton, to be competed for in the Commonwealth match. Around the body of the trophy are chased in bold relief the arms of the six different Colonies, whilst the whole is surmounted by a beautifully modelled figure of "Victory." The cup rests upon a graceful ebonised plinth bearing artistically shaped shields upon which to engrave the winners' names This trophy has been specially designed and manufactured by His Majesty's Silversmiths, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of Oxford Street, London

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H.M. Queen Louise of Denmark

PHOTO BY SUMMERS



H.M. King Frederick of Denmark

PHOTO BY HELLE COPENHAGEN

THE GRAPHIC

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THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

IT was a gracious and kindly thought of His Majesty the King to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the Indian Mutiny by personally receiving the surviving officers who took part in that desperate struggle. In all the glorious history of the British Army there is no chapter more glorious than that one which is written with the blood of the men of Delhi and Lucknow. That is half a century ago this summer, and the ranks of the heroes of the "Ridge" and of the "Residency" are sadly thinned by time; but the Mutiny men die hard, in peace as in war, and there were yet many hale and hearty veterans to salute their Sovereign last Monday. Long may they live to remind their children's children of the brave days and deeds of old.

* * * *

In this connection we might do worse than bear in mind the saying that history repeats itself. For history is repeating itself at the present time in India. There is not an Anglo-Indian of experience who will not tell you that the state of restive feeling gives cause for very grave anxiety. India, it has been said recently, has gone back of late to the feeling which prevailed just before the Mutiny. Fortunately, however, if the native mind has retrograded half a century, the British mind, as we hope and believe, has not. There is every reason to believe that both Lord Minto and Mr. Morley are fully alive to the danger, and impressed with the absolute necessity of maintaining that prestige of the ruling race without which there is no governing an Oriental dependency. The awakening, we admit, is tardy; but better late than never.

* * * *

Another instance of King Edward's happy gift of divining just the right thing to do is to be found in the placing of a British warship at the disposal of Prince Fushimi to convey him from Vancouver to Japan. That attention, coming just after the great trans-continental railway journey through British territory, will not fail to impress the Japanese Prince with a sense of the ubiquity of the British flag and the immensity of the Empire over which it floats. That the Sovereign of such an Empire is a friend and ally worth making and keeping is the natural and useful reflection which will probably occur to the mind of our late distinguished visitor.

* * * *

The Prime Minister has made his promised statement as to the course of public business for the remainder of the Parliamentary Session, and the first fact that jumps to the eye is the absence of an Autumn Session. Considering that the list of measures which the Government still hope to pass is sufficient, as Mr. Balfour said, to keep the House sitting until the middle of October, members must feel that the announcement of an Autumn Session would have been absolutely intolerable. "For this relief much thanks," then, to Sir Henry. The Premier, however, would not admit that Ministers themselves need any respite from their labours, or that their present failure to carry out their programme was due in any degree whatever to the pressure of last year's Autumn Session, which prevented them from elaborating a carefully thought-out list of practicable measures. Most people, we imagine, will take a different view of the case.



Queen Maud's carriage accident at Versailles was more alarming than perilous. Her Majesty, with Mme. Fallières, the French Fine Arts Secretary and General Michel, were driving from the Trianon, Versailles, to return to Paris, and crossing a little bridge near the Maria-Theresa village one of the carriage wheels struck the parapet. The jerk threw one of the horses, on which a postillion rode, into the water, and dragged another horse with it. One of the horses was drowned. Fortunately the carriage was not overturned, and neither Queen Maud nor Mme. Fallières was much the worse. Photo by Hamilton and Co.

QUEEN MAUD'S ACCIDENT: THE HORSES IN THE WATER AT VERSAILLES

Formidable though the list of Bills is with which Ministers propose to persevere, the most striking thing about the list is that it does not contain a single one of the measures nearest and dearest to the heart of any section of their supporters. The Irish Council Bill is, of course, as dead as mutton; the Irish University scheme is dropped, though Mr. Birrell is to spend his holidays in trying to devise a solution of the problem; Mr. McKenna's Education Bill goes the way of Mr. Birrell's, but with a promise of a comprehensive measure for "putting the educational system of the country in order" next year. As to the Licensing Bill, that too must wait, although it had the first place in the Speech from the Throne. This is a state of things which is not calculated to lay the spirit of revolt which is rife among the Cabinet's huge and heterogeneous body of supporters, and it will give the various sections of the majority some trouble to possess their souls in patience until next year.

* * * *

A crumb of comfort is, however, thrown to the Single Chamber stalwarts by the announcement that the resolution concerning the House of Lords is really to be moved. One doubts whether it will do the "wicked noblemen" much harm, for it cannot, by any conceivable possibility, produce any practical result. The fact is that Ministers have failed to strike while the iron was hot; and if there ever was any real resentment against the Peers over their treatment of the Education Bill, it has cooled considerably in the interval. The Resolution, therefore, will do nothing at all to redeem the Government from the general charge of failure in their conduct of the Parliamentary Session.



The King last week presented new colours to the Coldstream Guards, the picturesque ceremony taking place on the great lawn in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. The troops were drawn up facing the terrace. The old colours having been trooped for the last time, and passed down the ranks in taking farewell to the battalion, a hollow square was formed, with the drums on which the new colours were laid in the centre. Here the new colours were consecrated by Bishop Taylor-Smith, Chaplain-General to the Forces. The King's colour was then handed to His Majesty, and given back by him to the senior subaltern, after which came the Royal speech, and the end of the ceremony. Photo by Russell and Sons.

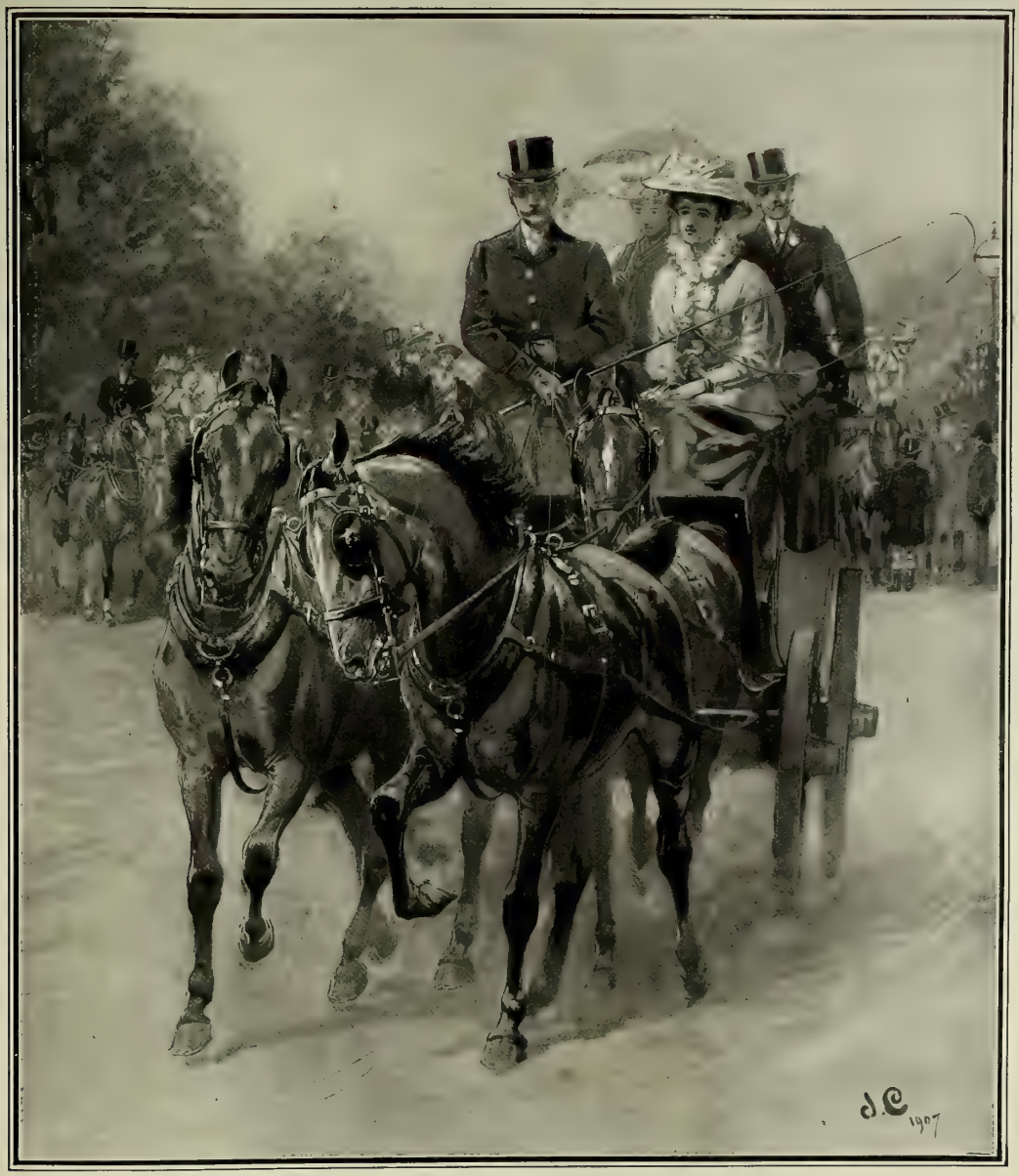
THE KING AND THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS: THE PRESENTATION OF NEW COLOURS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

WELL { WRITTEN / ILLUSTRATED / INFORMED
"THE DAILY GRAPHIC"



The First Court of the Season: A Débutante's Arrival at the Palace

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.



The Opening of the Coaching Season: The Meet in Hyde Park

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

Though the "toot! toot!" of the motor-car sounds nowadays on country roads vastly more often than the winding horn of the coach, still coaching is not yet quite a thing of the past. It is pleasant to know that the picturesque vehicle of a bygone day is still occasionally to be seen, at Hurlingham, at Epsom on Derby Day, and in Hyde Park, where we are annually cheered with seeing the Coaching Club Meet. Saturday's meet—the first of the season—enlivened, as usual, the vicinity of the Magazine in Hyde Park, and the eighteen coaches assembled in brilliant weather. First-rate horse-flesh was seen, and good driving. The president, Lord Desborough, drove bright bays; Sir Lindsay Hogg and Sir Frederick Banbury, dark chestnuts; the Hon. George Savile, three bays and a brown; Sir Edward Stern, his well-known blue roans; Sir Alfred Somerset, handsome chestnuts; Mr. H. Mundey, bright Cleveland bays; and Mr. A. Lupton a fine team of blacks, like Mr. C. E. Colston. Major Jary and Captain Quintin Dick drove black-browns. A new member, Mr. R. L. Powell, drove three bays and a chestnut. The meet does not last long, and as soon as the coaches were all assembled the drive to Hurlingham began. Sir Lindsay Hogg won the cup for the best-turned-out coach and team (Mr. R. Budgett being second), and was second in the driving competition, Mr. Mundey being first, and Mr. Budgett third.

One of the sights of Coventry is the Rudge Whitworth Cycle Works, standing in many acres of ground, and employing over two thousand men and women in the manufacture of this useful means of locomotion. Here the bicycle can be seen being built from the steel plates, and as it passes through each department until it becomes a complete machine. The output is over one thousand bicycles a day, and the works are generally believed to be the most perfect of their kind in the world.

COURT AND SOCIETY

THE visit of the King and Queen of Denmark to England, which begins to-day, is sure to arouse the most sympathetic interest. As the eldest brother of our beloved Queen Alexandra, and the father of King Haakon of Norway, who married our own Princess Maud, His Majesty is assured of the warmest of welcomes from the British nation. On their own account, too, their Danish Majesties will make a notable place for themselves in our hearts, for they both possess, in a supreme degree, those regal qualities which we in this country a e especially able to understand and appreciate. Both King Frederick and his consort are exceptionally tall; indeed, Queen Louise is undoubtedly the tallest Royal lady in Europe at this moment. His Majesty inherits that large-hearted genial nature and the strong sense of duty which made his father, the late King Christian, so universally beloved. He takes a particular interest in education, and often pays surprise visits to schools. Queen Louise also shares this interest, and devotes much time to works of charity and mercy. Her Majesty was the only daughter of King Charles XV. of Sweden, and is thus the niece of King Oscar, and this makes another link with our own Royal Family, for the Crown Prince of Sweden, whose eldest son married Princess Margaret of Connaught, is her first cousin. The Queen of Denmark was brought up at beautiful Ulriksdal, which her father and mother made a centre of artistic life and culture. King Charles was a very clever, original kind of man. He was fond of painting, while the whole family were devoted to music. Queen Louise is extremely wealthy, for she not only inherited a large fortune from her father, but also another from her mother, Princess Louise of the Netherlands, who was one of the greatest Royal heiresses of the nineteenth century. Both the King and the Queen of Denmark are still very young-looking, though they celebrated their silver wedding in 1894, and they have since acquired the charming *art d'être grand-père et grand'mère*.

Denmark and England



THE HON. ROSAMOND TUFTON
Married on June 1 to Mr. J. Stuart Gordon Anderson.
Photo by Arthur Rouselle.

The engagement of Prince Charles of Bourbon-Sicily and Princess Louise of Orleans is of particular interest to English people for more than one reason. To begin with, the marriage will probably be celebrated in England in November, most likely at Wood Norton, the Worcestershire seat of the Duke of Orleans, who is, of course, the head of the bride's family. The King, and we may hope the Queen, of Spain will certainly be present at the ceremony. The bridegroom is the second son of the Count of Caserta, who, as the heir of his half-brother, the late titular King of the Two Sicilies and Jerusalem, protests against the possession of the modern Kingdom of Italy by the House of Savoy. Prince Charles was naturalised as an Infante of Spain on his marriage with the King of Spain's elder sister, the Princess of Asturias. The Princess died very sadly some three years ago, leaving Prince Charles with two children, Prince Alfonso (who was heir presumptive to the Throne of Spain until the birth of that important baby the other day) and Princess Isabel. The bride is the youngest sister of the Duke of Orleans and of the Queen of Portugal, the Duchess of Aosta, the Duchesse de Guise, and the Duc de Montpensier. She was born at Cannes twenty-five years ago, and was brought up by her brilliant and beautiful mother, the Comtesse de Paris, to be a notable horsewoman as well as a mistress of such indoor accomplishments as music and painting. She has since the marriages of her sisters been naturally even more closely linked with her mother, and they have usually divided their year between stately Randan, in the Puy-de-Dome, and the palace of Villamanrique, in Seville. It will be remembered that Queen Alexandra's younger brother, Prince Waldemar, is married to Princess Louise of Orleans's first cousin.

A Royal Engagement

The supplementary charter which has just been granted by the King, on the application of the Prince of Wales, the Grand Prior, to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, empowers His Royal Highness to establish priories in any part of His Majesty's Dominions. It is understood that the Prince intends to revive the ancient priories of Torpichen, in Scotland, and of Kilmainham, in Ireland, as well as to establish new ones in India and the Colonies. This is particularly interesting in view of the International Red Cross Conference, which begins its meetings in London on Monday. The Order of St. John was revived in England as far back as 1830 for performing ambulance and other charitable work, and the white enamelled Maltese cross hanging from a black watered silk ribbon is worn not only by many Royal personages, but also by many people well known in Society, notably the Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Roberts, Lord Plymouth, Lord Charles Montagu, Lady Lansdowne, the Duchess of Buckingham, the Duchess of Bedford, Lady Dudley, and many others.

The Order of St. John



LADY DOROTHY GATHORNE HARDY
Married on June 6 to Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte.
Photo by Keturah Collings.

The King is Sovereign Head and Patron, and the Duke of Connaught is Bailiff of Egle, while there is undeniable charm in the quaint old titles of Knights and Ladies of Justice and Knights and Ladies of Grace.

The June weddings began very prettily with the marriage of the Hon. Rosamond Tufton, Lord and Lady Hothfield's only daughter, to Mr. Stuart Gordon Anderson, son of the late Colonel James Anderson. The clergy were Canon Sheppard, the ever-popular Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, who must, one would think, have officiated at more weddings than any other clergyman, at any rate among his contemporaries; and he was assisted by Prebendary Montagu Villiers, the vicar of the parish, and the Rev. L. Green Wilkinson, the bride's cousin. Miss Tufton, who, by the way, kept up the time-honoured custom of having a white veil and a wreath of orange-blossom, was very much admired in her picture gown of ivory white duchesse satin. Her costume was notable for its draperies of splendid old Brussels point. Two little girls—Miss Patricia Tufton, daughter of Lady Ierne Tufton, and Miss Alexandra James, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willie James—with Lady Susan Yorke, the Hon. Faith Dawney, and Miss Di Campbell, were the bridesmaids. The presents included an enamel and pearl buckle from Prince and Princess Alexandra of Teck. The marriage of Lady Dorothy Gathorne Hardy and Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte, which was fixed for last Thursday at St. George's, Hanover Square, would naturally bring together a most interesting congregation. The bride, who is only eighteen, is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Cranbrook.

Wedding Bells



PRINCE CHARLES OF BOURBON-SICILY
Photo by Blanc, Aix-le-Bains.



PRINCESS LOUISE OF ORLEANS
Photo by Boissonas, Paris.

A ROYAL ENGAGEMENT

HEROES OF FIFTY YEARS AGO



THE SURVIVORS OF THE SIEGE OF DELHI
Photo by Harrods, Ltd.



THE SURVIVORS OF LORD CLYDE'S RELIEF OF LUCKNOW FORCE
From a Photograph by The Graphic Photographer, taken in the Grounds of Stafford House by kind permission of the Duke of Sutherland.



THE SURVIVORS OF THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW AND HAVELOCK'S REINFORCEMENT
Photo by Stereoscopic Co.

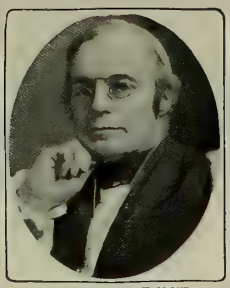
The Indian Mutiny Veterans who attended the King's Levée on Monday



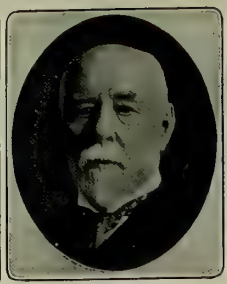
CAPTAIN ALFRED E. WOOD
New City Marshal.



THE LATE DR. M. T. MASTERS
Distinguished Botanist.



THE LATE DR. A. T. LLOYD
Bishop of Newcastle.



THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR W. GRAHAM
Crimean Veteran.



THE LATE HON. E. F. LEVESON-GOWER
Author of "Bygone Years."



MR. J. E. HUTTON
Winner of THE GRAPHIC Trophy in the Isle of Man.

The late Admiral Sir William Graham, G.C.B., who was born in 1826, saw a great deal of fighting. He distinguished himself early in his career on the South-East Coast of America. He served on the West Coast of Africa; in the operations in the Baltic and Gulf of Bothnia in 1854; in the Black Sea, and in the Chinese war of 1857, and was frequently mentioned in despatches. He became a Vice-Admiral in 1885, and had been Admiral-Superintendent of Malta Dockyard, Controller of the Navy, and President of the Naval College at Greenwich. Photo by Elliott and Fry.

It was for his social qualities that the late Hon. Edward Frederick Leveson-Gower will be best remembered. He was eighty-eight, and no man had more reminiscences of the great people of the Victorian age than he. He had shaken hands with Sir Walter Scott, was a friend of the famous Lady Holland—one of the last of the English "Ambassadresses"—and of eminent people in all the countries of Europe, as we read in his delightful book of reminiscences, "Bygone Years," published in 1905. He had sat in Parliament as a Liberal for Derby, Stoke-on-Trent, and Bodmin. Photo by Elliott and Fry.

The late Dr. Maxwell Tylden Masters, F.R.S., who was born in 1833, was a distinguished botanist, and a horticultural journalist best known, perhaps, as editor of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, with which he had been connected for more than forty years. He wrote much on botany, including a book on "Vegetable Teratology." He was a member of the French Académie des Sciences, an officer of the Order of Leopold, a Fellow of the Royal and Linnean Societies, and was associated with most of the first botanical and horticultural societies in Europe and America.

The late Right Reverend Arthur Thomas Lloyd, D.D., Bishop of Newcastle-on-Tyne, was born in 1844. In 1882, when the Diocese of Newcastle-on-Tyne was founded, he was appointed Vicar of St. Nicholas, which became the cathedral church. In 1894 he was consecrated in Westminster Abbey as Suffragan Bishop of Thetford, an appointment combining with it the positions of Archdeacon of Lynn and Rector of North Creake, where he devoted his little leisure to the pastime of gardening. He became Bishop of Newcastle in 1903. Photo by Elliott and Fry.

Captain Alfred E. Wood, who at the Court of Common Council the other day was appointed to the office of City Marshal, is one of the Legion of Frontiersmen, and the son of a former Common Councilman. He served with the City Imperial Volunteers in the late Boer War, and was mentioned in despatches. Photo by Charles W. Coe.



THE LATE MR. A. GOVAN
Managing Director of the Argyll Motors, Limited.



Mlle. L. Hagman. Baroness Grippenberg.

When last month the Finnish Diet opened after the recent elections, based on manhood and womanhood suffrage, "the cynosure of all eyes," records the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent, "were the nineteen women deputies, generally plain, experienced, sensible persons, who may emulate Solon and Lycurgus, but looked as though they despised any less solid successes. There was nothing frivolous or vain about these earnest legislators, most of whom are members of the Social Democratic party, and looked it. Minna Sillampe, the first woman elected, was there, also Mesdames Grippenberg and Gebhard," two of the "leading ladies" of the new M.P.s. "Their toilettes," adds the correspondent, "were all plain." Baroness Grippenberg is the women's recognised leader. Mlle. Hagman was proposed as second vice-president of the Diet, but received only six votes. Photo by Drankow, St. Petersburg.

THE WORLD'S FIRST WOMEN M.P.S: SOME OF THE NEW MEMBERS OF THE FINNISH DIET

LANDMARKS THREATENED AND FOR SALE



A VIEW OF THE PRINCIPAL QUADRANGLE



A CORNER SHOWING THE GREAT HALL



THE GREAT HALL



THE FRONTAGE AS IT IS TO-DAY



THE COUNCIL-ROOM

Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate Street, is soon, we are told, to disappear. The City Corporation have decided to take no steps to preserve it. As Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A., reminds us in the *Daily Graphic*, in which he appeals for its preservation, Crosby Hall, one of the few mediæval buildings that escaped the Great Fire, is the only remaining town residence of a City merchant of its period, 1466, when it was built by Sir John Crosby, grocer and woolstapler. The engravings are from Wilkinson's "Londina Illustrata," 1819.

OLD VIEWS OF CROSBY HALL, WHICH HAS BEEN SOLD, AND IS IN DANGER OF DEMOLITION



THE TERRACE



THE STAR AND GARTER FROM TWICKENHAM PATH

The Star and Garter, Richmond Hill, is to be offered for sale at the Mart, E.C., on August 5. It is to be hoped the famous hostelry will come to no inglorious end, as have so many buildings with interesting associations lately. Associations of the "dear Star and Garter" date back to David Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Thomson, of "The Seasons," and it was the staying-place once of King Louis Philippe. About thirty-seven years ago the older parts of the hotel were burned down. Photos by Horace W. Nicholls.

THE STAR AND GARTER RICHMOND, TO BE OFFERED FOR SALE IN AUGUST



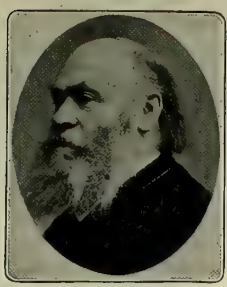
THE LATE SIR CHARLES PALMER
Maker of Jarrow.



LIEUT. W. T. M. CAULFEILD



LIEUT. T. E. MARTIN-LEAKE
The missing Military Balloonists.



THE LATE KARL BLIND
A Hero of "48"

MUSIC NOTES

Just thirty years ago the world of music in England was set agog with excitement at the announcement that a Wagner Festival was to take place at the Albert Hall, at which would be performed selections from the master's works, including the much-discussed *Nibelungen Ring*, which, of course, had never in those days been played upon the British stage. The festival was naturally regarded as epoch-making, for though musicians generally were divided into two camps, those who hailed the great Richard as the saviour of opera, and those who considered no excesses of vituperation too bad for him, England knew but little of him by actual experience, and here at last was an opportunity of making the acquaintance of some of his music. Though, however, the festival was to do great things for the cult of Wagner here, it was destined to have another and scarcely less valuable result, for it introduced to us the incomparable Hans Richter, who, during the thirty years which followed, played so important a part in the development of music in England.

Of course, reports of his extraordinary gifts had already reached this country. It was known that this wonderful young man was a master of every instrument in the orchestra, from the violin to the drum, and that, at a time when prodigies were rarer than they are now, he had made his *début* as a performer on the latter instrument at the mature age of seven. It was known that when Wagner was looking for a "reliable young man" to copy out the score of *Die Meistersinger*, Esser had sent him the youthful Hans, then a horn-player in his orchestra, and that Wagner had been so impressed by his genius that he had kept him by his side as his amanuensis, and had even entrusted him with the musical direction of the first Bayreuth Festival. Of his powers as a conductor, however, nothing was known, but these were soon recognised, and within a few years of his first visit to London the Richter Concerts had already taken their proper place among the most notable musical events.

On the work that he has done since then it is unnecessary to dilate. Not only was he the most enthusiastic of Wagner propagandists, but he also instilled into the hearts of Englishmen such a love for the music of the great composers as they had never possessed before. Beethoven, Brahms and Dvorák owe not a little of their present popularity to his splendid work, and we can never repay the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to him. How great is the esteem in which he is held was shown at the brilliantly successful concert given in his honour by the London Symphony Orchestra at the Queen's Hall on Monday afternoon. His admirers leapt at the opportunity of doing him honour, and they were lucky to have such a chance, for Richter is not a man for demonstrations.

It is evidently Covent Garden's ambition this year to break all records, and, in fact, it seems more than probable that their efforts will be crowned with success. After giving us the best performances of the *Ring* and *Die Meistersinger* that we have ever seen here, they are now bestowing equal pains upon the Italian productions with no less satisfactory results. Never, indeed, has such justice been done to Verdi's *Aida* here, or, I should imagine, anywhere else, as at the recent performance. Mlle. Destinn sang the music magnificently, and also played the part to the life. Signor Caruso, as Radames, showed that he is as great in heroic as in lyric music. Mme. Kirkby Lunn is certainly the finest Amneris of the day, while the Amonasro of Signor Scotti and the Ramfis of M. Journet were no less notable.

England is rightly proud of her military bands, and it is unquestionably to the excellent work done at Kneller Hall that she owes not a little of her pre-eminence in this branch of the musical art. Last week Kneller Hall celebrated its jubilee with a concert which showed that as the years pass by its zeal and its efficiency only increase. In the long programme figured the names not only of some of the best-known composers for military bands, but also of Wagner, Dvorák, Sullivan, Brahms, Grieg, and Tschaikowsky—a fact which affords very satisfactory evidence of the high standard maintained at the school. The *bâton* was taken in turn by no fewer than eleven of the students, and it is pleasant to be able to record that each showed signs of no small ability and careful training.

J. D. H.



Orlando Gibbons, whose bust was unveiled at Westminster Abbey on Wednesday, was the greatest composer of church music that ever England produced. He was born in 1583, and at the age of forty was appointed organist of Westminster Abbey, a position which he held until his death, two years later. He was buried in Canterbury Cathedral. In addition to the official publication, a little volume has been issued by Messrs. Novello and Co. containing the collection of his music sung at the Commemoration.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, FROM THE PORTRAIT IN THE BODLEIAN

OUR SUPPLEMENT

Sir Thomas Lawrence was at his happiest when he painted the portrait of Mrs. Siddons which hangs in the National Gallery, near Gainsborough's version of the same famous lady. It has all the charm one would expect from the man who "could not write a common answer to a dinner invitation without its assuming the tone of a billet-doux." Sir Thomas's relations with the Siddons family are celebrated, and his "tragic passion" for the two lovely daughters of the divine actress adds to the interest of his portrait of their mother. This portrait is one of his best things. The handling is freer, and the colour (as may be seen in our supplement) purer than was usual with him.



Lt.-Gen. Sir J. Hills-Johnes. Lord Roberts. Gen. Sir Hugh Gough. Gen. Sir Charles Gough. Col. T. Cadell. Gen. Sir J. Watson.

Among the survivors of the Siege of Delhi there are eight wearers of the Victoria Cross. Two of these are absent from this group, General Sir Dighton Probyn and Colonel Sir E. T. Thackeray. Photo by Harrods, Ltd.

VICTORIA CROSS HEROES OF THE SIEGE OF DELHI

AN INTERESTING SALE

Many people like to possess the originals of drawings which have appeared in THE GRAPHIC, the *Daily Graphic*, or the *Bystander*, and there will be a special opportunity on Tuesday, June 11, to acquire first-class drawings of this sort. There will be an auction sale on that date at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's, 47, Leicester Square, W.C., at ten minutes past one. The drawings include portraits of celebrities, sporting, military, and racing scenes, notable events, and fancy subjects, and are by such well-known artists as Mr. S. J. Solomon, R.A., Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A., Mr. R. W. Macbeth, R.A., Mr. Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., Mr. Frank Craig, Mr. Reginald Cleaver, and others.

Our portrait of Karl Blind is by Elliott and Fry.



"MRS. SIDDONS"

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A., IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

The Theatres

THE THIRD ART

Despite the enthusiastic reception of *My Wife* on Tuesday night, which seems to promise that the piece will prove a financial success, it cannot be called an artistic one so far as the play itself is concerned; though it is an admirable example of the third art necessary for an artistic theatrical whole, that is the art of casting the parts well. The piece depends on the innocence, the bewildering farcical innocence, of a girl not yet eighteen, who sees nothing strange in the fact that she and the man who is pretending to be her husband (to save her from marriage with a man she detests) are occupying rooms on opposite sides of the hotel. This being accepted, it is not entirely impossible that the girl should send for her father and mother to come and liven up the honeymoon, which is proving decidedly dull. That she should feel the need of their company would, of course, in anything but a farce, go to show that she was not in love, or ever likely to be so, with her "husband—in—name—only"—who has, of course, to win her in the end. Obviously, a young actress was necessary for the chief part, and we have been deploring our lack of *ingénues* for a long while. Then the piece contains, among many other French parts, two important ones, which must be played as young, attractive Frenchmen. Such difficulties would have seemed almost insurmountable to most managers, but Mr. Harrison has solved them completely by finding Miss Marie Löhr to play Trixie, and casting Mr. Marsh Allen and Mr. Athol Stuart as the young Frenchmen. This is indeed an achievement in managerial art. The pity is that the piece is not worthy of it. In the French, no doubt, it is funny if somewhat impossible; in English it is impossible if somewhat funny. It is farce based on an idea which is too serious for the purpose. Innocence is sacred to most Englishmen, therefore to some of them, myself among the number, it is distinctly unpleasant to see a young girl and an elderly man succumb to a love which is not idealistic as the result of propinquity. And that is the main interest, drama, and novelty on which *My Wife* depends, which, to be frank, is insisted on to the utmost limit in the last act, although the more ordinary French improprieties are all carefully eliminated along with the cleverness of construction and most of the wit. Is it perhaps true that as a nation "we strain at a gnat and swallow a camel"? If *My Wife* attracts it will be difficult to refute the accusation so far as the theatrical public is concerned.



MR. OSCAR LEWISOHN



MISS EDNA MAY

Miss Edna May, the original "Belle of New York," was married on Tuesday to Mr. Oscar Lewisohn, son of the American "Copper King," at the Registry Office, Windsor. Photos by Lallie Charles and Fassano.

MISS EDNA MAY'S MARRIAGE: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM



The visit of King Haakon and Queen Maud to Versailles last week was "personally conducted" by President and Mme. Fallières, who went with their Majesties to the Palace for luncheon, and afterwards drove with them round the park. The party visited the Grand and Petit Trianon, and the King and Queen were much interested in the historic places shown them by their hosts. Photo by Branger, Paris.

THE NORWEGIAN SOVEREIGNS AT VERSAILLES: KING HAAKON WITH PRESIDENT FALLIERES LEAVING THE PETIT TRIANON

"THE BREED OF THE TRESHAMS"

Of its kind *The Breed of the Treshams*, with which Mr. Martin Harvey opened his season at the ADELPHI this week, is a good specimen, for it is a play which is full of action, and not "bookish" in the writing. It was most enthusiastically received, but I was glad to see that the torture scene proved less to the taste of the audience than the others. How long will it be before playwrights and managers learn what the Greeks knew, that the representation of physical suffering in the theatre is undramatic?

"DON JUAN IN HELL"

The dream part of *Man and Superman*, which forms the novelty in the new Vedrenne-Barker Matinées, does not pretend to be a play. As those who have read it know, it mainly consists of an exposition of Mr. Shaw's philosophy, much of which, as Don Juan says, is not new. What is more to the point is that it is not true or clearly stated. Fortunately its paradoxical fallacy is more apparent when spoken than when read, and, oddly enough, less amusing! Taken at one dose without a rest, and with the actors driving home the arguments against each other, one merely wonders why Mr. Shaw himself did not see how often they shift their ground and how unconvincingly his puppets argue. One man with one sentence about marriage as it is understood and lived by the majority of English and Irish men and women would in an instant upset all the intellectual caperings in which Mr. Shaw's characters indulge for nearly two hours, if the sole privilege of talking was not accorded to them.

DRAMATICUS.

"The Story of My Life," as Miss Ellen Terry calls her autobiography, which begins in this week's *M.A.P.*, will attract everbody who is at all interested in the stage, and those (there can be no exceptions) who regard Miss Terry as one of its chief ornaments. For it is the story of fifty years—meaning, as the actress says, "enough material for fifty books." "How few people can describe what they see!" exclaims Miss Terry in the opening chapter. That she can do so herself is plain. Miss Terry, as a child, was once wanted to impersonate a mustard pot. "When they tried to put me in the mustard pot I yelled lustily." . . . 'Put your child into the mustard pot, Mr. Terry,' said the stage manager. 'D—— you and your mustard pot, Sir!' said my mortified father. 'I won't frighten my child for you or anyone else!'"



THE DAY BEFORE—



AND THE DAY AFTER THE CATASTROPHE

The "Phare de la Coudre," one of the finest lighthouses in France, collapsed the other day, having been undermined by the waves. It stood on the peninsula of Arvet, at the mouth of the Gironde, on the Bay of Biscay, and was erected in 1895. Last year, owing to the encroachments of the sea, the lighthouse was pronounced unsafe, and another was built a mile inland. The light of the latter is three million candle-power, and is visible fifty miles away. Photos by C. Trampus, Paris.

A VICTIM OF THE SEA: A FRENCH LIGHTHOUSE UNDERMINED BY THE WAVES



RAILWAY BUILDERS INDIAN COOLIES FROM DURBAN ENTRAINING AT LOBITO BAY FOR UP-COUNTRY WORK ON THE NEW AFRICAN LINE

An Important South African Railway Undertaking

It is a trite but true saying, that the British Empire is formed on private commercial enterprise, for it may be noted that individual energy has almost invariably made the first footprints of the world's progress. Exploration projects railways, and then railways become the high-roads to fortune in opening up the physical resources of new countries while establishing fresh markets for trade.

One of the latest railway undertakings with these objects in view is the Benguella-Katanga Railway, now under construction by the well-known contractors, Messrs. Griffiths and Co., of 62, London Wall, E.C., with Sir Douglas Fox and Sir Charles Metcalfe, Bart., as consulting engineers. It is no secret that this railway line was projected by its London Chairman, Mr. Robert Williams, the well-known African financier, who obtained a railway and mineral concession from the Portuguese Government in 1902, for the purpose of "tapping" the rich copper deposits round about Katanga in Central Africa, and of bringing the ore to the coast for shipment to all parts of the world.

However, this railway undertaking would present little of interest to the general public, beyond the fact of its being a great engineering feat, were it not for the side issues evolving from its successful completion. And these are very important. For apart from the special utility of the line with respect to the conveyance of mining products to the coast, the reader may gather by glancing at the map that this railway line (built on the Rhodesian gauge), after starting from Lobito Bay and running for nearly one thousand miles directly inland to Katanga, can there be linked up with the Cape to Cairo system, and, when so completed, it will form a new and more expeditious route to the Rand, besides joining Pretoria and Johannesburg to Cape Town. Hence it follows that this railway scheme will play an important part in the future prosperity of the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies, while it will bring Pretoria five or six days nearer to London by a saving of 3,000 miles. The Benguella-Katanga Railway will besides possess these other advantages, that it will assist in opening up the Portuguese Colonies, and undoubtedly help in forming new trade centres in Central Africa.

The departure terminus of the Benguella-Katanga Railway is at Lobito Bay—not many days' steam from Southampton. Lobito Bay possesses one of the finest natural land-locked harbours in the world, and having an anchorage of some eight to ten fathoms to within a few feet of the shore, the Union Castle, Elder Dempster, and other Companies' liners are enabled to bring up alongside the jetty without difficulty.

The first four sections of the Benguella-Katanga Line have been open for some time for traffic, and 200 miles



The route of the Benguella-Katanga Railway is from Lobito Bay (Portuguese Angola) to Katanga (Belgian Congo Territory). The dotted line running S.E. shows the prospective junction with the Victoria Falls, on the Cape to Cairo and Rhodesian Railways. Reproduced by permission of the *Railway Times*.

MAP SHOWING THE NEW RAILWAY

are under construction, while a further 438 miles have been surveyed. The line is constructed on the highest engineering standard. It runs for some twenty miles over a low-lying country, and then ascends gradually, with the exception of 1½ miles, where there is a steep gradient of 1 in 16 (which is worked on the Riggenbach Rack system) until it reaches the table-land, 5,000 feet high, situated between the Zambesi and the Congo Rivers. On this plateau the country may justly be described as a white man's country, presenting most excellent conditions for farming, fulfilling the dreams of the hunter after big game, and enrapturing the lover of nature with the beauty of the scenery, which is here diversified with the foliage of the orange, banana, rubber, and other African growths.

Of course, in the construction of a railway, labour, and plenty of it, is a *sine qua non*. Near the coast and for some distance inland the native is satisfactory enough, and he is now coming in in ever increasing numbers. But in railway enterprise of the present description success waits on expedition; therefore, to push on the work as fast as possible, it has been found necessary to supplement local labour. With the hearty co-operation of the Natal authorities, the Indian and Home Governments, Mr. J. Norton Griffiths, the managing director of the firm of contractors, has just engaged some 2,000 coolies from India, active and intelligent men, who have learnt their work on the railways of that British possession. Before long from 10,000 to 15,000 men will be at work on the line, so that there is every prospect of this magnificent undertaking being completed with the utmost expedition. It is most satisfactory to learn that very nearly the whole of the plant employed in constructing the line is supplied by British firms. A noticeable fact is that in many districts along the line dwellings are being built, while the local markets were never so busy and so much frequented. At Bihé, a town some 220 miles inland on the railway, there are already to-day some 1,000 white men engaged in trading.

T. H. L.



The cricket eleven from Pennsylvania University which is to tour England in search of victory over some of the big public schools will, in the course of their stay, play Harrow, Clifton, Shrewsbury, Cheltenham, Haileybury, Rugby, Charterhouse, Repton, Winchester, Malvern, and the Universities of Durham and Edinburgh.

TO PLAY THE ENGLISH SCHOOLS: THE PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY CRICKET TEAM

A DIAMOND JUBILEE DINNER.—At the Holborn Restaurant, last week, a dinner was given by the directors of Price's Patent Candle Co., Ltd., in commemoration of the sixtieth anniversary of the formation of the company. The guests included a number of well-known business men. In an interesting speech the Chairman briefly recalled the history of the company, which is one of unbroken and increasing prosperity — the factories cover thirty acres and give employment to 2,000 workpeople—and he reminded his audience that his firm was the first in England to recognise the value of paraffin wax as a raw material for candles, the first shipment made by the Standard Oil Company in 1878 being sold to Price's Patent Candle Company.

An appeal is made on behalf of St. John the Evangelist's National Home and Hospital, Oxford—an institution for incurable ladies, which is much in need of funds, especially for building purposes. The hospital is not yet completed, one wing being still unfinished. At least £5,000 is required for this, but annual subscriptions for maintenance are also greatly needed.

"PLACE AUX DAMES"

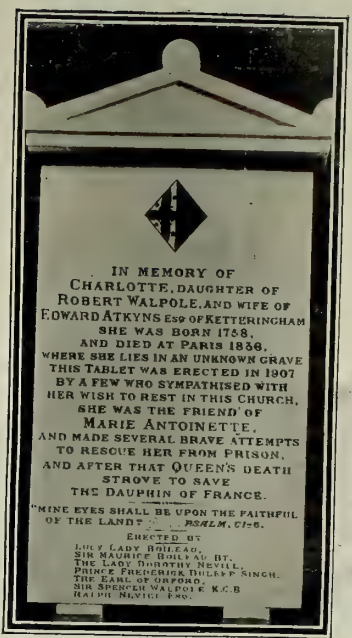
By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

This is the season when country cousins swarm in the streets, fill the chairs in the parks, sitting for hours patiently on the chance of a glimpse of passing Royalty, and appear in crowds at all the bazaars and charity concerts. The latter, indeed, would fare badly were it not for the hearty interest and practical help given by the country cousin. The concerts at Grosvenor House, Londonderry House, and Bridgewater House will prove brilliant successes, thanks to their presence and enthusiasm. Many people would never behold the interior of beautiful and historical homes were it not for the opportunities given them when their doors are generously thrown open for these yearly entertainments. A friend of mine was much amused lately to hear a lady in an omnibus discoursing to the country cousin upon the merits of the various ducal houses in Piccadilly. "That one," she said, "is very beautiful, and contains some magnificent treasures of art. I have often been there." "Indeed!" said the admiring person from the country. "And do you go much to that house?" pointing to another. "Oh, no," said her friend. "I don't go there, the society is so mixed!"

I often wonder why that extremely disagreeable nuisance, the milk-cart, is not put a stop to. In the early morning, when one is longing for sleep, these noisy conveyances come rattling by, stopping here and there (for every street rejoices in several milk-carts), with a loud clatter and banging of tin cans dumped on the pavement. The jingling and racket, and clamour having been finished at one door, proceeds to another. No sooner has one cart passed (and these springless, violent vehicles appear to be noisier than any other one of the species) than another arrives. Every householder has his own milkman, and every milkman vies with the other in making the loudest din he possibly can, with clatter of chains and harness, milk cans, horses' feet, mixed with the plaintive cry of "Milk below." Repose becomes impossible, and the tired man or woman raises his or her head wearily from the pillow, knowing that slumber has forsaken his or her eyelids for the day.

The first Australian exhibition of women's work to be held this year has engaged much time and attention on the part of Lord and Lady Northcote, and the latter, who initiated it, is deeply interested in its success. All woman's work is to be represented, both amateur and professional. Lady Jersey is collecting exhibits in England, and Mrs. Clifford Cory, amongst many other ladies, is sending out some specimens of her beautiful needlework, which includes copies of Burne-Jones's pictures. A great degree of excellence is expected, and the exhibition will include all kinds of things, from fine arts to preserves, from lace to loaves of bread, from enamels to photography.

At this time of the summer Society takes houses on the river and cottages in the country. Datchet is popular because the young wives of Guardsmen elect to live there, Maidenhead becomes the resort of City men and their families, Pangbourne and Wargrave are the favourite spots for boating men, and Henley combines all advantages. The offices of the house-agent are besieged; he writes out long lists of eligible houses, according to his peculiar views, and the railway companies profit largely by the trips of the house-hunters—and what a weary quest it is! The "lovely creeper-clad cottage" turns out to be a labourer's dwelling, out of repair, with a garden that could be covered with a pocket-handkerchief; the old Manor House is falling to pieces; and in the modernised farm one cannot stand upright. The furniture, too! It would seem as though the beds were specially made to keep one awake, they are so old, so ramshackle, so hard, so uncomfortable, so wakefulness compelling! It is a marvel how well-to-do people can live in the homes they try to let, where there is no bathroom, the kitchen is but a receptacle for blackbeetles, the pantry a cupboard, the water comes from a well, and the chairs and tables fall to pieces if you look at them. Surely truth might be cultivated with some advantage by house-agents. If a desirable mansion were really desirable, it would be taken at once. As it is, the heartbreaking search goes on, the disappointment, the waste of time, the fatigue, until the despairing house-hunter finally decides to give it all up, and go abroad to an hotel.



TO A REMARKABLE WOMAN: THE TABLET RECENTLY ERECTED IN MEMORY OF MRS. EDWARD ATKYNS IN KETTERINGHAM CHURCH

Betting is supposed to be the vice of the poor working woman who falls into the hands of the racing tout. Wages disappear, the pawnbroker looms nearer, and the family are half ruined. In the upper circles speculation among women has largely increased of late years. There was a time when ladies knew nothing of business, when the City was a closed book, and the money market represented no more to them than a confusing set of figures. In America the business woman holds an honourable place, while several lady financiers have already made fortunes. The average Englishwoman, hearing of this, is bitten by an intense desire to speculate. It seems so simple, so satisfactory, and is, in reality, so insidiously fatal. Few women speculate wisely, and most of them lose their money, and are obliged in the end to resort to the good offices of relations and friends. The telephone has made speculation much more easy. You can pass the morning at the telephone, and lose a fortune in the course of a few hours. While the business capacity seems well developed in some women, a lack of prudence and skill is apt to disqualify others from making money.

A FRIEND OF MARIE ANTOINETTE

Mrs. Atkyns, in memory of whom the tablet here illustrated was recently placed in Ketteringham Church, Norfolk, was a remarkable woman. The friend of Marie Antoinette, she actually contrived to gain admittance into the prison of the Conciergerie with the intention of effecting the rescue of the Queen. On this occasion she was disguised in the uniform of a National Guard, being accustomed to don military clothing by reason of the fact that before her marriage she had acted a soldier's part with great success on the boards at "Old Drury." The Vicomte de Frotté, one of the most gallant of the French Royalists, was for some years on the closest terms of friendship with the mistress of Ketteringham Park, who was much engaged in different plots to extricate the Dauphin from his imprisonment in the Temple. To the end of her life she believed that Louis XVII. had somehow escaped, but unfortunately she appears to have left no notes behind her which might throw light upon what undoubtedly remains a great historical mystery. The very interesting story of her life and of her efforts on behalf of the Bourbons, was recently written by a talented French writer, M. Barbey, an English translation of whose book excited a good deal of interest in this country.

The memorial here shown owes its erection to the initiative of Lady Boileau, who resides at Ketteringham Park, formerly the seat of the Atkyns family.



The Oxford Pageant is to be given on the scene of our photograph on June 27, 28, and 29, and July 1, 2, and 3. There are sixteen scenes, some of them written by Mr. Stanley Weyman, Mr. Laurence Housman, Mr. Robert Bridges, and Professor Raleigh. There will be more than 3,000 performers. Photo by Hills and Saunders.

UNDER MAGDALEN TOWER: THE SITE OF OXFORD'S COMING SIX DAYS' PAGEANT



This monument, in Peitermaritzburg, was erected by the Natal Government in memory of the 210 Natal Volunteers who fell in the late Boer War. The sculptor is Mr. G. E. Wade.

TO NATAL'S BRAVE DEAD

THE F.O. BAG

By LUCIEN WOLF

"*NICHTS ist schwerer zu ertragen als eine Reihe von schönen Tagen*," says the German proverb, and so it happens that midway in the festive pilgrimage of British journalists I find myself stranded in this city, wearily seeking for sleep and hungering for the luxury of a little plain living. It is true that there have been other reasons for my desertion of the journalistic deputation, but even without them I doubt whether it would have been possible for me to have got through the whole of the Gargantuan programme. Two, and sometimes three, long banquets a day, with an average of five hours' sleep o' nights, require a reserve of vitality which only the ascetic or the young man has at his command. If lavish hospitality is a proof of friendship, then surely we have no better friends in the world than our German cousins. The comic paper *Ulk* has sardonically suggested that the whole programme is a device of the Anglophobes to utterly demoralise the British Press by destroying the stomachs of its editors. So far the great majority of the visitors have stood the sinister attack well. In fact all are delighted. Nor could they well be otherwise, for, together with the costly and prodigal entertainments, there have been on every side a kindness, a cordiality, a watchful delicacy, and, in short, an earnest desire to show how real and strong is the desire of the German people to live in amity with Great Britain, which could not but touch as well as gratify us.

Let there be no mistake in England as to the universality of this demonstration. Here and there, it is true, there have been curmudgeonly asides, but these have referred less to the desirability of our Anglo-German *rapprochement* than to the methods of the German organisers of the festivities. Thus Herr Georg Korn, writing in *Die Welt*, thinks the *Nachlaufen* of English journalists has been over-done—rather a curious parallel to Mr. Maxse's declaration that the said English journalists have been "crawling" before the German Kaiser and people. But even Herr Korn is anxious to secure British friendship. Mr. Maxse will, indeed, soon enjoy a splendid isolation in the matter of irreconcilability. Almost all the German Maxses have been among our most amiable hosts, and there has been at least one very notable reciprocant on the other side, in the person of Mr. Saunders of the *Times*. Nothing could have been pleasanter than to see Professor Schiemanne, Dr. Paul Liman and Mr. Saunders beaming happily on everybody at Prince Buelow's garden party, while the Chancellor, in excellent English, expressed to all and sundry his delight at the prospect of the British Lion and the German lamb making a little millennial *ménage* of their own. In the wholesale participation of the official world in the festivities the initiative of the Emperor must, of course, be recognised. Even without this participation, it is certain that the visitors would have had a cordial reception; but the Emperor desired that the welcome should be national, and hence the Government and every branch of the Imperial Administration associated themselves most zealously with the popular movement.



THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN
Who celebrated their Golden Wedding this week.
Photo by Julius Grape, Stockholm.

The political importance attached to the British visit by the German Government was illustrated by the weighty pronouncement of the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Herr Von Mühlberg, at the great banquet in the Zoological Gardens. That the journalists should have been selected as the auditors of this speech was a very delicate compliment, seeing that they are not the only British deputation now visiting Germany. Lord Lyvedon and Lord Brassey are both touring the country at the head of more or less official commissions of inquiry, and both have been hospitably received by the authorities. Moreover, in a few days the Lord Mayor of London will arrive here in state, and great preparations are being made to entertain him on a scale suited to the decorative and gastronomic positions of Gog and Magog. Nevertheless, the political *bonne bouche* has been reserved for the journalists in the shape of Herr Von Mühlberg's striking speech, which it is understood was prepared in collaboration with the Chancellor and received its finishing touches from the hands of the Kaiser himself.

For once a German statesman, speaking on International affairs, seems to have given general satisfaction. The speech charmed all of us, as much by its frankness as by its excellent style—its frankness especially, for we had been surfeited by compliments. It made no apologies and no concessions, but it dealt with the sources of Anglo-German misunderstandings honestly and straightforwardly, and on the principle of "put yourselves in our place." This is the only true way in which international misunderstandings can be cleared up, and the speech certainly helped all its British hearers to understand the German position. The suggestion that a basis for an Anglo-German *entente* might be found, without prejudice to other alliances and *ententes*, in the common interest of the two nations in the freedom of the neutral markets of the world, was not new, but it was not on that account less excellent. Indeed, I believe that the first fruit of the growing *rapprochement* between Downing Street and the Wilhelmstrasse will take the form of an understanding in the field of specifically commercial politics.

The cause of Anglo-German friendship—and many other generous causes—has lost a powerful advocate in Karl Blind (whose portrait is given on another page). He was the typical *Achtundvierziger*—idealist and erudite, a trifle mad but courageous, sincere and overflowing with human kindness and generosity. There was a chivalry of '48 which to-day has gone from us as completely as the classic chivalry of which Burke deplored the death, but Karl Blind was one of its lingering survivors. To know him was a liberal education in many things, but especially in the dream politics of sixty years ago, which did so much for the promotion of popular government throughout Europe, although it never realised itself. Many of the *Achtundvierziger* became very respectable Manchester Liberals, some even drifted into moderate Conservatism, and a few actually became Bismarckian Tories. I remember, indeed, some years ago, warning a German statesman who had been good enough to invite me to his house, that I was the son of an *Achtundvierziger*, whereupon he replied, with a polite smile, "*Heute sind wir alle Achtundvierziger!*" I am afraid Karl Blind would not have accepted this assurance as literally true. He was of the old stock of unbending Radicalism, of which very few now remain. One of the last articles he wrote appeared in the *Berliner Tageblatt* last Saturday. It was a characteristic appeal to the Powers to re-establish the Turkish Parliament as the only effective solution of the Macedonian Question, and indeed the whole problem of Ottoman misrule.

By a curious coincidence I read the announcement of the death of Karl Blind while sitting the other day in the Minister's anteroom in the German Foreign Office. It was a coincidence, because in that room, some years ago, I had a long talk about the famous agitator with the late Foreign Secretary, Baron von Richthofen. It happened in this way. The Baron was telling me the story of the three rooms of which this particular room formed part. One had been Prince Bismarck's reception-room, the second had been his work-room, and the third—the smallest of the three—was the room in which, as the Baron said, "the German Empire was made." It was, in short, the room in which the Ems despatch was doctored. We had returned to the anteroom when the Minister, pointing to one of the windows, said: "It was from that window that Prince Bismarck addressed the crowd on the day that Karl Blind's stepson attempted his life. I was among the cheering students below. I little dreamt then that one day I should myself be the official tenant of these rooms." It was on this that we talked of Karl Blind, and in the wide range of the old revolutionist's fine character we easily found common ground for admiration.

The problem of filling the Assistant Under-Secretaryship of State at the Foreign Office shortly to be vacated by Sir Eric Barrington is rather a delicate one, especially in view of the relation of certain recent promotions to the claims of seniority. I should not be surprised, however, if the ordinary process of hierarchical advancement in the Office were once again disregarded. The Assistant Under-Secretaryship to be filled is of very great importance, for it deals with all the chief European countries besides controlling and managing the Consular Service. Rumour is, indeed, busy with the name of a brilliant Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary whose varied experience of foreign Courts, from the Red Sea to the Gulf of Bothnia, peculiarly fits him for the post.

A ROYAL GOLDEN WEDDING

The King and Queen of Sweden, who celebrated their golden wedding this week, were married on June 6, 1857. His Majesty is seventy-eight, and the Queen seventy-one. King Oscar is one of the most versatile of Kings, and has been surnamed "Beauclerc." He has written as well as made history, is a poet who has translated Goethe, and a master of seven languages. His "Memoirs" will be published posthumously. The Queen, who, of course, was Princess Sophie of Nassau, has all through her life been an invalid.

Written by H. W. LUCY

This Week's Parliament

Sketches by RALPH CLEAVER

Lightening the Ministerial Ship

In a House thronged from the floor to the topmost range of seats in the Strangers' Gallery, the Prime Minister rose on Monday to make his promised statement with respect to the course of business. Nearly a dozen questions on the paper, dealing with various measures, indicated the wideness of the field of interest. In reply to the first on the list, "C.-B." announced the intention of making a full statement at the conclusion of Questions. There were, as usual on a Monday, a prodigious number, nearly a score being addressed to the Secretary of State for War. When the hand of the clock touched a quarter to three, the limit of time allotted to this discipline of Ministers, there yet remained of questions unanswered enough to form a Shorter Catechism.

When at last the Premier's opportunity came, it found him in a curiously nervous condition. In accordance with his later and better habit, he had not written out his speech at full length. But when he came to critical passages, such as that dealing with the Irish Council Bill and with the threatened action against the Lords, he produced half a sheet of notepaper and read the carefully prepared sentences. To begin with, unassisted by manuscript, he fumbled and faltered for several minutes before getting into full swing. This uneasiness was doubtless due to a conviction that the deadlock in public business with which the House was faced was due to his own preliminary arrangements. He frankly admitted that Bills mentioned in the King's Speech had not been introduced for the reason that they had not yet been drafted,

All this he put down to the account of the Autumn Session last year. Whilst it prevented Ministers from devoting themselves to the consideration of new Bills, it also interfered with the due holiday of the draftsmen, which was necessarily made up at a time when they otherwise would have been available for the work of the present Session. This seemed a little inadequate by way of explanation and extenuation. But as it led up to the definite announcement that there will be no Autumn Session this year, members were not disposed to be too critical. At the end of a speech that ran—or, to be more precise, stumbled—through three-quarters of an hour, it was made clear that out of sixteen Bills, mostly of first-class importance, standing on the Orders, seven will be dropped. Among them are the Licensing Bill, the Irish University Bill, the Bill for the relief of Passive Resisters, and, of course, the Irish Council Bill. With characteristic sanguineness, "C.-B." assumed that the remaining nine will be added to the Statute Book before the Prorogation.



Lord Carrington waxes anecdotal over "Allotments and Small Holdings."

As he went through the measures, and finally disposed of the list, members below the gangway on the Ministerial side began to move uneasily in their seats. What about the House of Lords? was the question that framed itself on many lips. Was it possible he would ignore the subject? Not at all. He was only saving the *bonne bouche* to the last. At mention of the subject a cheer rose from the Ministerial benches, which testified to its nearness to their hearts. When he went on to speak of "a Resolution" enthusiasm was distinctly chilled. It was understood, rightly, as I have good reason to know, that the matter was to be dealt with not by means of an abstract resolution, but by a substantial Bill which, unlike some others, was actually drafted. In supplement of private information on this point, Mr. Churchill, dealing with the subject in a speech addressed to his constituents before the Easter recess, distinctly referred to procedure by Bill. Any procedure short of that will be futile.

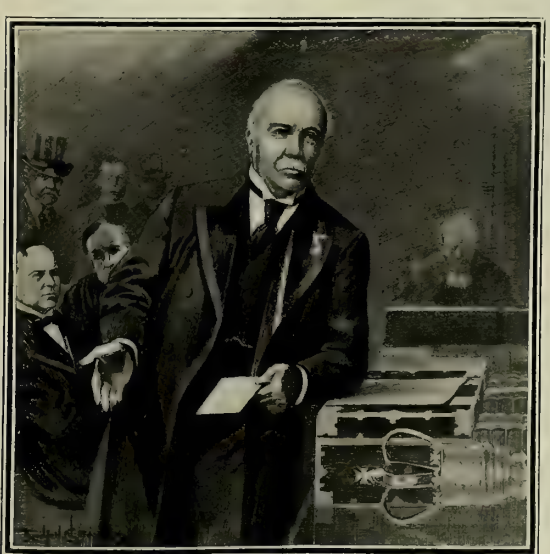
When the Premier resumed his seat, Mr. Balfour sprang to his feet with an alacrity that promised sport. Nor was expectation disappointed. The Leader of the Opposition is at his best when he follows the Premier in debate, not having had the advantage, dear to most men, of preparing his discourse. On Monday he fell upon the Premier tooth and nail. In what a position stood public business! June had begun and no Government measure of first-class importance had reached the Committee stage, except the Army Bill, and that was dealt with under the shadow of the guillotine. Nevertheless, after cutting out, by the half-dozen, Bills promised in the King's Speech, there remained a programme that would occupy the House up to October. "A fantastic programme," he cried, "a writing up on the slate what in a few weeks' time will have to be wiped out."

Mr. Redmond came next, seizing the opportunity to renew his explanation of the embarrassing position he had fallen into in connection with the Irish Council Bill. He ingeniously, it not convincingly, accounted for it by affirming he had from the first recognised the fundamental imperfection of the measure, but in course of long negotiation with the Chief Secretary had grown accustomed to it. It was different with the Convention meeting at Dublin, upon whom the Bill burst with all its imperfections on its head, to which was promptly added the weight of the Nationalist shillelagh.

Our Portraits

The late Sir Charles Mark Palmer, Bart., M.P. for the Jarrow Division, may be described as the maker of Jarrow. He was born in 1832. He designed the first English screw collier, launched in 1852, and from his yards have come nearly sixty warships for the British Government. At the time of the Crimean War he built the armoured ship Terror in three months. He sat in Parliament for Jarrow from 1885 till his death. Photo by Russell and Sons.

The two officers who ascended in a war balloon from Aldershot on the occasion of the visit of the King and Prince Fushimi and have not since been heard of, were both experienced aeronauts. Lieutenant Theodore E. Martin-Leake entered the Army in 1899, and became lieutenant in 1901. Lieutenant William Talbot McClintock Caulfeild joined in the same year, and rose to the rank of lieutenant a year after his unfortunate fellow-balloonist. He was well known as an aeronaut, and in the recent Aero Club's race he was on board the Hon. C. S. Rolls' balloon Nebula. Photos by Bassano.



The Prime Minister announces the dropping of Government measures.



Mr. Balfour objects to the controversial nature of the Prime Minister's statement.

THE BYSTANDER

"*Stand by.*"—CAPTAIN CUTTLE.

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

That an Englishman's house is his castle I have been always taught to believe ever since I can recollect. I confess, however, of late years, seeing the castles of my friends frequently demolished without their permission and railway trains run through their dining-rooms, I have very grave doubts whether this time-honoured axiom is infallible. But, supposing it is, I would submit that if our houses are castles our letter-boxes are private property, that all letters deposited therein are only there on sufferance, and that unacceptable missives are clearly trespassing. I wish the many kind and considerate people who favour me with their communications would kindly bear this in mind. If they would, it would save them a great deal of trouble. It is no use whatever for publishers of new books to send me announcements of the same, as I always know what books I want, and where to get them. It is waste of time for promoters of companies to send me prospectuses, as I never apply for shares in this way. It is a work of supererogation for secretaries of charities to send me applications, as I have a list of all the charities I can afford to subscribe to, and they are all paid at the beginning of the year. Furthermore, let it be understood that I never pay any attention to a lithographed circular. It at once goes into the fire, and is generally followed by most of the communications in halfpenny envelopes. Moreover, I wish to state that I know where to purchase my cigars, my spirits, and my wines, and I know which restaurants I like to dine at, and no amount of circulars and notices have the least effect upon me. If people would only clearly understand this, the trespassers on my letter-box would be fewer; they would save themselves much trouble and expense, and me a great deal of annoyance.

In a recent number of the *Referee*, I note that "Dagonet" offers a prize for the best list of six genuine odd names, which must be real and not manufactured. I do not propose to enter this competition myself, though having for years past been a student of curious nomenclature, I think I might have a very good chance of winning the prize. I recollect once being in an old City church one Sunday morning and being very much startled by hearing the curate announce, "I publish the Banns of Marriage between John Ivory Kiddle, bachelor, and Annie Kimber Titkins, spinster, both of this parish. If any of you know cause, or just impediment, why these two persons should not be joined together in Holy Matrimony ye are to declare it." First I thought of forbidding the banns on account of the exchange of the name of Titkins for Kiddle being rather for worse than better, then it struck me what an intensely funny name for a bride would be Annie Kimber Kiddle, and how the best man and head bridesmaid would endeavour to stifle their laughter when they saw the signature in the vestry. Then I entered into all sorts of wild speculations about the couple, and wondered whether the Ivory Kiddles looked down upon the Kimber Titkinses or the Kimber Titkinses regarded the marriage as a *mésalliance*. I am sorry to say the whole affair seemed to me intensely comical, and so excited my risible faculties, that had I not pulled myself together and left the church suddenly, I fear I should have been, like the gentleman who sat down on a sharp point, promptly removed by the beadle.

With regard, however, to odd names. I believe it is almost impossible to invent a new name. I think, at various times, I have seen nearly all of Charles Dickens's names over shop fronts in remote country towns or on tombstones in out-of-the-way churchyards. Of course, they are rare, but I believe the majority of them are borne by families actually in existence. As an evidence of the difficulty of coining an entirely new name, I may mention the following. Once, when writing a story, I could not satisfy myself with the name of the principal character. So I called him Smith or Jones all the way through, and when the tale was finished, by taking a name, cutting out the middle and bringing the ends together, I got exactly what I required, and said to myself this is an entirely new name, and almost worthy of Dickens. This name I inserted throughout the manuscript and sent it off to the printers, thinking what a very clever fellow I was. But the very next morning I took up the newspaper and in the police reports read that some one was had up for being drunk and disorderly. Nothing very extraordinary in that, you will say. No! But it was very surprising to find that he bore the exact name that I thought I had invented the previous day.



A TYPICAL DERBY DAY SCENE: AMONG THE COACHES

Photo by Horace W. Nicholls.

Recently they have been painting the lamp-posts—I beg pardon, I mean the electric-standards—in my neighbourhood. But they do not seem to have made up their minds about the colour. In my immediate vicinity there is one standard painted brown, another vermilion, and a third green. Indeed there are several shades of the latter, which again betokens indecision or love of variety. I note one of emerald green, another of that useful tint that I remember in my painting-days as terra vert, and another of celadon. Whether this "Wearing of the Green" by lamp-posts—for they are lamp-posts after all—betokens mute eloquence on the Irish question I am unable to say, but I think it all points to the fact that variety is as pleasing in lamp-posts as in anything else. Why should they all be one uniform colour? Would it not give a brilliancy to our streets if each lamp-post was differently decorated? And while on this subject, might not one inquire why every pillar-post is, without exception, clad in scarlet.

CLUB COMMENTS

By "MARMADUKE"

"My life is all a 'season,'" was said by a very fashionable Englishwoman some thirty years ago, and the statement was fastened on to by the serious-minded of the time, who used it as a text for many meditations and reflections. There are hundreds of women in England to-day who could repeat the assertion, but the condition is comparatively so common that it would not occur to them to suppose the circumstance worth mentioning.

There are the London season, from the middle of May to August; the German Bath season, from August to the middle of September; the country-house season, from the middle of September to the middle of December; and the South of France season, from the middle of December to the middle of May. That programme regulates—more or less—the movements of several hundreds of men and women in England, whose main object, in this direction, is to keep apart from the majority — which brings to the front the matter the writer wishes to deal with. The London season is gradually being removed from the programme as an "unfashionable" item.

Those who have such continual opportunities of meeting no longer depend upon the London season for the purpose. They affect to abhor crowds, and the town is crowded in June and July. The restaurants, theatres, shops, streets, and parks are filled, and that distresses the few whose continual endeavour it is to escape from the many. The observant have noticed that there are many more houses in the West End to be let for the season than there were formerly, that there are each year fewer balls in Mayfair, and that every opportunity is seized by many to spend most of the time in the country. In June and July now thousands pour into London from the Provinces, the Colonies, the United States, and the Continent, but the tendency is for Mayfair to empty, except when there are Court entertainments.

The growth of cosmopolitanism throughout the world is an important and interesting feature of the time. The items in the programme which has been given in a previous paragraph show how much of the year is spent abroad by the rich and prominent amongst us; the increasing inflow of visitors to London during the season from foreign countries proves that the development is not confined to the English. In fact, it is an almost general circumstance throughout the civilised world for the rich and prominent to spend much of their time away from their own country. Were those who lead the fashion here to spend many months abroad, and to discontinue to come to London for the season, it would be a serious matter in ordinary circumstances. When, however, it is found that they are replaced by a mass of visitors from every part of the globe, it is of little or no consequence.

It has been said that an hotel occupies the site of three houses and gives accommodation to those who would occupy thirty. Throughout the West End of London private houses are being demolished, and in their stead are being built great hotels—and those that have been opened do not seem to satisfy the demand for accommodation. On the other hand, the increase of great hotels is to be observed in almost every capital in the world. We are all interchanging our rich. It is not merely the whim of a section of the community here; it is a general development caused by the great increase in facilities for moving added to the natural desire for conditions which differ from those we are accustomed to. Love of our country is an indescribable sentiment; most English men and women give expression to it by saying, "It is always such a delight to get back—to a joint"!



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"GOSSIP" FROM THE PICTURE EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON



"AU PIANO"



"BAISER D'ADIEU"

Parisiennes in Paint and Pencil: Some of the Work of the Fashionable French Artist, Jules Cayron



DERBY DAY: THE ARRIVAL OF THE COACHES ON EPSOM DOWNS



DERBY DAY: THE ARRIVAL OF THE COACHES ON EPSOM DOWNS

A TROPHY OF WAR

Written by SIDNEY PICKERING PART II Illustrated by W. H. MARGETSON



"Marcel Rey, with a pistol in each hand, stepped out into the open."

VI

MARCEL REY stood in the convent parlour, a martial and incongruous figure. Five minutes' waiting inside those whitewashed walls had turned his impatience into fury, which the Mother Superior's placid dignity failed to mollify. He put into her hand an open letter.

"That, madame, is a request from the Baroness d'Arci that you will give up the person of her young sister-in-law, Donna Palma d'Arci, into my guardianship and safe-keeping. We have reason to believe that she is here."

"She is here, signore." Rey drew a quick, sharp breath of relief. "Donna Palma reached this house not long ago, exhausted with wandering. Nothing could have astonished me more than her coming. I am in no way responsible for it."

"You will be able to convince me of that by facilitating her departure. It must take place at once. I have no time to waste." The Mother Superior became less placid and more human.

"Signore, it is impossible, utterly impossible! She is not in a fit state to travel, she has cut her foot—she cannot even walk!"

"That will not prevent her from riding. I must see her, madame, and form my own opinion. But first let us understand each other. I must be able to tell her that you refuse to keep her here, in defiance of the wishes of her family. Be good enough to read that letter."

Having read it, the Reverend Mother surrendered unconditionally, assured Rey that he should see Donna Palma as soon as it was possible for her to receive him, and begged him to accept some refreshment. His men, she suggested, would be glad of breakfast. But Rey declined her hospitality. He intended that his troopers should remain on the alert. The Reverend Mother, he thought, might possibly wish to send a messenger to the nearest village, the d'Arci village, and any such intention should be frustrated.

A time of waiting, less intolerably long than the first, and then one of the Sisters led him up a staircase and along a narrow passage, opened a door, and, standing back, motioned to him to pass in. He crossed the threshold and stopped short. The bare, cell-like room held but one figure, that of a girl in a white dress, who, sitting in a high-backed carved chair, and pressing both hands upon its arms, leant forward a little. Sunlight made her hair golden as a painted saint's pale halo; a faint rose-flush stained her cheeks. In her eyes lay the very look that the great painter had read in the eyes of another woman centuries ago. Defiance, watchful expectancy, strong emotion restrained by a stronger will—the young living face before him held them all.

He had already composed a few curt phrases which should impress upon Donna Palma the instant need for unhesitating obedience on her part. Forgetting these utterly, he crossed the room in three strides, halted before her and said, speaking in French and very quickly:

"Will you tell me why—at the risk of your life—you came here?"

She answered as quickly: "Because of Paolo, my brother, because I love him, and if I leave our country I shall never see him again. When he knows that I am here he will come and fetch me. I have disobeyed him, but he will forgive me."

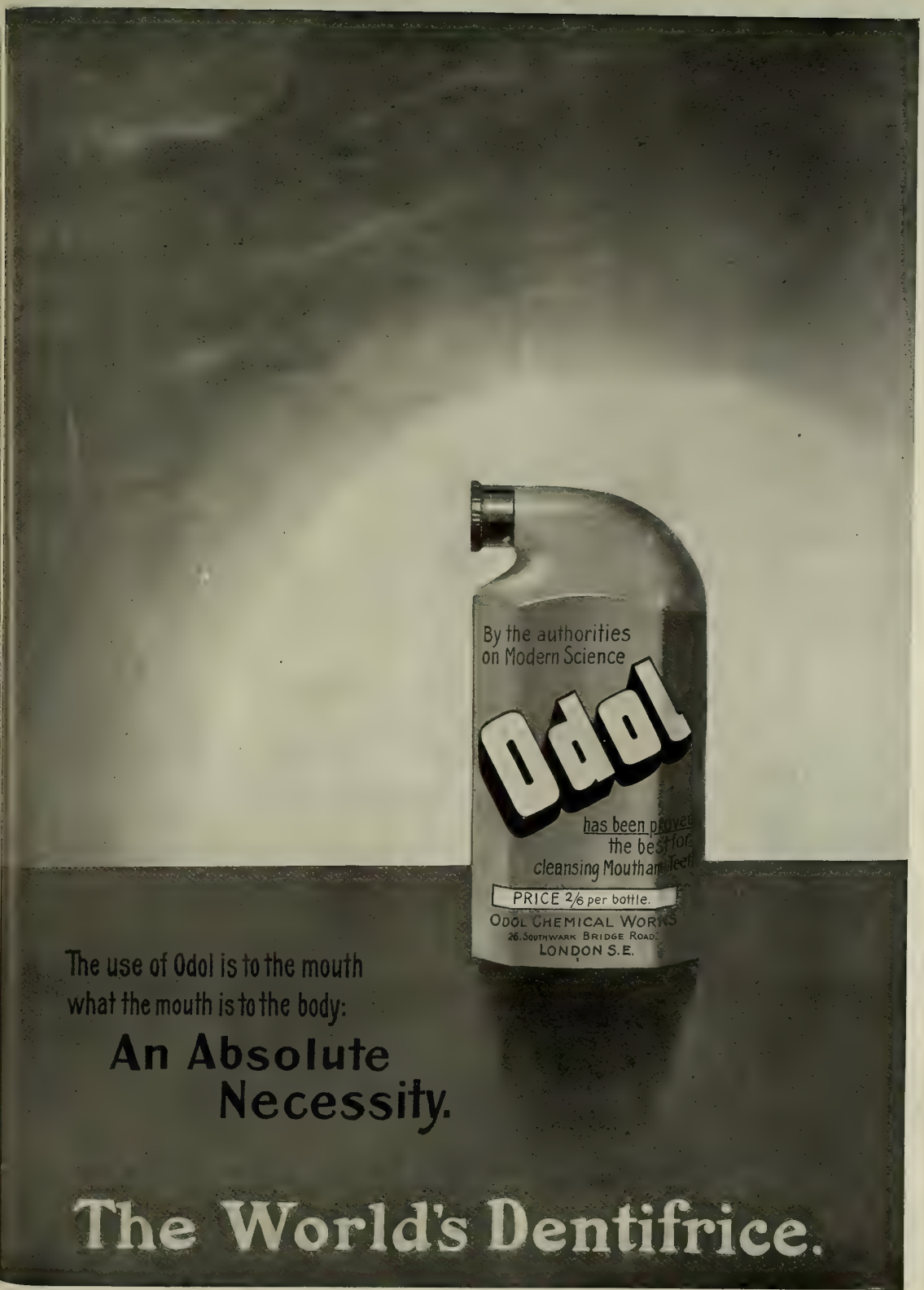
Said Marcel Rey: "You cannot stay here. No convent is safe in these days. It is my duty to take you back to your family."

"I refuse," said Donna Palma. "I will not go with you."

Rey said not a word, and the girl, understanding his silence, pleaded against it, throwing her pride at his feet.

"You will not be so cruel! She would take me to the North, to Genoa, and in a little while I should die of nostalgia, die like a caged bird. I beseech you, let me stay here!"

"Even if I had not pledged my honour that I would bring you back to them, how could I betray your brother's trust in me?"


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Her face grew rigid. She spoke insolently: "Was it for my brother's sake that you tracked me down? I think not. You have come here on *her* account, and certainly I was a fool to bring her with me."

Rey made so sudden a movement that the Sister started forward. "What do you mean?" he asked roughly. "Explain, if you please."

"Monsieur, I have here, in my possession, Donna Virginia Orsoli's portrait. Let us make a bargain. It shall be yours if you will go away without me—and it shall never be yours on any other condition."

Rey stared at her in amazement. "You have taken—stolen—the picture which your brother gave me?"

"It was not his to give. It was mine. My father gave it me long ago because I loved it. Paolo had forgotten. I promised him that I would give it up to you. Last night I was tempted and broke my word. But I am not a thief."

Rey bowed to her like a Marquis of the old *régime*. "Donna Palma, the portrait is yours, do what you like with it. Leave it here or destroy it if it pleases you. I deeply regret the annoyance I must unwittingly have caused you."

Palma d'Arci turned hot and cold with bitter humiliation. She had given her enemy a chance to be generous. He had taken it. She rose to her feet, then shuffled from one to the other, wincing visibly.

"Let me help you," Rey said, but she shrank away from him and clutched the Sister's arm.

"It is nothing," she said, "a scratch, nothing but a scratch. I can walk perfectly."

Rey moved to the door and opened it. "The sooner we can start," he said, "the safer will he our road."

He dreaded the actual moment of departure. The whole community might assemble and weep over Donna Palma, making him feel himself a monster. The Superior, however, proved to be a person of tact. She kept the Sisters busy in preparing provisions for the travellers, which Rey was glad enough to accept. There was no demonstration, and Palma was rigidly calm. She rode through the Convent Gate without a backward glance. Outside it she checked her horse and gave one long look to the mountains.

"If I had known," she said, "that you would come and not Emilio, I would have dragged myself to our own castello where you would not have dared to follow me."

In silence and in single file the little cavalcade descended the winding bridle-path, until the mountain sides drew apart, and below them stretched the fields, the olive-orchards, the road, the red-brown roofs of Santa Agata, and in the far distance a glittering line of sea. Fields and road and all the pastoral landscape lay vacant and at peace. Not a human figure showed itself.

"Where is the carriage?" asked Donna Palma. "Does it wait for me in the town?"

"That was out of the question," Rey answered quietly. "It could not with safety be separated from the other equipages. We must press on and overtake them."

They pressed on, through Santa Agata, where fierce-eyed women and children scowled at them, but hardly a man was to be seen, and out into the open country. The road was a sea of half-hardened mud, churned by the passing of artillery, cavalry, and trampling feet innumerable. The storms of yesterday seemed incredible, so still was the air, so radiant was the May sunshine.

Donna Palma was wearing a dark cloth pelisse which hid her white dress. The portrait in its canvas case was fastened with straps across her shoulders. Before long the heat became a torture to her. Her injured foot, under its close bandages, throbbed and ached cruelly. The excitement and bitter anger at her own helplessness, which had hitherto nerved her to endure, ebbed from her, extinguished by an overmastering physical distress. She ceased to think; only one thing concerned her, that she should defeat a certain horrible recurrent dizziness, and keep from slipping out of the saddle. Strange noises in her ears dulled her hearing. Rey, riding close beside her, spoke to her, and she could only guess at what he said; yet the buzz of a cloud of flies, which rose from a dead horse by the roadside, was so fierce and loud that it terrified her.

Marcel Rey found the day delicious. The road was bad, but he had known worse, and so far it gave no hint of danger. A salutary terror seemed to have swept the country bare. His spirits kept rising, and he rebelled against a companion who would hardly answer him. Anything might be forgiven a woman except sullenness!

The road became more varied as it turned more directly inland. It climbed small ascents and dipped into hollows. To the right of it rose rough hillocks, thick with brushwood, chestnut woods, and the outermost mountain spurs. One of these, crowned by the low walls of a village, caught Marcel Rey's attention. A small cloud of smoke hung above it in the still air. There came a sharp crackling sound, far off yet sharply distinct. "Carbine-fire!" said Rey aloud.

He turned to reassure the girl beside him, and at that instant saw her sway in the saddle, and caught her as she fell.

She was lifted down and laid on the rough, trodden turf by the road-side. Rey unfastened her pelisse and moistened her lips and forehead with rum.

The corporal, who had done his best to be helpful, shook his head. "Mon Capitaine, I think she is dying. Look at the colour of her lips."

Rey had been cursing himself for an unfeeling brute, and he found some relief in cursing the corporal for a fool. He also cursed the sun which shone so implacably upon the girl's white lifeless face. Only when sheltered from the heat and glare could she recover from her swoon.

A hundred yards further on the dense brushwood gave place to grass and rocks. The ground sloped steeply upwards to crags which overhung the road. On the hillock's further side their shade must inevitably rest, and he made for it, with Palma in his arms. The corporal carried the portrait which Rey had unstrapped, finding it abominably in his way. The troopers, heartlessly amused, rode slowly in the rear.

The ascent was steeper, the shadow farther off, than Rey had expected. At last, on a tiny grass slope, rock shadowed, he thankfully deposited his burden. A halt was plainly inevitable, and much to be regretted. Of his own free will he would never have chosen the neighbourhood of a village where fighting of some sort was taking place. He judged, however, that stragglers were in possession of it, who would first plunder and then burn, which would keep them busy for some time. He judged also that their way on leaving it would lie through the chestnut woods, descending to the main road at a point out of sight of his own position. The corporal having brought up his holster-pistols and the provisions, he despatched him with one of the troopers to reconnoitre the village and pathway sufficiently to discover whether his conclusions were correct. And kneeling down beside Palma he forgot every other consideration in a passionate anxiety to see life and consciousness steal back into her face.

They came at last. She drew a long, sighing breath, opened her eyes and gazed blankly at him. Presently, with his help, she sat up. Dazed as she was, her will was the first normal characteristic to reassert itself. She begged for water, and feebly resisted his determination to make her drink rum instead. He had his way, however, to the extent of one mouthful. Palma, her small strength ebbing from her, sank down again, struggled feebly to change her position, and uttered a moan of pain.

"I am a brute!" cried Rey. "It is her scratched foot that hurts her, and I had forgotten it!"

He found that her right foot was bare, except for the bandages which had made a stocking impossible. Very gently he unfastened them. What she had called a scratch was in reality an ugly little wound, half cut, half bruise, and considerably inflamed. Rey, thinking how at first it must have bled, and how, despite it, despite darkness and loneliness and a hundred terrors, she had obstinately gone on her way, said devoutly under his breath: "That is the right stuff for a soldier's wife!"

Palma neither heard him, nor was conscious of his touch. An invincible torpor numbed all her senses. For nights she had slept very little; the night before she had never closed her eyes. Now they closed involuntarily.

Rey left her in search of water to soak the bandages. He remembered passing a tiny stream spring that welled out between thick mosses. He had nearly reached it when a sudden sound startled him.

Voices. A hoarse murmur swelling louder as it descended the hillside. It meant that some of the stragglers, without waiting to finish their work, were coming down by a footpath through the brushwood. He called warningly to the two troopers who were guarding the horses in the road below, and hurriedly retraced his steps

Donna Palma seemed to sleep. Where she lay the rocks shut her safely in. Certain that she could not be seen, he climbed higher, to a spot from which he could partly command the road.

The voices rose to a clamour. The stragglers had caught sight of the horses. Craning forward he saw some twenty moving heads above shoulders laden with a strange medley of plunder. Here was a mob of twenty ruffians who had already forgotten that such a thing as discipline existed.

Now they were crowding round the horses. A clatter of hoofs, an outburst of oaths and yells, and one of the troopers galloped down the road, keeping his hand on the bridle of Rey's charger. The stragglers sent up a shout of laughter. They had discovered the lady's saddle.

Marcel Rey, with a pistol in each hand, stepped out into the open and ordered them to be off. After a moment's silence, jeers answered him. One drunken ruffian covered him with his carbine, another, less drunk, knocked it aside. They had stolen a march on their comrades, and come off with the lion's share of the plunder. They were a merry crew rather than a ferocious one.

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us see what you have got by it! Bring out your booty, or we will go off with your horses."

Rey's answer was followed by an ugly murmur. Half a dozen men began to scramble up the hillock. Motionless, Rey waited. Behind all his rapid shifting thoughts lay the thought of Palma—a horror and a reproach. Was it for this that he had taken her from her convent? Presently he would shoot down the foremost ruffian, and that, most likely, would be the beginning of the end.

From the hillside to the left a shout rang out. His two scouts were hastily returning, crashing down through the brushwood, and making noise enough for ten. The climbers halted to listen. Rey fired, and his bullet passed persuasively close to the nearest head. The head's owner dodged behind a rock and cursed him. The group in the road, having got possession of the four remaining horses, began to move on. No longer encouraged by their presence, the climbers obeyed a like impulse. One after another went slipping and stumbling downwards. They followed the main body, yelling back to Rey that if he wanted his horses he might come and fetch them. Meanwhile, the fourth trooper was lying insensible by the roadside, having been stunned by a blow from behind. Furious at the humiliation he had endured, Rey went back to Palma d'Arci. The girl had been aware of no danger, only of ugly noises which wrenched her out of her delicious drowsiness.

"Are they gone?" she asked. "Who were they?"

"Plunderers," Rey answered, "the shame and disgrace of our army. I hope I may live to see some of them hanged! I could swear to one or two."

He was on the point of adding that they had gone off with four of the horses, but checked himself in time.

"Lie down and sleep," he said gently. "You will not be troubled any more."

The girl murmured a "grazie," and nestling down again on mother earth, sighed softly and fell asleep.

On the mountain far above her head, the tragedy of a village reached its ghastly climax in blood and flame. Dense smoke clouds veiled the chestnut woods, through which the rest of the plunderers—at last satisfied—went their way.

VII

Palma awoke almost instantly to a clear consciousness of her surroundings. She sat up and stared about her with a startled uneasiness. The light had changed, working a subtle transformation on woods and mountains; the sky was deeply and darkly blue.

Marcel Rey, rising from a resting-place between the rocks, came nearer and knelt on the grass beside her.

"How could you let me sleep?" she exclaimed in keen distress. "It is the afternoon! We can never overtake them!"

"Signorina," Rey answered, "those villains stole our horses, all but two, and whether if they had left them I could have been cruel enough to rouse you sooner is very doubtful. As things are, there is nothing for it but to wait here. In a few hours Olivier's division will pass by. The General is a friend of your brother's; he will give you a seat in his carriage. You will have no more hardships, run no more dangers, and on the other side of the frontier will find your family waiting for you."

He was watching her with an intense curiosity. Would she reproach him? Would she shed tears? Or would she stiffen into cold, sullen hostility and mistrust?

"This is my own doing," said Palma bitterly. "I am only fit to work embroidery in a drawing-room. And I thought myself so strong and brave!"

"Had you been strong," he answered, "what you did would have shown far less courage. To go alone up that mountain path in the darkness——"

"There was a moon."

"Into mountains infested with brigands——"

"I met no brigands."

"To struggle on with your foot cut and bleeding——"

He left his sentence unfinished. Donna Palma was looking down at her foot. She had a faint, confused recollection of his removing the bandages. He must have bound it up again while she slept.

Said Rey hastily: "You ought to be famished. Let us have our *colazione* and drink the health of the Reverend Mother who has saved us from starvation."

Half way through her meal, Palma, turning to him, asked abruptly: "The portrait—*your* picture—where is it?"

Rey laughed. "The portrait—*your* picture—is on a ledge behind you. Poor lady, she has gone through some perils. I had forgotten her existence, but then, as you once kindly remarked, she is dead. Nevertheless," he went on, "though her sorrows and her triumphs were ended long ago, I am still curious to hear her history. I know that she has a history, and I beg you to tell it."

Palma's lips closed tightly, then parted again.

"Very well," she answered, "since you wish it! But it is nothing wonderful. After the death of her husband and my ancestor, she returned to her own country and her own castello near Brescia, for she had great possessions. The armies of France overran the north, and they besieged her castello and forced her to surrender. The Commander of the French was a *condottiere* named Bertrand de Giscaro. Donna Virginia became his wife. Having married him, she sent back her two sons to her father-in-law, Baron d'Arci, and with them her portrait. That is all."

"I wonder he did not burn it!" Rey exclaimed mockingly. "Only its beauty can have saved it. Which was her worse crime in your opinion? That she married a soldier of fortune, or that she married the enemy of her country? And yet—is it not possible that this Frenchman, this *condottiere*, as you call him so scornfully, loved Italy—since I love her?"

Donna Palma kept silence. She raised her eyes to what had once been a village. A haze of smoke still blurred the blue of the mountains.

"I understand you," said Rey. "You mean that those are the Frenchman's love-tokens, and always have been."

"Stragglers did that," said Palma, "but how many times have you stood by and seen such a village burn?"

"A score of times," Rey answered unhesitatingly, "and I have known no braver deeds done on the battlefield than I saw done by these peasants in defence of their miserable homes."

Said Palma: "You, at least, are a generous enemy."

Rey was silent. But to himself he said: "I swear that the day will come when you will no longer see in me an enemy—not even a generous one!"

Chance seemed to favour him. This girl, who in society would always have been coldly shy, an elusive creature, full of mistrust and reserve, was wholly fearless now that she found herself bereft of all the small conventionalities and restraints ingeniously devised for her protection. The eyes she turned to him were as unshadowed, as calmly trustful as a child's. She talked of her childhood in the old castle among the mountains, and of Paolo, who had been its hero. Paolo had told her stories out of Plutarch, had taught her the great deeds of classic history, had made her love liberty.

"Liberty!" Rey exclaimed. "I took you for a bitter reactionary, a true aristocrat!"

"The day came," she answered, "when my own people were being killed and the land made desolate in the name of liberty, and I found out that I loved my own country and my own people best."

"They tell us," Rey said, "that all such feelings are a relic of barbarism; but I understand them. When you bade me drink to the glory of the men we had been fighting, I understood that too."

He saw her smile. "I knew it," she said softly.

The sunset was a pageant of glory. Its changing magnificence lingered long on the mountains. Slowly, insensibly the shadows creeping upwards became darkness. If in the village embers still glowed red the blackened walls hid them. Every living inhabitant had fled from it, every living creature had been driven away. Here the night and the silence were the night and the silence of death.

In the chestnut woods and all through the wide valley the nightingales sang exultantly. To them it was the first night of summer, and to Marcel Rey and Palma d'Arci a night that could have no fellow—an enchanted night that whispered to each its fairy tale and wove for each its spell.

When her companion left her to take his watch as a sentinel, Palma wrapped herself in his cavalry cloak and slept till he awoke her with the news that Olivier's division was near at hand.

The young man's previsions were partly fulfilled. The General, however, astonished to see a young person, *du meilleur monde*, under the escort of Chef de Bataillon Marcel Rey and four troopers, and to recognise her as Baroness Palma d'Arci, could do no less than offer a seat in his carriage, already occupied by his secretary and two lady friends. The march, on the other hand, was not without hardship and danger. Food was hardly attainable except for the dregs of the army, who plundered right and left. Heavy thunder showers turned the road into a quagmire, adding enormously to the difficulties and miseries of the march.

As Isola the fulfilment of her wildest fears lay in wait for Palma d'Arci. Reinforced by insurgent bands, and commanding the one bridge across the Garigliano, whereby the Roman territory must be reached, Isola barred the way. She stood on an island in mid-stream of the Garigliano, a robber's nest of fortress-like houses above a swirling current. To get at her the French, under a galling fire, were forced to cross a bridge nearly every pier of which had been destroyed. Nevertheless, after a three hours' bombardment, the bridge was crossed and the town taken. Evening brought a wild wind and lashing rain and far-off thunder growling

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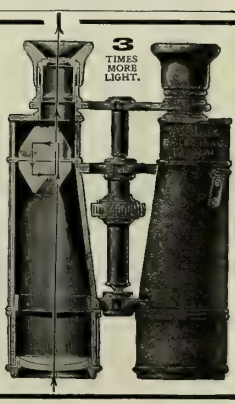
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savagely among the mountains, and with its shadows the shadow of doom fell on Isola. By an act of inexplicable folly the troops had been allowed free entrance within her walls, troops upon which the demoralisation of pillage, the fury of guerilla warfare had done their evil work.

"O the loud flames upward springing!
O that first fierce yell within,
And without that stormy laughter!
Like rooks across a sunset winging
Dark they dashed through glare and din,
Under rain of beam and rafter!
O that death shriek heavenward ringing!
O that wondrous silence after!"

In heart-broken horror Palma cowered against a corner of the carriage and heard the storm sweep by, bringing with t shouts and wailing cries and the crash of falling houses, saw the red glow brighten to a leaping light that the hissing rain had no power to quench. No one heeded her. The soldiers of the escort were encamped all round the carriages. From moment to moment some officer would join her companions, bringing fresh tales of horror. The General himself, they said, and all his colonels were patrolling the streets, striving at their risk and peril to hold back the soldiers, and only succeeding in compromising their own authority.

A voice reached Palma that told how women, children, and wounded had been collected in one house, and placed under a guard, and how that house also was burning, and some officers had vainly risked their lives in the effort to save those wretched refugees. One of the rescuers had been struck down by a falling beam, and dragged out with difficulty from beneath it.

"Was he dead?" someone asked.

The voice answered, "I do not know."

But Palma knew for a certainty. It was Marcel Rey who had forced his way again and again into the burning house, and had fallen dead on its threshold.

Afterwards all voices and sounds about her became one with the storm and the hoarse murmur of the river.

Something stirred beside her. She looked up, and the red light showed her the face of Marcel Rey. He opened the carriage-door and stood close before her. He was smoked-grimed, and covered with mud. His haggard face wore a look which she had never thought to see on it, she who had always looked upon him as the very embodiment of the French spirit, gay, self-confident, careless.

"Don't question me," he said in a harsh whisper. "I could do nothing, nothing!"

He sat down on the step at her feet, and covered his face with his hands. Palma, having no words, lent forward and laid one hand on his. He took it and pressed it against his throbbing forehead.

"Last night was the Paradiso," he said, "this night is the Inferno. Will you give the cup of cold water to a soul in torment? Will you, here and now, say that we are and shall be—friends?"

And not in ignorance but with a wild prescience of what she gave with it, Palma brought that cup of cold water to his thirsty lips.

.

At Veroli, one day's march from Isola, the Baronessa and Don Emilio were duly found waiting, and Donna Palma d'Arci was estored to the safe keeping of her pardonably indignant relations. After a brief rest in Rome the travellers continued their journey to Genoa. Troops were moving in the same direction, but the Directory had forbidden its generals to prolong the scandal of a march accompanied by a train of fugitive ladies.

VIII

The brief disastrous summer campaign against the Russians in Northern Italy had ended with the French defeat at Trebbia, and the generals and staff officers of what had been the army of Naples were hurrying back to Genoa.

Donna Palma d'Arci, knowing this, prayed insistently that she might see Marcel Rey, her friend, once more. In her own eyes the prayer, like the desire which prompted it, was excusable since it was final, and came from one who would make few more prayers in this world. At the moment when she learnt that Baron Paolo d'Arci, having seen all his hopes fall dead at his feet, and Naples in the hands of the tyrant, had suffered for his faith on the scaffold, in the blood-washed Piazza del Mercato, death, so it seemed to her, laid his hand upon her heart. She fulfilled her own prophecy, and pined like a caged bird, but not as Sterne's starling pined, crying "I can't get out," and beating its breast against the bars. She drifted passively and without a struggle into what the faculty of the day called *une maladie de langueur*, and for which it could devise no cure.

One breathless July evening she lay on her lounge in the sitting-room close under the house-roof, which she was allowed by hospitality to call her own. Through the wide open windows she could look out and down over the villas and sloping gardens of San Francesco d'Albaro to the shining, tranquil sea.

In the hot stillness and complete silence of the house, a heavy footstep and the clank of a cavalry sabre came slowly up the uncarpeted stone staircase. Listening, she turned very cold. Her incredulous eyes, fixed on the door, saw it swing back. She could not rise from her chair, but she leant forward. On the wall near by, Donna Virginia was leaning forward also, watchful and defiant.

Marcel Rey had entered the room alone.

For a long moment silence held them both. It was Palma who first found words:

"You have been ill—wounded?" she said.

"Both," answered Rey. "I was wounded at Trebbia. I have been ill since. I have grown old, I know, and here in the streets no woman looks twice at me." He checked himself with an impatient gesture. "Good God!" he said, "I talk nonsense, and the precious minutes pass. Donna Palma, how do you suppose I have obtained leave to see you—like this?"

The girl could not tell him that in the innocence of her first joy she had looked upon his coming as a granted prayer. She thought for an instant, and lifted a face out of which the momentary transfiguration of joy had altogether faded.

"Because you are leaving Italy," she answered; "very soon—to-morrow, perhaps."

"You are so far right that I am under orders to return to France, but the transports will not be ready—to-morrow. I am here with your sister-in-law's permission. I had hard work to get it. I wish you to do her full justice, she gave it most unwillingly. Only a few facts, of which I was forced to remind her, prevented her from ordering me to leave the house. But it is for you, and you alone to say whether I shall stay or go. I have the honour to ask you if you will consent to become my wife."

He turned his back on her, and moving away a step or two stared at the portrait on the wall, and weakness and fierce excitement so dimmed his vision that Donna Virginia faded away from him into a shining mist.

Palma neither stirred nor spoke. He swung round.

"You mean to refuse me," he said. "I will be patience itself, but I ask you for your reason. It is not because I am a Frenchman; we suffered together, and that old enmity is dead. It is not because you fear poverty. *Pourtant*, it is my duty to tell you that my family is wealthy and my prospects in my profession are good." He pointed to the portrait.

"Is it because you think that in doing as *she* did, you would stain an honourable name?"

She spoke very low. He leant over her to catch the words.

"I have only one reason. My strength is leaving me. I know that I cannot live long."

"It is a delusion," Rey answered passionately, "they told me so, and I would not believe it—I do not believe it now. But if it were a thousand times true, what does it matter to you and me? Have I not just escaped death's clutches? Am I, a soldier, ever certain that I shall see another day? We are two of life's *enfants perdus*. Very well, let us defy death together. We can vanquish him in every blissful moment, every time that we say '*Je t'aime.*'"

And with no one save Donna Virginia for a witness, that alliance was made and sealed.

Once only the strange eyes of Palma darkened with a doubt.

She said: "Since all that Paolo possessed is confiscated, I am a beggar. No one marries a beggar."

Once more Rey pointed to the portrait.

"You will bring me *that* as a dowry," he answered smiling: "She will be mine at last, and honestly come by!"

.

They were married not many days later, and in so far as human love can triumph, death, through them, suffered defeat.

IX

There is a house in Paris, near the Parc Monceaux, in the music-room of which hangs a portrait by Paolo Veronese, the portrait of a beautiful woman, fair skinned and golden haired, wearing a pearl white satin gown barred and slashed with black. Another century has but added to Donna Virginia Orsoli's triumphant beauty, giving a riper glory to the red gold of her hair, the whiteness of her throat and neck. She has admirers innumerable.

Amateurs, connoisseurs, collectors of all nations, burn incense before her, and remark suavely that the Louvre is her proper place, with the mental reservation that if ever fortune gives them the chance, they will fight for her "*à coups de mille francs*," and the Louvre will be lucky if it gets her!

Meanwhile, her mysterious eyes defy them, and below her, a silent guardian, hangs the sword of General Marcel Rey, who fell at Waterloo.

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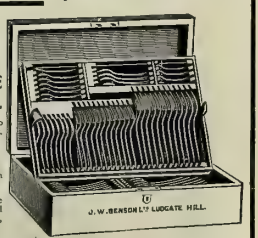
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It is with the conspiracy of circumstances which brought about the collapse of the Empire that Mr. Oscar Browning is concerned in this lucidly written volume ("The Fall of Napoleon." Lane. 12s. 6d. net). The history of Europe between the years 1813 and 1815, in its military and diplomatic aspects, comes into view, but it is avowedly with the personal story of the Emperor himself at that period with which the book deals. Fresh light is cast on the policy of Austria, the battle of Dresden, the capture of Paris, the Treaty of Fontainebleau, Napoleon at Elba, the dramatic Hundred Days, the final overthrow on the field of Waterloo, and that abject chapter in the despot's career which followed in its wake. Nothing is more clear than that Napoleon lost his nerve after the retreat from Moscow. But at Waterloo his superb self-confidence revived. He began the battle which sealed his fate and sent him to St. Helena, exclaiming that there were ninety chances out of a hundred in favour of his soldiers. Soult did not share his master's confidence, and Napoleon was irritated. "I tell you that Wellington is a bad general, that the English are bad troops, and that this will be the affair of a *déjeûner*." All that the brave Marshal could reply was, "I hope it may." Napoleon had the advantage in numbers, but he did not know it at the moment; in fact, he thought that the Allies exceeded the French by more than a fourth. Waterloo taught him at a terrible price to respect the Iron Duke. When he was an exile, and on his way to captivity, he exclaimed, "Wellington is fully equal to myself in the management of an army—with the advantage of possessing more prudence." Yet he still maintained his old contention, with characteristic obstinacy: "Waterloo was a fatality. In spite of all, I should have won that battle." Europe had good reason to congratulate herself that for once Napoleon's vaulting ambition overleaped.



MARIE LOUISE

From Mr. Oscar Browning's "The Fall of Napoleon" (John Lane). The painter of this charming portrait is unknown.

Great stress is laid in these pages on the part which Metternich played on another field—that of diplomacy—in the overthrow of Napoleon. Mr. Oscar Browning has written a valuable and suggestive book, though some of his conclusions suggest misgivings. Here is a typical instance. "Austria, in deserting Napoleon, lost a great opportunity. If she had remained faithful to the demands of honour she would have had the powerful assistance of a Sovereign who never betrayed a friend, and the twentieth century would not have seen Prussia the mistress of Germany and Austria on the verge of dismemberment." That is, of course, after all, a matter of opinion; whilst the final words partake of the nature of an unfulfilled prophecy. Other forces which, though impersonal, were far-reaching, need to be taken into account in any attempt to gauge the evolution of modern Germany. One thing is clear, and that is that between the ambition of Napoleon and his desperate straits when driven well-nigh to bay, and the cool, astute diplomacy of Metternich, poor Marie Louise—a Princess of Austria as well as an Empress of France—fared badly in the dark years which immediately preceded and followed the downfall of the First Empire. This extremely interesting book is enriched with a fine series of portraits. STUART REID.

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Of course, Mr. William Le Queux's "Secret" (F. V. White and Co.) is inviolable here. That its general nature may be guessable by his by this time experienced readers is their affair. At any rate, they will know the kind of story to expect, without another word from us; and if they are disappointed, they must have become uncharacteristically hard to please.



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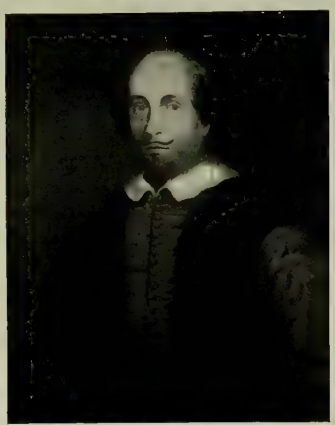
PROFESSOR RALEIGH ON SHAKESPEARE

The peril, once formidably imminent, that Shakespeare would be smothered out of life by the labours of commentators, expounders, critics, editors, and actors, of all nations, competent and incompetent, profound and shallow, of every degree that ranges from genius down to drivel, is unquestionably passing away. Very much, however, still remains to be done by way of clearing the Shakespearean atmosphere of its accumulations of fog, so that the sun may shine clearly through. Without departing a hair's breadth from the belief that the more people read Shakespeare, and the less they read about him, the more clear they will find him, we cannot withhold cordial welcome and recommendation from the monograph contributed by Professor Walter Raleigh to the "English Men of Letters" series (Macmillan and Co.). Eschewing speculations and subtleties, keeping well upon the surface—which is the only rational attitude towards a writer for the stage—and with a wholesome independence of view, his volume should act as an antidote to much of the cant, gush, and microscopic pedantry which have all but inseparably associated themselves with the name of their supreme foe.

A large proportion of prevalent controversy is due to attempts to discriminate between Shakespeare's own part in the Shakespearean dramas, and the portions to be ascribed to other hands. It is usual for a critic to make his own taste the court both of first instance and of final appeal. Coleridge exemplified this procedure when he professed his ability to "point out to a half line what is really Shakespeare's in 'Love's Labour's Lost' and some other of the not entirely genuine plays." Professor Raleigh's remarks on "Timon of Athens" as a typical focus of such questions are accordingly very much to the purpose:—

> There is nothing in all Shakespeare's work more stupendous than the colossal figure of Timon raining his terrible imprecations on the littleness and falsehood of mankind. Yet the play as a whole is unsatisfying, because the cause is inadequate to produce the effect. No one can read the play and believe that Shakespeare intended a satire on misanthropy; Timon's passion is heartrending and awe-inspiring; desolation and despair never spoke with more convincing accents. Yet when we examine the events that lead up to the crisis, and the characters who are grouped around Timon, they seem like excuses and shadows, hastily sketched as a kind of conventional framework for the great central figure. The machinery is carelessly put together, and the writing, in these outlying parts of the play, is often flat. The critics have been busy with this case, and have called in the inevitable collaborator. Some of them generously allow Shakespeare two helpers . . . and divide up the play line by line, assigning their exact portions to the lion, the ape, and the beast of burden. The problem is a very difficult one, and these conjectures are ingenious, but have not led to a convincing result. They are vitiated by the superstition which refuses to assign to Shakespeare any hasty or careless work and the problem has been complicated in Shakespeare's case by the pressure of theatrical conditions.

How Shakespeare's work, at its greatest, was affected, controlled, and even directly inspired, by the condition of the Elizabethan theatre—even by the very arrangement of the playhouse—is the subject of an exceedingly illuminating chapter. It is a matter which has never yet received its due meed of attention: in Professor Raleigh's hands it has proved fertile in suggestions which will be generally regarded as not more original than sound. The entrance of the actors from the back of the stage, and the consequent delay before it could be followed by speech, becomes, small as it may seem, a point of importance in its bearing upon scenic construction. That Shakespeare wrote for the stage, and for the stage of his own time, is among those obvious facts which, because of their very obviousness, are constantly forgotten. It may be regarded as the main insistence of the present volume.



This portrait of Shakespeare, which is in the collection of Mr. Maurice Grant, is stated to be a copy in oils of the likeness treasured at the poet's birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon. It is 10in. by 12in. in size.

ANOTHER SHAKESPEARE PORTRAIT

The biographical chapter—"Stratford and London"—is comparatively meagre, owing to the author's conservatism in the acceptance of common tradition, and his averseness from speculation. He appears to consider that Shakespeare's contemporaries and fellow-townsmen knew more about him than we do, and that their gossip is of more value than our most ingenious surmises. Of the sonnets he has, of course, something to say, holding them to be virtually inexplicable "if they be deprived of all background and occasion in fact." But of the attempts to unravel "the most tangled problem of Shakespeare criticism" he is decidedly impatient:—

> No one has ever sought to gain access to this heaven of poetry by a privileged and secret stairway without being blown ten thousand leagues away, over the backside of the world, into the Paradise of Fools. The quest remains unachieved.

If an introduction to Shakespeare be required, none more sensible than Professor Raleigh's can possibly be obtained. R. E. F.

A BOOK OF TRAVEL—AND OTHER THINGS

We do not fancy that the general reader will get much information from "The Globular Jottings of Griselda," by E. Douglas Hume (Blackwood). Some years ago "Griselda" received a telegram telling her to go out to a brother, stationed in a small settlement in the Malay States. She travelled viâ Chicago to Vancouver, and then by way of Japan, Hong Kong, and Saigon to her destination. She seems to have taken but little notice of the countries through which she passed, but that is not surprising, because she was so busy listening to the feeble remarks of her fellow-passengers, and others. However, her journey must have been enjoyable—to her. Most of the men she met fell in love with her, and nearly all the single ones proposed marriage. At Saigon several French officers joined the vessel in which she was a passenger, and within twenty-four hours each one of them in turn had made her an offer of marriage. At Kuala Lumpor, her destination, she was one day discussing with some cadets the best way in which to make a proposal, when a gramophone arrived containing another offer of marriage from a person who thought, probably, that a voice, though at second hand, might prove more successful than a letter. There are other things in the book, and some amusing anecdotes. The less said about the illustrations the better.



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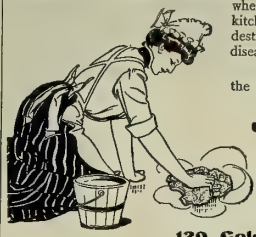
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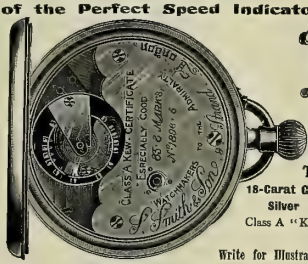
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"Hungary, its People, Places, and Politics" (Unwin) is rather an ambitious title for a volume which records, in somewhat of a "Blue Book" style, the visit of a deputation of the "Eighty Club" to Hungary at the invitation of the "Independent Club" of Buda-Pest. It is also misleading. The book is not a record of travel, it is a volume of speeches. Very good speeches, no doubt; very praiseworthy, very polite. The Hungarian Club was most hospitable to their guests. They drove them to see the sights of the towns in which they were entertained with banquets, luncheons, receptions, etc., etc. At all of these functions many speeches were delivered by Sir Henry Norman, M.P., Sir Charles McLaren, Bart., M.P., and many more, and graciously responded to by Mr. Francis Kossuth, Count Apponyi, and others. These flattering speeches are printed at considerable length, but considering that they were spoken some months ago, and that they were not of great importance to the country at large, we hope that we shall not be considered presumptuous in remarking that, in our opinion, they will not prove of particular interest to the general reader. As a record of a pleasurable excursion the volume will, no doubt, prove an interesting memento, but it can be of little use to the student or traveller. The illustrations from photographs are exceptionally good.



To protect the Gold Coast Government Railway and the Tarkwa and Ashanti Mines a volunteer force of 550 men was raised two years ago. Three hundred of the men belong to the railway and 250—these all Europeans—to the mines. The challenge shield here illustrated (made by Messrs. Mappin and Webb) was offered to the force to stimulate shooting. It is called the "Western Province and Ashanti Volunteer Challenge Shield," and the first competition was held at Sekondi last December. The shield was won by the Obuassi Mine Company.

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Mr. Alfred Buchanan tells us in "The Real Australia" (Unwin) that the object of his work is to do directly what the travelled and cosmopolitan novelist does in an indirect way. For he wishes to mirror the social life, the literary life, the individual life, the every-day life of a developing continent and four millions of people. In this his success is complete. By neither unduly extolling its virtues, nor glossing over its vices, he gives a true picture of what anyone who reads must recognise as the real Australia. The author is an Australian himself, and it is the Australians who will quarrel with his book most, for he hits them very hard in their weak spots. He says that the most prominent of their good qualities is that of hospitality, on which point all who have visited Australia must agree with him. But even this, he says, is an anomaly. Politically the Australians are as exclusive as the Buddhists of Thibet; it is only as individuals that they are as hospitable as it is possible to be, not only to strangers, but to each other. It is an unknown thing for an Australian to have, say, a new piano or a new motor-car and not to want all his friends to enjoy them. Of the vices, drink and gambling are the most prominent—but these are not peculiar to Australia. The author writes an interesting chapter on "Journalism in the Colony," in which he expresses his regret that his countrymen allow the Press to think for them instead of thinking for themselves. After all, are we Britishers, as a whole, free from this fault? Neither literature nor the drama has been successfully cultivated by the native Australian. The writer says that "if the actor of purely local experience finds it hard to make a living, the task is quite beyond the capacity of the local dramatic author." Sport of every kind is the chief diversion of Australia; but even with sport the author thinks that it is more the love of gambling than of finely bred horses or the love of excelling that makes the Australians so devoted to it. The "Real Australia" is a book that should be read by all who would have a true conception of our countrymen across the sea; and if the writer is rather severe on their faults, he gives a pleasant impression of their hospitality and manliness.



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MOTOR NOTES

THE GRAPHIC Trophy, which brought the Isle of Man meeting to an end on Friday last, was somewhat marred by the weather, and the serious accident to the Ariel car may be attributed to the state of the roads, which, in places, were exceedingly dangerous. The Berliet cars scored, Mr. J. E. Hutton on a 60 h.-p. finishing first, and W. Watson on a 24-40 h.-p. second, with Mr. Thomas Henshaw's 35 h.-p. Daimler third. THE GRAPHIC Trophy was presented by the proprietors of THE GRAPHIC and *Daily Graphic* in 1903 to encourage the touring car in contradistinction to the "freak racing car." The whole essence of the conditions is that the cars entering for this race must be of a genuine touring type to carry four passengers. That the Committee is doing its best to fulfil the idea of the donors is shown by the fact that the 45 h.-p. Napier was disqualified at the start, as the weight had been lightened. The races, by-the-bye, proved a sweeping victory for "Continental Tyres." In THE GRAPHIC Trophy, the first, second, third, fourth, and sixth cars to arrive were fitted with this famous make.

"The Graphic" Trophy

The decline in the entries for this race, I am afraid, demonstrates that our manufacturers' interest in racing is on the decline, and that, unless amateurs take the matter up, the "T.T." will die a natural death. The winner this year was the 20 h.-p. Rover, in 8hrs. 23min. 27sec. for a distance of 241 miles 5 furlongs, and out of twenty-three starters only eight completed the whole course. Simultaneously with the Tourist Trophy the heavy class competition took place, but, owing to very bad weather, the conditions were altered, the petrol allowance being increased and the course being shortened. The 25 h.-p. Gladiator was second to the Beeston-Humber, which won easily. The winner of the Tourist Trophy Race, if running on Continental tyres, would also carry off the 250-guinea cup presented by the Continental Tyre Co. A similar cup was offered for the heavy class.

The Tourist Trophy Race

Professor von Herkomer is to be congratulated on the extraordinary number of entries for this race. One would naturally expect to find German cars well represented, but included amongst the competitors one finds practically every well-known make. England, I am sorry to say, makes a very poor display, although I notice that there are two Siddeleys. The money that is attracted into the country must be enormous, as the competitors alone, quite apart from the huge number of visitors, amount to 175 at the ordinary fee. Although Germany, naturally, is more to the fore than any other country, Italy and France make a good display.

The Herkomer Trophy, 1907

As a rule, I am glad to say, the recommendations of the Royal Automobile Club can be heartily endorsed; but the public appeal to motorists to abjure the siren and cut-out is, I venture to think, a little premature. If these two adjuncts to a modern motor were constantly and persistently abused, it would be a different thing altogether; but personally, although I travel far and wide every day regardless of weather, I can honestly say that I have not heard a siren for some months. If not abused I think no one can deny that the siren is an excellent horn. With the ordinary horn, in order to pass any heavy wagon or another car, it is necessary to toot, toot, toot, until everyone within hearing, including the motorist himself, is sick of the sound. One call of the siren, on the other hand, is sufficient. In any case this warning against, and perhaps my defence of, the siren is unnecessary, as few motorists will be bothered with the extra complication it involves. As to the cut-out, it is undoubtedly an extremely useful addition to a car, and always provided that improper use is not made of it, I see no reason why it should be condemned. The whole point lies in the proper use of these things, not the occasional abuse.

Sirens and Cut-outs

What is the correct procedure when you are behind a car going, say, at twenty miles an hour? It very often happens that you know, or can be fairly certain that it will, in all probability be on the same road as yourself for the next twenty miles, and, if you do not pass, all your passengers must devour dust for that

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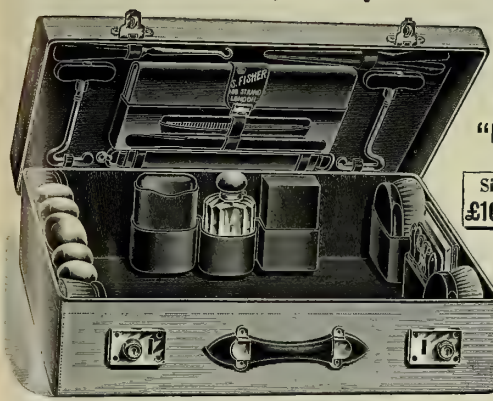
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distance. Why I ask the question is because to overtake a car travelling at this speed, to pass it successfully, one must do a sprint for a short distance at about thirty-five miles an hour, which savours somewhat of the road-hog. I think myself that the car ahead should give some sign as to what he intends to do, either by signalling to the car behind to pass, or to put on speed signifying that you can wait a bit and he will get out of your way. That is the course I always adopt myself.

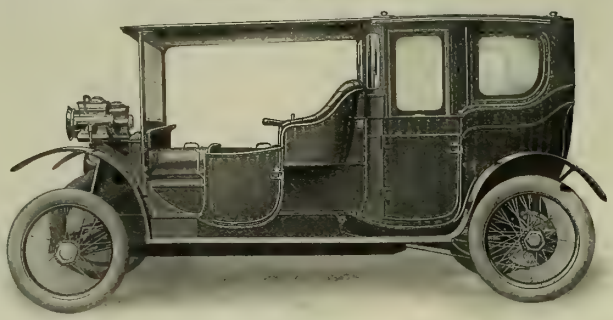
High-Powered Cars v. Moderate

Now that motors are being used for general utility purposes in a greater degree than for anything else, the power required is gradually becoming almost standardised, and both the very low and the very high powers are becoming obsolete. Given the proper gear, twenty to thirty horse-power is quite adequate, and anything over that power only means extravagance in tyres and other expenses. On the other hand, however, too little power takes away from the pleasure of motoring, involving, as it does, constant gear-changing. It is, nevertheless, quite possible nowadays to give a small load to a small power and obtain as a result a small car, fast-running, and with good hill-climbing possibilities. As an addition to the stud it will be found that this "baby" will relieve her bigger sister of a lot of work, which she is quite as capable of undertaking, at a very considerably lower cost. For such work as meeting one person at the station daily nothing can be more extravagant than the continued use of a high-powered car capable of carrying five or six passengers. It is something like taking out a coach and four for the same purpose.

How to Break Up Police Traps

Our contemporary the *Autocar* recently advocated a co-operative system of stopping police methods, viz., that a motorist should stop by a "trap" when discovered until another car appears, the newcomer taking his place as sentry, and so on, until the police are tired out. A correspondent has already tried it successfully. The following is an extract from his letter:—

"It may interest your readers to know that, on returning from the Bexhill meeting on Tuesday evening week, after having been warned that a police trap was in existence between Horsebridge and Uckfield on the road known as the Dicker, I found a car waiting at the end of this road, and its driver acquainted me with the fact that a well-known motorist had been caught, and had set this method in operation. They having done their share of sentry work requested me to do the same, which I was most pleased to do, and, accompanied by another car with which I was travelling, we waited until another car came along, driven by Mr. Warwick Wright. He then took his turn, and we proceeded slowly along, and we were thus enabled to discover two guardians of law and order, one being in uniform, quietly reposing behind a hedge, they being at the end of the trap, and we also found the electrical timing apparatus. Soon after discovering this, we decided it would be of interest to discover where the trap started, and on retracing our steps we met Mr. Warwick Wright and his party, who informed us that they had actually done this, the officers being hidden behind a thick clump of trees on private ground, and their position being such that it would have been impossible for them to see any car passing, and it was therefore assumed that they had to judge the time by ear only as the cars passed. Our party decided to wait for some time, as we thought that other motorists might like to see what we had found, and after waiting about three hours a message evidently came that the trap was to be abandoned. The uniformed men came out of their lair, and one of them told me that I had been waiting about long enough. We had an interesting conversation with them, in the course of which we learned that a motorist had endeavoured to break up the trap by driving through it blowing a policeman's whistle, but as they were on special duty they took no notice of this whistle; in fact, the sergeant in charge of the party informed me that if one of our party was being murdered and we blew a policeman's whistle for aid they would have taken no notice of it."



The above illustration of a Lanchester car shows a unique design in body-building, giving a seat for the chauffeur in front of the driver's seat without in any way incommoding the latter.

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Brilliant weather gave the finishing touch to the picture which Spithead presented last Saturday morning when the Channel Fleet, gay with flags, fired the Royal salute and manned ship as the Victoria and Albert passed by with the King and Queen of Denmark on board. Portsmouth harbour was filled with flag-bedecked warships right up to the south railway jetty, where their Majesties landed after the Prince of Wales had boarded the Royal yacht to welcome them.

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THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

THE Prime Minister has been taking a leaf out of the book of his illustrious predecessor, the late Mr. Gladstone, by making a speech from the window of a railway carriage. There is no special difficulty about the performance; nothing, in fact, is easier than to transform a railway train into a perambulating political platform. But the effect produced varies with the performance, and it must be confessed that there was but little of the Gladstonian swing and spirit about Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's little address to his admirers on the platform at Exeter.

* * * *

To begin with, he evidently felt it necessary to keep up his "pecker" (the phrase was his own in his recent speech at Plymouth), and, therewith, the "pecker" of his followers, by declaring his opinion that "throughout the country there is an excellent feeling in the party." If quantity, rather than quality, be the measure of excellence, that is unquestionably true. There is, assuredly, an enormous amount of "feeling in the party" just now. But whether it is of a sort that would commend itself favourably to the Prime Minister, if he could make an analysis of it, is another matter. However, Sir Henry's optimism is nothing if not robust—his worst enemy could not refuse to admit that. Wherefore it is quite possible that he really believes what he says about the present sentiments of his supporters. Well, a fool's paradise is better than none at all—for the time being.

* * * *

When, however, the Liberals are told that "there is no reason why we should be hustled and bustled into a General Election," not a few of them must begin to perceive the real nakedness of the land. Ministers may—tardily and reluctantly—rattle the stage thunder of their resolutions in the Commons; but they dare not, fairly and squarely, ask the country to decide between them and the Peers. As the Premier (with unconscious humour) goes on to say:—"It would be the worst thing of all if we were to allow the House of Lords to dictate to us in that respect." It would, indeed! But, possibly, not for the Peers—who, by the way, have not the slightest need to dictate to their critics, but can comfortably await the development of the threatened crisis. Like King Charles II. their Lordships are "an unconscionably long time dying."

* * * *

Whatever be the practical outcome of the gigantic revolt—for nothing less than a revolt it is—of the French wine-growers of the South, it will, undoubtedly, be remembered as one of the most remarkable popular movements that the world has witnessed for many a long year. The gathering together of six hundred thousand people at Montpellier, and the action of the Bishop in throwing open the Cathedral and churches to provide sleeping accommodation for the people, has a real smack of mediæval romance. But the "Midi," as everybody who knows it must be aware, has still much that is mediæval about it; one feels the touch of the vanished hand of the Middle Ages at every turn, and this great movement is distinctly a case in point.

* * * *

While sympathising—as who would not?—with the position of the French Government, which is peremptorily required (with a truly mediæval disregard of economics) to raise the price of wine, we may call attention to one point which has hitherto received less attention than it deserves. That is the extraordinary slackness of Government officials in punishing persons guilty of the adulteration of wine whereof the wine-growers complain. Thus a leading French journal recently stated that there is one individual still carrying on that business who has already incurred several thousand pounds' worth of fines—fines which the judicial authorities make no attempt to extract from him in spite of numerous convictions. The obvious suggestion is that, in this and many other cases, there are political reasons for such scandalous indulgence. If that be so, it is high time the scandal be made to cease, or the good name of the Republican *régime* may be gravely compromised.



The Victoria Memorial Church at Frankfort-on-the-Main, originated by the late Sir Francis Oppenheimer and completed mainly through the efforts of his son, the British Consul-General at Frankfort, was consecrated last week by Bishop Wilkinson in the presence of the British Ambassador and of Prince and Princess Karl of Hessen. Photo by A. Ginesi.

A QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL FOR FRANKFORT



The handsome gold casket containing the address of welcome which was presented to the King of Denmark by the City of London, is surmounted by a model of an ancient Danish galley in full sail, and the combined monograms of the King and Queen set in rubies and sapphires, with the Royal crowns set in brilliants. On the sides of the box are the full heraldic blazon of the King of Denmark and panels giving views of London in enamel. Supporting the box are four British lions, all in solid gold. The casket was manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.

FROM THE CITY TO THE KING OF DENMARK



Our photograph shows the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London in the 600-guinea Hills-Martini motor-car presented by Lady Gunter for sale at the Queen's Fête in aid of the Lord Mayor's Cripples' Fund, which was held at the Mansion House this week. Photo by Dover Street Studios.

THE LORD MAYOR AND LADY MAYORESS IN THE MOTOR-CAR TO BE SOLD AT THE QUEEN'S FÊTE IN AID OF THE CRIPPLES' FUND

A propos of the French Government, it is rather amusing to observe the attitude of the French Socialists towards their former comrade, M. Aristide Briand. Like his Athenian prototype, the modern Aristides has incurred the wrath of his fellow-citizens, who are by no means inclined to concede him, any longer, the title of "The Just." Aristides is discovered to be a *faux frère* (our English "humbug" hardly expresses the meaning), who has deserted Socialism for the loaves and fishes of place and power.

* * * *

'Tis just the old story, which applies equally well to their M. Briand and our Mr. Burns. Neither of those two clever men is the knave his former friends would have us believe him; but the responsibilities of office have taught them both that Socialism "won't wash," and, like sensible folk, they are behaving accordingly. The fact is that the most convincing practical condemnation of the Socialist theory consists precisely in this—that, so soon as ever a Socialist ceases to stand outside the governing circle, he finds himself constrained to shed his Socialism. But, naturally, his old friends don't like it. Which, after all, is only human nature.

* * * *

The Municipal Reformers are getting on steadily with the work of cleansing the Augean stables of "Progressive" finance. Their return to sound financial procedure in the shape of an issue of stock, instead of the previous system of overdrafts at high interest, is to be followed up by an audit on commercial lines by the President of the Institute of Chartered Accountants. To the "Progressive" soul this vulgar, businesslike procedure is highly repugnant; but the mere ratepayer will probably not feel similarly disgusted. Nobody impugns either the personal honesty, or the capacity for simple book-keeping of the party lately in power; but business—municipal as well as private—demands other and less elementary qualifications for success in its undertakings. What is wanted, and what the Council will now have, is an independent survey of the way in which enormous sums of public money have been invested, and of what, exactly, has become of them.

* * * *

There should be universal sympathy with the propo al of the German Red Cross Society to utilise the Red Cross Congress (now held in London) to further a scheme of international organisation against tuberculosis. Professor Pannwitz, the author of the scheme, proposes to establish a uniform system of sanatoria, under Red Cross control, in all countries, and he is encouraged by the success which has followed upon the establishment of such institutions in Germany. Consumption and cancer are the two greatest scourges of modern society, and if we could only effect a considerable limitation of their deadly armaments, the doctors would save more lives than the diplomatists at The Hague are likely to preserve by any number of Peace Conferences. May the Red Cross Society prove itself as valuable on this battlefield of peace as it has long shown itself in war.

* * * *

An American publisher is reported to have deplored the growing inability of British novelists to produce books suited to the American taste. It appears that the number of our fictionists who can do that is steadily declining, the reason being that British respect for women is "alarmingly on the wane," and that this deplorable state of things is reflected only too faithfully by our own novelists. Most of their work, this gentleman says, is "concerned with the problems of sex in a manner that revolts the American reading public." However, it is only "the titled and sporting classes" who are to blame; he excepts "the intellectual aristocracy and the great middle class from this arraignment." May we venture to suggest that here is a magnificent opening for the superfluous energy of our suffragettes? Let them leave Mr. Asquith's windows and the Prime Minister's door-knocker in peace, and devote themselves to a propaganda of propriety among writers of fiction. There are plenty of the latter, even if the lady-novelists are excluded. Here there is room for quite an exciting "crusade."



& HAVE EXPRESSED THEMSELVES LEGIBLY ON WALLS AND IN BYWAYS.













Our Artist writes from Pisa: "There was a lot of feeling 'out and about' when Cardinal Maffi, previously Archbishop, returned from Rome after being raised to the Cardinalate, and proclamations for and against him appeared daily. One of my sketches shows the Cardinal driving from the station to his palace, ringed round with gendarmes. Pisa was 'simmering' for several days afterwards, and there was much marching and counter-marching of infantry, with many arrests. All this, however, has not interfered with the steady stream of tourists, who give to Pisa the two or three hours or two or three days that their tours or their temperaments apportion to it."

Stirring Times at Pisa During the Tourist Season

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER



MADAME BYNISER IN HER KRIEGER CAR



MONSIEUR MICHEL IN HIS RENAULT

The annual "Fête des Fleurs" in Paris was held in the Bois de Boulogne last Saturday, and was voted a great success, large crowds, as usual, being attracted to the open-air festival. This year, for the first time, motor-cars were permitted to join in the procession. Photos by Branger.

TWO OF THE FLOWER-LADEN CARS IN THE FÊTE DES FLEURS IN PARIS



IN THE POTATO RACE: A FALL AT THE WATER JUMP



THE BEST-DRESSED "LADY" IN THE GRETNA GREEN COMPETITION

The Inns of Court Rifles held their annual gymkhana at Cedar Court, Roehampton, last Saturday. There was a large attendance and a capital programme, two of the most amusing events being a "Potato" hurdle-race, in which the competitors had to pick up potatoes placed on boxes between the jumps, and a "Gretna Green" competition between pairs, one in each pair being disguised as a lady, who was assisted by her partner to mount and to take the water jump and hurdles. A prize for the best-dressed "lady" was awarded to A. W. Waterhouse.

LAWYERS AT PLAY: THE INNS OF COURT RIFLES' GYMKHANA AT CEDAR COURT, ROEHAMPTON



REFRESHMENTS EN ROUTE



THE ONLY ENGLISH LADY COMPETITOR

One hundred and sixty-one competitors entered for the great Herkomer Cup Race which started on Wednesday of last week and finishes to-day. The course is Dresden-Munich-Frankfort, and measures 1,125 miles. Only three English cars were entered, and one of these was driven by a lady—Miss Dorothy Levitt—who has done remarkably well. She was among the first to finish each day, and gave one of the best performances in the Kesselberg hill-climb. Photos by E. Frankl and H. W. Nicholls.

THE HERKOMER TROPHY RACE: SOME OF THE COMPETITORS

COURT AND SOCIETY

THIS week has been unquestionably the most brilliant of the season. The visit of their Danish Majesties, with its attendant State banquet and ball and gala performance at the Opera; the Queen's *fête* at the Mansion House; Princess Henry of Battenberg's Spanish Fair and Market; the great Horse Show at Olympia, which has been honoured by the visits of so many Royal personages, and then the Richmond Horse Show, always an attractive function—these are the principal events of a week which will assuredly not soon be forgotten by Society in general. There was also much entertaining of the foreign delegates to the Red Cross Conference, and the Caledonian Ball, which ranks with the Ascot Ball as being the only two really "smart" charity entertainments of the kind. Among the dance-giving hostesses of the week must be mentioned Lady Leucha Warner, Mrs. Grace, Lady Glen-Coats, Lady Clifden and Mrs. Edward Balfour. To-day there will be for refreshment Lady Jersey's first garden party at cool, green Osterley.

A Royal Week

Most interesting is the announcement of the King's visit to Ireland next month. His Majesty is known to be regarded with warm feelings even in quarters not remarkable for friendliness towards England, and he is well assured of a really hearty reception. To-day His Majesty will unveil the statue of the late Duke of Cambridge in Whitehall, by which time, presumably, the extraordinary mistake made in carving the year of the duke's death on the pedestal will have been as far as possible rectified. It is curious to recall that there were at least two blunders in the inscription on the Duke of Cambridge's memorial in the Guards' Chapel, one of which was the omission of "George" from His Royal Highness's names. It is no secret that on that occasion the King was exceedingly annoyed, and though the public never learnt exactly who was responsible, it is pretty certain that His Majesty did, and that somebody received what is known in official circles as a severe "wigging." Towards the end of this month the King will honour Mr. Harcourt, M.P., and Mrs. Harcourt with a visit at beautiful Nuneham. Since he came into his patrimony, our newest Cabinet Minister has done a great deal to the house and estate. The house is a plain building of no great architectural pretensions, but within is a glorious collection of pictures by Titian, Rubens, Vandyck, Gainsborough, Kneller, and Lely.

The King's Plans

So Mr. "Bron" Herbert has passed his examination before the Committee for Privileges with flying colours, their lordships finding that he has made out his claim to the barony of Lucas of Crudwell (Eng., 1663) to their satisfaction. Many people were surprised that any adjudication should have been necessary, for the new peer was certainly described as Lord Lucas when his appointment as Mr. Haldane's assistant private secretary was announced. The Scottish barony of Dingwall (1609), though it is to "heirs whatsoever," descends to him also because abeyance is not recognised in Scottish titles; but the barony of Butler, which is by writ, remains in abeyance, as we mentioned the other day. Lord Lucas will be personally a notable addition to the House of Lords. He has inherited the singular ability of his father, the late Hon. Auberon Herbert, a man who, if he had been only a little more practical, would assuredly have made a great name as a statesman. There is plenty of time, for Lord Lucas is now only 31. Already he has seen much of life, both before and after his career at Balliol, as traveller and war correspondent. He shared his father's intense love of the New Forest, where he dwells at Picket Post, and his knowledge of bird-life is considerable. He has views, too, on the subject of rural building by-laws, and the length of local authorities' ears.

Lord Lucas of Crudwell



THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,

whose Derby dinner was attended by the Queen, the Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria; the King, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and Prince Francis of Teck attending the subsequent ball. Photo by Alice Hughes.

The marriage of Lord Guernsey and Miss Fellowes on Tuesday brought together many friends of both families. The future Lord Aylesford, who is twenty-four, is very popular in Society, the more so as he is really a dancing man, not just a man who goes to dances. The bride, Miss Gladys Fellowes, was acclaimed as one of the most handsome *débutantes* of the year when she "came out." She is of medium height, dark, with very dark hair and eyes. Her great speciality is music, and she is also an accomplished Thespian—indeed, it is interesting now to recall that she and her husband have appeared together at the Haverland Hall theatricals. Her elder sister, Miss Alexandra Fellowes, who is a goddaughter of the Queen, married two or three years ago Captain Ferdinand Stanley, son of Lord and Lady Derby. It is curious, by the way, that Lord Guernsey's cousin, Lady Alexandra Danby, is also a goddaughter of the Queen. Lady Guernsey's mother, Lady De Ramsey, is, of course, the sister of Lady Wimborne, the Dowager-Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Sarah Wilson, and the late Lady Howe and Lord Randolph Churchill.

Lord Guernsey's Wedding

The most interesting engagement of the moment is that of Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, the Duke of Roxburghe's brother, to Miss Anne Breese. Lord Alastair, who is a popular officer of the Blues, has paid his sister-in-law the pretty compliment of choosing one of her countrywomen, for Miss Breese, though she has spent most of her life in this country, is of American birth. Like her sister, Lady Willoughby de Eresby, Miss Anne Breese is an exquisite dancer, and, as is meet in the step-daughter of Mr. Harry Higgins, to whom grand opera in this country owes so much, is very fond of music. Lord Alastair is heir presumptive of the Duke of Roxburghe; he distinguished himself in the South African Campaign, and he is said to have inherited from his mother something of the Churchill wit and power of repartee.

An Important Engagement

Our Paris correspondent writes: Two Royal visits to Paris in three weeks' time, plus the forthcoming journey of the President of the Republic to the Norwegian capital, have caused the *bureaux* of the *Protocole* in the Quai d'Orsay to burn the midnight oil for weeks past. The fact that the visit of the King of Denmark has fallen in the *grande semaine*, which begins with the Grand Steeplechase at Auteuil, and ends with the Grand Prix de Paris at Longchamps, will add to its *éclat*. Of late years the first of these meetings has become the more *chic* of the two. The *cadre* formed by the race-course at Auteuil, the most beautiful on the Continent of Europe, shows off the aristocratic assemblage to better advantage than the vaster frame of Longchamp. It is as Ascot to Epsom. Last Sunday's Steeplechase was not, however, favoured by the weather, and the brilliance of the scene suffered.



LORD GUERNSEY



MISS GLADYS FELLOWES

Photos by Lafayette, Dublin.

MARRIED ON TUESDAY

Success in life depends on knowing ourselves, but it is not often we deign to remember this well-worn platitude. If we took it to heart we might have more millionaires, or more heroes nowadays. However, apart from more serious considerations, the study of self has many fascinations, which is one of the reasons why Leon Kendal, of 89, Regent Street, is one of the busiest men in London. The conclusions he can draw from the imprint of a thumb and a birth date are said to be nothing short of marvellous, and his clever delineations of character are another proof that there are more wonderful things than we dream of in this *blasé* world of ours.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT THE HAGUE

THE Second Hague Conference which is about to meet finds us a good deal further from the millennium than when the Tsar issued his famous Eirenikon eight years ago. Since then two of the most destructive wars ever known have been waged, and although arbitration treaties and *ententes cordiales* have been concluded on a very extensive scale, there is no sign of a diminution in the armaments of the Powers. The Conference of 1899 met with a very sanguine hope that something effective might be done to assure eventual disarmament and to banish war from the face of the earth. This hope was disappointed, and the present Conference has already destroyed the last vestige of it that lingered in sentimental breasts. Its practical programme will, indeed, deal, to a great extent, with the reorganisation of war, with its readaptation to modern requirements; in a word, acknowledging its inevitability, and giving it the sanction of a fresh legislation. Universal Peace proved its insolvency in 1899; it formally files its petition in 1907.

The new Conference originated in 1904, while the Russo-Japanese war was still in animated progress. The Inter-Parliamentary Peace Union, which met at St. Louis in that year, passed a resolution calling upon the Governments of the Great Powers to reconvoke The Hague Conference, in order to deal with the problems left unsettled by the Conference of 1899, to extend the principle and practice of international arbitration, and to arrange that the Conference shall meet regularly for the discussion of international questions. This resolution was presented to President Roosevelt in September, and in the following month the United States Government



CAPTAIN C. L. OTTLEY, R.N.



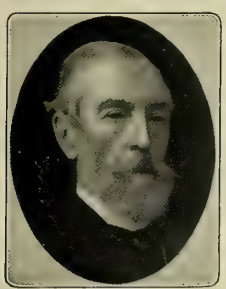
LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR E. R. ELLES

issued a Circular to all the Powers inviting them to a second Conference. The proposal was courteously received, but in view of the war then raging it was thought undesirable to fix a date for the meeting. A second Circular was issued by the United States Government in December agreeing to postpone the meeting. For fifteen months nothing was done. Meanwhile the Far Eastern war came to an end. In the course of the hostilities it had been demonstrated that the progress of invention and the changed conditions of international commerce had completely outstripped the old rules of war, and that a number of important amendments were required. This gave a new force to President Roosevelt's proposal, and an exchange of views on the subject took place. As a result the Tsar, who had instituted the first Conference, issued a circular to the Powers, sketching the programme of the proposed meeting. At the outset in the circular he suggested that the business of the Conference should be severely practical, and should be confined to dealing with problems which had arisen since the meeting of the first Conference. He specifically excluded the question of Disarmament or a limitation of armaments. The points he suggested for discussion were (1) the defects of the rules of war in regard to naval bombardments, the use of torpedoes and mines, etc.; (2) the transformation of mercantile vessels into ships of war; (3) private property of belligerents at sea; (4) the delay to be accorded to mercantile vessels to quit neutral ports, or ports of the enemy, after the opening of hostilities; (5) the rights and duties of neutrals at sea, especially in regard to contraband; (6) the amendment of the Arbitration Convention of 1899; (7) amendment of the rules of war adopted in the same year; and (8) amendment of the Convention of 1899 adapting naval war to the principles of the Geneva Convention of 1864.

The exclusion of the question of Disarmament from this programme caused considerable disappointment, and gave rise to an animated discussion in the Press. At the same time the South American States became excited because the so-called Drogo Doctrine, by which it was proposed that the Powers should agree to renounce their right of collecting by force State debts owing to private persons, did not figure on the programme. The United States at once addressed a note to the Russian Government suggesting the inclusion of the Drogo Doctrine. On the question of Disarmament, the initiative was taken by Great Britain. In the course of a debate in the House of Commons in May, 1906, Sir Edward Grey pledged his Government to take steps to induce the Conference to deal with the Disarmament question. This created considerable disquiet, as the majority of the Great Powers were opposed to the discussion, and the proposal was especially resented in Germany as calculated to pillory her as responsible for the burden of armed force. So bitter became the polemics on this subject that statesmen began to fear that the projected Peace Conference would only have the effect of still further straining the relations of the Powers. Even the French Press attacked the British proposal with outspoken acerbity. The Russian Government despatched M. de Martens on a mission to the chief Courts of Europe with a view to an amicable settlement of the difficulty. M. de Martens found himself unable to persuade the British Government to modify its attitude, but he succeeded in exercising a pacifying influence. Last March the Foreign Office, with the support of the United States and Spain, formally requested that the question of a limitation of armaments should be submitted to the Conference. A week later an agreement was arrived at. Both Disarmament and the Drogo Doctrine will be discussed if any of the Powers desire it, but any of the Powers will be free to decline to take part in such discussions. Germany has already notified her intention to "lay down her flute" when the British proposal is presented. This, of course, means that the discussion will be an empty formality. It will no doubt end with a reiteration of the pious hope expressed by the 1899 Conference on the same subject.

Great Britain will be represented at the Conference by an exceedingly strong delegation, in some respects mightier and more influential than that which was recruited under the leadership of the late Lord Pauncefote in 1899. Sir Edward Fry has, perhaps, not a very conspicuous record in international law, and he has certainly had no experience of practical diplomacy, but he is a distinguished judge, and with the assistance of Lord Reay, who is an ex-President of the Institute of International Law, and of Sir Ernest Satow and Sir Henry Howard, who are both practical diplomatists, the interests of Great Britain will be safe in his hands. General Sir Edmond Elles and Captain C. L. Ottley are respectively the military and naval expert delegates. They are not quite so eminent in the service as their predecessors of 1899, but they are both experienced men, and will no doubt prove quite adequate to the complicated work that will devolve on them. Besides these leading delegates there is a strong secretariat, including Mr. Eyre Crowe (of the Foreign Office), Mr. Cecil Hurst (Legal Secretary), Mr. Charles Tufton and Mr. Addison on the civilian side; and Lieutenant-Colonel G. E. Yarde-Buller, Commander Segrave and Major G. K. Cockerill on the military and naval side.

L. W.



LORD REAY



THE RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD FRY



THE RIGHT HON. SIR ERNEST SATOW



SIR HENRY HOWARD

THE BRITISH DELEGATES

We recommend everybody to spend a shilling on "Crutches to Help Cripple Children," a book published by the Lord Mayor, and issued by Bembrose and Sons, who are also the printers, to aid his fund for crippled children. It is full of coloured pictures by well-known artists, and of literary sketches, verse, etc., by well-known writers. Alfred East, A.R.A., David Farquharson, A.R.A., Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A., Sir James Linton, R.I. (the "art editor" of the book), Professor Hubert von Herkomer, C.V.O., R.A., and many others contribute their work, and on the literary side there are W. S. Gilbert, M. E. Braddon, George Manville Fenn, Max Pemberton, W. L. Courtney, and George R. Sims. Sir Douglas Straight is editor of the literary section.

An interesting loan exhibition of pictures has been brought together, for the purpose of benefiting the "Highgate Club for Men," at the Highgate Literary and Scientific Institution. The paintings, which include works by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Thomas Gainsborough, and George Morland, are all the property of residents in Highgate. The exhibition will remain open till June 22.

Our portraits of Sir E. Fry, Sir E. Satow, Sir H. Howard and Sir E. Elles are by Elliott and Fry; and those of Lord Reay and Captain Ottley by Dickinson and Pirou respectively.



"Childhood's Innocence," the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence bought at auction last week by Mr. Charles Wertheimer for 8,000 guineas at Robinson and Fisher's saleroom, has not been publicly shown since 1828, when it was exhibited at the Royal Academy, during Sir Thomas's Presidency. It represents the little Julia Peel, who afterwards became Countess of Jersey, and died fourteen years ago. The little girl, with her dark curly hair, is dressed in pink, and is toying with a spaniel. The 8,000 guineas is double the previous highest price given for a Lawrence at auction, that of 4,000 guineas for his portrait of Miss West, sold last February. Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Charles Wertheimer.

"Childhood's Innocence": The Portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence Sold for Eight Thousand Guineas



The mixture of splendour and heartiness which is the note of London's great civic receptions marked, as usual, the State visit to the Guildhall of their Danish Majesties on Monday. The presence of so many illustrious personages besides the King and Queen of Denmark—the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Prince Arthur and Princess Patricia; the legislators, men of science, art and literature, the civic officials in their robes of State, the thousand guests of the Lord Mayor, assured the splendour of the occasion, and there could be no mistake about the heartiness of London's reception of Queen Alexandra's brother and his consort. After the presentation of the Address, their Majesties stood for a little admiring the golden casket containing it. Then came the conferring of the Knighthood of the Dannebrog by King Frederick upon the Lord Mayor, the *déjeuner*, and speeches.

The Danish Sovereigns at the Guildhall: Their Majesties Admiring the Casket Presented by the City

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.



MAJ.-GEN. SIR JOHN INGLIS

THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW

An Unpublished Diary by an Officer's Wife.



SIR HENRY LAWRENCE

JULY 1 1857 My poor dear darling boy died of cholera yesterday, during the dreadful confusion of our troops returning pell-mell from Chinhut. Harry was two years old (my first-born). How hard, oh, how hard to bend to the Almighty's will, and say—"Thy will be done." Sir H. Lawrence shot by a shell. Left the Residency bungalow, being deemed dangerous, 18-pounders so frequently paying us unwelcome visits. Muchee Bhoum, one of the forts we thought to occupy, blown up by us, it being necessary to vacate it and concentrate our forces in one place. Officers and men came here.

,, 2 Sir H. Lawrence died. Command given to Col. Inglis, 32nd Queen's.

,, 3 My 19th birthday. What a gloomy day! Wonder whether relations are thinking of me shut up, worse than imprisoned. Utterly miserable. All the excitement round me cannot divert my thoughts from my dear boy lying cold in his untended grave, wherever it is, for nothing marks the spot. My cook, a Portuguese, was wounded whilst helping at the interment, although under cover of the darkness it took place. Poor Mr. Polehampton came, so kindly, and awoke me (I had fallen asleep beside the corpse from sheer exhaustion) to tell me I must part with all that remained of Harry. A scream, and I gave all up. With that form my heart seemed to leave my body, left to myself, no husband to comfort me, even he was on duty. I groaned my sorrow away. Dal and rice—our fare for the day. It was all put into one dish for so many, and a general scramble made, each to become possessed of a share. Not being accustomed to such scenes, I had not the courage to eat as others were doing, and so fared badly. Going without food towards evening, felt very sick and faint.

,, 4 My butler, a Portuguese—consequently Christian—who has been in my service since my marriage, succeeded in getting me something to eat. The same scrambling for eatables going on. Flies innumerable, most worrying.

,, 5 The enemy attempted an attack, were driven back, this during the night.

,, 6 Heat very trying. No punkahs. The horrid flies seem to stick to one's face; no resting on their account. Insurgents still continue firing.

,, 7 My servant, Kitan, mistook spirits of wine for some liquor, drank a quantity, made himself very ill; I lost his services in consequence. Mrs. Barlow (Pratt) has an infant which does nothing but cry, whether from hunger, or from the irritation of flies don't know. The mother remains in an oblivious sleep. It does not disturb her. Poor mite! I take it on my arm and ward off flies; it quiets it a little. But I am not strong. Providence in His mercy giving me the hopes of another child to replace my lost angel.

,, 8 So tired and worn out. No servant to assist me. Have to wash my few articles of clothing myself.

,, 9 Baby Barlow's eye looking sore. I nurse it a good deal. Mrs. B. can do nothing but sleep. I never met anyone like her. Lucky, however, for her, it passes weary hours.

,, 10 Major Francis's leg shot off. Amputated, but he died the same night. Two of the enemy's guns spiked.

,, 11 Dr. Wells's child ailing. My servant recovered from his sickness. A few of us formed a "mess," put our rations together, and had our meals more like civilised beings.

,, 12 Dr. Huxham slightly wounded by bricks falling on his feet. How I long for a punkah. No rest by day owing to flies, nor by night, the heat so oppressive.

,, 13 Sunday. Had service. Rev. Polehampton wounded in the hip. He is a good man.

,, 14 Dr. Wells's child died. He had to dig the grave himself. Pouring with rain all the time.

,, 15 The enemy planted a gun close behind us, which is continually being fired to our discomfort. They must have spies amongst us who keep them informed where the women are, for *there* is their aim directed. Several Europeans wounded.

,, 16 Arthur* knocked down by a 9-pounder. Fortunately not otherwise hurt, although his companion, who was standing within a few inches of him, had his leg taken off.

,, 17 A dispute amongst the gentlemen about cooks. Shelled the enemy, which has had the effect of quieting them for a while.

,, 18 Little Barlow's eye very bad. Will probably lose it. A cannon ball fired into the room. Hurt no one, luckily. Arthur on duty on the top of Residency; a very dangerous post. Sale by auction of deceased officer's clothes.

,, 19 Mr. Helly wounded in the arm. Inflammation set in; obliged to have it amputated. Major Banks shot dead.

,, 20 At 8 a.m. a serious attack was made on us, which lasted some hours. Surrounded by, it is supposed, 20,000 men, we ourselves mustering 1,000; but they were driven off, losing 200 men, our loss being 30 killed and wounded

* Husband of the writer.

JULY 21 Mr. Polehampton died of cholera. Ladies who attended on the sick in the hospital ordered away, the air having become so foul.

,, 22 Mrs. Dorin shot dead whilst in the act of shutting a door. Mrs. Graham died of cholera. This makes the fifth grown-up person carried off by that fearful disease.

,, 23 Wet. A report that troops had crossed the river at Cawnpore coming to our aid. How welcome they will be. The enemy firing close behind, but fail to hit, aiming so badly.

,, 24 Mr. Polehampton's clothes sold in the usual way. Bought five towels for 10 rupees. Arthur put on duty in the Sikh yard, a dangerous post. Only a low bank between that and the rebels.

,, 25 Mr. Grant very ill with cholera. His hand blown off.

,, 26 Had prayers in the messroom in the evening. Arthur and two other officers on duty at the same place heard the enemy mining.

,, 27 An attack made during the night. Terror seems wilder during the darkness. Two Europeans made a sortie, and found forty natives hiding in a ditch. Killed two. The rest ran away. A small boy taken prisoner, who said he earned his livelihood by picking up and selling the bullets fired by us to the natives, twelve for an anna.

AUG. 5 So many days passed without my having the energy necessary for holding a pen even. All looks so blank. Assistance seems as far off as at the commencement of our troubles. Our scanty food, hardly satisfying hunger, does not invigorate us. However, nothing can be done but to hold out as long as we can, and *hope*. Went as far as Begum Kithee to see Mrs. Bartram, who came in from Seetapore. Mrs. Clarke's boy very ill.

,, 6 Mr. Waterman wounded in the hand and forehead.

,, 7 Ill with dysentery. Very weary and tired.

,, 8 Firing heard in the distance. In hopes it is our troops to the rescue. Two men mortally wounded by pieces of shell. Mr. Thornhill had a very narrow escape from a musket ball. It grazed his stomach and struck the wall.

,, 9 Dr. McDonald and Mr. Bruce died of cholera. The Huxhams' baby died of dysentery.

,, 10 Very severe attack made. The enemy blew up a mine, but no one was hurt. Another rush at 9 p.m. Officers kept strictly to their posts all day.

,, 11 We exploded a mine, and with it killed fifty or more of the enemy.

,, 12 Barlow's baby's eye came out—a horrid thing to witness. Poor little thing! It lives and struggles with life. She lies and sleeps. It appears a disease with her. I shake and shake her, saying the child is crying to be nursed, but she cannot rouse herself. I take up the poor infant, wash and make it comfortable, and put it to its mother's breast, she perfectly indifferent.

,, 13 —— came in with a note. Our reinforcements waiting to be reinforced. Further delay to our relief. "Waste not, want not." How sorely felt just now the truth of that proverb.

,, 14 The enemy sprung a mine. Providentially did no further damage than an officer's wrist being dislocated by a piece of brick. No graver hurt. How lightly just now we look upon an accident which at any penceful time would be deemed severe. An attack made after "blowing up."

,, 15 Teddy Clarke died—a happy release for the poor suffering child, and to his mother, who is very delicate, unfit to weather the troubles with which we are surrounded. What lovely coloured hair she has, "real auburn." Poor young thing! I feel strong beside her, although in years not older. We are very friendly.

,, 16 Feeling ill with fever. Tiny Martin died. Another young spirit fled to its Creator. Happy little angels! What misery they have escaped. This poor little fellow, I am certain, starved; the worse nourishments allotted to us he would not eat.

,, 17 Still feeling very ill and in great pain. I must expect to suffer in my present position. How anxious it makes me. I have no means of making my preparations for the little stranger.

,, 18 Another mine exploded by the enemy under the yard where Arthur is on duty. He escaped most miraculously. Eight drummers buried in the débris. One poor man was carried over into the midst of these fiends; of course, was not spared. Mercifully they cut off his head. They effected a breach, but were too cowardly to carry out their advantage.

,, 19 Washed some clothes. Hard work to one unaccustomed to such. Many a sigh heaved during the task.

,, 20 Made a sortie. Blew up several houses near us to open a space. Captain Barlow died.

,, 21 At daybreak our men spiked two guns. Lost one man killed, two wounded, in doing so.

AUG. 22 Mosquitoes troublesome. Rats too. One huge horror ran up me, but my screaming frightened it away. They are as large as kittens a few days old.

,, 24 Tolerably well again, but miserable. What have I at best in prospect? The birth of an infant, without even necessaries. Ah, well! God in His goodness will send me help in time of trouble. Dr. Wells's nose slightly grazed by a 9-pounder ball.

,, 25 Several ladies moved from this to the Ommanies' house. Distant firing heard.

,, 26 Dr. Campbell's bearer hit on the thigh by a 9-pounder. Dr. Hadow sent me materials to make a huge punkah.

,, 27 Forgot to write for some days. Too weary to move off charpoy.

SEPT. 1 Mrs. Barlow passed the day with Mrs. Marriott, taking baby with her.

,, 2 Mrs. Thornhill's baby died, aged four days. She was well cared for. I wish my troubles were over.

,, 3 Mr. Birch shot dead by one of our sentries. A terrible mistake to make.

,, 4 Received some pay. Discharged a debt of 18 rupees we owed Col. Marriott.

,, 5 Major Bruère shot dead above this room, one of the posts. Am very sorry. He was a nice man, beloved by his men, 48th N.I. He leaves a widow and seven children.

,, 6 A severe attack made. Enemy exploded three mines simultaneously. All failed, however, as usual, of any bad consequences to us poor besieged. They were repulsed with loss.

,, 7 Were ordered into little side-rooms, of narrow slips of ground, with mud walls. No windows; only loopholes for light can be so called. The larger apartment, which contained thirty of us, considered dangerous, 9 and 12-pounders making constant breaches. The enemy must know it is occupied by ladies.

,, 8 A boy killed by round shot. Officers told to commence digging a mine. They are using their privilege of being Englishmen by grumbling, saying natives, of whom there are a number, might do it.

,, 9 The ration of meat bad. Had to go without. We sprung a mine.

,, 10 Sugar selling at 20 rupees a seer, 2lb. for £2. Difficult to purchase even at that rate.

,, 11 Another mine sprung by us.

,, 12 Mrs. Barlow, with whom I share my room, slept at the Marriotts', so I was alone with my thoughts.

,, 13 Bought a bottle of salad oil for 8 rupees, 10s. It gives flavour to the chuppaties, galette, which are made with the very coarse flour.

,, 14 A sortie made for some tents. Captured a syce (horse-keeper), who said our troops had crossed the river 4,000 strong. I think they give false information, making their account cheering to prevent our wrath at disappointment affecting his life.

,, 15 Mr. Fulton killed by a round shot. Bought a bullock's heart at fabulous price, 10s. Mrs. O——, wife of a doctor, who was a personal friend of General Outram, gave me a sheep's head. What an eccentric woman she is; dressing transparently. Certainly most of us had scanty wardrobes (satirical), but we managed to cover ourselves; she could be seen through. I parted with some muslins for an old riding habit, the fulness was nothing to boast of. Luckily crinolines are not necessaries.

,, 16 Mr. Fulerton fell accidentally—some say *threw* himself—from the hospital balcony. Died shortly afterwards. Bought a little sugar for 10s., 5 rupees.

,, 17 Mrs. O—— amusing the public, cleaning her teeth before us all, nothing daunted by our smiles. She screws the small quantity of hair nature bestowed upon her head into a knob behind, her Scotch well-marked features coming out in full relief. Her face has a mask of sunburn. Night attack at half-past twelve.

,, 18 Two natives (friends) wounded by our own shell; one having his fingers, the other his toes, blown off. Poor fellows!

,, 19 The enemy seem to be reinforced as if not mustering enough already. A slight attack at night made by them.

,, 20 Went to see Mrs. Watson's baby (born here). A fine child. Katie very ill. Her mother and father died in the early part of our imprisonment.

,, 21 Mrs. Marriott nursing Katie, who is wasting away. Poor little orphan! At times, when seeing children gradually fading away, I feel thankful that my poor boy was spared slow death. The food would never have suited him, who was so carefully, fondly tended and watched. It was hard, *very* hard to be called upon to part with him at a few short hours' notice. It makes us remember how little we possess is *ours*, only lent to us!

,, 22 Mr. Cunliffe died of low fever with which he had been laid up some time. My husband attacked with scurvy.



SIR HENRY HAVELOCK



THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW: THE MEETING OF HAVELOCK, OUTRAM AND COLIN CAMPBELL
FROM THE PICTURE BY THOMAS JONES BARKER



GENERAL SIR JAMES OUTRAM

SEPT. 23 Heard distant guns, supposed to be our relieving forces. A man brought in a letter. What it contains not known except to the authorities.

,, 24 Distant guns still continue to be heard. How welcome the sound, although we know how hard our men must be fighting the odds so great against them.

,, 25 Our troops entering the city. Fearful fighting. Lost 600 men.

,, 26 Took seven of the enemy's guns. We become more venturesome as our countrymen approach.

,, 27 Storming party went out. Took three guns at the battery. The fire too strong. Obliged to retire. Mr. Huxham and Thornhill wounded.

,, 28 Mr. Alexander died, his leg having been previously shot off. Saw him carried into messroom, laid on the table, leaving a stream of blood behind. Captain Hughes died. He was wounded some days ago in the shoulder.

,, 29 Sitting at a table, when a spent bullet struck it quite close to my hand, as it was resting on it. I turned quite faint, thinking I was hurt, but was thankful to find I was not. Once before a bullet struck my petticoats.

,, 30 Strong parties went out to take guns and blow up houses. Killed and wounded of ours about twenty-two. Mr. McCate mortally wounded. Captured a prisoner. Bought some china from a European. Such things much required.

OCT. 1 Mr. McCate died. Mrs. Ousely lost both her children. Bought a few candles for 3 rupees, 6s.

,, 2 Dr. Bartram shot whilst entering the gate on the point of meeting his wife. Sad after having survived the struggle to gain us.

,, 3 Paid Mrs. Marriott a visit. Ladies enabled to walk about a little. Captain Ratcliffe died.

,, 4 So many more mouths to feed since our reinforcements came in that our rations are reduced to half. There was little enough given wherewith to satisfy hunger. But now! Ah, well, we gladly share our misery, for their advent has cheered us and raised our hopes again, for we were becoming very desponding.

,, 5 A guard which was left behind with baggage at the Alum Bagh reinforced by 250 men from Cawnpore, who brought 60 carts of provisions with them, but impossible for them to join us yet a while.

,, 6 Colonel Palmer gave me garlic. Some pretty china given to me.

,, 7 Arthur brought me some china and glass. Native make, rather curious.

,, 8 Mr. Green (13th) died of low fever.

,, 9 Mr. McGregor delirious all night. Rations still more reduced, alas! Mr. Ogilvie gave me a little chutney.

,, 10 Heard that Delhi had fallen. Insurgents fled towards Muttra with eighteen guns, closely pursued by our troops.

,, 11 Forty men made a sortie, and took possession of a temple, where they killed five or six wretches. A bugler, sentry, playing with his musket accidentally let it off, killing one European and wounding another.

,, 12 Was introduced to General Outram, who cheered us with good news. Feeling nervous, my time approaching.

,, 13 An attack expected, but did not take place. Mr. Thornhill died. He leaves a young widow

,, 14 Bought a seer (2lb.) of fat. Cool day. Mrs. —— gave me some little frocks.

,, 15 Mrs. Ogilvie gave us a glass of sherry. The first I have tasted for months. Quite a treat. Seems to put a little life into one. People are becoming generous with brighter prospects before them.

,, 16 Muster of camp-followers taken. General Outram received a letter from Lady O., who is at Agra. All quiet there. Able to take their evening drives. How strange it sounds to us, who dare not show our noses! An attack has been expected for some days, but the enemy do not seem able to make up their minds on that point. So much the better for us.

,, 17 Very miserable thinking of my lost lamb. I have been looking at, kissing some precious clothes he used to wear. Determined it shall be for the last time. Gave them to Mrs. Bruère—all except a little hair-brush.

,, 18 Commenced something for Baby, having had some silk given to me.

,, 20 Bought some kind of white plush. Made a tippet with it.

,, 21 Our cook died during the night.

,, 22 Distant guns heard. The men say three regiments have arrived at Alum Bagh.

,, 23 The guns heard yesterday were only our reinforcements firing at the enemy from the Alum Bagh. Finished my cape.

,, 24 Two native doctors killed by round shot.



THE SHOT-RIDDLED HOSPITAL IN WHICH LAWRENCE WAS WOUNDED

OCT. 25 A native brought in a letter from Cawnpore. 400 Europeans, 300 Sikhs arrived at Alum Bagh.

,, 26 Mrs. Barlow moved into a room at the Bigams'. Kotee went over to see the room early in the morning. We have been together all this time, but she is right to accept more comfortable quarters.

,, 27 An auction being held in messroom. News from Cawnpore to Alum Bagh. From thence forwarded here, that the Delhi brigade would arrive there to-morrow, consequently will be here some time next week. Provisions,



THE LATE SIR JOSEPH FAYRER'S HOUSE, IN WHICH LAWRENCE DIED

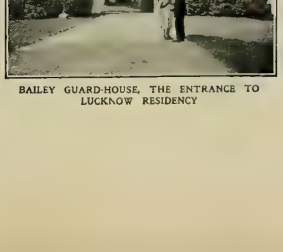
both for convalescent and sick, brought to A. B. by 500 men, also conveyance for ladies and sick to go to Cawnpore in. Rations reduced still more. No dal——

,, 28 A mild attack attempted at 7 p.m.

,, 29 Building a battery in the cookroom for an 18-pounder gun.

,, 30 The enemy exploded a mine, but it being far off did no damage.

,, 31 Rations still further reduced. What are we supposed to exist upon?



BAILEY GUARD-HOUSE, THE ENTRANCE TO LUCKNOW RESIDENCY

NOV. 1 Mrs. Barlow obliged to move out of her room. Mr. Graydon's auction took place. A tent went for three rupees.

,, 2 Mrs. Ogilvie gave me a cup of coffee and a glass of liqueur. Such a treat in these hard times. European guard changed. Guns anxiously listened for. Our troops expected in a day or two.

,, 3 Mrs. Barlow and Barlow came to tea, such as it is. Eating rations here instead of there.

,, 5 Arthur relieved from duty in Sikh Square, having been there three months.

,, 6 Bitterly cold of a morning. Tried to take a little exercise, which it is safe to do now, but so cold was glad to go back to my room. Arthur put on duty at Cawnpore Battery. Had a cup of coffee. Second during the siege, now four months.

,, 7 A letter received from Cawnpore stating that the Chief had left that place with 6,000 men, and hoped to be with us on the 10th.

,, 8 An old friend came and had a cup of coffee with us. Mrs. Ogilvie gave me a little sugar.

,, 9 Nothing occurred to put on paper.

,, 10 Distant guns heard. Mr. Kavanagh, an Englishman, volunteered to go disguised to Alum Bagh. He went, and reached there safely, as a certain signal agreed upon beforehand let us know.

,, 11 The Commander-in-Chief, Sir Colin Campbell, and army arrived at Alum Bagh.

,, 12 Our relieving force took some of the enemy's guns. By the telegraph established we understand they halt there until 14th, when they intend taking two or three large places.

,, 13 All quiet.

,, 14 The chief advanced and took the Martinière.

,, 15 They crossed a river, and burnt a village.

,, 16 Took the China Bazaar, chief's party 32nd messhouse. Our loss twenty-five killed and wounded, which was attributed to the bad way in which the wall we had mined was blown up. Thirteen guns breaching Casa Bagh for several hours.

In the confusion of troops entering. No words expressive enough to convey our sense of deliverance. No more entries made daily to my diary, which although it merely was kept to remind me in after years of what I had undergone in Oude, will perhaps be worth the while of relatives to read. On the 30th, the day after we left the scene of warfare, my baby was born, a girl. I was the last female to leave the faithful mud defences that had guarded us, as I was the *last* to enter them. My exit was trying after the *first* day of release from imprisonment. I felt my troubles coming. No one with me. Seated in a buggy, suffered much pain. An officer of 9th Lancers, who, seeing my position, was moved by pity, came to my assistance, procured me a dooly and a medical man, Dr. Brydon. In great distress. Weeping bitterly when the order was given to strike tents and cross the river. This good creature again procured me a dooly. In an hour the infant came into the world. Capt. Wilkinson, my friend in need, stood godfather. My miseries were not at an end. I had to travel in a country cart without springs, in a sitting position. What I suffered was only known to myself. On the other side of river my benefactor left me. My cup seemed full. My heart appeared to burst; his regiment was not to form a part of our escort any further. We parted. I got on somehow, living on dry, hard biscuits and water. No one to help me with baby. Providence sustained me. Everybody was occupied with him and herself. So we reached Allahabad, where comfortable tents were provided for us, and good food. Ada was christened there. After some time we went to England.

THOUGHTS ON REVISITING LUCKNOW IN 1860

How recollections quicken at the sight of this memorable place. The forms of the departed (our dear ones) rise up like phantoms before the imagination. Looking back to the past few years, the whole time spent inside these ruins now seems like a dream. Had I not ocular proof of which these blackened and battered walls bear unmistakable signs? It is now three years since the memorable defence, yet it seems an age. I seem to live in another atmosphere, distant, far distant from the smoky one which then surrounded us, but still the thought inevitably reveals to those who were present the stern reality. We are prone to forget the dangers of the past, but we cannot obliterate the scenes which are indelibly impressed on the mind, so as to resist all climes and all changes. The events by which they are indissolubly connected may not be uppermost in our thoughts, but let us once get in that train of thinking, by accident or incident, and one by one the chain of events is unravelled, and they appear to us as clear and precise almost as if they were recurring, such is the tenacity of memory! We live in one era, and we summarise the events of another. Living in one we are suddenly transported, as it were, to another. E. S.

CLUB COMMENTS

By "MARMADUKE"

Ours is now a Tower of Babel "Society." It is a prodigious edifice, with a multitude of levels, each of which is occupied by a group that knows little—but by hearsay—even of those who are immediately above or below them. The respective occupants are, however, all convinced that those below them are unbecoming to associate with, and that those above conduct themselves unbecomingly; and most of them are eager to rise to the levels beyond their own. It is generally supposed that the higher we ascend the greater is the worldliness. As a matter of fact the worldly spirit increases as we descend.

. . .

"Society" in England, or elsewhere, was never an edifying portion of the community; it is far more so than it ever was; but the enormous increase of "Society" in England has greatly spread the area of the errors associated with it. The drunkenness, gallantries, escapades, brawls and duels, and the corruption common in the West End even at the beginning of the nineteenth century are a vivid contrast to the comparative respectability of our time; but to every unit that might cause scandal in "Society" then there are fifty now.

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An unoccupied West End man now is scarcely to be found. Even the richest peer has his interests, personal, political, and financial, so combined with those of others that he has comparatively little time to devote to mere pleasure. He has to take the chair at political or philanthropic meetings, he has to attend at board meetings, and his money is invested in concerns which render it necessary for him to visit the City continually to protect his interests. His younger brothers—whose predecessors would have been provided for by the State when insolvent—are now straining every nerve to earn money in the overcrowded labour markets. Most of them cannot afford to live in the Army or in Diplomacy—or could not pass the necessary examination—and they are employed in ordinary occupations where they have to work or be dismissed.

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In these circumstances many of the opportunities or temptations for misconduct have been removed. A drunken man is seldom seen now in any respectable West End Club; a quarter of a century ago it was very different. The magnitude of the sums lost at cards, and on the turf, has also diminished. It is only twenty-five years since a well-known young man lost three properties in three nights at the card-table; his counterpart could not be found to-day. There have, in recent times, been lost large sums, but by foreigners, men of recent social growth, or mere adventurers who staked high because they had little to lose. The ordinary West End man of to-day plays for small stakes, and carefully.

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It is not "Society," moreover, that is spending money extravagantly in entertaining, at the restaurants, at the dressmakers' and tailors', at the jewellers', at the florists', and in other directions of the kind. The ordinary West End tradesman will readily admit that were two-thirds of his well-connected customers to desert him his receipts would not very materially diminish. The bulk of his big orders comes from the suburbs, the provinces, and from American and other foreign visitors. It is a feature of the time that the worst of the bad that occurs in the West End now is not committed by those of the West End; it is the first occasion in history that this can be said with truth.



The monument to the late Empress of Austria erected in the Volksgarten, Vienna, was unveiled last week by the aged Emperor Francis Joseph. The monument, which is of white marble, has been erected by the people of Austria, and was intended as a personal gift to their beloved Emperor. Photo by Lechner, Vienna.

THE MONUMENT TO THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH IN VIENNA, UNVEILED LAST WEEK BY THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA

The Queen has been pleased to accept a copy of the "Queen Alexandra" Waltz, composed by Mrs. Probert, wife of the Rev. W. M. Probert, Chaplain of Bethnal Green Infirmary. This is the sixth time that Mrs. Probert's works have been accepted by Royalty.

NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS FOR JUNE*

(SUPPLEMENTARY LIST)

2-232. THE DISTANT SHORE. *Sullivan.* By the Band of the Coldstream Guards.

3-2863. OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT. Sung by John Harrison.

4403. THE LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER. *Mikado.* By the Sullivan Quartet.

3-2858. I'LL SING THEE SONGS OF ARABY. *Clay.* Sung by Evans Williams.

3-2859. THE MEYNELL HUNT. *Cotton.* Sung by R. Radford.

53494. NACHTWANDLERIN *Bellini.* Sung by Selma Kurz.

3-2861. WEDDING O' LAUCHIE McGRAW. Sung by Harry Lauder.

3-2855. COME, MARGHERITA, COME. *Sullivan.* Sung by Edward Lloyd.

The above represents a few of the new records now issued in the June list, which also includes four separate records from *William Tell* (Rossini), played by La Scala Symphony Orchestra, and a quartet from *Rigoletto*, with Caruso and Scotti singing in the famous "Bella figlia dell' amore."

* Published by the Gramophone and Typewriter Co., Ltd.



The golden wedding of the King and Queen of Sweden was celebrated last week throughout the whole country. In Stockholm choral music was sung from the church towers, followed by a solemn service held in the Cathedral, which was attended by the King and Queen and the other members of the Royal Family. Their Majesties then drove through the gaily decorated streets of the city, and were everywhere greeted with expressions of joy.

KING OSCAR'S GOLDEN WEDDING: THE ROYAL FAMILY AT THE SERVICE IN STOCKHOLM CATHEDRAL

The Story of the Protocole

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

If there is a hard-worked department in France just now, it is the *Protocole*, the French edition of the Lord Chamberlain's Office. M. Mollard and his assistants are burning the midnight oil at the Quai d'Orsay, arranging for Royal visits and preparing the President's foreign tours. The *Protocole* has now had so much practice that it runs smoothly. But it was not always so. For the first twenty-five years of the Republic's existence it was not considered what our German friends would call *hoffähig* by the monarchies of Europe. No Sovereign, except the Shah of Persia and a few of the smaller Oriental potentates, ever paid it an official visit, so that the apparatus of the *Protocole* had shrunk to nothing. The *introducteur des ambassadeurs*, to give its chief his official title, had next to nothing to do. Three or four times a year a new Ambassador or Minister arrived and had to present his letters of credence to the President of the Republic. On such occasions the *chef du Protocole* went in one of the Elysée carriages, with an escort of Cuirassiers, to fetch the diplomatist and conduct him to the Presidential Palace. Here a battalion of infantry, with band and colours, was waiting to render the military honours, and that was all. The ceremonial was neither complicated nor costly.

Then, ten years ago, came the announcement that the Tsar was going to visit Paris officially. This news dropped like a bombshell into the quiet and sleepy *bureaux* of the *Protocole*, stowed away in the left wing of the Palais d'Orsay. M. Crozier, the courteous and capable *chef du Protocole*, found himself *vis-à-vis de rien*. There was no Republican order of precedence, there was nothing in the archives to meet the case, and, worst of all, he had no staff of assistants. Fortunately, in M. Philippe Crozier the Government had a man of exceptional ability and organising power. In a few weeks he had organised everything. He swept the *bureaux* of the Foreign Office clean of all the young secretaries and attachés of Embassy, who had seen service abroad and knew something about Court ceremonial. He established a Republican order of precedence—*mirabile dictu*, without offending anyone—put himself in communication with the military authorities regarding their part of the programme, and conferred with the directors of the State Theatres regarding gala performances. In this work M. Crozier found a willing helper in President Félix Faure. M. Félix Faure dearly loved the pomp and circumstance of official display, and M. Crozier could not make things too elaborate. The magnificent gala carriages, built for Napoleon III towards the end of the Empire, and never taken delivery of, were purchased from the Empress Eugénie, and the finest horses that money could buy were got to horse them.

But M. Crozier's greatest *trouvaille* was Monjarret, the outrider of the Elysée. Monjarret had been *piqueur* to Count Potocki, a Polish *grand seigneur* who kept up something like royal state in Paris and Warsaw. He was a most picturesque figure in his blue and gold uniform, on his fiery dark bay horse, and soon became the darling of Parisians. But unfortunately the inevitable happened. Monjarret became intoxicated with his popularity. The shouts of "*Vive* Monjarret" which accompanied the official *cortège* caused an attack of that malady which our American cousins call "swelled head." Monjarret began to have false ideas as to his position in the State, and when he one day informed a newspaper reporter in an interview that he felt compelled to withhold his approval of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's foreign policy, the result was fatal. The great Monjarret fell, and Troude now reigns in his stead. Troude is also a striking figure, and does his work well, but is wanting in that little touch which distinguishes talent from genius: the great and mighty Monjarret has therefore never been replaced in the affections of the Parisians.

But if M. Philippe Crozier succeeded in his difficult and delicate duties he succeeded only too well. Aided and abetted by M. Félix Faure, he worked out a sort of Court etiquette for the Elysée which would have delighted the heart of the *Maréchal de la Cour* at Madrid or Vienna. M. Crozier's triumph was the day the Order of the Golden Fleece was conferred on President Faure. That day he surpassed himself, and drew up a ceremonial that would have put a chapter of the Black Eagle to the blush. When M. Loubet succeeded to the Presidency he was horrified to find himself the prisoner of a Court etiquette that was simply cast iron. His actions and movements on official occasions were regulated down to the finest detail. As M. Loubet, though not wanting in natural dignity, was the most simple of men, he found the ceremonial in which President Faure had taken such delight irksome in the extreme, and in order not to hurt M. Philippe Crozier's feelings, he quietly bowed him out and had him appointed French Minister at Copenhagen. The talent he showed there were such that a few months ago he was promoted to the rank of Ambassador, and was the successor of the Marquis of Reverseaux at the Court of Vienna. I imagine M. Crozier is the most decorated man in Europe. I do not remember how many cordons, plaques, stars, and crosses he possesses, but he told me on one occasion that it was quite impossible for him to wear them all at once, and at the time he spoke to me his gold-laced uniform, as *chef du Protocole*, simply disappeared beneath multi-coloured stars and crosses. Many of them, set in brilliants, have been presented to him, as a special mark of regard, by the sovereigns with whom he has come in contact.



MR. G. N. WATSON
Senior Wrangler.



MR. H. W. TURNBULL
Second Wrangler.



MR. A. V. HILL
Third Wrangler.



MR. W. A. NAYLER
Fourth Wrangler

Mr. George Neville Watson was born in 1886, and was educated at St. Paul's School, where he gained the Camden Exhibition and the Keen Scholarship. Mr. Herbert W. Turnbull was born in 1885, and was educated at Sheffield Grammar School. Mr. Archibald Vivian Hill was born in 1886, and was educated at Brean Villa School, Weston-Super-Mare, and at Blundell's School, Tiverton. Mr. William Arnold Nayler was educated at King's School, Chester. The first five on the list are all Trinity men. Photos by A. W. Crisp and Co., Cambridge.

THE CAMBRIDGE MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS: THE FOUR MEN WHO HEAD THE LIST.



The Examination Hall, on the Victoria Embankment, was resplendent with the flags and uniforms of all the nations on Tuesday last, when the members of the eighth Red Cross International Conference met to hear the President, Lord Roberts, read messages from Queen Alexandra (President of the British Red Cross Society), the Empress of Russia, and Miss Florence Nightingale. Before reading the messages Lord Roberts gave a brief account of the useful work done by the Red Cross Society since it was founded by the late Lord Wantage in 1870, half a million sterling having been spent in providing comforts for soldiers and sailors in hospital. The Conference then proceeded to elect its officers for the meetings, the first of which was held on Wednesday. Photo by Fradelle and Young.

TO LESSEN THE HORRORS OF WAR: THE RED CROSS CONFERENCE IN THE EXAMINATION HALL, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT



GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS



ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL DOORWAY



EXTERIOR OF ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL

Glastonbury Abbey, Somerset, which was sold by auction last week, is one of the most interesting and beautiful ecclesiastical relics of the Middle Ages in Great Britain. The property, which changed hands for £30,000, included, as well as the historic ruins, the mansion house, about thirty-six acres of pleasure grounds, pasture and orchard land, and twenty-two cottages. The new owner is Mr. Ernest Jardine (pr spective Unionist Candidate for East Somerset) a matter for congratulation to those who feared that the place might fall into undesirable possession. Photos by Frith.

GLASTONBURY'S STORIED STONES: THE HISTORIC RUINS SOLD BY AUCTION LAST WEEK

Old Spring Gardens

The new era which Spring Gardens will see with the erection of the Admiralty buildings will be its most splendid, if not its most interesting. There was a garden here in Queen Elizabeth's time, and the name comes from one of those sprinklers which, surreptitiously worked, showered unwary visitors. It was placed near a sundial, and was one of many in England in that and future times. Early in the seventeenth century the garden contained a bathing pond, gravel walks, and fruit trees, and, in James I's time, a butt for archery practice. It was also the home of part of James I's menagerie, the other part being kept in St. James's Park. Here, too, the at that time aristocratic game of bowls was played on a bowling green ordered by the first James. In Charles I's reign "there was continuous bibbing and drinking all day under the trees, and two or three quarrels (duels) every week. It was most scandalous and insufferable." The King, therefore, ordered the gardens to be closed, but they were soon re-opened, only to be again shut up by Cromwell. "My Lady Gerard," writes Evelyn, in May, 1654,

treated us at Mulberry Garden, now the onely place of refreshment about the towne for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at;

Cromwell and his partisans having shut up and seiz'd on Spring Garden, which till now had ben the usual rendezvous for the ladys and gallants at this season.

But Spring Garden was in full favour again four years later, and the revels in full swing. So that it "was usual here to find some of the young company till midnight, and the thickets of the garden seem to be contrived to all advantages of gallantry." These *al fresco* Watteauesque scenes were specially noisy after the beaux and belles had "collationed" on the "trifling tarts, neats' tongues, and bad Rhenish" which were to be had there. Pepys, as well as Evelyn, was a frequent visitor, and in the days of the Merry Monarch it was the resort of bevies of the nobility. In this reign the garden was again closed, after a particularly sanguinary duel, brought about all on account of the beautiful Countess of Shrewsbury. The glories of Spring Gardens were then over, but its neighbour, the Mall, through nearly three centuries the promenade of the *beau monde*, flourished till well after 1810. It was not until 1817, in fact, that Sir Richard Phillips remarked:

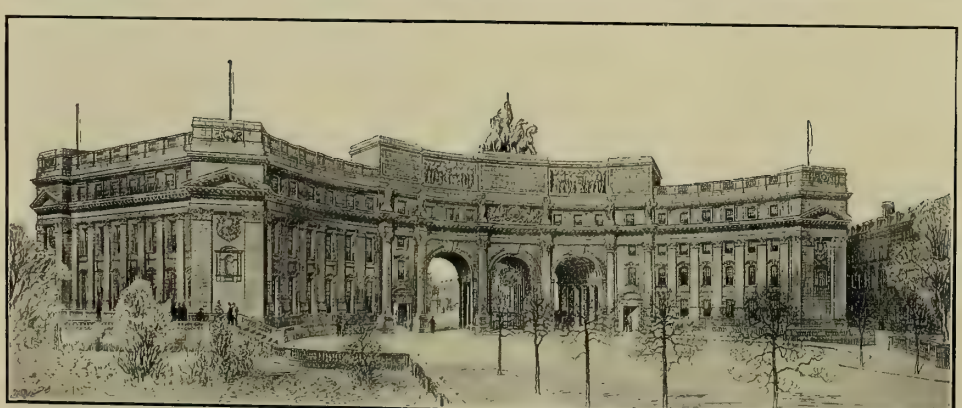
The dinner hour of four and five among the great, or would-be great, having shifted to the unhealthy hours of eight and nine, the promenade after dinner in the dinner full-dress is consequently lost.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries people would pay fabulous sums even "for a small window" to watch the parade. But it is a good deal more than a century since the "glass of fashion and the mould of form" "collationed" in Spring Gardens.



The monks of St. Bernard have started an automobile service from the Swiss and Italian valleys to the Hospice, situated at a height of 8,110 feet; but by a recent regulation of the Swiss authorities, a horse must be attached to the motor-car, "in order that traffic may not be frightened," so the good monks of St. Bernard are unable to exceed the speed limit, even up the steepest inclines. Our photo is by H. Devitte, Geneva.

THE MONK AND THE MOTOR: HOW THE GOOD FATHERS OF ST. BERNARD MAINTAIN COMMUNICATION WITH THE OUTER WORLD



The splendid new Admiralty buildings at Spring Gardens, which are shortly to be begun, will consist of two separate edifices joined by a triple arch, the southern block being destined to provide accommodation for the ever-increasing work of the Admiralty, while the block to the north will furnish the First Lord of the Admiralty and the First Sea Lord with magnificent private residences. The buildings will be complete in two years' time, and will cost £130,000. The triple arch will have passages on either side for eastward and westward traffic, and a central passage for State processions, which will proceed to and from Buckingham Palace by a fine processional road connecting the new buildings with the Queen Victoria Memorial in front of Buckingham Palace.

THE FINISHING TOUCH TO THE MALL: THE DESIGN OF SIR ASTON WEBB, R.A., FOR THE NEW ADMIRALTY BUILDINGS



Everybody agrees that the International Horse Show at Olympia is the finest horse show ever known. Never was seen so splendid a succession of hackneys, trotters, coach-fours, and tandem-teams, and rarely such jumping and driving. The successes of America are noteworthy. The dying art of horn-blowing was heard at its best. Draught horses, some of whose owners are sticking out manfully against motor traction, were magnificent.

The Great Horse Show: A Whirl of Horseflesh at Olympia

SKETCHES BY JOHN CHARLTON

THE F.O. BAG

By LUCIEN WOLF

WITH the virtual disappearance of the millennial item from the programme of the Second Hague Conference, that assembly will be robbed of a good deal of its popular interest. The question of a Limitation of Armaments will be raised only to be more or less decently buried. Indeed, since the frank pronouncements of German statesmen on this subject—especially Dr. von Mühlberg's disconcerting, but not the less convincing, declaration that "Armaments are an historical necessity for us"—no sensible person has taken the question seriously. If we reflect for a moment that our supremacy on the seas is also, and for very similar reasons, "an historical necessity for us," we must admit that we are not in a position to criticise the position taken up by Germany. The Drogo Doctrine will, I imagine, be dealt with in a similar way. It can scarcely be described as a millennial proposal, except, perhaps, in the sense that the conception of the Golden Age prevalent in the South American Republics is that of an age in which debts are irrecoverable. Every race forms its Millennium in its own moral image. From the point of view of the pedants of the *jus gentium*, it is astonishing what an impressive case can be made out for Señor Drogo's ingenious proposal. Happily, the world is as little given over to pedants as to Millennarians. There is a good deal of rough common sense still left to us, and this enables us to steer a sober middle course between Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's canny sentimentalism and Señor Drogo's predatory jurisprudence.

People usually do useful work in the proportion that they make little noise. For this reason the unsensational character of the actual work before The Hague Conference bodes well for the public good. If we cannot destroy Death utterly, we can, at any rate, deprive it of some of its superfluous stings, and this is what the Wise Men of the Hall of the Knights will probably do. Their programme is somewhat recondite, but if it is carried out effectively, there can be little doubt that something substantial will be done in the direction of still further debarbarising war, and also of extending the principle of international arbitration. In this way, little by little, we shall accomplish great things; for, if the risks, barbarities, and prizes of war are gradually diminished, the need of great armaments must also become less and less insistent. I see that Captain Mahan takes a different view, but it seems to me that he is a little old-fashioned. Pushed to its logical conclusion, his view would dispense with the Geneva Convention, and render almost all humane law unnecessary. It is a plea for Terrorism by which Blagovestchensk might be justified. It is, of course, true that the object of the soldier is to restore peace as quickly as possible; but peace secured by "methods of barbarism" is never likely to endure. War, to be effective in the sense of Captain Mahan, should leave as little bitterness behind it as possible, and if this result can be achieved by a prolongation of hostilities the necessary sacrifices will not prove too costly.

The best vindication of the practical usefulness of The Hague Conference and the Tribunal they have established is afforded by the part they already play in the foreign politics of the minor States. Whereas formerly these States were powerless in their disputes with their stronger neighbours, they have now some prospect of securing justice in a normal and automatic way. It is true that, so far, it is only an elusive prospect, inasmuch as there are as yet no means of summoning Sovereign States before The Hague Tribunal, and even where Arbitration Treaties have been negotiated, the loopholes by which a litigant can avoid a judicial decision are many and wide; but still the opportunity is there, and the privilege of invoking it has a great importance where an appeal to arms is impossible. Hence in the smaller States we find politicians to-day taking a far more practical interest in The Hague Conference than the politicians of the Great Powers. I noticed this in Belgium a few weeks ago when discussing the political status of the Congo State with certain Belgian statesmen. A similar experience occurred to me last week in Copenhagen. In spite of the recent Treaty with Germany, the great bulk of the Danes hold that the Schleswig Question is still unsettled, and they are anxious to obtain from The Hague a final decision in regard to their rights under Article V of the Treaty of Prague, and also an authoritative interpretation of the effect of the new Treaty on those rights. Although this is purely a juridical question, I am afraid that the answer of Germany to the proposal would be that it is a question affecting German vital interests or the German national honour, and consequently that it is outside the scope of arbitration. It would be a good thing if the new Conference could so amend the Arbitration Convention as to prevent elusions of this kind, or at any rate to define the exceptions. According to the theory of international law all Sovereign States are equal. The Hague Conference can do a good deal towards making this theory a reality.

Only a few of the British editors who took part in the festal visit to Germany survived to accept the invitation of the Danish Institute of Journalists to visit Copenhagen, but their numbers were reinforced by a fresh delegation from England of a very representative character. Their experiences have been delightful. Their visit was the event of the day, and it is no exaggeration to say that their welcome was truly national. If it lacked something of the ceremonial magnificence of the German entertainments, it far outshone them in popularity. The whole population turned out to greet the British visitors. Nothing could have been more imposing than the reception in the great Concert Hall in the Tivoli Gardens. The hall was crowded to its utmost limits, while the beautifully illuminated gardens outside were packed with cheering Copenhageners, as the band thundered out "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the King," followed by "The Men of Harlech," "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "Auld Lang Syne," "Home, Sweet Home"—in short, the whole repertory of British national airs. The delight of the people was touchingly manifested during the tour of the country districts. Every village was decorated with Danish and British flags, the school-children were assembled to cheer the procession, and scores of pretty Danish girls, in their best Sunday frocks, overwhelmed the visitors with flowers. It was a veritable *déclaration d'amour*.

Denmark charms the English visitor by its homeliness and simplicity. It is, of course, not untouched by the dissipating influences of what we are pleased to regard as the higher civilisation, but on the whole it is delightfully simple and rural. It has, indeed, combined the best elements of our urban and rural life, placing the science of the one at the disposal of the virtues of the other. Life is easy in Denmark. While the standard of comfort is high, the standard of luxury is low, and the result is that there is a great deal of cultivated contentment and very little poverty. It is a relief nowadays to come across a nation which minds its own business, and whose chief political preoccupation is a question of butter and cheese—and not only a relief, but an example. This concentration of the national energies on domestic affairs has produced a very happy and prosperous people. The peasantry are wonderfully well educated, and the refinement to be found even in the smaller farmhouses is an object-lesson for our social economists.

To students of the fiscal question Denmark is an especially instructive study. Denmark is one of the most indefatigable "dumpers" on the British market. She simply swamps us with bounty-fed dairy produce. This is, of course, very unfair. It is true that the bounty she pays on her exports is not given in money, but it is a bounty all the same. It is given in the shape of an intelligent agrarian system, efficient high schools especially adapted to the needs of the peasant and farming classes, and an immense co-operative organisation, by which production is stimulated, the good quality of the produce is assured, and cheap and rapid distribution secured. No wonder we suffer from rural depopulation, when the foreigner takes advantage of us in this mean way. We ought to produce every ounce of butter and cheese, and every single egg and side of bacon sent to us by Denmark. Economically, our position is exactly the same as hers. Both countries import their cereals; both have, in consequence, plenty of land available for dairy produce, and yet one is a gigantic exporter and the other is its "dumping ground." This is a state of affairs into which the Tariff Reform League should look closely.

I ought not to forget to mention the very gracious reception of the British journalists by the Crown Prince, on behalf of his father, at the Amalienborg Palace. The Prince chatted with all of us most amiably, and was visibly delighted at being able to show how close was his acquaintance with English newspapers. His Royal Highness told me that he remembered with great pleasure a visit he paid some years ago to the offices of THE GRAPHIC and *Daily Graphic*, when he was shown how those journals were "done."

A "Waterloo Ball," in aid of the Royal Waterloo Hospital for Children and Women, is to take place on Tuesday at the Grafton Galleries, Grafton Street, W. The tickets are one guinea, and application should be made to the Hon. Secretary of the Ball Committee, Grafton Galleries.



Last week Duke Johann Albrecht of Mecklenburg, accompanied by the Duchess, made his State entry into the capital of Brunswick, and proceeded to the Castle, where, in the Council Hall, he formally assumed the Regency of the Duchy. His Highness received a most cordial welcome as he drove through the streets. Photo by "Bild und Wort," Charlottenburg.

THE STATE ENTRY OF THE NEW REGENT OF BRUNSWICK INTO HIS CAPITAL

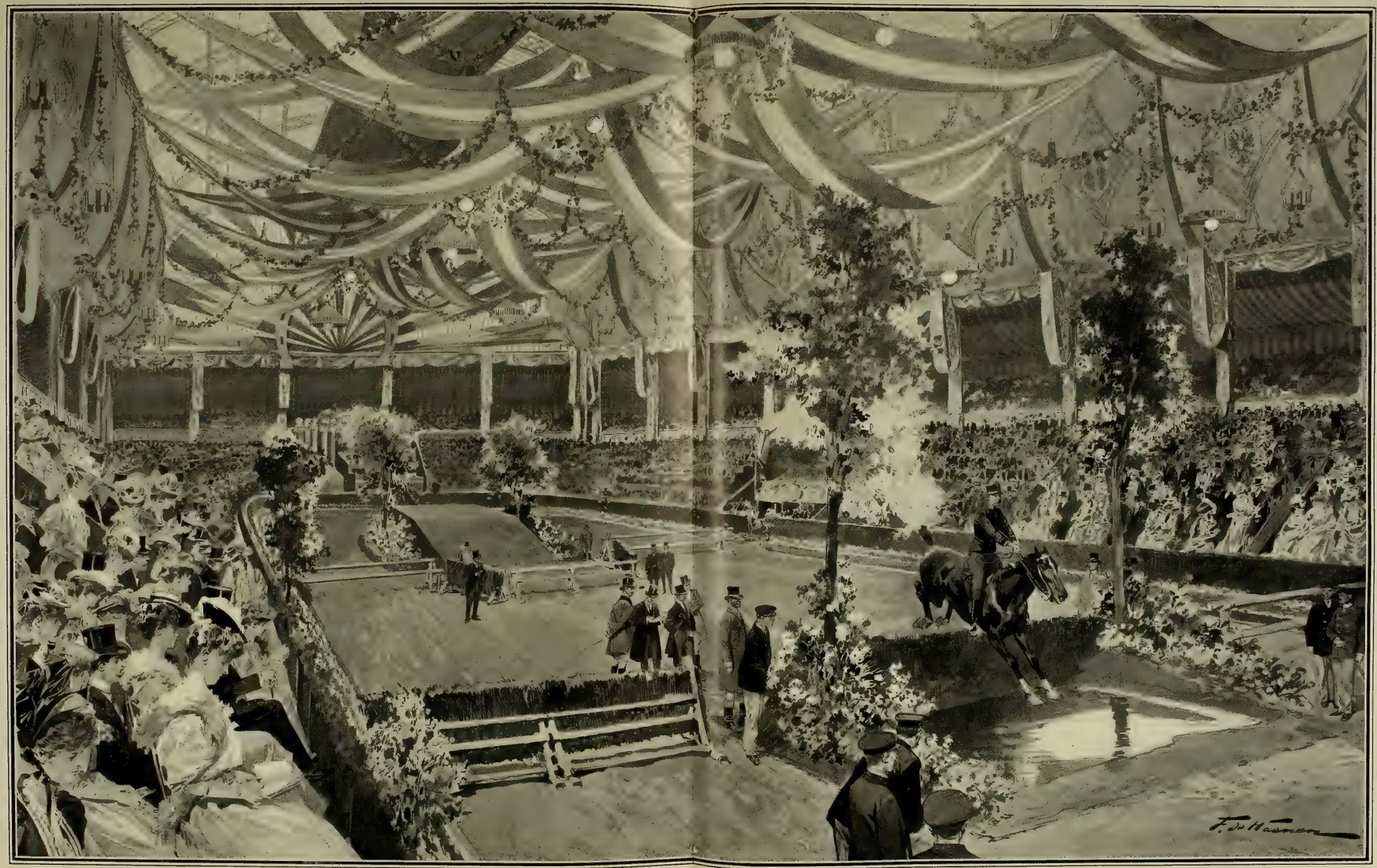
LOOK OUT
FOR
"The New Moon"
IN THE
"DAILY GRAPHIC"



There was something to interest every kind of horse-lover, as well as the general public, at the great international show at Olympia, for every class of horse was seen at its best, and in the best circumstances. Special attention was naturally paid to Mr. Vanderbilt's dark bays, and to Mr. Winans's horses, especially to the latter, on account of the extraordinary number of prizes Mr. Winans carried off. On the social side, important people in the sporting world could be seen at every turn, including, of course, Lord Lonsdale, the donor of a special prize for officers' chargers.

At Olympia: Some Men and Horses at the Great Show

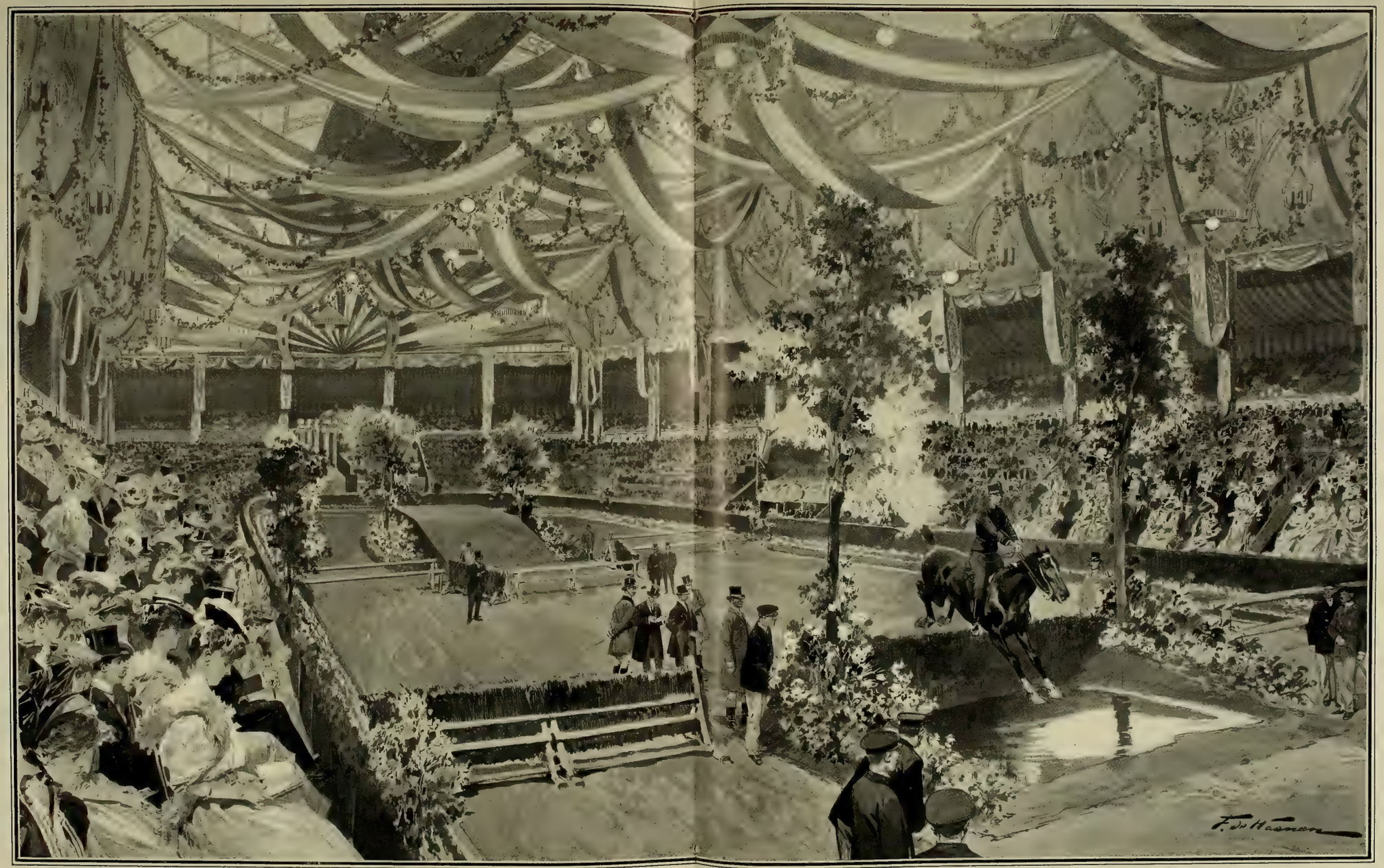
DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER



Lieutenant Daufresne de la Chevallerie, who is said to be the best rider in the Belgian Army, is here shown giving a splendid display of jumping at the International Horse Show at Olympia. He was second in the competition for jumping over a course, and in the high jump he found his match in Mr. J. Glencross, the first and second prizes being divided between them.

THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW: GENERAL VIEW OF THE ARENA DURING THE JUMPING COMPETITION

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN



Lieutenant Daufresne de la Chevallerie, who is said to be the best rider in the Belgian Army, is here shown giving a splendid display of jumping at the International Horse Show at Olympia. He was second in the competition for jumping over a course, and in the high jump he found his match in Mr. J. Glencross, the first and second prizes being divided between them.

THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW: GENERAL VIEW OF THE ARENA DURING THE JUMPING COMPETITION

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

The Theatres

"IOLANTHE" AGAIN

Iolanthe, chosen by ballot as the last revival in the Gilbert and Sullivan series before the SAVOY passes into the hands of Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker, if not one of the greatest of the series, is so delightful in its whimsicality, and is, moreover, so amazingly up to date, that it was bound to be received with enthusiasm. In a way it has aged less than almost any one of the other operas. It might almost have been written yesterday as a skit on the House of Lords, and the fairies who invade Palace Yard might be considered idealised suffragettes. The incongruity of the juxtaposition of peers and peris; the quaint conceit of having a man whose mother was a fairy and whose father was a mortal, so that he is a hybrid—a fairy down to the waist and mortal below the belt—the absurdity of his having a mother, who, being a fairy, never grows old, and consequently looks seventeen (thus getting him into trouble with the pretty ward in Chancery whom he wishes to wed), all these humorous conceits seemed as fresh and delightful as ever. It is true that one thought regretfully of certain old members of the original cast; but Mr. Lytton is an excellent Strephon and Miss Clara Dow a most charming Phyllis, while nothing could be better than the Lord Chancellor of Mr. Workman. His famous song, "When I went to the Bar as a very young man," has lost none of its points, and the audience revelled in every detail of his performance. The revival was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and it was interesting to see in the audience Mr. W. S. Gilbert (who was called on to bow), Mr. George Grossmith and Mr. Rutland Barrington.

"THE MERRY WIDOW"

There was never for a moment any doubt about the success of *The Merry Widow* at DALY'S on Saturday night. Franz Lehar's music has taken the Continent by storm, and the play itself—*Die Lustige Witwe*—has been enormously popular. In its English form it is gay, beautifully dressed and staged, and thoroughly entertaining from first to last. That it will be the success of the season there is little doubt, and all should make acquaintance with it promptly. And this, oddly enough, will be not because of the two principal performers, but in spite of them. Miss Lily Elsie is exceedingly dainty and charming as the widow, but her voice is a trifle inadequate, and Mr. Coyne, who plays Prince Danilo (the man who will not woo her, but has to be wooed because she has taunted him with merely desiring her fortune of twenty millions), has no voice at all, and so can only speak a song. Again, the part demands serious touches, and Mr. Coyne is only an excellent comedian. This does not, however, prevent him being a most attractive figure, and his rendering of the famous waltz with Miss Elsie would be alone sufficient to make the play a triumphant success.



THE PRIME MINISTER OF NEPAL

His Highness the Maharajah Chandra Shumshir Jung Bahadur of Nepal, who is coming on a visit to England, is a major-general in the British Army and the real ruler of Nepal, the titular Maharajah, Dhiraj, being a *roi fainéant*, with no share in the government of his country. Photo by Herzog and Higgins.

At the ADELPHI, this week, Mr. Martin Harvey has been playing an English version of Karl Rossler's play *Der reiche Jungling*. This deals with the famous Biblical story of the young man who had great possessions, and "went away sorrowful" when told that the way to be saved was to sell all he had and give it to the poor. The play in its English form is called *Great Possessions*, and is curious and impressive rather than meritorious. Mr. Martin Harvey, of course, plays the young man who is torn between a desire to lead a higher life and the temptations of the flesh, and is eventually murdered as a fanatic. Miss Suzanne Sheldon is picturesque as a worldly Jewess, and Miss de Silva gives a clever little performance as "Simon the Possessed."

At the GREAT QUEEN STREET Theatre the Irish National Theatre Company are running a season of Irish plays. For the opening night, Mr. J. M. Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World* was chosen. This piece created a terrible ferment in Dublin, where it was considered a cruel libel on the Irish character; but it is a little difficult, as seen here, to quite understand why it should have aroused so much feeling. The subject is disagreeable, and all the characters are unsympathetic; but the characterisation and dialogue are excellent. It is worth seeing if only for the playing, for Mr. W. G. Fay, in particular, is an excellent actor.

DRAMATICUS.

Gala Night at the Opera

When the curtain fell on the last act of *The Flying Dutchman* on Monday night, Covent Garden presented much its usual appearance, but within an hour an army of workmen had taken possession of it, and before Tuesday evening had arrived it was transformed into a brilliant bower of blossoms. From floor to ceiling it was decked with hundreds of thousands of roses, artificial it is true, but so like the real flowers that the eye could not tell the difference. Only in the great Royal Box were real flowers employed, for the perfume of the fresh roses once used proved altogether too overpowering for the audience. When the Royal Party entered at nine o'clock the house presented a most gorgeous spectacle. The bright uniforms of the officers, the striking raiment of the Indian Princes, the lovely dresses and wonderful jewels of the ladies were a joy and a delight to the eye, and seldom, surely, even on the most brilliant of previous galas has Covent Garden looked so gay. The performance, as is generally the case on such occasions, consisted of acts from three operas, the excerpts selected on Tuesday being the first acts of *Madama Butterfly* and *La Bohème*, and the third act of *Die Meistersinger*. In the first of these, Mlle. Destinn and Signor Caruso were once more all that they have taught us to expect them to be as the lovers; in the second, Madame Melba, now completely restored to health, was a perfect Mimi, and the parts of the four Bohemians were merrily played by Signor Caruso, Signor Sammarco, M. Gilibert and M. Marcoux; while in the third Herr van Rooy was an ideal Hans Sachs, and the Eva of Fräulein Hempel and the Walther of Herr Jörn were as true to life as ever. The smaller parts were all played by old friends who have scored great successes in them already this season, and who have never done better than on Tuesday; while the conductors were Signor Campanini and Dr. Richter.



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"PLACE AUX DAMES"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

The old race of entertaining, courteous men of the world seems to be dying out. One of the last of these, a clever, agreeable, urbane, delightful diner-out, was the Hon. E. F. Leveson-Gower, brother of the late Lord Granville, who has just died at the age of eighty-eight. To the last he was interested in politics and social affairs, to the last he lunched with and visited his friends, and was welcome wherever he went. Two years ago he published his reminiscences, interesting on account of the remarkable and prominent people he had known and lived with. Of the most courtly manners, with a charming voice and a fund of stories and conversation, he never allowed private worries or troubles to dim his sunny good humour and kindness of heart. He was of the old school, the best school, who thought it selfish to talk of themselves and their ailments, who took an optimistic view of life, were fortunate in their family ties, and experienced the greatest delight in the society of their fellow-creatures.

I am not sure that the new fashion of riding astride is graceful or desirable for little girls. I recently saw in the Park a poor little mite of some seven summers, dressed in a scarlet jersey and woollen breeches, being bumped violently along at a trot on a somewhat plump pony. She scarcely seemed to enjoy it, and she had no grip whatever of the saddle, so that had the pony shied or stumbled, she must have inevitably fallen off. The pommels of a little girl's saddle give security, and a woman's seat is certainly firmer than that of a man, and must facilitate the art of learning to ride. It is always wise to choose a narrow pony for a little boy; how much more then for a little girl. I am confident that the straddling position cannot be defended for small girls, and that until the legs are long enough to get a proper grip, the position is insecure. With regard to the hygienics of the matter, that is for the doctors; but the appearance of the children does not tend to make one believe they like it. When a girl is older, and a grown woman, it is open to her to decide how she wishes to ride, but for the babe I think the side-saddle more convenient and appropriate.

The Derby Week is essentially the man's week; men's dinners, regimental dinners, and the King's dinner to the members of the Jockey Club throw all other banquets into the shade; but the Devonshire House dinner to the Queen, and the dance afterwards united the sexes for one evening at least in most delightful fashion. A ball at Devonshire House has its unique features, the magnificent staircase, the beautiful old rooms, the illuminated, fragrant gardens, and the supper marquee, with its wealth of gold plate and sweet roses, combine to give a sense of space and splendour which is wanting in the ordinary London house. The Derby Day, with the exciting race, the dinner, and the ball afterwards, must have taxed the energies of the most indefatigable woman; but the ladies who wore lovely dresses, with a great show of fine jewels, appeared as fresh and radiant as possible, and the Princess of Wales and the hostess herself were present at Epsom in the morning.



MISS FANNY COLEMAN

Whose Benefit Matinée took place on Thursday.

Miss Fanny Coleman's benefit matinée at the St. James's Theatre was richly deserved. It is fifty years since she made her professional *début*. This was at the Haymarket in 1857, and thereafter she was for years, at that and other London theatres, a favourite *ingénue* and comedy-actress. It is, however, as an impersonator of *grandes dames* that she is best remembered. In 1888 she was at the Opera Comique with Mrs. Bernard Beere, in 1892 with Mr. George Alexander at the St. James's, where she played the Duchess of Berwick in *Lady Windermere's Fan*; she was Lady Darby in *The Case of Rebellious Susan* (1894), the Countess of Owbridge in *The Gay Lord Quex* (1899), and filled with great charm a score of other important *rôles*. Miss Ellen Terry, who was not able to be present at the matinée, sent a cheque for £50.

It seems a pity that, except where absolutely necessary, fine trees should be cut down in this smoky London of ours. The average builder's first idea, at least in the suburbs, is to cut down everything; but the shade, the refreshing verdure, and the picturesque effect of trees ought to make every bit of green valuable. It is, therefore, with much regret that I hear the pretty elms and sycamores of Alexander Square, just off the Brompton Road, are to be cut down by order of the authorities, it is said, to widen the road; but as the road is not a very busy thoroughfare, and is already wider than most streets, the act seems one of vandalism.

The admirable association for befriending young servants held last week a garden *fête* and loan exhibition at Aubrey House, Camden Hill, which was opened by Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein. The association does much for young girls, teaching them their duties, visiting them, and caring for them in sickness and poverty. Some interesting portraits of Queen Victoria and some of her own sketches in water-colour, pictures by Thackeray, and a sketch of that writer by Millais, besides some beautiful old specimens of needlework, and ancient sundials, were among the interesting articles displayed.

The pessimist prophesied that dancing would gradually disappear; yet this year more balls than ever are announced, and parents take the trouble to have their boys taught dancing. Youth is the time for this, and children naturally love any cheerful exercise accompanied by music. Children's dances are specially pretty entertainments, of which several have been given lately. The little things require no drilling; they are equally ready to valse, to polka, or to execute a *pas de quatre* with all kinds of pretty evolutions. In the Southern States of America, I understand, men belonging to some of the bachelor clubs go out into the woods in summer for a week, and there perform all kinds of revels, with processions, dances, costumes, etc., to celebrate the arrival of the summer, as we have our May Day revels and the crowning of the Queen of the May. It is a pity that here, at least, May is rarely spring-like or genial.

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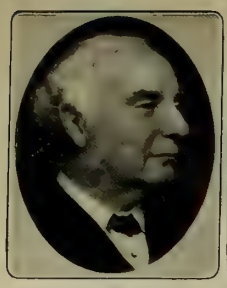
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Late Member of the Council of India.



THE LATE SIR ARTHUR ELLIS
Who died suddenly at the Opera.



THE LATE MAJOR E. R. BOURKE
Well known in City circles.



THE LATE DR. ROUTH
Famous Cambridge Tutor.

Our Portraits

Lord Ronaldshay, the new member for the Hornsey Division of Middlesex, is elder son of the Marquis of Zetland, and is in his thirty-first year. In 1901 he was appointed aide-de-camp to the Viceroy of India. He has been an extensive traveller in the Colonies. Photo by Russell and Sons.

The late Major the Hon. Edward Roden Bourke, a member of the well-known stockbrokers' firm of Brunton, Bourke and Co., had been on the Stock Exchange for thirty years. There was hardly a more popular man in the City, where he was a well-known figure, and a personality whose loss will be keenly felt.

The late Dr. Edward Routh, one of the greatest mathematical coaches Cambridge University ever had, had "made" twenty-seven Senior Wranglers and forty Smith's Prizemen, and had coached some five hundred Wranglers altogether. For nearly thirty years every Senior Wrangler but one was coached by him. He was Senior Wrangler himself in 1854. He was born in Quebec in 1831, son of Sir Randolph Routh, the senior commissariat officer at Waterloo. It was natural that Dr. Routh should oppose the recent decision to abolish the Senior Wranglership, and he did so relentlessly. Photo by Elliott and Fry.

The late Sir Alexander Arbuthnot, who was in his eighty-fifth year, was the oldest and most distinguished of the retired members of the Madras Civil Service. He was a son of the Bishop of Killaloe, and entered the Madras Civil Service in 1842. He became a member of the Council of Madras and of the Governor-General's Council, and in 1887 a member of the Council of India, on his retirement from which, in 1897, he had completed fifty-five years of public service. Photo by Elliott and Fry.



LORD RONALDSHAY, M.P.
Returned unopposed for Hornsey.

The late Major-General Sir Arthur Edward Ellis, who died suddenly at the gala performance at Covent Garden, was Comptroller in the Lord Chamberlain's department, and one of the oldest members of the King's suite. He was born in 1837, entered the Army at seventeen, in 1854, and was at the siege of Sebastopol and at Kertch. In 1867 he was appointed equerry to the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, and accompanied him on his Indian tour. From 1898 to 1901 he was a familiar figure in the House of Lords, where he was Serjeant-at-Arms. Photo by Russell and Sons.

The late Professor Alfred Newton, who was born at Geneva in 1829, occupied the chair of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy at Cambridge for forty-one years. Cambridge, in fact, was his home for nearly sixty years. He had written much. "A Dictionary of Birds" is perhaps his best-known work, and among his other works are the "Ornithology of Iceland," "The Birds of Greenland," and the monumental "Ootheca Wollyana," begun more than forty years ago, and only recently completed. He had the best collection in the world of bones of the Dodo and the Solitaire.

We are glad to note that the surviving V.C. heroes of Delhi are more than the eight to whom we referred last week. As a matter of fact, as a correspondent points out, there are ten still alive. In addition to those then mentioned there are Colonel Jones, late 9th Lancers, and Captain Heathcote, late 60th Rifles.



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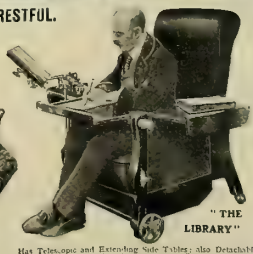
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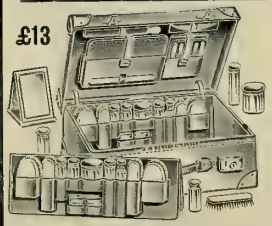
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WORLDLY WOMAN

Men are not as brave as they were, or else they fail in realising their opportunities. Where are the equals to-day of those brilliant caricaturists who, forty years ago, could not and would not "keep their pencils off" the crinoline? Surely if ever a fashion deserved ridicule, it is the present-day hat. Is it lack of humour, or lack of courage that allows it to flourish, unrebuked, with its grotesque outline and preposterous feathers?

The hat of 1907 has no *raison d'être* as a hat, since it does not even cover the head. All its brim is at the back, where it is both unnecessary and hideous. I feel certain that it began its career as some Paris milliner's joke. I can imagine her turning last season's unsaleable shape back to front, and fastening on its unfortunate crown all the remnants of her shop-soiled feathers, and then selling the thing to some great beauty in all the splendour of her audacious youth. The result has probably astonished even her. The "joke" has become the *succès fou* of the season, and we are condemned to wear it, we who are neither wonderful, nor twenty. Only the milliners are happy. Perhaps they have managed to persuade themselves with the rest of the world that their resuscitated straws and uncurled feathers are really things of beauty! Anyhow, small blame to them if they can sell them; after all, *les affaires sont les affaires*.

It is not only a question of the hat. The whole silhouette just now is a miracle of misplaced lines, and as far removed from the human woman as the dress-maker's science will allow. The waist is considerably higher than it should be, the shoulder is prolonged *ad infinitum*, and the gigantic armhole of the new sleeve has nothing whatever to do with the position of the arm. All this is to avoid the commonplace, to be different from the ordinary run, let the means be what they may. It is the cult of Paris *snobisme*, inimitable and untranslatable, that is responsible; only, if we appear ridiculous, the fault is ours for trying to tie down in our solid British way so elusive a thing as this. Exactly why some women can wear everything, and others cannot, is a question impossible to answer, for it is not a matter of beauty, nor distinction. Why, too, most of the former are to be found on the other side of the Channel is more perplexing still. Perhaps because it is a case of inherited genius, and the exquisite beings we meet in the Rue de la Paix owe much of their perfection to former generations. Not for nothing has French taste ruled the world for centuries.

Apart from extraordinary lines, dress is quite beautiful this season. Everything is as soft and light as ever, and there are muslins and linens enough to see us through a perfectly tropical summer. I take it that the prophecy of heat waves to come accounts for the popularity of green. In Paris, just now, to have a sunshade of any other colour is quite an unpardonable error. It looks cool and sensible, but it is certainly not becoming. For charm there never yet has been anything to equal the white sunshade, lined with pink.

Gowns are to be ideally restful and subdued, in white, and grey, and faded brown. All the colour, and all the glare, is concentrated on the hat, and a brilliant green and a vivid purple are the favourites of the hour. Black ribbon is used in profusion on corn-coloured hats, and the best shape is the *cloche*, when not too short of brim in front, nor too fantastically long behind. Feathers have all gone mad this season. They are long and unkempt, and abnormally brilliant to match the straws, from which they stream in a disorder that can hardly be called picturesque. What *cache-peigne* exists is always in brown tulle just now, and the flower of flowers is the pink rose.



A SUGGESTION FOR CRAPE

All the frocks are miracles in tiny tucks and *lingerie* effects. Skirts are elaborated to where they meet the apology of a bodice, which is hardly more than a pair of shoulder-braces, worn over a filmy blouse. In lace, *filet* is the idol of the hour, *filet* soft and square-meshed, adorned with quaint figures that remind one of ancient tapestries.

By the by, the days of the short sleeve are said to be numbered. A long, wrinkled arrangement, *à la* Sarah Bernhardt, claims to be taking its place. One hears of it, and reads of it, but never sees it by any chance. Besides, there are vast numbers of long gloves on the market, and they are becoming a little dearer every day, and are not likely to be banished soon. So, on the whole, there may be a long life for the short sleeve yet.

Broderie anglaise is not as smart as it used to be. Fine lawn, tucked and re-tucked and inserted, is taking its place. It is the hour of triumph for everything that is *lingerie* or related to it, from the shirt to the frock, apparently simple, but Heaven knows how expensive. The great thing is to have a note of black on it, some tiny cravat, or narrow belt. Such is the law in all great houses.

In Paris the *bouquet de corsage* is almost as important as the hat, and varies from day to day. In London we know no change, and with us it is "*toujours Malmaison*." There are roses that are a joy of joys, and lilies that are a pure delight, but we, if we wish to make an impression of being well-dressed, wear nothing season after season but the eternal carnation. For years it has adorned the "lacy" bosoms of the great world, and we have hailed its stiff pink petals as a thing of beauty. But surely its day should be over, now that a misguided crowd imagines that a gigantic effort in Malmaison will atone for the sins of a rusty old *voile* frock adorned with uncongenial laces. There are things that are time-honoured, and therefore unalterable, and I am afraid the carnation is of these. Evidently London would not be London, nor the season the season, without the familiar pink flowers on the women in the park.

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Some New Books

OUR SOLDIERS—1550 TO 1907

There has been at all times about the British soldier a free and easy manner which has given him charm. To see him at ease, pipe in mouth, is almost as good as to see him with fixed bayonet. In "British Soldiers" (F. C. Southwold. 10s. 6d. net) Mr. Christopher Clark, R.I., has drawn him both ways, from the sixteenth century to the present day. There are thirteen pictures, and the artist has got the right attitude and expression in every one—his pictures will give much pleasure to all who see them. The first, and one of the best, is the pikeman of 1550, on sentry-go, pacing forward with great strides. The second is a Life Guards officer (1670) bowing gracefully in a ballroom. The third figure, a private of the 42nd Black Watch (1735), stands with arms presented. Then come a Scots Greys Dragoon (1742) draining a pewter pot, the Negro Trumpeter of the Royal Horse Guards (1750), a Light Dragoon (1792), a General Officer (1800), a Trooper of the 1st Royal Dragoons (1812), a Corporal of the Connaught Rangers, a graceful picture of a Lancer Officer (1818), the majestic figure of a Royal Artillery Drum Major (1840), a Hussar Officer (1852), and finally our own Tommy Atkins, in khaki, lighting a clay pipe, his rifle slung upon his shoulder, looking very fit and able. These are spirited, fine drawings. On the back of the cover a little picture almost escapes one's notice. A one-legged Chelsea pensioner sits alone on a bench. A newspaper lies on his knee, he is leaning forward; and, if one might see his eyes beneath the peaked cap, one might see the look of an old hero who recalls the past.

ARISTOCRATIC WASHINGTON

"Forty Years of Washington Society" (Fisher Unwin), which consists of extracts from the letters of Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith, written between the years 1800 and 1841, is not overwhelmingly interesting to an English reader, but it does at least cover the ground. The mirror is held up, and the image is faithfully reflected. Mrs. Smith was in Washington when the British Army, in 1814, entered the place and did a good deal of damage. A curious fact is that we had a number of French soldiers—released prisoners of war—fighting in our service; and they were, according to Mrs. Smith, the authors of the worst of the "horrors." The moral was drawn that a standing army might be a useful thing. Before the raid it had generally been feared as "an instrument of despotism." At a later and more peaceful period Mrs. Smith received a visit from Harriet Martineau, who came to her with letters of introduction, and was the lion of a Washington season. "The drollest part of the whole," she writes, "is that these crowds, at least in Washington, go to see the lion and nothing else. I have not met with an individual, except Mrs. Seaton and her mother, who have read any of her works, or knew for what she is celebrated. Our most fashionable, exclusive Mrs. Tayloe, said she intended to call, and asked what were the novels she had written, and if they were pretty. The gentlemen laugh at a woman's writing on political economy." The book contains many portraits of eminent Washingtonians.



A LIGHT DRAGOON OF 1792

One of Mr. Clark, R.I.'s drawings in "British Soldiers."

OUT-OF-THE-WAY FRANCE

At its best Miss Betham-Edwards' work is very good; at its worst it is (shall we say?) a little casual. Her "Literary Rambles in France" (Constable) contains some pieces which start the reflection that, if the author had nothing more to say than she has said, there was no pressing necessity for her to break silence. But there are other pieces—and it is on these that one prefers to dwell—in which she imparts fresh information in a bright and entertaining style. Her strength lies in her real knowledge of the out-of-the-way corners of provincial France—many of them most delightful places, and few of them overrun by British and American tourists. To whom but Miss Edwards would it have occurred to make an article, for instance, out of Lons-le-Saulnier, known to most only as the probable point of departure of the projected railway through the Jura to Geneva? Yet Lons-le-Saulnier is well worth its article. The pine-clad mountains begin there, and Rouget de Lisle, the composer of the "Marseillaise" was born there. Miss Edwards, in her chatty manner, tells us all about the man and his song—how he narrowly escaped the guillotine, and survived his celebrity, and drew a pension from Louis Philippe in the days when the "Marseillaise" was taboo. And then there is Guérande—the walled town in the midst of the marshes, familiar to all good Balzacians; and there is Carcassonne, where Fabre d'Eglantine wrote "Il pleut, bergère, il pleut," in his pre-revolutionary period; and there is Padirac with its caves; and there is Chantilly, with its English colony of horse-trainers, and its memories of Madame de Sevigné, and the cook Vatel, who fell upon his sword because the fish did not arrive in time for dinner. These are a few typical objectives of Miss Edwards's literary journeys. One finds her the most instructive and cheerful of travelling companions, and one is bound to praise her photographs.

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Novel-readers know what to expect from Mr. Richard Marsh in the way of sensational mystery. Nor is his newest story (John Long) likely to disappoint them. That he makes capital out of current topics, and that several of his personages are very important personages indeed, may, to some, be additional recommendations.

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When you feel pain is when the uric acid has for some time been passing through the system. It waits for you to take a slight chill or undergo physical strain ere it shows you what it has been doing while it has been accumulating. In the tissues, muscles, joints, and organs it has been leaving something behind it. This substance is known as urate of soda. No matter where it settles in the system, in that place you feel the acute pain which characterises rheumatic ailments.

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Bishop's Varalettes, when dissolved and taken in any liquid, are absorbed right into the blood and penetrate with it to the innermost recesses of tissues, muscles, organs, and joints, and wherever there are uric acid and urates they are speedily dissolved and permanently removed. There is absolutely no other remedy which has just this essential action. But Bishop's Varalettes do more than this. They have also a beneficial effect on the kidneys. They rouse these organs to normal activity and so *prevent* the formation of uric acid.

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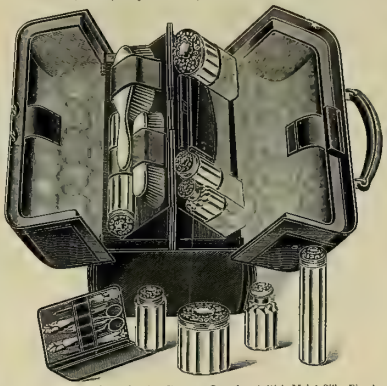
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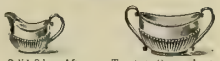


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Solid Silver Cake Basket, Handsomely Pierced,
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"THE SAVAGE CLUB"

"It is just fifty years, in this present year 1907, since the foundation of the Savage Club; yet to inquire into its origin and the true meaning of its name is like entering the region of myth." So begins Mr. Aaron Watson in his book of "The Savage Club: A Medley of History, Anecdote and Reminiscence" (T. Fisher Unwin), when, after a preliminary chapter on "The Kingdom of Bohemia," he enters on an investigation of "How the Club Came into Being." Much the same may be said of most really great institutions, inasmuch as nearly all have come into existence nobody can tell for certain whence, and grown up nobody can tell for certain how. As to the name, its origin and originator, the principal authorities quoted by Mr. Watson are Andrew Halliday, Dr. Strauss ("The Old Bohemian"), Lionel Brough, and George Augustus Sala, and they all more or less differ. A comparison of their evidence leads to the conclusion that the club was named after Richard Savage as "the Prince of Bohemians," but that the alternative meaning, associated with "tomahawks, boomerangs, assegais, and other weapons of savage warfare"—may we not add pipes of peace?—was nearly if not quite contemporaneous, and has thrown the more literary sponsorship into the shade.

In any case, it is certain that the first home of the club was the "Crown," in Vinegar Yard, opposite the pit entrance of Drury Lane Theatre; that—according to a *bon mot* of the period—the subscription was "just whatever the members choose to owe;" and that, on the authority of Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier, "the dinners," at a somewhat later date, "consisted of a joint and a pie of some sort, the price being eightpence. . . . Our refreshment was beer, and our table was always set out with beer and pipes. As to the luxury we see now, we knew nothing at all about it." The first recorded list of members consists of two-and-thirty names, including those of Sala, James Hannay, H. J. Byron, Andrew Halliday, and the four Broughs. They surely "builded better than they knew," though it may be a little doubtful, if ever so little, whether the resulting edifice, could it have entered into their dreams, would have represented their intention. What one of their own poets calls "the beautiful city of Prague" has been, with all the rest of London, transformed out of knowledge within less than fifty years. Everybody knows what the Savage Club is now, if only by a reputation literally as wide as the civilised world. It is time, independently of its fiftieth birthday, for an authentic account of its evolution from a little knot of Bohemian wits in Vinegar Yard into a flourishing society of Art and Letters with the prestige of Royal good-fellowship—"patronage" would be an all too inappropriate word. Mr. Watson has executed what has evidently been a labour of love with even an excess of fulness: a fault on the right side, if, in the case of a club record, it be a fault at all.

His chapters "In Memoriam" are alone enough to show how the Savage Club has been identified with actual eminence in "literature, art, science, the drama, or music," and with the recognition of all intellectual eminence in any other field. Of course, not every "Savage" is a person of distinction—at any rate outside the doors of the tribal wigwam. But the spirit is the great thing; and the tradition that a man is to be valued, firstly for what he is, secondly for what he does, and not at all for what he has, is stamped upon these pages from the beginning to the end. A mine of anecdote we cannot call them. Wit, humour and good talk are very much taken for granted; as, indeed, must be the case unless, instead of being translated into coldly faithful print, they are accompanied by the inspiration of the hour. The lasting value, as well as the immediate interest, of Mr. Watson's volume is its completeness and faithfulness as the inner history of a Club whose life has attracted so much attention on its public side.

Mark Twain contributes a short account of his first visit to the Savage Club in 1872, when he parted from "Tom Hood, Harry Leigh and another good man—Frank Buckland, I think," at two in the morning. The volume contains nearly eighty illustrations. R.E.F.



AN IMPROMPTU BY PHIL MAY
One of the illustrations in Mr. Aaron Watson's "The Savage Club."

A NOVEL OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Mr. E. F. Benson's new and exceedingly up-to-date story, "The House of Defence" (William Heinemann), deals with "Christian Science" from many conflicting points of view, severally represented by the healer whose mere presence in a neighbourhood suffices to arrest an epidemic of typhoid; by the parrot-like believer; by the ordinary unbeliever; and by the eminent physician who is candidly aware of the limitations of his own science in respect of the relations between mind and matter. As Mr. Benson adopts the impartial attitude of discriminating between sense and nonsense, or what he believes to be such, on all sides, he is not likely to satisfy either of the main parties to the controversy. Whichever has the larger sense of humour will be the best amused. The most interesting part of his book is the preface. Here Mr. Benson gives the *cachet* of fact to the principal feature of his fiction—the cure of a case of laudanum habit by a healer who startled his patient out of it by drinking off a copious draught of the drug without any more result than if it had been a glass of water. Why one man should give up laudanum because another man could drink it with impunity is difficult to see. Nor can we think the situation worth the distressing description of narcomania necessary to bring it about. In short, neither faith cure nor opium slavery can be counted as subjects light enough for Mr. Benson's lightness of hand.

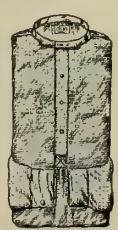
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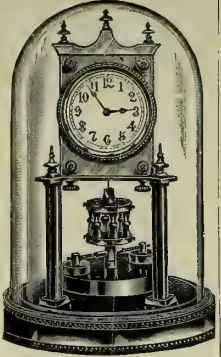
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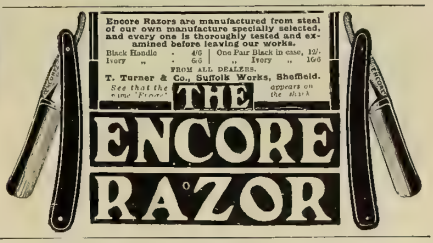
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MR. FLETCHER IN RURITANIA

Mr. J. S. Fletcher has become a contributor to the popular knowledge of that portion of South-Eastern Europe which is bounded on the north, south, east and west only by the imaginations of its explorers. The hero of his addition to this branch of history ("The Queen of a Day." T. Fisher Unwin) is a young medical man in Bloomsbury, who becomes entangled in the excessively complicated affairs of the Kingdom of Montalba. How complicated may be judged from such elements of mystery as cabalistically marked rings and bank-notes, shadowings and counter-shadowings, confusion of babies during a Royal massacre, and a resemblance between twins. Mr. Fletcher has amply proved his capacity for better and fresher business than this, for which indeed his skill in representing real people in real situations distinctly unfits him. Anybody seems able to write a "Balkan" novel—except those who are capable of writing something better.

IN PRINCE RUPERT'S TIME

"Captain Latymer," the autobiographic hero of the Romance of that name, by Mr. Frank Frankfort Moore (with a frontispiece by S. Seymour Lucas: Cassell and Company), starts his adventurous career with the Massacre of Drogheda, whence he escapes with his life to be transported to "the Barbados;" continues it in company with pirates, planters, Prince Rupert, and, more particularly, with a charming fellow convict, Kate Moyra; and closes it by winning her for his wife, together with a pardon obtained for him by his old schoolmaster, John Milton. The story, of which the general drift and character will have been readily surmised, goes with all appropriate vigour and swing; and the gasconading, but not less good and gallant, Colonel Kelly is a delightful variety of the type to which he belongs.



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"THE TWO FORCES"

"Some years ago," says Mr. E. Way Elkington, in a prefatory note to his story of "The Two Forces" (John Long):—

> I read a paragraph in a Colonial journal stating that "R. T.," a man I had met in different parts of the world, had been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for forgery, highway robbery, bigamy, and other sins against society. He was a strange man, and interested me immensely. . . . He was the finest preacher I have ever heard and the biggest villain I have ever met, and yet to-day, while he is "serving time," there are to my knowledge hundreds of people who owe their very existence to his benevolence and kindness. In two cities I have seen monuments to his good works—in other places a different tale is told of "R. T."

This gives better promise of an interesting conflict of character than the result fulfils. Richard Terrill is a brigand of the Rocky Mountains, with sentimental impressionability to the influences of natural scenery, who is converted by an angel in a dream, fails in his efforts to reform a multitude of social dregs and outcasts, and is finally saved from suicide by the love of a woman with whom he "rode out into the new day—this time to build their house on the rock." The scenery of the Rockies provides an exceedingly picturesque setting for the strongly sensational incidents of the opening chapters.

AN INTERESTING GIFT TO SIR JOSEPH HOOKER

Sweden may be well content with her commemorative ceremonies in honour of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Linnæus, and the foreign delegates who participated cannot but retain the most pleasing reminiscences of the bicentenary. At Stockholm the observances were carried out under the auspices of the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences, of which institution Linnæus was first President, as well as being Secretary for twenty years. For Englishmen perhaps the most interesting feature of the proceedings was the presentation of a special Linnæan medal, struck in gold, to the veteran botanist and traveller, Sir Joseph Hooker, G.C.S.I., F.R.S. The advanced age of the recipient of this signal honour—Sir Joseph will reach his ninetieth birthday on June 30—naturally made it impossible for him to personally attend, consequently the gift was handed to Sir Rennell Rodd, British Minister at Stockholm, for transmission. The obverse of the medal bears the bust of Linnæus and appropriate emblems, such as birds, butterflies and plants; the reverse depicts a student dissecting a flower.





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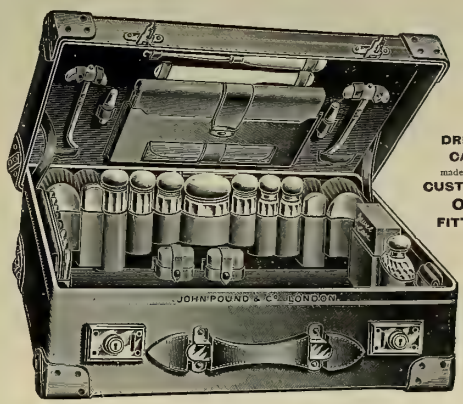
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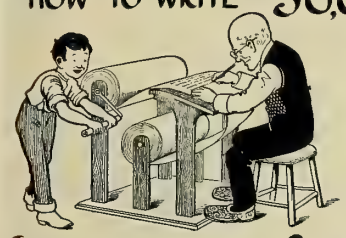
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At The Opera

A rather curious feature of the present season at Covent Garden has been the return to the old practice of playing operas in Italian, no matter what may be the language in which they were written. In the old days, of course, Italian was considered the only polite language for singing purposes, and in remote country districts one still finds old ladies whose collections of songs includes "Mr. Schubert's favourite air, 'Il Vagabondo,'" under which disguise one has, at first, some difficulty in recognising one's old friend "Der Wanderer." The cult of German music, however, killed this idea completely, and of late years it has come to be regarded as positive sacrilege to play an opera in any language but that in which it was written, always excepting, of course, English operas, which must be translated into French, or German, or Italian, or any tongue, in fact, that is not understanded of the people.

This year, however, the French operas are being sung in Italian, and no one is likely to take the change to heart; for, though Wagner's operas would sound absurd if sung in the silken tongue of Italy, those of Bizet and Gounod do not. Moreover, the plan has one very great advantage, in that it enables the Italian tenors to take part in the performances; and at the moment they are infinitely superior to any tenors that France appears able to send us. It is impossible to say, however, that the idea of entrusting Signor Caruso with the part of Don José in *Carmen* was altogether an inspiration. The great Caruso is, no doubt, a magnificent artist, but the music does not really lie very well for his voice; the part does not fit him like a glove, while it is impossible to say that he looks his best in the uniform of a Spanish officer of the period, a uniform which is certainly neither a thing of beauty nor a joy for ever. He wrestled nobly with the part when the opera was given last week, but, though there were moments when he was superb, he was not absolutely in his happiest mood. Nor is the *rôle* of Carmen altogether congenial to Mme. Kirkby Lunn. She can look a princess to the life, and she appears able to enter into the feelings of a goddess whose domestic relations leave something to be desired, but she makes Carmen too respectable a young person altogether. Like Signor Caruso, she worked uncommonly hard, but her efforts did not carry conviction. Mlle. Donalda was charming as Micaela, and M. Gilibert played the Dancairo with all his usual humour, but Signor Scandiani was hardly a sufficiently truculent Toreador, and seemed to suggest that only under extreme provocation would he hurt a fly.

During the last few years the barrel-organ has slowly but surely been doing its fell work, and the beauties of *Cavalleria Rusticana* are now worn completely threadbare. Saturday's revival was, however, very welcome, as it gave us an opportunity of seeing Mlle. Scalar as Santuzza. That brilliant singer made such a success when she appeared as Aida in the autumn, that her engagement for the summer season was almost inevitable. Seldom, indeed, in recent years, have we seen at Covent Garden a dramatic soprano who is so well equipped in every branch of her art. Not only is she a fine singer, but she is also a most powerful actress, and she gave quite a new interest to the faded glories of the opera on Saturday. Her arrival will strengthen the Covent Garden *personnel* considerably. The same evening introduced to us two new tenors. Mr. Wheatley, who played Turiddu, seems to have a very sympathetic voice, but to be but moderately endowed with dramatic power; but Signor Bassi, who appeared as Canio in *I Pagliacci*, obviously has the true instinct for the stage as well as a good voice, and he attacked his big scene in the first act with a fervour which brought down the house. Miss Gleeson-White and Signor Scandiani, in the former opera, and Mlle. Destinn and Signor Sammarco, in the latter, both contributed greatly to the success of the performances, which were conducted by Signor Campanini.

J. D. H.



MLLE. SCALAR
Who made a hit in *Cavalleria Rusticana* at the Opera.
Photo by Pirou, Paris.



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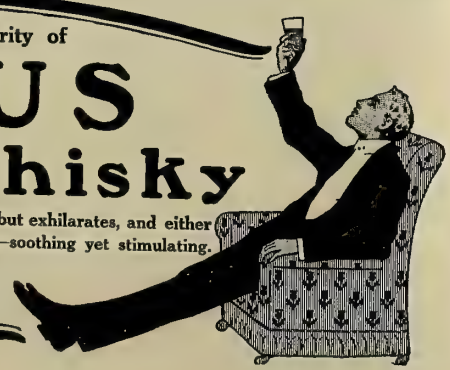




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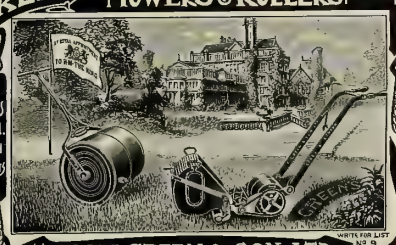
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By J. ASHBY-STERRY

In these iconoclastic days, when improvement only means pulling down fine old mansions full of historic associations and erecting hideous buildings with no associations whatever in their places, it is scarcely to be imagined that Crosby Hall will be spared. It is, however, satisfactory to find that vigorous efforts are being made towards its rescue, and it would be interesting to learn how such a building got into private hands, and why it was not long ago the property of the City of London. Some of my earliest recollections are connected with this fine old structure, which was erected considerably over four hundred years ago. My reminiscences do not extend so far back as 1466, neither did I have the pleasure of the acquaintance of the builder of the mansion, Sir John Crosby, as he flourished a little before my time; but I can recall that among the very first public entertainments I ever witnessed were those at Crosby Hall. In those days the place was fitted on the old-fashioned plan of rows of seats one above the other from the platform to the back of the hall.

Here I can remember seeing Love, the first ventriloquist I ever heard, and I can recall the marvellous conversations he had with a boy, who was supposed to be hiding amid the ornate oaken beams in that fine old roof. For weeks afterwards, being of an imitative tendency, I was always holding conversations with a boy on the roof of the paternal mansion, which, as far as I can recollect, were not so well received by my family as they might have been. Here, too, I remember going to hear John Parry, and being greatly disappointed at finding the place full and being unable to get in, and here I had my first experience of nigger minstrelsy. The troupe was called the Ethiopian Serenaders, and I can see them all distinctly at the present moment—Pell, Harrington, White, Stanwood, and Germon. Pell was the "bones," of whom Henry Byron wrote afterwards in the Strand burlesque of *Ivanhoe*:—

O sad would sound those wedding bells,
If you'd wed one of them 'ere swells—
My poor old bones shake just like Pell's,
At such a catastrophe!

Two banjos, an accordion and a tambourine completed the instrumental portions of the entertainment, and among the vocal attractions were "Lucy Neal," "Old Dan Tucker," "The Blue-Tailed Fly," "Mary Blane," "Old Joe," "The Coloured Fancy Ball," "Buffalo Gals," "Old Aunt Sally," "A Life by the Galley Fire," and other ditties with which I subsequently annoyed my friends and relatives very much indeed.

Anyone who has taken any interest in anything but the weather the last week or two, must have noticed that most refreshing glimpse of greenery that may now be seen from the Strand, Charing Cross, and Trafalgar Square. This additional ornament to the neighbourhood is caused by the demolition of houses to make way for the termination of the Processional Road, and thus we get a prospect of the trees in St. James's Park, now looking at their brightest and best. It is to be feared we shall not enjoy this refreshing view for long, as according to the present plan, the termination of the road will be in an archway, with buildings above it, which will effectually obscure any sight of the Park. Is it too late for the original idea to be modified, and have the eastern entrance to this magnificent road left entirely open? It seems a pity that such an opportunity as will probably never occur again should be neglected.

The objections I raised the other day with regard to the coalition of envelope and note-paper have been most cleverly vanquished by Messrs John Walker and Co., whose excellent Letterette Tablet I have recently had the good fortune to inspect. Here the whole affair is so ingenious, yet so simple in its construction, that no annoyance or loss of temper is experienced in its manipulation. You cannot possibly help folding your note up the right way, and there is no difficulty whatever in unfastening it, the written sheet being displayed in an instant. Moreover, it has this advantage, that the address and date of posting is always attached to the communication, a matter which is frequently of considerable importance. In addition to this, in the Letterette Tablet you get a writing-pad and a blotter, which renders you entirely independent of the desk and its accessories. In short, it is a boon to the busy person and a luxury for the lazy.

It is to be wished that the attention of the police should be called to all vehicles attempting to turn the corner on the wrong side. This is done just to save a second of time, and examples of this kind of thing may frequently be seen hard by the Guards' Monument at the bottom of Waterloo Place. It is bad enough when practised by horse-drawn carriages, but when it is accomplished by motor-cars the proceeding is infinitely more dangerous. I have seen several instances of this kind of thing lately, and one the other day where a terrible catastrophe was only just averted.

Here we are in the middle of June, and at this present writing it seems to be but little improvement on the miserable May. We still take a keen delight in a blazing fire and sit as closely to it as possible; we still wear thick great coats, twine the silken muffler around our necks, and feel inclined to get out our skates and wish everybody "A Merry Christmas." Possibly now we are in June we may hope for a little sunshine. As yet we have had no spring. Shall we have a summer?





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AND ACTS LIKE A CHARM IN

Diarrhœa & Dysentery

The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS of September 28, 1895, says: "If I were asked which single medicine I should prefer to take abroad with me, as likely to be most generally useful, to the exclusion of all others, I should say CHLORODYNE. I never travel without it, and its general applicability to the relief of a large number of simple ailments forms its best recommendation."

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MOTOR NOTES

The unfortunate accidents which have occurred in this contest will militate strongly against motoring generally, both in Germany and elsewhere. Indeed, it is generous treatment to call them "accidents," as the avowed intention of the donor of this trophy is to produce a good touring car without attaching any importance to speed *per se*. The prize is awarded to the competitor who gets through with the least trouble with defects in machinery and tyres, and special awards are made, after the Herkomer race is over, for speed contests over certain courses. The enormous number of entries is partly responsible for the disasters; but at the same time there is no doubt that several drivers have been guilty of recklessness in trying to make better time than their opponents. The German Press is very strong in the comments made on the driving in this race, and not without reason. As one paper says: "Public safety stands higher than pleasure and the ambition of individuals; higher also than the financial interests of individual branches of industry." The list of starters totalled altogether 161, of which the majority were German. Italy comes next with twenty-three cars, France contributing fifteen and England six. The course is 1,125 miles, divided ten days' running.

The Herkomer Trophy

The *Automotor*, in a recent number, announced that a great deal of interest is being taken by Mr. Roger Wallace, K.C., and a few other gentlemen in a new process by which it is claimed that alcohol can be manufactured from peat and sold at an extremely low price. The figure, 3d. per gallon, is actually mentioned, and it is explained that this can be done because the value of the by-products is very considerable. The *Automotor* says that they are unable to give any further information concerning the process, or the value of the fuel for automobile work at present, but Mr. Wallace has arranged for full particulars to be placed at their disposal, so that they may investigate the matter at the earliest moment. May it all come true! The present price of petrol, combined with the consumption of a high-powered car, is getting a serious matter for many motorists. I am paying 25 per cent. more this year than I was in 1906, and I find it makes a considerable difference in my weekly expenses.

3d. per Gallon

The Automobile Association is feeling much aggrieved that the Motor Union is issuing car-badges to its members. The A.A. has my sympathy. This association has done excellent work, and, be it said, work that was never attempted before its advent, in patrolling the roads. In order that all members of the Association might be easily recognised by its scouts, it devised a badge to be carried in a conspicuous position on the car. Much to its chagrin, it suddenly becomes aware that a badge very similar in design and appearance is being issued by the Motor Union, with consequent confusion among the scouts. I happen to be a member of both institutions, and can therefore claim to be fairly impartial. In the matter of the badge the A.A. is in the right; but there is another side to the question. The Motor Union, which is much the senior of the two, is part and parcel of the Royal Automobile Club; and nobody will wish to dispute the enormous amount of good it has done for the movement in the past. Now the latter-named institutions also feel aggrieved, and quite rightly, I think (although they don't say much about it), at the starting of the "Motor Club" by the A.A. Any division in the world of motorists would be a mistake, and gratitude is owed to the pioneers, who had so many battles to fight and victories to gain, of which every present day motorist may be said to reap the benefit. The cobbler should stick to his last, and if the associations I have mentioned above would adhere to the very excellent work each, in its own sphere, has up to the present carried out, it would be so much the better for everyone concerned.

The Battle of the Clubs



This trophy, beautifully executed in solid silver, has been presented by Mr. J. Norton-Griffiths to the Aero Club, and is to be awarded yearly for the longest flight made by an aeroplane.

A TROPHY FOR AEROPLANES



THE NEW 12-15 H.P. ARROL-JOHNSTON LIMOUSINE

The question of roads, at any rate until they become perfect, can never fail to be a source of interest to us all. On Monday and Tuesday last a Conference, out of which real and practical good should evolve, was held at the Institution of Civil Engineers, under the able chairmanship of Sir John Wolfe Barry. The subject of roads is treated by most authorities and surveyors very much too lightly. Of course there are some exceptions, who give the matter serious attention, but they are few and far between. It must be recognised by those who would deal with this question in the proper spirit, that traffic is coming *back to the roads*. For many years the roads have carried very little traffic other than that required for purely local purposes. That is being changed, and the roads must naturally change too. In France the subject is much easier to deal with, as our neighbours have always, for military purposes, maintained their *routes nationales*. In India it is the same thing; the great trunk roads are still in existence, and are already being used for motor traffic. In our little island the case is the reverse. We do not possess any national roads. All we have is a number of petty stretches, each of which is dealt with by a different authority, the natural result being that it is a matter of great difficulty to obtain unanimity.

Conference of Road Engineers

The Secretary of the Automobile Association draws my attention to a case which certainly merits comment, and asks that any motorist who may have received similar treatment will communicate with him. An officer of high rank in His Majesty's Service was recently summoned, and, in the opinion of many, unjustly convicted of driving to the common danger. So strongly did this gentleman feel about the matter, that he wanted to incur the heavy expenses of an appeal against the magistrates' decision. Be it remembered that, under the Gilbertian conditions of the present Act, the appeal, even if successful, would have cost him many times the usual fine of five pounds and costs. The penalty imposed was 20s., which amount does not carry with it the right of appeal. His advocate quite reasonably asked that the fine should be increased, even by one shilling, in order that the case could be fought out. The Bench refused. Well aware of the status of the defendant motorist, whose integrity, from his very position in the Service, could not be questioned, they, to all appearances, shrank from the ordeal of a trial by a higher Court, and sheltered themselves behind the absurdity of a law which allows of a paltry penalty for an admittedly grave offence. The officer argues that to drive to the public danger is most inadequately punished with a 20s. fine, and in this he is certainly supported by every right-minded person, motorist or non-motorist. He resents the stigma of an endorsed licence, strenuously denies having ever caused danger to any living creature, and is ready to back his protest with the costs of an appeal; yet an enlightened assembly of the Great Unpaid refuse him the right to confute the evidence or question the equity—save the mark!—of their decision, by the shallow device of imposing a minimum fine. GRAPHICUS.

The Right of Appeal

Perhaps the great stride made in the motor industry is demonstrated in no more forcible way than by the growth of the sale of accessories. An illustration of this was the opening of Messrs. S. Smith's new factory for making their "Perfect Speed Indicator" at Watford. Every device that the ingenuity of the world can produce towards the delicacy of the machinery required for the manufacture of these instruments, which must of necessity be absolutely accurate, is here installed. About sixty motorists, including Earl Russell, Sir Archibald Macdonald, Colonel Bosworth, Colonel Benson, and others proceeded to Watford to assist in the ceremony of opening the works.

We give an illustration this week of the new 12-15 h.p. Arrol-Johnston Limousine. The vehicle seems eminently suitable for town and country work, seating, as it does, six persons, and costing the very moderate sum of £580.



The great motor-track at Weybridge, constructed by the Brooklands Automobile Club, is now completed, and will be formally opened on Monday next, the first race-meeting taking place on July 6. The course is the only one of its kind in the world, and has cost nearly £150,000 to construct. Here will be decided most of the big motor races of the future, the track—which is shaped like the side of a basin—being specially designed for speeds of 90 to 120 miles an hour.

A RACECOURSE FOR AUTOMOBILES: THE BROOKLANDS MOTOR-TRACK AT WEYBRIDGE, WHICH WILL BE OPENED ON MONDAY

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THE GRAPHIC

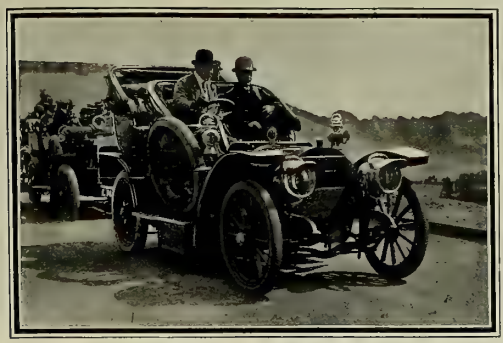
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

ON Monday next Ministers propose to "deal with" the House of Lords by way of resolution in the House of Commons. 'Tis not a particularly heroic method of procedure, especially when those who, like our Parliamentary correspondent, are "in the know," are able to vouch for it that the original intention of the Government was to introduce, not a resolution, but a Bill. Blank cartridge has, however, this advantage over ball—that it makes quite enough noise, and is quite safe not to hurt anybody for whom it was not intended.

* * * *

Ministers can, of course, carry any resolution they like—that the earth is flat, or the moon made of green cheese—with the help of the mechanism of their mammoth majority. But nobody knows better than Ministers that, if it were a case of a Bill, the Lords would not hesitate to force a dissolution by throwing out the measure, and a dissolution is not to be thought of. Has not Rutland just taught the Government that even Hodge is no more to be frightened by the Little Loaf bogey at this time of the day than is the surburban elector at Wimbledon? Wherefore, as we have said before, the blank cartridge of a resolution is better than the ball cartridge of a Bill; it will not strew the battlefield with the corpses of Liberal members in a great reaction against the verdict of last year. Verily our political pastors and masters are wise in their generation.

* * * *

Nevertheless, their gesture is not very imposing; their resolution comes either too late or too early. It comes too late to catch the breeze of Nonconformist discontent with the Lords' treatment of the Education Bill of last year; it comes too soon to rally the supporters of the Government for an appeal to the country, which Ministers are much too prudent to make. In short, there is a Laodicean lukewarmness about the whole business which is evidently little to the liking of the rank and file of the Liberal party.

* * * *

Not often, surely, is the irony of fate—"the impishness of circumstance," as Thomas Hardy somewhere calls it—so maliciously exemplified as in the coincidence between the meeting of The Hague Conference and the dissolution of the second Russian Imperial Duma. Even while the assembled delegates at the Binnenhof were addressing their homage to the Tsar, Nicholas II. was taking a step which can hardly fail to produce a state of things in Russia which in some respects will be worse than war conducted according to the recognised rules of the game. One must have a robust optimism, indeed, not to fear that all the subterranean forces of the Revolutionary party will now grapple with the Government in a death struggle against the repression which their action will evoke. Russia is, in very truth, the Niobe of nations, and there is an infinite pathos about her painful pilgrimage towards the distant heights of light and liberty.

* * * *

Among the many and various subjects of embittered controversy with which the new London County Council has to deal, there is one, at least, upon which we can all agree, whether we call ourselves Municipal Reformers or Progressives: that is the question of the abatement of the smoke nuisance, concerning which the Council's Public Control Committee have just issued a lengthy report. If we may believe the wise men of the Meteorological Office, London actually loses half its natural allowance of sunshine in winter, and one-sixth in summer, by reason of the thick cloud of smoke which intervenes between our chimney-pots and the sun. The report concludes that the nuisance can be and ought to be abated; concerning which conclusion we will only say that if the first of those propositions can be proved, the second follows as a matter of course.

But can we abate the nuisance? There's the rub. The Committee have no panacea to prescribe, they can only suggest heavier penalties for unnecessary smoke-production. That might, no doubt, have some considerable effect in reducing the volume of factory smoke. Unfortunately, however, the report assures us that half the smoke in London is generated not in factories, but in private houses—a fact of which most of us are, probably, profoundly unaware. If every householder would ponder that truth, and strive to equip his dwelling with the best type of fireplace that science can offer him, we should have less cause to vent our spleen periodically over the nuisance of what Mr. Guppy described as "a London particular."

* * * *

The King not only did a characteristically kindly action when he personally inspected the Corps of Commissionaires; he gave the stamp of his Royal approbation to a work which is of real public importance. The problem of providing for the future of the soldier when he returns—yet a young man—to civil life is one which vexes the souls of those who have the welfare of the Army at heart. Now, in the Corps of Commissionaires, composed as it is of picked men, a well-conducted soldier can find respectable and profitable employment in a position in which he will not wholly lose touch with those who, like himself, have served their country in the ranks. Considering how justly the corps is respected for the trustworthiness of its smart and soldierly men, we cannot but feel surprised that it numbers no more than 3,480 members. Were the advantages of the corps more widely known among soldiers, we do not doubt that employment could be found for a much greater number of men. However, even as it is, the Corps of Commissionaires is a valuable aid to the solution of the problem of finding work and wages for the "time-expired man."

* * * *

The announcement that the Lord Chamberlain has unconditionally withdrawn his prohibition of the performance of *The Mikado* is a matter upon which we may congratulate the public in general and Mr. W. S. Gilbert in particular. That distinguished humorist recently told an interviewer that the permanent prohibition of the popular comic opera would mean a loss of £10,000 to him; and upon the playgoing public it would certainly entail the loss of quite an equivalent amount of innocent enjoyment. The British stage is not so overburdened, just now, with original works of high excellence that it can afford to be deprived of *The Mikado*. And, in view of all the circumstances, we really do not think that the most scrupulous stickler for diplomatic punctilio need fear any coolness between Japan and England as the consequence of the removal of the Lord Chamberlain's prohibition.

* * * *

It is good to know that a vigorous crusade has been inaugurated in France against the great and growing evil of the consumption of absinthe. Belgium has prohibited it altogether, and Switzerland has partially done the same; but France has, as yet, taken no step in that direction. It cannot be too widely known that absinthe, apart from its tremendous alcoholic strength, possesses certain properties which are peculiarly destructive to the nervous system. Investigation has abundantly proved that absinthe is a most fruitful cause of crime and of insanity, and it is probably doing more to sap the physical and intellectual manhood of the French nation than any other agency.

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Considered medicinally, absinthe, no doubt, has a valuable preventive action against fever; it was used for that reason by the French army in Algeria in the early days of the conquest, and was introduced into France by the returned "Africans." But in these days of cheap quinine there is not the slightest justification for its use as a medicine, and as a beverage it is rank poison. Moreover, it is so potent in its effects that the regular absinthe-drinker scorns other liquors. It will be a good thing for France if the present agitation in the South in favour of pure wine has the effect of promoting legislation against the fatal fascination of the "green fairy."



A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR: "MARK TWAIN" (SAMUEL CLEMENS)

Who is to be entertained by the Pilgrims' Club on Tuesday and to receive the honorary degree of D.Litt. at Oxford. Photo by H. Walter Barnett.

The "Ascot" Ball, which has established itself as one of the most brilliant charity functions of the year, will take place on Wednesday at the Hotel Great Central. The proceeds in each year are given to a different charity. This year the Committee has decided to devote them to the Maternity and District Nurses' Home, Plaistow, an institution for home nursing amongst the poor in the East End. The floral decorations will be in red and yellow. The spacious entrance to the courtyard will be fitted as a Spanish cabaret, attended by young ladies in Spanish costumes who will look after the wants of the guests.

"Changes I Have Seen in Golf."
By TOM MORRIS.
SEE
"THE DAILY GRAPHIC,"
FRIDAY, JUNE 21.



The gigantic demonstration of indignant wine-growers at Montpellier, where nearly 800,000 people of the Midi gathered to be harangued and to defy the Government, was one of the most amazing sights in the annals of strikes. Montpellier could hardly be seen for flags and banners. And the people! They poured into the city from all parts, a vast host that the railways were powerless to cope with. So thousands walked, some as many as a hundred miles, and among these were hundreds of women. They wore their best clothes, and sashes and ribbons; some sported red caps, and nearly all had flags. Photo by Underwood and Underwood.

WINE, WOMEN, AND FLAGS: THE WINE-GROWERS' GREAT DEMONSTRATION AT MONTPELLIER



The great attraction of the last day of the International Horse Show at Olympia was the gathering of the coaches of the Four-in-Hand Club, after the meet at the Magazine in Hyde Park. The competition—for Lord Lonsdale's gold and silver cups—was a keen one between Mr. Budgett, Mr. Colston, Captain Quintin Dick, Dr. Hastings, Sir Edward Stern, Sir Lindsay Hogg, Mr. Herbert Munday, and Mr. Hope Morley. Mr. Budgett's fine bays won the gold cup, and Mr. Colston's blacks the silver cup. Photo by W. A. Rouch.

OLYMPIAN PRIZE-WINNERS: MR. RICHARD BUDGETT'S BAYS, AWARDED THE GOLD CUP AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW



The Queen's Fête at the Mansion House, in aid of the Lord Mayor's Cripples' Fund, was one of the most brilliant events ever seen in the historic building. After having passed a replica of old Temple Bar, and declared the fete open, Her Majesty was conducted to a canopied dais in the "Egyptian Hall," accompanied by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. Here Sir William Treloar officially welcomed the Queen, who then received purses from children, and, after watching two old English dances, went the tour of the splendid stalls, from which she purchased largely. On the second day the fete was opened by M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, on the third day by Mr. Whitelaw-Reid the American Ambassador, and on the two extra days, Wednesday and Thursday, by the Lady Mayoress. Among the stall-holders were Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Albany, and Princess Alexander of Teck.

The Queen at the Queen's Fete: The Scene on the Opening Day in the "Egyptian Hall" at the Mansion House

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

COURT AND SOCIETY



MISS BLANCHE VIOLET SALTMARSHE
Photo by Bacon and Sons.



LORD DERAMORE
Photo by Dickenson.

TO BE MARRIED ON WEDNESDAY

Royal Ascot

ROYAL ASCOT this year bade fair to be of exceptional brilliance as compared with last year. Then, it will be remembered, owing to the death of King Christian of Denmark, there was no Royal procession, Queen Alexandra was absent, and so was the Duchess of Connaught, while the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria were in Norway. The King only came with a man's party. This year, on the contrary, there was every prospect of a brilliant assembly of Royalties, the King and Queen at Windsor, the Prince and Princess of Wales at Frogmore, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Bagshot, with a house party, and Prince and Princess Christian at Cumberland Lodge, where they were to have Princess Henry of Battenberg as their principal guest. It is interesting to note that houses in or near Ascot have let very well this year, in spite of the fact that many people are now able to "do" the meeting from London, thanks to the motor-car.

Some Notable Hostesses

Lord Stanley and Lady Alice Stanley were, as usual, at Coworth Park; Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin's party was to include the American Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw-Reid, and of course Lord and Lady Craven; Lord and Lady Gerard took Bishop's Farm; Lord and Lady Ellesmere, Woodlands for a large family party; and Lord and Lady Cholmondeley were the tenants of Sutherland Grange. The American group, now so popular and influential in society, were to be very well represented. Mrs. McCreery took The Red House, close to the course; Mrs. Marshall Field and her sister-in-law, Mrs. David Beatty, took Lady Barclay's house, which is similarly well placed; and Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Adair also invited parties. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, the Duke of Richmond, and Lord and Lady Lansdowne were to be included in the Royal house party at Windsor. Lord Rothschild took Sunninghill Park, the Duke of Westminster, Harewood Lodge, Lord Hamilton, Fir Grove, and Lord Lonsdale, Kenige.

The Royal Garden Party

Their Majesties' garden party at Windsor Castle to-day, although the invitations are said to number no fewer than eight thousand, is really a private and not a State function, the cards being issued by the Master of the Household and not by the Lord Chamberlain. It is interesting to recall that their Majesties are the practical inventors of this delightful form of entertainment, so far as Royalty is concerned. In the early years after her marriage, the then Princess of Wales not only gave garden parties at Marlborough House, but also at Chiswick, at the beautiful villa of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the gates of which now ornament the front of Devonshire House in Piccadilly.

The King's Birthday

His Majesty's birthday will be officially celebrated in London and at all home stations on Friday next. There will be the beautiful ceremony of the trooping of the colour on the Horse Guards' Parade, and the King will present long service medals to the Honourable Artillery Company at a parade of the corps in Buckingham Palace gardens. Speculation is naturally rife as to the Birthday Honours. It remains to be seen how far the Government will temper the Conservative complexion of the House of Lords by the addition of more stalwart Liberals. The Prime Minister's resolution on the Lords is to be debated next Monday, and will no doubt have been duly adopted by the House of Commons by the time the Honours List comes out. There will be the usual official dinners and receptions on Friday, the principal being a reception given by the Prime Minister and other Ministers at the Foreign Office. It is interesting, by the way, to note the increasing tendency of late years for Ministers to give their banquets at well-known hotels rather than at home; thus, Mr. Haldane is entertaining at the Ritz, and the Attorney-General at Claridge's.



A ROYAL VISITOR FROM SPAIN: THE INFANTA EULALIE
Photo by Alice Hughes.

Prince and Princess Andrew of Greece

Prince and Princess Andrew of Greece, who arrived in London on Monday, are a particularly interesting young couple, whose family relationships are quite extraordinary. Princess Andrew, who was Princess Alice of Battenberg, the daughter of Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg, is thus the first cousin of the Queen of Spain; Princess Henry of Battenberg is at once her aunt and her grand-aunt, her mother is at once her mother and her distant cousin; she is also the distant cousin of her own father, her husband is the brother-in-law of her mother's first cousin, the German Emperor is her first cousin, and the Tsaritsa is her mother's sister. Both Prince and Princess Andrew are extremely good linguists, but His Royal Highness patriotically prefers Greek to any other language, and his bride set herself to learn it as soon as they were engaged.

The Infanta Eulalie

The Infanta Eulalie of Spain, who has been paying one of her frequent visits to this country, is the youngest of the King of Spain's aunts. She is extremely good-looking and charming, and wins popularity wherever she goes. In Spain she is adored, and in Paris, where she has a delightful house in the Boulevard des Invalides, she is always welcomed in the most cultivated as well as the most distinguished society. For this country, too, she has a warm regard, as she showed by sending her two sons to school at Beaumont, the Roman Catholic Eton. Both Prince Alphonso and Prince Louis are now studying at Heidelberg. The Infanta has many attached friends in English Society; thus she often stays with Sir Bache and Lady Cunard at Nevill Holt, the old home of the Catholic Nevills; and also with Mr. and Mrs. Charles van Raalte at unique and historic Brownsea Island.

Lord Deramore's Wedding

Lord Deramore's marriage with Miss Saltmarshe, which is fixed for the 26th, at York, will be especially interesting to society in the many-acred shire. Though Lord Deramore's title is quite a modern one, he comes of an extremely ancient family; his mother was the daughter and heiress of Mr. Yarburgh, of Heslington, in Yorkshire, hence the surname of the family is now de Yarburgh-Bateson. The Batesons themselves go back a long way, and acquired estates in Lancashire and also in Ireland. General Bateson, who was for so many years equerry to the late Duke of Cambridge, and Deputy Ranger of Hyde Park, was Lord Deramore's uncle. The future Lady Deramore is Miss Blanche Violet Saltmarshe, the eldest daughter of Colonel Philip Saltmarshe, of Daresbury House, Yorkshire. This is a very ancient family, whose name is derived from the lordship of Saltmarshe, in East Yorkshire, and according to some historians the founder of the family was knighted by William the Conqueror, and his son was knighted by William Rufus.

The "Book of the Queen's Fête," edited by Mr. W. Pett Ridge, published by Carl Hentschel, Ltd., and sold to benefit the Lord Mayor's Cripple Children's Fund, forms a pleasing souvenir of the Fête. The price is 2s. 6d.

A FUTURE SPORTSMAN

ON THE ROAD TO THE COURSE

FREE SEATS



THE GRAND STAND

The Grand Prix is as much a Society function as a sporting event, and this year its social side was more prominent than ever owing to the presence of the King and Queen of Denmark, who drove down to Longchamp with President Fallières.

SANS SOUCI II. WINS BY A NECK

The Grand Prix was won by the favourite, Sans Souci II., owned by Baron E. de Rothschild, who was subsequently presented to President Fallières and the King of Denmark, and received their congratulations on the success of his horse.

GUESTS ARRIVING

"Tout Paris" on the Turf: Grand Prix Day at Longchamp

DRAWN BY PAUL THIRIAT



Mr. Haldane put in a somewhat unexpected appearance at the annual inspection of the London Companies of the Royal Army Medical Corps (Volunteers) in Hyde Park last Saturday. After the parade there was a demonstration of field ambulance work, and the bearer division brought in the "wounded."

MR. HALDANE AT THE R.A.M.C. INSPECTION IN HYDE PARK



Although following so soon after the great Horse Show at Olympia, the annual Richmond Horse Show attracted as large an attendance as ever. All the classes were well filled, but harness horses were the chief feature. Many of the animals exhibited at Olympia were again seen here.

SINGLE HARNESS AWARDS AT THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW

CLUB COMMENTS

By "MARMADUKE"

"To deserve success depends on yourself; to attain it depends, generally, on the assistance of others," has been said by an experienced man of a past generation. "Society" in London has recently been described as the "Success Stores," for its members appear to distribute titles, appointments, popularity, reputation, and prosperity—for a consideration! The heiress is said to be sold; there are those, it is believed, who will exert their influence to procure a title—for money; and others insist that appointments have been obtained—for cash!

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There are now the "Upper Unemployed." The education of a well-connected boy of to-day in England is conducted somewhat on the lines of that of a corresponding youth of fifty or a hundred years ago who was destined to enter the Army, the Diplomatic Service, or a Government office, without having to compete with all comers for a vacant appointment. There are hundreds of "upper class" young men every year now who commence their career in the world without having any employment even in prospect. Is it to be wondered at that some of them are inclined to utilise their social opportunities and advantages to earn money?

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Were promotion from the ranks in the Army more general in England, many of these men would enlist, and several would rise to high appointments, for intelligence, courage, and endurance are qualities which the "upper class" youth does not generally lack. Were it not supposed to be unbecoming for well-connected young men to occupy a stool in an ordinary office at the start, as so many of the "middle class" do, there are several of the former who might be expected to succeed in business. Class conventionalism in this country is wrecking thousands of promising lives at the outset, and, in the circumstances of the time, is causing discredit to attach itself to our "society" generally.

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"The bloated poor of Belgravia" is an unexpected combination of words, but the phrase describes a condition that exists, and is becoming annually more widespread and acute. The incomes derived from land have greatly diminished in the last thirty years; the illusion that speculation would re-establish the family fortune has further impoverished those who entertained it; and the difficulty there is now of obtaining well-paid appointments from the Government for supporters of influence almost closes that resource of the impecunious well-connected. Appearances have to be maintained as a forlorn hope; but the appearance and the reality are often as wide apart as the two poles. There are heavy mortgages on the property, there are loans from solicitors and money-lenders, there is the over-drawn account at the bank, there is the money borrowed from friends, and there are the debts due to the tradesmen.

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The ordinary observer sees his Lordship sprucely dressed on the steps of his "mansion" in a central square, with his motor-car before him, and the servants at the hall-door behind, and imagines that this is a rich and happy man! His Lordship, however, is hurrying off to the family lawyer to endeavour to prevent a mortgagee foreclosing on the estate; from there to the banker to persuade the latter to honour some recently drawn cheques; from him to Sir Gorgeous Midas to beg for a temporary loan; and from him to a restive creditor to pacify the latter with promises if possible, with a slight payment if necessary! That is not the occasional programme of an exceptional West End man; there are many whose mornings are frequently occupied in much the same manner. If the conditions of the time continue, unless class conventionalities are abandoned or materially modified, and unless the system of education at our leading public schools is re-arranged to suit modern circumstances, there must inevitably be an almost general collapse in the West End in the near future



THE "LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN"
FROM AN OLD PRINT



A VIEW OF THE BEAUTIFUL EXTERIOR



ONE OF THE RICHLY FURNISHED ROOMS

The place where the Welsh Eisteddfod is being held this week, Plas Newydd, Llangollen is, of cours , well known to everybody as the home of the famous "Ladies of Llangollen." They were Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby; they were Irish, and they vowed to live in a cottage and never to marry -and they kept their vow. At Plas Newydd they lived for more than fifty years. "Oh, such curiosities!" was the exclamation of Mathews the elder when he saw them in the Oswestry Theatre, "there is not one point to distinguish them from men; the dressing and powdering of the hair; their well-starched neckcloths, the upper part of their habits, which they always wear, made precisely like men's coats . . they look exactly like two respectable superannuated old clergymen." Among their distinguished visitors were Wellington in 1814, Wordsworth in 1824, and Sir Walter Scott in 1825. Lady Eleanor Butler died, aged ninety, in 1829, and Miss Ponsonby two years after, aged seventy-six. Photos by Frith.

PLAS NEWYDD, LLANGOLLEN, WHERE THE EISTEDDFOD IS BEING HELD

French and Hungarian Art in London



PHOTO BY W. AND J. STUART

"BARONESS D'ERLANGER"



PHOTO BY J. LOWY

"BARONESS BORN"

TWO PICTURES BY THE HUNGARIAN PAINTER, PHILIP A. LÁSZLÓ, AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY



PHOTOS BY CAMPBELL-GRAY

"HALT!"

BY EDOUARD DETAILLE



"CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD, IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSE"

BY GEORGES SCOTT

THE POMP OF WAR AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES

Written by H. W. LUCY

This Week's Parliament

Sketches by RALPH CLEAVER

Fireworks in the Commons

On the assembling of the House of Commons on Tuesday a writ for the election of a new member for Jarrow was moved. An hour later loud echoes of the local fight filled the Chamber. The storm burst out of a blue sky. Mr. Corbett, one of the Ulster members, asked leave to introduce a Bill appointing a Commission to inquire as to the need for the inspection of monastic and conventual institutions. To old members the proceedings recalled faded memories. In their mind's eye they saw again the tall figure of Mr. Newdegate at his corner seat below the gangway, blood-red bandana in hand, as through successive years he moved a similar resolution. He never carried it, and Mr. Corbett was not filled with fuller hope. Last year, when he brought it forward, it was defeated by a majority of nearly three to one. Nevertheless it would serve the pious purpose of stirring up with controversial pole his compatriots below the gangway.

A great deal has happened since last year, including the vacancy at Jarrow and the appearance on the scene of rival candidates—one put forward by the Irish Nationalists, the other the nominee of the Labour party. Last year the latter swelled the majority against the Bill. On Tuesday they went into the Lobby with the Unionists, and, the attendance being small, they succeeded in transforming a majority of 154 into a minority of four. This was Labour's answer to what is denounced at Jarrow as Nationalist perfidy. It was received by the Redmondites with angry shouts. With characteristic freedom from the rules of logic, they turned and rent hapless "C.-B.," his Ministry, and the Liberal party as a body. As it happened, the Premier and all his colleagues on the Treasury Bench voted against the motion, leading into the lobby more than half the force comprising the minority. This circumstance did not prevent Mr. Willie Redmond from proclaiming aloud the end of the Liberal-Nationalist alliance, whilst Mr. Kilbride warned Ministers that "this would cost them sixteen more years of Tory Rule."

By a contrast which threw it into relief against a succession of dull days, Tuesday had two scenes all to itself. The first was the direct result of the licence extended under the present *régime* to the practice of supplementary questions. During Mr. Gully's Speakership it was put down with a stern hand, with the result that the Question hour served its appointed purpose, as indicated by the printed paper, and disorderly scenes were avoided. In increasing measure the Question hour is permitted to lapse into the old condition of things that was the scandal of Parliament in the eighties.

On Tuesday the Paper included half a dozen queries addressed to the Secretary of State for India, with design to show that the Executive Government, confronted by sedition in India, has been acting in a cowardly, illegal manner in connection with certain prominent advocates of revolt. These demonstrations made by inconsiderable members of the House are to be regretted as calculated to mislead the natives of India, to whom one M.P. is as good as another—even better, if he will denounce the Viceroy and all his works. But at least the Secretary of State has the opportunity provided by notice of guarding himself from verbal slips calculated to complicate a delicate situation. Answers courteous and complete having been read out to the printed questions, there followed from Mr. O'Grady, Mr. Mackarness, Mr. Lupton, and Sir H. Cotton, a torrent of questions of a highly controversial character.

Whilst Mr. Morley was painfully struggling with this combined attack, Mr. Swift MacNeill suddenly sprang to his feet with anguished cries of "Oh! oh! oh!" Pointing excitedly to Sir Howard Vincent, who sat at the corner seat separated by the gangway from the Irish quarter, he asked the Speaker had he heard the observation made. "He said," he shouted, "why not shoot Lajpat Rai?" The Irish members, whose objection to shooting (even landlords) is deeply rooted, howled in anguish. Sir Howard Vincent protested that he had spoken only to himself. "You listen to private conversation," he added, turning to face the angry crowd below the gangway. "Withdraw! Withdraw!" shrieked Mr. MacNeill. The Speaker, declaring that the observation denounced had not reached his ear, made no ruling on the point of order. But he took the opportunity of delivering a little lecture to the member for Sheffield, suggesting that if he could control the observations he was always interjecting, not only at Question time but during debate, it would be generally to the advantage of the House.



Mr. Haldane gives in, and promises to preserve the Militia.

These were the fireworks of the week. The substantial business has been the completion of the report stage of the Army Bill, which now awaits only the third reading before it is passed on to the Lords and added to the Statute Book. Its progress has been eased and will be greatly accelerated by an important alteration introduced by Mr. Haldane almost at the last moment. As the Bill stood on Monday night, it practically abolished the English Militia. Last week Mr. Balfour urged an alteration in the measure, avoiding disbandment of the ancient force. He significantly added that such a step would materially affect the fortunes of the Bill. Mr. Haldane jumped at the opening that plainly led to pacification of the House of Lords. Amid a chorus of satisfaction, in which Mr. Balfour generously joined, he made the desired concession.

On Monday next the House will buckle to in consideration of the Resolution dealing with the House of Lords, tabled this week. There is promise of a long and strenuous fight round this outpost of a long prepared attack.

The King is to open the "Union Jack Club" on July 1. It is well to remember that the club has been founded and built for the benefit of our sailors and soldiers, and that its secondary object is to serve as a national tribute to the memory of the officers and men who fell in the South African War. With the aid of subscriptions from the Navy and the Army, it is calculated that it will be self-supporting at an early date, after it has been presented as a free gift to the Services. A balance of about £16,000 remains to be found in order to make the desired announcement to their Majesties that the club can be opened unburdened by debt. The "Union Jack Club" is situated close to Waterloo Station, the arrival and departure point of most of the 200,000 sailors and soldiers who pass through London in the course of a year. The club will include, at the beginning, over 200 bedrooms, most of which have been endowed by individual donors, or by corps, regiments, batteries, warships, and various institutions. The cost of such endowment is £100, and in many instances the rooms have been dedicated to the memory of a relative, comrade, or friend. About 130 more bedrooms will be required to complete the extension. Donations may be sent to the Secretary, Union Jack Club, 30, Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.



The inoffensive Mr. Carlile is called to order for redundancy.

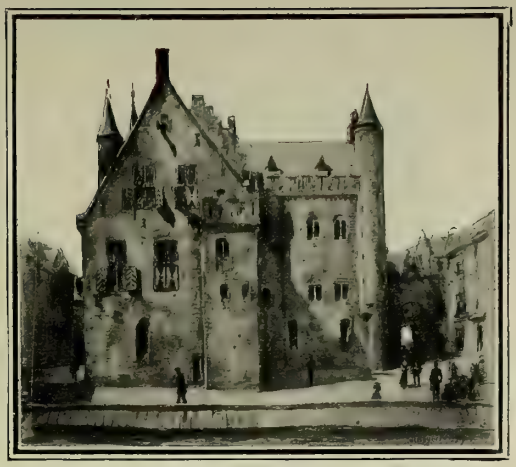


Sir Howard Vincent gets into hot water at Question time.



Mr. T. Lough rouses the House to laughter in the debate on the medical inspection of school children.





The Binnenhof at The Hague, where the Peace Conference is holding its sittings, is one of Holland's most interesting mediæval buildings, both historically and architecturally. It dates from the thirteenth century, and the magnificent "Hall of the Knights," in which the meetings are now being held, was begun by Count William II. of Holland (elected Emperor of Germany in 1250), and finished by his son, Count Floris, as a palace for the assembly of his knights. The lower part of the walls of this vast hall is panelled in carved oak, and now Eastern tapestries on the floors and walls have enriched it further for the delegates at the Conference. The Binnenhof has been restored, and since 1904 the opening of the States-General has always been held in the Hall of the Knights. Our right-hand sketch is by J. Hoynck, and our left-hand photo is by Hoogstraten and Sons.

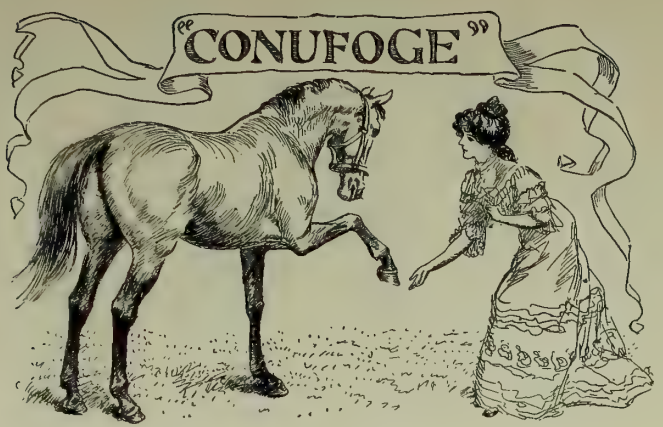
WHERE THE PEACE CONFERENCE IS MEETING: TWO VIEWS OF THE BINNENHOF



The Peace Conference, now sitting in the splendid Hall of the Knights at the Binnenhof at The Hague, is much larger than the previous Conference. Then twenty-five States were represented by 108 delegates; now there are forty-five States and 190 delegates. The span of the vault of the Hall is one of the largest in the world, and there are no central pillars to support the great oak beams of the roof. The raised dais, from which the President, M. Nelidoff, the Russian Ambassador to Paris, is seen in our drawing addressing the Conference, is at the east end. Down the centre of the Hall there is a triple row of double-seated desks, and on each side four more rows. The Hall is lighted by eight chandeliers hanging from the roof. The British delegates are placed among the centre desks, towards the dais, and are near the French. One of the Chinese representatives, in his national robes, is seen in the drawing.

PEACE, BUT NOT DISARMAMENT: THE PRESIDENT READING HIS OPENING SPEECH AT THE HAGUE CONFERENCE IN THE HALL OF THE KNIGHTS AT THE BINNENHOF

DRAWN BY J. HOYNCK



Written by WILLIAM BUCKLEY Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON, R.I.

IF it should ever be your fate to tramp the great Coach Road running from Cork to Macroom, you will not suffer by reason of vehicular traffic. At Ballincollig a troop of cavalry may be encountered; at Athnowen probably a white horse, blind of an eye, cropping roadside herbage; and at the cross of Strelawn mayhap a string of tinkers, brazen as their ware. The grass-grown way is not violently beautiful, although beauty is near at hand. Beyond the huge swell of Farran height lies the lovely valley of the Lee, and on the left the unseen Bride steals under the quaint bridge beside the tower of MacCarthy "Laidir" and the Abbey of Kilcrea.

Assuming that the traveller is observant, his attention on nearing the village of Farran will be attracted by a curious little conical eminence rising amid billows of ground, apparently rounded by the mighty hand of the glacier. It is the "Conufoge," and the Graces named their three-year-old thus because they had learned to love the country they called their own, for they were not of the "gentry" amid whom they had settled, being descended from the family of Colonel Richard Grace, the soldier of Athlone, by an ancestor who, having rendered a great service to Barbara Villiers, won a slice of land in Muskerry.

This circumstance was one of the determining factors in the decision that he should run for the two thousand sovereigns at the Cork Park in preference to the other three of the expensive stud fast threatening its owner with bankruptcy, for when the failure of the company to which you have entrusted a share of your unearned increment synchronises with a peculiarly hard squeeze on the Turf, one must be prosperous—as few Irish landlords deserve to be—if the situation is to be contemplated with equanimity.

Mr. Grace thought the matter out over a cigar and six pages of a romance by M. de Maupassant. The two thousand sovereigns would stop a gap lipped already by the waters of ruin; failure might fret away the last frail barriers, and the flood carry Lanesborough to the hammer which has knocked down more stately mansions in Ireland than the guns of William or of Oliver. He spun a shilling on the risk and lounged out to the stable, where his son Rick, who was to ride, awaited his coming with Davy Kennefick, who had risen from groom to trainer. The council was long and anxious, but it resulted in confirming his decision. Henceforth, the talk was of horses at Lanesborough, Miss Gracie Grace, the only daughter, being as enthusiastic as her father and brother—not only loving horses for their own sake, but being herself the ablest horsewoman in fox-hunting Muskerry.

Few brothers and sisters were as united as she and Conufoge. It was she who taught him to give the "paw," tutored him in the art of picking out the lady he liked best in company—Conufoge usually selecting some pretty but bashful girl whom the resulting laughter set at her ease. It was Conufoge also who libelled several highly respectable inhabitants by unhesitatingly pitching upon them, *coram populo*, as the lovers of other men's wives, which invariably caused hilarious indignation if their own better halves happened to be present. But the tie binding the two had its strongest hold in the memory of the mother Gracie had not yet forgotten. She had been sole owner of the delicate foal that would amble to her as she sat by the breakfast-room window in the bright mornings of the changeful month which took her to Kilcrea.

If Miss Grace had any inkling of the deadly pass matters had come to, she gave no sign when discussing with Richard the details of the great race, whose conditions and prize were topics of amazed gossip from Kildare Street to the Ringstrasse. It really amounted to a bequest of an eccentric old miser who had never owned a horse in the sordid life that closed in Galway Workhouse, its avowed object being the restoration of the noble art of horse-racing to pristine dignity. The animals entered should not be under three or over five years, should never have run before, should be ridden by their owners or a well-born substitute, sanctioned, in case of accident, by some responsible member of the Race Committee where the race was to be run, that locality being decided each year by solemn ballot, at which representatives of European nations interested in sport should be present. The length of course was minutely set forth—one mile and a half, with three jumps, water, earth and quick-set, beginning half a mile from the finish, a special fund being laid aside for altering any racecourse to this regulation. Ordinary jockey costume might be dispensed with, gentlemen might ride in wigs if they liked. Finally, the horses should be "ridden," and no "Americanisms" tolerated. The intricate questions of handicap, etc., with the single exception of catch-weights, were ruthlessly set aside by the autocratic donor; you brought your horse to the line, and took your chance. With the opening days of the keen September weather came the Meeting in Cork Park, where fortune decreed the race should be run that year. The entries were numerous, and the position of the contestants brought fragments of the social life of Vienna, Paris, London, and Berlin to the pretty Anglo-Danish town, veritable queens of fashion brightening its winding thoroughfare with sumptuous toilettes of the great world.

M. le Comte de Lauzun, a French soldier, dared the hazard with his sable mare of Normandy, Arlette, rivalled by a white horse of Thuringia, Undine, ridden by an Austrian noble for its owner, a woman. From the Dun, where Emer sleeps beside her noble lord, Boyne Water came, a splendid bay; from the plains of Meath, Kildare, clear of eye and clean of pastern; while grey Connaught sent Maeve to sustain the fame of the land of perilous leaps. But the favourite was Maid of Kent, from the English downs. Conufoge, if noticed at all, was, with a few others unknown to fame, regarded as an outsider.

From the Grand Stand Miss Grace was watching a puff-ball jockey, riding American fashion, win a flat race; presently she turned her glass on the enclosure below, and detached her father's profile bent over a telegram. She wondered if it alluded to Rick—he was to come down from the Imperial Hotel, where they were staying, in time to ride. Still talking nonsense to Elly O'Moore, a neighbour's daughter, she furtively watched him. Mr. Grace, smiling, was carefully putting the telegram into the envelope. His daughter rose quietly from beside Lady Hazelmere, wife of Maid o' Kent's rider, and the next thing of which Mr. Grace was conscious was her face at his shoulder. They went together a little apart. "Rick's had a bad accident," he said; "coming over Parnell Bridge the side-car he was on collided with Colonel Brabazon's phaeton, one of the horses fell, and in endeavouring to save Miss Brabazon, who was pitched out, he hurt his wrist—he was stunned too, but is recovering himself."

"Is Fanny injured?" asked Miss Grace.

Her father passed an arm round her and withdrew it. "No, love, but a little shaken. She is quite put out, and will not leave the Infirmary. There is a short cut to it up yonder. I must go—my only son—good God!"

"And the race?" said Rick's sister, although she could not see anything beyond an enormous umbrella bearing the white convexity of a book-maker's name magnified through tears.

"Oh, Conufoge can run somewhere else. What a matter-of-fact little puss!"

"If we got a substitute, under the circumstances, the Committee would not object."

"Do you contemplate asking our friend, the Count de Lauzun?"

Miss Grace blushed and laughed. "Davy knows a gentleman who would ride," she said. "We were talking about substitutes the other day, and he mentioned his name."

Mr. Grace was surprised; it must be admitted his daughter shared the emotion. "Who is he?"

"A Mr.—Fanueil, I think."

"Do you know him?"

There was a sudden movement in the crowd, a certain stiffening and bracing. A bell rang jerkily. From the Grand Stand glasses were levelled towards a low red pile of building, barred by yellow advertisements and huddled beneath an X-shaped iron bridge. A tiny dot was moving there—Maid o' Kent being led up to the paddock.

A steward in passing to the private stand caught Mr. Grace's eye. He had just heard of the accident; even in the hurry he found time to offer sympathy and congratulation. Miss Grace, hanging on her father's arm, took part in the conversation. As for the horse, she was positive a substitute could be found, a Mr. Fanueil for whom she herself would stand sponsor. The steward was sympathetic, and immediately promised that the matter should be laid before the Committee, who, if the rider could come to time, would, he thought, make no difficulty. He reminded them, with a laugh, that minutes were now a factor.

At this moment Colonel Brabazon, very red as to the face and watery as to the eyes, came upon them, and spoke with soldierly directness of his gratitude for and his admiration of the unselfish courage displayed by Gracie's brother; his daughter had telegraphed to him also. Mr. Grace brightened visibly, and the two gentlemen discussed the affair as if in a world where race-horses were not. Miss Grace, watching their faces, listened, but it was her tongue that first mentioned Conufoge, and the Colonel, as one of the Committee, assured her that the substitute would have his way smoothed as far as preliminaries were concerned. Mr. Grace, who had bidden good-bye to Hope, thanked him perfunctorily, and edged his way to the exit, like a man in a dream. Only once he roused himself; it was when he slipped Gracie's hand from under his arm. "Mind," he said peremptorily, "come what may, Conufoge must not be touched with whip or spur!"

She looked up silently and kissed him. Then she went towards the carriage. Rick's valise was there containing the brown leathers, green jacket and yellow cap in which Conufoge's jockey should ride. There were also scissors and lint. It was of the scissors she thought principally, as she hurried, glancing at her watch.

Away to the right voices were rising and falling in an irregular, parrot-like diapason—the strophe and antistrophe of the hymn to the goddess of the wheel. "Six to one, ten to one, four to one—the field against any favourite! Same old stand—even money!"

Boyne Water seemed to be hot favourite, though run close by Arlette and Maid of Kent. She entered and drew the old-fashioned leather screens. Ten minutes later Miss Grace heard Mr. Daniel Kennefick asking Patsy Ryan about herself; Mr. Thornton, the steward, had just told him a Mr. Fanueil would ride for Mr. Dick—who the blazes was Mr. Fanueil? She also heard an exceedingly accurate estimate of her family viewed from the austere standpoint of an impeccable man of business; she heard Patsy ordered to go to the devil out of that, and find Miss Grace—and the goddess, *ex machind*, decided that it was time to make her appearance.

On Patsy's hurried departure, Mr. Kennefick, pale to the very lips, had gone to the head of Poll, the coach-horse, and mechanically adjusted the bit. Poll bobbed her sagacious old head with something between a chuckle and a sob. Then she nearly dislocated her neck striving to see round the car angle. A booted figure showed there, hesitating. Poll tossed her head and whinnied. As if in answer, the figure carrying Grace's colours advanced, the yellow peak of the cap drawn over a pinched, pallid face. Davy stepped forward. "Mr. Fanueil," he said, "the gentlemen who is riding for Mr. Grace?" and then added, "Anam-an-dhowl!" Poll whinnied once more; she had never been taken in.

It is said that where the Englishmen has some few hundred words to supply his daily wants, the Celt is equipped with thousands. Mr. Kennefick was not opulent in verbiage now, but his brain was working, the face he loved told him that a desperate thing was to be done, and his part in it was as plain as the striped painting of the curved roof behind sweeping up into the line of the Grand Stand like a fragment of some antique vessel arrested in metamorphosis. Did Mr. Grace know? What would be said if he allowed—— He did not raise his eye beyond the mouth before him, it was irrevocable.

Four eager girls, whose brothers had money on, passed quite close, their skirts brushed the jockey's boots, and with a careless glance at the Grace colours they went by. The same steward who had spoken to Mr. Grace was in their wake; he too passed, paused and referred to his card. "Mr. Fanueil?" he said hurriedly, dividing a glance between the yellow cap and the pasteboard.

"Yes," replied a hoarse voice Miss Grace did not recognise. "I understand that there will be no difficulty—this is Mr. Kennefick, Mr. Grace's trainer. The other nodded, they moved forward, Davy dumbly resolved to be near the darlin' child he had loved ever since the happy days when he first taught her to ride Cato, the Newfoundland, to and fro in the sunshine on the lawn. Like the aristocrat he was, the aristocrat of a nobler civilisation, he told himself that there was something in blood after all. The calm courage with which she faced the desperate game appealed to him. Fate had dealt the cards, but lingered with one 'twixt thumb and forefinger; what would be trumps? He prayed, "Grace's card!"

Gracie Grace never knew how the preliminaries were got through, but Davy Kennefick was at her elbow, and in the Paddock everyone was intent upon his own affairs. The second, however, she caught



"The starter consulted his watch."

the smell of Conufoge's coat she was herself. He was more emphatic in his recognition than Poll.

With sense keenly alert, her brain received impressions it never lost. Quite close was Lady Hazelmere, anxious and absorbed, and a little away a lady, beautiful as the stars upon Lake Como, the Duchess Regilla. She was attired in creamy cashmere banded by brilliant scarlet, her sunshade a fantasy of silver and rose, tints reflected in the jacket and cap of her companion, a pale, handsome man, who while he talked patted the muzzle of the white Thuringian steed or played with a poppy-embroidered fan he carried in lieu of a riding switch. The Count de Lauzun, in azure and gold, sauntered up to them, drawing on white gloves, and jets of laughter answered a jest of his, provoked by the guillotine-like erection for the display of winning numbers.

Gracie experienced a sudden, overwhelming desire for flight, but Conufoge thrust his muzzle under her chin. She laughed a little hysterically, wondering whom he would select if she bade him pick out the lovers of other men's wives. Mr. David Kennefick, steadying the stirrup, gave her a significant, cruel glance. She was sorry she had told her father a lie.

"I'll go down with you, sir," said Davy, in a curiously faint voice, for Conufoge's spirit was riotous, and they set off at a quick walk, the rider shifting in the saddle, the steed giving at each step a series of running nods with his small, fierce head. The Grand Stand only spared a moment for them amid murmurous approval of the gay jackets and splendid steeds that ambled on to the starting point, just abreast of the last fence. The course would be once round to the finish before the Grand Stand.

"Keep your mouth closed," whispered Davy, as he walked the horse into line. "The leaps will try the best of 'em. Don't jump to the pace setters; never turn your head, and God keep you!"

He stepped aside, the starter consulted his watch, his impassive mount cropping the short sweet grass by the railings. Gracie Grace was never nearer fainting. She seemed to be alone there, a mark for every eye. Then Conufoge nearly drew her out of the saddle. Instinctively she reined him in, shutting her teeth. The cap-peak was jolted over her eyes; fortunately she was able to plant it firmly on her unevenly cropped head. She looked to the right and found herself neighboured by Undine. Her eye met the Austrian's, there was a tolerant contempt in the glance that made her avert her own. On the left was Boyne Water, the white and black barred jockey was critically observing Conufoge. She stared before her, and the line moved. A bell jangled from infinite remoteness as the field swept forward like a cavalry front, and the intermittent sunlight struck up against the green its band of vivid colour.

As if in response to the raucous yell of the ring, Maid of Kent's crimson blazed to the front and took the rails, going well in hand. Boyne Water came next, more powerful, a trifle heavier. They seemed to shoot away, the others followed in a cloud.

"Six to one, ten to one—even money—make your bets while the ball's a-rowlin'." The reverberations smote the girl pitilessly, brutally insistent, like ravenous, invisible hands striving to tear the heart out of her secret. She was rushing now into the murmur of the Grand Stand. She bent her head, the blood threatening to burn through her veins. Almighty God! what had she done this thing for? Did ever girl the like for father and brother? And neither would know until they went to the place where nothing mattered!

A bouquet of colour showed where she had been sitting some twenty minutes before—the Nugent girls, her own cousins, and the Moores, her nearest neighbours. She was sorry she did not give Alice Nugent a hint—she had her rain cloak, and would come down if anything happened.

Something came very near happening as the field swept round a curve of railing black with clustering humanity blocking rude turnstiles, flooding to left and right, dammed for the moment by barriers closed till the race be done. Here Conufoge, startled by the shriek of welcome, swerved, and Gracie almost lost her grip on the stirrups. She recovered herself, and with the instinct of a horsewoman strove to save Conufoge, who was bearing on the bit, her firm, delicate wrist standing her in good stead, a freshet of eager but short-winded enthusiasts speeding across the great spaces of the park to cheer the whirling pageant. On the left rose the high bank of the "New Wall," aglow with ladies' finery, farther on, even family carriages occupied a sort of bluff formed of grass-grown cinder *débris*. A good site if one preferred to invest in an opera-glass rather than a place on the Stand.

On this very spot Michael Desmond and his brother Thade were watching the race. They held a farm from Mr. Grace, but were not of the Ascendancy faction, consequently Miss Grace did not instinctively think of them as gentlemen, although loving them and their lovable women. Whenever she met them in the hunting field she had braved the meaner spirits of the class to which she was supposed to belong by a frank recognition of their presence. Still, they had never been to dinner at Lanesborough House. They were dissatisfied with the jock carrying the Grace colours.

"That's not Rick Grace!" said Michael, indignantly; "or, if it is, he's drunk!"

"Neither one nor the other," remarked Thade, who had taken the glasses, "but some conceited *amdawn*, and by my soul I'm thinking he's after taking them in. There! the fat fool's nearly out of the saddle! There! he's fumbling with the ribbons like a dying man with bed sheets! What could they have been thinking of to let a man like that ride Conufoge! The horse is full of running!"

"Pshaw, 'tis all one. Conufoge has not a chance," retorted Michael. "Look at that! Look at that! There's running! The black and white will go away with the field!"

A sudden silence fell upon the thick-packed wall of spectators. The straining steeds and silent men came closer, heralded by the dull thud of galloping hoofs. Boyne Water had given Maid of Kent the go-by, the black-browed rider striving to estimate the value of the ground he was not familiar with. He had formed his own opinion of Conufoge's jockey, and a much higher one than that of the ring regarding the horse. He had calculated that he would get out of hand here and crowd the inexperienced field at the first jump. He wished to be just clear. The English rider understood the move as a patent "draw," he had already decided where to lead off, and was nursing Maid of Kent to the point where every ounce of the superb creature's staying power would tell. Undine flitted up till they were boot to boot; the Frenchman smiled, Arlette's time was not yet.

But here Kildare upset all calculations. She would have won had the course been shorter; but the rider, misjudging the distance, and flurried by an attempt of Maeve to pass, let her go. Undine took up the pace, the field burst into a tempest of furious riding—Conufoge was there running with the best.

Thade Desmond made a trumpet of his hands. "Fon go foil a Conufoge!" he shouted in Irish; and then in English, "Where are your brains? There are three!"

The whirl of the pace took the words from her ears, but she guessed at the meaning and tried to ride with brains. Swift as a flight of starlings they flew at the water jump, spanning it in a cloud of spray from Kildare's hoofs. Miss Grace had a delicious sense of coolness on her cheek, streaked by foam, but she was holding Conufoge. Boyne Water led, Kildare now on her off side; Undine and Maid of Kent went like one horse, Maeve and Conufoge ran outside—looking at them from the Grand Stand one would believe them in a line. The ring was not very vociferous, a great many red-faced gentlemen were thinking; one was striving to pronounce the name of the Muskerry steed, printed in Irish characters on his "k'rect" racing card. A low muttering murmur stole from paddock to ring, crossed the course and hummed through dense masses by the rails. The Austrian's motive was swiftly dawning, the pace of the favourite was being steadily forced. Maid of Kent was answering the challenge, in spite of her jockey's iron grip. In a passion of suspense, little knots of ladies rose, every glass levelled on that blot of colour.

Eily O'Moore had watched Undine all through the race. Something in the clear pure colours had attracted her to the rider, and, all unknown, he had won the heart of a maid. Chance had placed the Duchess Regilla beside her. The lady had been negligently gracious during the morning in slow, soft English; now she was silent as the Sphinx.

To Miss Grace the world seemed full of horses heads. Men were everywhere around her, men doing all they knew, all pitted against this lone girl. But it was not the first time women had outridden men; she recollected an old print setting forth the glory of a Colonel Thornton's lady, who had defeated a gentleman at Knavesmire, in Yorkshire—but she did it in a riding habit. Bah! Could she not win and keep her secret too. Women had marched and fought and lived beside the fiercest men undetected—for years. The first fence barred the way, in swallow flight the field charged, the four horses dangerously bunched. There was a tangle of hoofs, Maid of Kent, colliding with Undine, had brought her down also; the English rider's arm would have been smashed but for the lightning instinct of the steed as she rose. Amid cheers Kildare snatched the lead from Boyne Water. This woke Arlette, and Lauzun's blue flashed out. Conufoge laid his spirited head close on Kildare's withers. Boyne Water, by a visible effort, drew ahead once more. It was fast ceasing to be a race and was becoming a mad struggle of horses to outrun till all power of running be done. The blood of the riders was up, they would have gone through a stone wall.



"Conufoge – Conufoge – Conufoge!"

The last fence was hardening to the eyes of Miss Grace. On the left shelved away tier upon tier of frenzied spectators, on the right a sea of roaring crowds surged across the slime-flooded ditch that to this had kept the course clear to the rails. Many were shouting for Grace, but the shouts were merged in a terrific cheer for the colour, the despised colour, hated, spat upon, trampled in the mud of a century. Lifted high on men's shoulders was a blind fiddler she knew well; he was playing the "Wearin' of the Green;" she heard every note of it through the avalanche of sound.

Many Englishmen were speaking of God, and in the rear a priest, who had hurled himself across the track of the murderous hoofs, knelt, his ear to twitching lips that had said their last word to their Maker. A woman's fan was fluttering like a lined bird upon an incongruous wreath of blackberry bushes by the rails. Undine followed the field, the sun upon her saddle.



"In swallow flight the field charged"

Maid of Kent, untouched by whip or spur, came up as if the light eastern breeze were a compelling tornado. And now the fiery roar of ring and stands and field reached down, embraced, lifted them above the fear of death, the risk of limb. Gracie Grace was no longer a woman, but a brave soul flinging itself against fate. Of such mould was the Lorraine girl who rides the centuries still to the succour of Orleans. Absolutely reckless, she leaned well forward. "Conufoge, we bred and fed you," she whispered, patting the swollen neck corded by starting muscles. "Throwing the bit he ate in the creature's face!" she thought. But again she said, in the clear, soft tone he had known since the time when a foal he had chased her over the lawn o' summer evenings, "Conufoge! kill me or win!"

As she spoke Gracie felt he understood. Under her, the fury of a whirlwind had taken limbs of steel and heart of gold. The sweet green grass was flying away, it might have been her father's acres. The fence was following it ruthlessly, like a rake of death swooping down to gather in their breathless lives. A moment later it threatened their faces. A low, uncontrollable cry burst from the riders. Miss Grace lifted. Up, up and over with speed of seamew's flight went Conufoge. The Count de Lauzun gave Arlette a private signal with his knee; he had just seen the winded Kildare foul Boyne Water, and the great cheer covering the shriek of women's dismay was the tribute of brave men to the magnificent leap with which Maid of Kent arched the horror, for Boyne Water would never lay hoof to turf again.

They were in the flat. Miss Grace was longing for her father's voice, or Davy's, as the panorama of faces shimmered past and the sharp thunder of Undine's hoofs streamed across the last roar of the betters. She was conscious of a sharp twitch, Conufoge had the bit between his white teeth, his furious head outstretched, his limbs gathering under him faster and faster. Arlette snorted, people watching through quivering binoculars stopped to utter a short laugh; Lauzun leant forward, his right arm outstretched, knuckles inward, the tip of the riding switch between the mare's ears—the cuirassier was at the charge. But Conufoge was into Arlette's quickest stride, their two necks flecked with flying foam; Maid of Kent had stolen up, her noble head lapping Gracie's knee as Gracie rose in the stirrups.

Ha! they were shouting now! From the long line of the foliage-crowned Marine far away, from the near stand where the flowers of Muskerry bloomed, swaying together in the transport of the moment, from every side-car with its shivering, over-driven mare, and its weight of brutal or careless flesh—even a railway bridge packed by a frantic mob almost collapsed unnoticed in the mad anguish of hope and fear. But loudest was the shout from the immense crescent on the right—Kilmurry, Coachford, Dripsey, Farran, Garryhesta, Currihela, Cnocawnmore—the men and the women she knew who saw their triumph in the green she wore. "Conufoge! Conufoge! Arlette! Maid of Kent! Conufoge—Conufoge—Conufoge!"

"And, by the living jingo, Conufoge it is!" said Colonel Brabazon, lowering his glass, "the jock rode that last fence well—but it's the horse's race!"

Mr. Kennefick, with a rain-coat on his arm, had quietly made his way round to the paddock, and had given Patsy orders to take the car out on the road leading from the park. The crowd was dense, but a man with a will and a strong shoulder goes into most places. He saw the finish from the course itself, saw Maid of Kent flame by just as the post was passed, and heard the gay laugh with which Count Lauzun accepted defeat by a few inches. Then he observed Gracie, cool to the point of preoccupation, guide Conufoge into a rapidly diminishing gallop, Arlette preening and peering at his side. Presently Conufoge stopped, Miss Grace slipped from the saddle, De Lauzun caught the rein. She ran to the gallant brown head with a faint cry, and put her arms about the throbbing neck. The distended, blood-shot eyes knew hers, and looked into them with a look she never forgot. Then the rounded forehead struck her breasts, and Conufoge went down on his side while the field was ringing with his name.

This is why he sleeps by the little hill that gave him his name, in the dear earth of Muskerry. Miss Gracie herself laid a sealed packet in the grave hollow, and the head of Conufoge is pillowed on the shorn tresses of the girl for whom he died. This is one of the reasons why Madame la Comtesse de Lauzun comes every year to Ireland. She believes that Mr. David Kennefick—now a County Councillor—is the only person sharing the secret buried with Conufoge; but she is mistaken; Monsieur le Comte has known it this many a day.

THE END

THE F.O. BAG

By LUCIEN WOLF

I AM afraid I cannot share the enthusiasm with which the new Mediterranean Agreements have been received by the newspapers. It is a mere trifling with words to talk of them as pledges of the friendly relations which subsist between their signatories, or as fresh securities for the general peace. Agreements of this kind must be judged by their intrinsic merits. If they are demonstrably superfluous they cannot be securities for peace, and in that case they are just as likely to compromise the friendly relations of their signatories as to consolidate them. It is a wholesome rule of diplomacy not to contract agreements until their practical necessity has become evident. With the best will in the world I am quite unable to see the practical or even the theoretical necessity of the two compacts just concluded by Great Britain and Spain and Spain and France respectively. We are told that these Agreements provide for three things. In the first place the contracting parties mutually guarantee their possessions in the region to which the Agreements relate—that is to say, the Western Mediterranean and the Eastern Atlantic. In the second place they pledge themselves to maintain the territorial *status quo* in the more or less immediate vicinity of these possessions. Thirdly, they secure to each other the freedom of their communications between these same possessions. Let us see what is the exact value to be attached to each of these paper achievements.

On the first point I will confine myself to the Anglo-Spanish Agreement. Here it seems to me that we are taking upon ourselves an unnecessary obligation, for which, moreover, there is no adequate compensation. While on the one hand we engage to defend the whole Peninsula, together with its dependencies in the Mediterranean and the Atlantic and on the African coast, we receive in exchange nothing more than a guarantee of our possession of Gibraltar. This can scarcely be described as a business bargain, especially as we are quite capable of holding our own in Gibraltar; and if we were not, I am afraid the pledges of the Spanish Government would be of little use to us. Nor was it necessary to Spain that we should guarantee the integrity of her dominions. That has always been a British interest, and, I imagine, will always remain one. Still, we should have acted wisely not to fetter ourselves definitely, for we already have a serious obligation of the same kind on our hands in the matter of Portugal, and it is not prudent to add unnecessarily to such covenants. For the moment, it is true, the obligation is not a serious one, seeing that nobody threatens Spain or is likely to do so for a long time to come. But this is only another way of avowing the utter superfluousness of the whole engagement.

On the second point the case is no more convincing. What necessity was there for guaranteeing the *status quo* in the Western Mediterranean? It is true that such guarantees have been negotiated before, but only when some clear danger had to be guarded against. Thus in 1887, when the last Agreement of this kind was entered into by Great Britain, Italy, Austria, and Spain, the danger existed in the shape of French restlessness and aggressiveness. Now, however, all the Mediterranean Powers are on the friendliest terms. All differences between them have been solved, and even their aspirations, where territorial expansion or the extension of their political influence may yet be possible, have been amicably provided for. Here the existing *ententes*, fortified as they are by the still secret Franco-Italian Agreement of 1902, the Anglo-French Declaration of 1904, and the Act of Algeciras—not to speak of the earlier treaties by which the various possessions of the Mediterranean Powers have been recognised and in part guaranteed—were surely enough. The idea that Germany was a danger is a transparent absurdity, for the only possible region in which she might conceivably have attempted to disturb the *status quo* was Morocco, and there she has already pledged herself to respect it. Moreover German designs in Morocco cannot be defeated by diplomatic combinations in the Mediterranean. If ever they assert themselves it will be in the Vosges that they will have to be met and combated.

As for the third point I confess it is a mystery to me. How can Spain assure to us the security of our communications with our possessions in the Mediterranean, or on the Atlantic seaboard? In the event of war—and it is only in such an event that this arrangement would be of any use—Spain would be either a neutral or a belligerent. If she were a neutral she could neither make nor mar our communications. If she were a belligerent she could only fulfil her obligations by acting as our ally. Are we to understand that an alliance of this kind is provided for, and also that a similar alliance is contemplated under the Franco-Spanish Agreement? As a matter of fact, this has already been semi-officially denied in Paris, and if that denial be accurate the engagement on this head must be a mere flourish of words. I am curious to see how the text of the Agreement deals with this point. It is, of course, quite possible that it anticipates all my criticisms, but it will have to be very closely scrutinised by those who, like myself, still attach some value to our traditional aversion to "entangling alliances."

It is a pity that the mania for compacts of this kind which has lately possessed our Foreign Office is directed exclusively in one direction. If the peace of the world requires a series of treaties guaranteeing the territorial *status quo*—and I am far from denying their utility—the negotiations should not be limited to the Latin, the Slav, and the Mongol. As a matter of fact they are more necessary in other directions where even the preliminary of an *entente cordiale* has yet to be set on foot. I notice that the *Westminster Gazette*, in its comments on the new Mediterranean Agreements, expresses the "wish that there were some material question at issue between ourselves and Germany, so that its settlement might offer the opportunity of public co-operation between these two Powers." But surely there is just as much scope for a *status quo* Agreement between Great Britain and Germany as there is between us and Spain. Nay, if the fears of the Teutophobes are to be taken seriously, such an Agreement is one of the crying needs of the international situation. Are we not told every day that German designs on Belgium and Holland, and German intrigues with Denmark, menace our interests in the North Sea and the Baltic, and are likely to imperil our naval supremacy? Surely here is material for an Anglo-German Agreement similar to the new Anglo-Spanish Agreement. An Anglo-German Agreement guaranteeing the *status quo* in the countries washed by the North Sea and the Baltic and securing to both Powers the freedom of those seas is quite possible, and would be really worth having. Perhaps Sir Edward Grey will think over the matter.

The dissolution of the Second Duma has come as a surprise to nobody. The Tsar and his advisers have yet to learn the elementary principles of Parliamentary government, and until they realise the plain fact that such government involves the transference of certain of the attributes of Autocracy to the elect of the sovereign people, any harmonious co-operation of the Monarch and Parliament must be impossible. The idea that Autocracy and Parliamentarism could lie down together without one being inside the other is an extravagance of millennial topsy-turvydom. As a matter of fact no such ingenuous idea ever occurred to the Russian Reactionaries. To them the Duma has always been a blind—a sop to the democratic Cerberus—and it was hoped so to fashion it as to make it the willing slave of the Autocracy, which thus would lose nothing of its power while gaining much in moral irresponsibility. It is because this plan failed, and for no other reason, that the Second Duma has been sent the way of the first. The pretext by which the *coup d'état* was sought to be justified was as clumsy as it was cynical. I am assured by a distinguished Russian deputy, who has seen all the documents, that the evidence on which the Government's demand for the prosecution of the Social Democratic deputies was based was of the flimsiest description, and that most of the testimony by which it was supported was that of notorious *mouchards*.



THE ROYAL CHÂTEAU



THE VALLEY OF GRESSONEY



A MOUNTAIN EXCURSION

The Dowager Queen of Italy, Queen Margherita, is an enthusiastic Alpinist, and for over twenty years she has not spent a single summer without climbing some of the mountains abutting on the Valley of Aosta. For a long time she paid an annual visit to Courmayeur, at the foot of Mont Blanc, but some time ago she fixed on the Valley of Gressoney, on the southern slopes of Monte Rosa, as her place of summer residence, and here she has erected a beautiful château in the style of the XVth century, adapted to modern requirements. From here she makes frequent excursions up the mountains she so loves. In the central photograph the château is visible in the foreground, while away in the distance can be seen the summit of Monte Rosa. Photos by Brocherel, Aosta.

A ROYAL ALPINIST: QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY AND HER SUMMER RESIDENCE AT THE FOOT OF MONTE ROSA



PORTRAIT OF IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI

FROM THE PAINTING BY H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE, DUCHESS OF ARGYLL

Our Supplement

For many years past M. Paderewski has unquestionably held a unique place in the world of music. We have many brilliant virtuosi and many fine artists, but we have only one Paderewski. It is he, and he alone, who reigns supreme, and no one has yet been found who is worthy to contest his dominion. Of late years his visits to London have been few and far between. If memory does not fail us, indeed, some four years have passed since he gave his last recital at the defunct St. James's Hall; but his admirers have not forgotten him in his absence, and when he returned to London on Tuesday afternoon he found an enormous audience at the Queen's Hall ready to greet him. It is difficult—almost, indeed, impossible—to do justice to M. Paderewski's playing in cold print. Every one knows, of course, that he is one of the most perfect masters of the piano that ever lived, that he has made the piano yield up its every secret to him, that he is an extraordinarily brilliant virtuoso, and that he is an artist of rare ability; but it is not in these things alone that the secret of his success lies. It is largely his strong individuality, one of the most wonderful, surely, of the day, his great personal charm, his refinement, his culture, and his perfect taste that have made him what he is, and no one who has ever come under the spell of his individuality can have failed to feel its force. Two sonatas figured in the programme of his recital on Tuesday, those by Beethoven in C sharp minor and by Liszt in B minor. The dreamy poetry of the first movement of the former suits him to perfection, and never has he realised it more completely than then, while his playing of the two remaining movements was no less delightful. For the latter we confess to having no great predilection, and though his performance of it was astoundingly skilful he did not succeed in revealing any hitherto unsuspected beauties in the music. Far more delightful were his readings of a Chopin Nocturne, six of the studies, the Berceuse and the Valse in A flat. In these he unquestionably scored his greatest triumph, and after them there followed a scene of wild enthusiasm which could only be quelled by means of several encores, of which the most notable were a Liszt Rhapsody and one of Chopin's Polonaises. M. Paderewski is, of course, a composer as well as a marvellous pianist, and in the former capacity he was represented on Tuesday by his brilliant Variations and Fugue on an original theme.



The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and many other members of the Royal Family were present at the unveiling by the King of the Duke of Cambridge's statue in Whitehall last Saturday. After the brief but impressive ceremony the King inspected the statue and witnessed the placing of the wreaths at its base by Field-Marshal von Hahnke and the other German officers sent by the Kaiser. The bronze statue represents the Duke in Field-Marshal's uniform, mounted on his favourite charger. It was designed by Mr. John Belcher, A.R.A., and measures 13ft. 6in. in height. Photo by THE GRAPHIC Photographer.

IN MEMORY OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE: THE SCENE IN WHITEHALL IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE BY THE KING



THE LAKE AND ITS BRIDGE



THE NEW BUILDING OPENED BY THE KING



GENERAL VIEW OF THE COLLEGE



THE COLLEGE CHAPEL, IN WHICH THE KING UNVEILED THE WAR MEMORIAL

The King had a very busy day at Wellington College, the great institution which owes its existence to the Prince Consort. With His Majesty were the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Christian, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Henry of Coburg. The King opened the new dining-hall, unveiled a memorial in the Chapel to the sixty-five of the College who fell in the South African War, presented the "dormitory" prize given by Mr. Toye, His Majesty's own medal (to the Captain of the school, M Brougham), and the challenge trophy for public school racquets, this year won by Wellington. The new dining-hall is 70ft. by 45ft., and will seat 350 boys. It is the most important feature of a group of new buildings. Photos by Frith.

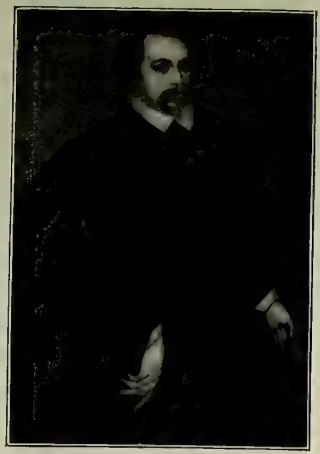
THE ROYAL VISIT TO WELLINGTON COLLEGE: THE FAMOUS SCHOOL AND THE NEW HALL OPENED BY THE KING



WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM, FOUNDER OF NEW COLLEGE
FROM A PICTURE AT NEW COLLEGE



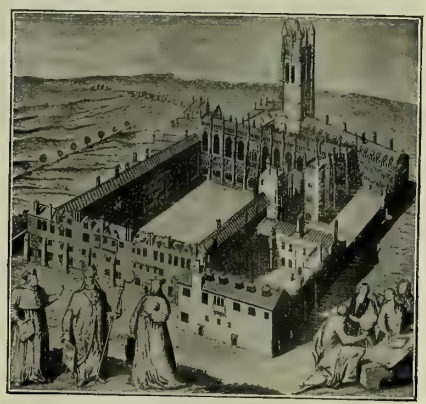
CHRIST CHURCH
FROM THE "OXFORD ALMANAC" OF 1724
In front are King Henry VIII and Cardinal Wolsey.



SIR THOMAS BODLEY, FOUNDER OF THE BODLEIAN
FROM A PICTURE IN THE BODLEIAN



CORONATION OF KING HAROLD II
FROM THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY



THE EXPULSION OF THE MAGDALEN FELLOWS
FROM THE "OXFORD ALMANAC" OF 1730



FOLLY BRIDGE AND FRIAR BACON'S STUDY
This view, from the "Oxford Almanac" of 1780, taken from the spot where now the college barges are moored, shows the Bridge and Gatehouse which guarded the ancient "Ford of Oxon."



CUMNOR PLACE
The scene of the tragical death of Amy Robsart (Lady Robert Dudley), from a drawing of 1810, lithographed by N. Whittock, in his "Microcosm of Oxford."

Oxford in Pictures: Prints from the Pageant "Book of Words" (See page 940)



Tableau I.—Hugh Tyrne-Coate, Esq., Conservative member for Stawnche-Atwayes, goes to the House of Commons to-night to vote in the last division on "A Bill to provide for Female Representation in Parliament," a Socialist measure actively supported by Mrs. Hugh T.-C. To shorten a domestic row, Tyrne-Coate decides on preserving some of the happiness of his hearth and home, even at the risk of his position in the House, and goes into the "Aye" lobby. The Bill becomes law.

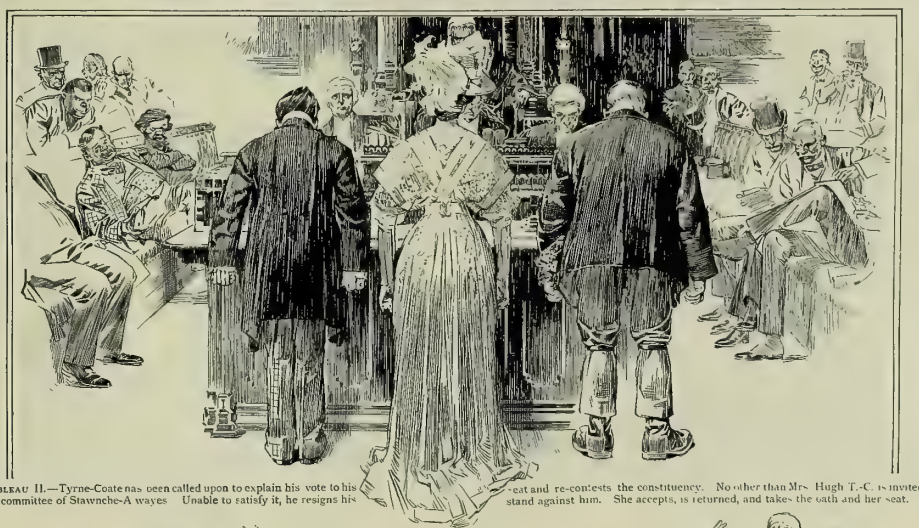


Tableau II.—Tyrne-Coate has been called upon to explain his vote to his election committee of Stawnche-A wayes. Unable to satisfy it, he resigns his seat and re-contests the constituency. No other than Mrs. Hugh T.-C. is invited to stand against him. She accepts, is returned, and takes the oath and her seat.



Tableau III. It is June. Social and Socialistic engagements are as plentiful as strawberries. With Parliament and Pleasure Mrs. H. T.-C.'s days are overcrowded. It is, moreover, Ascot Week. Mrs. Hugh Tyrne-Coate's Ascot gowns are flowing in. But so are three-line whips, and Mrs. Hugh T.-C. cannot get a "pair!" Tableau III. Tyrne-Coate is just off to Ascot, and pops in to say "Ta, ta!" Curtain.

The Tragedy of a Lady M.P.: A Tale in Three Tableaux

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER

IN

THE LAND OF OUR ROYAL GUEST THE KING OF SIAM



KING CHULALONGKORN



QUEEN SUWABA PONGSRI



THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR AT BANGKOK, SHOWING THE RICE MILLS AND SHIPPING



A CANAL SCENE AT BANGKOK



A HOLY CAVE, FREQUENTLY VISITED BY THE KING

Photos by R. Lenz and Co.

IN THE LAND OF THE KING OF SIAM



PRINCE NAKON SAWAN
Admiral of the Siamese Navy.



A BUDDHIST TEMPLE AT BANGKOK



THE CROWN PRINCE MAHA VAJIRAVUDH
Regent during the King's absence.



PHRAPATOOM, A CELEBRATED PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE, WHERE THE FOOTPRINTS OF BUDDHA ARE SHOWN



THE ROYAL BARGE



A STREET SCENE AT BANGKOK

Photos by R. Leiz and Co.

THE BYSTANDER

"*Stand by.*"—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

It would almost appear that dining in the City was likely to cease altogether. Lightning luncheons and subsequent indigestion still continue to be popular, but except at the Mansion House and in the good old halls of hospitable City companies that I wot of, dinner as an institution seems to be passing away. Within the last twenty years or so many of the fine old inns, with choice cellars, have closed their doors, and few people linger in the City for prandial purposes after six o'clock. In my time a number of curious hostelries, difficult to discover, in strange lanes and out-of-the-way courts, where you could dine comfortably in a plain English way, where the liquors were unexceptionable and the port often of the best, have disappeared altogether. There are, I believe, none of the old galleried inns left. Gone is the Oxford Arms in Warwick Lane, so is the Spread Eagle in Gracechurch Street, so are the Green Dragon and the Four Swans in Bishopsgate Street, and so is the London Tavern. And now about the only notable remaining hostelry—the Albion—after a career of considerably over a century, is to close its doors at the end of this month.

The closing of the Albion brings to my mind many pleasing recollections of the dinners of the past. I have dined there frequently as a guest of the Leathersellers' Company, when their hall in St. Helen's Place was in course of erection, and I have partaken of the hospitality of the Pewterers' Company and other City companies in the same building. I can also recall one, if not more, of the annual *World* dinners—under the presidency of Edmund Yates, best of editors and most genial of hosts—taking place there, and I can recollect being present at a notable dinner given by the proprietors of *Punch* not long after Mr. (now Sir Francis) Burnand had assumed the editorial control and introduced a fresh set of brilliant contributors. These are among a few of my many pleasant reminiscences of the notable tavern now about to close its doors for ever.

A letter whose signature is the remarkable one of "Pobbletoff"—at least, as far as I can make out it is Pobbletoff, for the caligraphy is remarkable and somewhat difficult to decipher—protests warmly against my objection to the lithographed circular, and is very indignant at my saying: "It at once goes into the fire and is generally followed by most of the communications in halfpenny envelopes." Says my fair correspondent—I don't think she is a Russian, but I am certain, judging by the handwriting, that she is a lady—"Here you are making a very great mistake. Don't you know that invitations often come in halfpenny envelopes?" (No, I don't know this.) "And you have probably missed a number of pleasant invitations to dinner, and have offended a good many hostesses by not taking any notice of their communications." As far as my experience goes, and it is pretty extensive, all invitations come sealed like an ordinary letter. If hostesses are so silly as to disregard the ordinary courtesies of life, they can scarcely complain if their invitations meet with the scorn and silence they deserve.

It is said that every new invention brings along with it a fresh set of complaints, and so there is no improvement but has its accompanying drawback. It is, however, to be hoped that the latest reported new ailment, namely, "motorobesity," will not flourish. It is said that the constant riding in mobuses and mocars tends to a rotundity of figure. It is not difficult to believe this to be true. With the cycle people get plenty of exercise. With the motor they get none at all, and walk as little as possible. All this is distinctly in favour of adiposity. If you attentively observe the people you see—notably among the Superior Sex—as you take your walks abroad, especially those in mocars, you will notice there is a distinct tendency to plumpness. I sincerely trust we are not likely to become a nation of Daniel Lamberts, and I should be very glad to hear the *Lancet's* views on motorobesity.

Mr. J. L. Strachan-Davidson, the new Master of Balliol, had a distinguished University career, being first classman in Moderations and in Lit. Hum. He has been senior tutor of Balliol for a good many years. In the world of learning he is known by a work on Polybius, and by a life of Cicero. He is an LL.D. of Glasgow. Photo by Taunt and Co.



MR. A. D. MEARNS

Who was recently appointed General Manager of the Cunard Steamship Company, was formerly Secretary and Sub-Manager of the Company. Photo by Brown, Barnes, and Bell.



MR. J. L. STRACHAN-DAVIDSON

New Master of Balliol.



A. D. Nourse. J. H. Sinclair. H. Smith. R. O. Schwarz. W. A. Shalders. Rev. C. D. Robinson. S. J. Snooke. M. Hathorn. P. W. Sherwell. G. C. White. G. A. Faulkner. L. J. Tancred. G. Allsop (Manager). A. E. Volger. S. D. Snooke. J. J. Kotze.

The South African Cricketers brought their wins up to five with their defeat of Middlesex at Lord's last week, when they had not lost a match. Their record, up to and including the Middlesex match, of five wins and two draws, is certainly remarkable, but they are a fine team, and deserve their success. Photo by E. Hawkins and Co.

HARD TO BEAT: THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRICKETERS TOURING ENGLAND



One of the most hopeful signs of the times is that nearly all the members of the English sporting world are Odolians, a term invented to distinguish the people who use Odol regularly every day for cleaning their teeth. Sporting men are famous for their health, and it is their general opinion that Odol is as necessary to them in achieving this end as the exercise they get through in their life in the open air. Their example should induce those who do not or are not able to enjoy a sporting life to use Odol regularly every day for their teeth as the first step to health. Odol not only cleanses the teeth but also insures them against decay.

Good Form
is impossible without good teeth. Odol will secure this happy condition for all who use it.

Odol is the first and only preparation for cleansing the mouth and teeth which is absorbed by the teeth and by the mucous membrane of the gums, to a certain extent impregnating them, and so exercising its antiseptic and refreshing powers not only during the brief period of application, but continuing for some hours afterwards.

Odol has such a delicious taste and is so very refreshing.



THE LATE RIGHT REV. A. B. WEBB
Dean of Salisbury.



M. STOLYPIN
The Russian Premier.



MR. J. DANVERS POWER
Chairman of the Red Cross Conference Committee.



MR. CHESTER JONES
New Metropolitan Police Magistrate.



MR. J. GRETTON, M.P.
Returned by the Unionists of Rutland.

Our Portraits

The late Right Rev. Allan Becher Webb, Dean of Salisbury, became Bishop of Bloemfontein at thirty-one in 1870, a see whose area included the Orange Free State, Basutoland and Bechuanaland, besides other territory—a sufficiently large diocese. In 1883 he was appointed to Grahamstown, having charge of a territory of 75,000 square miles. After nearly thirty years' work as South African diocesan, he resigned his see in 1898, and was appointed to the Deanery of Salisbury in 1901. Photo by Russell and Sons.

Mr. John Gretton, the new Unionist M.P. for Rutland, for which constituency he was returned by a majority nearly twice as large as that of Mr. G. H. Finch, his Unionist predecessor, who was returned at the General Election, sat for South Derbyshire from 1895 till 1906, when he was defeated by Mr. Herbert H. Raphael. He is forty, and a director of Bass, Ratcliff, and Gretton, Ltd., the brewers of Burton-on-Trent. The new member, who is a magistrate for Derbyshire and Leicestershire, is an enthusiastic Volunteer, being Lieut.-Col. Commanding the 2nd Volunteer Battalion of the North Staffordshire Regiment. Photo by Bassano.

Mr. Chester Jones's appointment as a Metropolitan Police Magistrate follows on the resignation of Mr. G. G. Kennedy, who has been obliged by ill-health to give up his duties. The new magistrate, who has been a well-known figure at the Surrey Sessions, was called to the Bar nearly twenty years ago. Photo by Bolak.

Mr. J. Danvers Power, M.V.O., who has acted as chairman of the committee appointed by the British Red Cross Society to organise the International Conference, is an honorary secretary of King Edward's Hospital Fund. The other members of the committee were Sir Frederick Treves and Sir Benjamin Franklin. The Conference has been very successful, and seldom has a gathering of such important representatives of all nations been seen in London. No less successful have been the brilliant social functions which have supplemented the business part of the Conference's programme. Photo by Cooper.

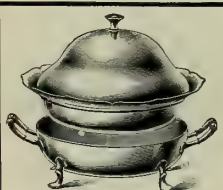
M. Stolypin, the Russian Premier, is again prominent, this time as the man whose *coup d'état* has dissolved the second Duma. His demand for the surrender of the fifty-five Socialist members was unquestionably designed to throw discredit on the Assembly, and as an excuse for the dissolution of a body that, in spite of every reactionary attempt to render it nugatory at the elections, was still hostile to autocracy. M. Stolypin, whose attempted assassination some time ago is still fresh in everybody's memory, became the third Premier under Russia's new *régime* last July.



In accordance with the terms of the late Mr. Herring's will, his house at No. 1, Hamilton Place, Park Lane, is to be sold by auction on June 28, and the proceeds are to be handed to King Edward's Hospital Fund. The house, once the residence of the famous Lord Eldon, is fitted with every modern convenience, including a passenger lift, and there is excellent stabling for five horses in Hamilton Mews. Photo by THE GRAPHIC Photographer.

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Sugar Basin	2 0 0	4 0 0
Cream Jug	1 17 0	3 5 0
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2-pint Kettle and Stand (with improved patent lamp)	£6 15 0	£15 15 0
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Prince's Plate .. 1 10 0
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	Prince's Plate.	Sterling Silver.
Small	£1 3 0	£2 5 0
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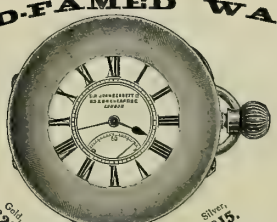
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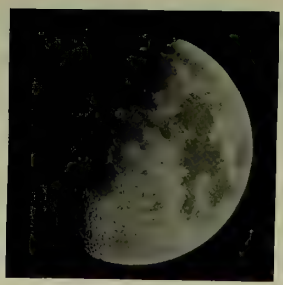
Photographing the Moon

By D. E. BENSON

[The *Daily Graphic* has introduced as a regular feature of its diary a photographic record of the moon's progress from phase to phase. This feature has been many years in preparation, and its introduction has been rendered possible only by the kind advice of Professor Turner, of the Oxford University Observatory, and the patient effort of Mr. D. E. Benson, of Southport, who has succeeded in obtaining a unique series of lunar photographs. In the following article Mr. Benson describes some of the difficulties with which he had to contend.]



THREE DAYS FOUR HOURS OLD



NINE DAYS SIXTEEN HOURS OLD

TWO OF THE "DAILY GRAPHIC" PHOTOGRAPHS, SHOWING DIFFERENT PHASES OF THE MOON

The moon is the most noticeable object in the nocturnal sky, and her changes from a beautiful crescent to a half-moon, and later to a full disc, finally dying away to a crescent again, must have drawn the attention of mankind at a very early date to movement in the heavens on the part of, at least, one body. This movement, we now know, extends to all celestial bodies. The moon revolves round the earth in about 29½ days, and at the same time accompanies the earth in its yearly journey round the sun. Both these orbits, like all other celestial orbits, are elliptical, and thus the moon is at one time near us, and appears larger than at another when she is further off.

In arranging a series of photographs to represent our satellite through one lunation, these changes in the moon introduce difficulties. Our weather, as we know to our sorrow this year, is not always fine. It is therefore in practice impossible to photograph the moon on every night of a lunation. The photographs now appearing in the *Daily Graphic* required five years to secure. During that period upwards of two hundred negatives were taken, and by judicious selection from these the series has been built up. In such a series, taken during different lunations, the effect of the apparent swing of the moon—her libration, as it is called—will be noticeable. In some of the photographs it will be seen that the dark patches known as seas are nearer the edge of the moon than in others. A moon of a certain phase is not always of the same age. For instance, in May this year the moon at first quarter was 8 days 4 hours old, and in December it will be only 6 days 16 hours. The age of the full moon in March was 15 days 14 hours, in October it will be 13 days 23 hours. These are difficulties for which the erratic movements of the moon are responsible.

The photographic difficulties are not hers. To photograph a very young or a very old moon a careful selection of the date is necessary. The moon must be as high in the heavens as possible, and the sun must set early and be low down. The fine crescent should be in a dark sky to get the best results. The size of the photograph is the next consideration. The apparent average size of the moon is the size of a halfpenny seen from a distance of nine feet, and the average snapshot camera of, say, 6in. focus, will photograph the moon rather smaller than a pin's head. Most artists, it may be noticed in passing, paint the moon too large. A telescope will give an image of the sun or moon about one inch in diameter for every nine feet of focal length. The originals of the *Daily Graphic* series are about 2¼in. diameter, and a telescope of 20ft. focus would have been necessary. The available instrument was only 6ft. 6in. focus, giving an image ⅔in. in diameter. The focus of the telescope was therefore lengthened by a telephoto negative lens till the lunar image was of the required size. This enlargement increased the exposure required, and the crescent moons were thus more difficult. A full moon with the "cap" quickly off and on is simple, but an eight or ten seconds' exposure introduces stumbling-blocks. Firstly, the telescope must be accurately driven to follow the moon's motion, or movement will be noticeable. Secondly, crescent moons are invariably low down towards the horizon when the sky background is dark enough to photograph them, and the disturbed air moves the image and spoils definition. Many trials must be made to get good results. The troubles in the case of the older moons are of a different kind. Suppose the moon is nearly full, part of her face is brightly lighted, and the light fades off to nothing on the "terminator," as the edge of the sunshine is called. We have a great range of brilliancy, and the difficulty is to fully expose the less brilliantly illuminated parts without over-exposing the bright ones. Many of the details shown on the photographs can be observed with small instrumental aid. An opera glass held steadily will show the comparatively smooth dark patches before referred to, known as seas, and also the immense craters of the extinct lunar volcanoes. Craters must be looked for when the moon is not full. When she is full the lighting is from above, and then all shadows have disappeared. Relief is then lost. At other times the side illumination casts shadows, and every hill is brought into prominence, the effect being greatest, as shown in the photos, near the terminator, where the shadows are longest. During the first quarter the earliest noticeable feature is the dark plain or sea, apparently oval, a short distance above the moon's equator, known as the Mare Crisium, followed later by the other seas, all conspicuous by their dark appearance. Towards the end of the quarter the crater rings in the South are in evidence, and in the North the sunshine, after passing the Mare Serenitatis, just reaches the Caucasus, the Alps, and the Apennines. Between first quarter and full moon, Tycho, the crater in the South, whence all the most noticeable bright streaks radiate, comes into view, as also does Copernicus, a large ring crater fifty-six miles in diameter, also the centre of a series of radiating streaks. At full moon little is noticeable, except the dark seas and the bright streaks radiating from Tycho and Copernicus, the nature of which is not known. These bright streaks are seen across valleys and over mountain tops. They apparently are not raised above the surrounding ground to any extent, as no shadows can be detected. As the moon wanes the objects noted disappear in the same order as they appeared, but the moon having passed the full, they are seen lighted from the opposite side.

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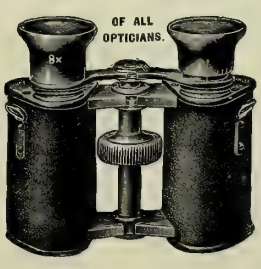
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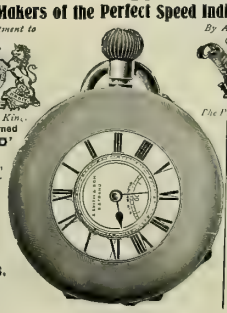
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The Theatres

MELODRAMA AT THE LYCEUM

Only a short time since it seemed as though melodrama in London was dead. The Princess's Theatre, where Wilson Barrett, in the days when he was making his reputation, used to give us the unadulterated article, has long been closed; and the Adelphi, ever since poor William Terriss was murdered, has been given over to other forms of art. At last, however, an energetic management has had the pluck to take the reconstructed LYCEUM, confident that there is always a huge public in London only too ready to patronise a play that sets forth a straight, if sensational, story in vigorous language and with a series of picturesque incidents. There was no trouble about filling the house on Saturday night when Mr. Walter Howard's *The Midnight Wedding* was produced—the trouble might have been with the hundreds who were turned away—and a densely packed audience followed the fortunes of Paul Valmar (sword-master of the Red Hussars) with the keenest interest. Truly this young man has an interesting career. We see him, a stranger, just contracting a marriage to a bride he does not know to save her from marriage with the villain. We meet him subsequently struggling against assassination and misfortunes of every description, and we leave him finally, happy in the love of his bride and the acknowledged son of a reigning monarch. True, he refuses the succession to the throne, but this is because his mother has suffered so much through marrying a prince of the blood, who would not, or could not, acknowledge her, that he prefers to be a private citizen rather than run the risk of allowing his wife to suffer through the same cause. This is a real touch of modernity, and makes *The Midnight Wedding* almost a problem play. In olden times the hero acknowledged by his father would have been acclaimed as his heir, and no question would have been raised as to whether or no his wife was of royal blood. Being beautiful, it would have been accepted at once that she was worthy of a throne. Mr. Norman Partriege is an excellent romantic hero; Mr. Eric Mayne is a sound villain, and well deserves the hisses he receives; Miss Nora Kerin is a charming heroine, and Miss Valli-Valli a most engaging maid of the inn where the Red Hussars (officers and men) foregather. A trio of humorous soldiers, played by Messrs. Major-Jones, Barford and Oxley, supply the comic relief, and are most genuinely funny. They are capital honest fellows, who will always draw their swords for the right, even against their officers! *The Midnight Wedding* is nightly received with enthusiasm, which is what it deserves, for it is an admirable piece of its type, and we enjoyed it hugely.



The Dover-Heligoland yacht race for the Kaiser's Cup resulted in a signal victory for the German vessels, three of which arrived before any of their British or French rivals. The race is for cruising yachts of 80 tons Thames measurement and upwards. Eight yachts started from Dover at 10.30 last Saturday morning in the race of 300 miles, with a strong west-south-west wind blowing. The winner was the schooner Clara (Max von Guilleaume, Cologne), which arrived at half-past three on Sunday morning. Photo by Beken and Sons, Cowes.

THE WINNER OF THE DOVER-HELIGOLAND RACE

"THE DOOR ON THE LATCH"

A Woman of No Importance at HIS MAJESTY'S is now nightly preceded by a very picturesque one-act piece called *The Door on the Latch*. This is an adaptation by Mr. Kinsey Peile of Robert Louis Stevenson's well-known story, "The Sire de Maletroit's Door." The period is when England and France were fighting in Burgundy, and the Sire de Maletroit is an old seigneur, who, discovering that his daughter has an intrigue with a young officer, lays a trap for this man in order to force him to marry the girl. Of course he catches the wrong man, and then gives him the alternative of hanging or marriage. The principal scene comes when the young couple are left alone to decide whether they shall fall in love at short notice, or whether the man shall die. The girl is reluctant to thrust herself upon the man even to save his life. The man is unwilling to accept life if he is repugnant to the woman. It is a situation much resembling the scene in *The Ballad Monger*, but it is pretty and romantic, and although Stevenson's work does not bear transference to the stage very well the little play has been received with considerable favour.

"MRS. PONDERBURY'S PAST"

At the VAUDEVILLE, Mr. Louis Parker's *Mr. George* has been taken off to make way for a revival of Sir Francis Burnand's *Mrs. Ponderbury's Past*. This was originally produced at the Avenue Theatre in 1895, with Charles Hawtrey, Alma Stanley, and Lottie Venne in the principal parts; now Marie Illington and Billie Burke replace the two latter. *Mrs. Ponderbury* is preceded by a comedietta called *The Anonymous Letter*, by G. S. Street.

DRAMATICUS.



The Gold Cup, which was stolen from its table on the lawn at the back of the Grand Stand at Ascot, is valued at £300. It is of 20-carat gold, and weighs 68oz. without the gold pedestal (left behind by the thief), which weighs 34oz. It stands 13½in. high, and is 6in. in diameter. The stolen cup was made by Messrs. Garrard and Co.

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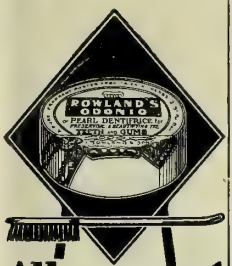
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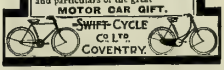
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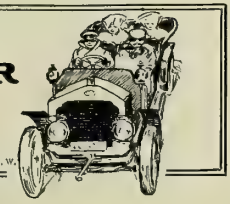
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Some New Books

A TRAGEDY BY MR. BURGIN

Mr. G. B. Burgin's new novel ("Which Woman?" Eveleigh Nash) is something of a new departure on the part of the historian of Four Corners and a claimant for a share of the mantle of Dickens. It is very serious tragedy, of a sort that few readers will be able to associate with reality; though, of course, that does not prevent it from being essentially true. An eminent novelist, supposed at the outset to be suffering from the mental effects of overwork, finds himself at last compelled to choose between love on the one hand and sentiment *plus* duty on the other. Mr. Burgin explains the motive in a "Foreword":—

I have long wished to depict an unconventional, real woman who is not a dummy—a woman who would not let happiness slip from her grasp without making a vigorous effort to secure it—a woman who, loving a man in every sense of the word, does not hesitate to tell him so. . . . Lady Marion Revel and Mallinson are left in such a situation that they only, with the readers' and critics' assistance, can decide how it ended. Mallinson is tied hand and foot to another woman, to whom any great grief would cause loss of reason, and yet——?"

Mr. Burgin's implied distinction between readers and critics is neither kind nor true. In our former capacity, however, we must confess inability to decide whether the tragedy more than suggested by him was inevitable, or, in old legend phrase, "if not, why not, or how otherwise." In our latter capacity we must say, to Mr. Burgin's credit, that morbid psychology does not seem to be in his line.

TOO MUCH LIMELIGHT

"The Amazing Duke," who provides Sir William Magnay's new novel (T. Fisher Unwin) with that title, is Charles II.'s Duke of Buckingham—Dryden's "Zimri so various that he seemed to be Not one, but all mankind's epitome." It would be difficult to invent a story that should exaggerate his capacities for amazing. But the author has done his best to that end, with the help of a pair of scarcely distinguishable brothers, some deadly poison, an assassination plot of the period, and such apparatus generally as to render the Duke's own remark on the final situation, "Verily a night of unrehearsed stage effects," a concise descriptive summary of the novel as a whole. As the author of the piece, Sir William Magnay has written, as always, with scholarly skill and knowledge; as its stage-manager, he has been even profusely liberal with his limelight, burnt cork, and all such-like stimulants of public applause.

LA VIE DE BOHÊME

"Pages from an Adventurous Life," by "Dick Donovan" (J. E. Preston Muddock), published by T. Werner Laurie, is dedicated "with fraternal regard and a whole-hearted love for the dear old Club," to "my brother Savages." "Dick Donovan" is one of those that the "vast ocean, the desert sands, the dark jungle, the weird bush, have lured with a syren call"—a call, as he adds, that he "could never resist." Still, it is not always the vast ocean, or the desert sands, or the weird bush that he tells us of in his book, which is largely about "that mysterious region where intellectual Bohemia is to be found"—the wilder literary and artistic tracts of London. And he has many good stories to tell. This one may send readers to his book for more. It is a story told by "Brother Savage Lord Alverstone," on a Savage Club night, about a post-office prosecution at Hertford Assizes.



A CARICATURE BY MR. TOM BROWNE OF THE AUTHOR OF "PAGES FROM AN ADVENTUROUS LIFE"

A clever Irish barrister appeared for the defendant, who was a poor letter-carrier guilty of some irregularity. Among the witnesses was Anthony Trollope.

"What are you?" asked the Irish barrister in a severe and commanding tone, sonorous with a rich brogue.

"An officinl in the post-office," answered Trollope, somewhat astonished by the Irish gentleman's brusqueness.

"Anything else?" demanded the counsel, with a snap.

"Yes; an author." This a little proudly.

"What is the name of your last book?"

"'Barchester Towers.'"

"Now tell me, is there a word of truth in that book?"

"Well, it is what is generally called a work of fiction."

"Fiction!" with a scornful curl of the lip. "Fiction!" (he pronounced it Fi-shion). "That is to say there isn't a word of truth in it from beginning to end?"

"I—I am afraid, if you put it that way, there isn't," stammered Trollope in an embarrassed way.

With a triumphant chuckle the counsel turned to the jury, and exclaimed:—

"Gentlemen, how can you possibly convict a man on the evidence of a witness like this, who here in this Court of Justice unblushingly confesses that he has written a book in which there is not a word of truth!"

CRICKET AND GOLF

Most of us are apt to forget that there are behind the game of cricket, principles on which the *moral* of play and players depends. "The majority of men and boys who play cricket and watch cricket do not know the laws of cricket: few are careful to interpret those laws in the spirit in which they were made: fewer still make the preservation of that spirit their very first consideration." Thus Major Philip Trevor explains the *raison d'être* of his book, "The Problems of Cricket" (Sampson Low). His good hard common sense and true sporting instinct are inspiring, and what he says should be read by everyone who plays cricket.

"The Golfer's Manual" (T. Werner Laurie. 2s. 6d. net), by W. Meredith Butler, is a practical informant to golfers in the first stages of the game. It is written carefully for the beginner, in simple language, and contains much advice that even old hands might take to heart. Mr. Butler was the means of introducing Dr. Macnamara to golf, and "Dr. Mac" has penned a breezy introduction to this book in gratitude.

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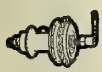
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tells you all about it, and contained therein you will find sectional illustrations of the hub and a full description of its mechanism.

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The Dublin Exhibition is up to date. Commercial and scientific progress is making such rapid strides that a complete Exhibition in 1907 has no parallel in any that have previously been held. A visit to such an Exhibition is an education allowing "he who runs to read" in epitome the story of the World to date.

The Dublin Exhibition is unique. It is racy of the Irish soil. International as it is in character, special attention is given to Irish art, Irish industries, and Irish historical associations. The Art Gallery, for instance, while including some of the choicest works of Leighton, Whistler, Millais, Herkomer, Menier, Detaille and Mullet, also includes representations of all the leading artists of the Royal Hibernian Academy, and a unique collection of articles of truly Irish historical value collected from private sources and now publicly shown for the first time. Practically every country in the world has been laid under contribution, and all have given of their choicest in Science, Art, Mechanics and Commerce.

All Roads lead to Dublin. Railways and Steamships are offering special facilities and low excursion rates. Americans are crossing to visit the Exhibition and see the glories of the Emerald Isle, while from every quarter of Great Britain thousands are making this trip **the** holiday of the year.

S. H. B.

THE OXFORD PAGEANT BOOK

The book of the Oxford Pageant is itself a pageant; it is printed from Bishop Fell's beautiful seventeenth century type, and enriched with many reproductions of most interesting engravings in the Bodleian and from other sources. These make a show of old Oxford and things connected with it, and, of course, with the coming pageant, which is a delight to see. Among the many portraits are those of William of Wykeham and Sir Thomas Bodley. In other prints we may see how Friar Bacon's study once stood on Folly Bridge, how Magdalen and Christ Church looked in a past time, and we have a print of Cumnor Place, the scene of Amy Robsart's tragic death, from a beautiful engraving in the "Microcosm of Oxford." We have a scene from the Bayeux Tapestry of an event making one of the most picturesque scenes in the pageant—the coronation of King Harold. All these—there are many more—we reproduce on another page, and they give a good idea of the interest of the book.

But the words, after all, are "the thing." The literature of the Pageant, indeed, is charming, quite the best that has yet been done of its kind. Each episode is from a different pen, and each is most happily inspired. Mr. Robert Bridges has written a fine "Invitation to the Pageant"

One of the most poetical pieces of writing in the book is Mr. Laurence Housman's, who writes the episode of St. Frideswide.

Next comes the wordless scene of the Coronation of King Harold II. at Oxford (1036).

A little further on in the pageant we have a comic incident, written by Mr. C. W. C. Oman, relating to Friar Bacon, the Oxford doctor who was called a magician, and imprisoned. There is talk of his "famed laboratory,"

> The pipes that gurgle and the spouts that hiss,
> The furnaces with crucibles aglow,
> The jars, with many coloured labels, ranged
> Much like enshielded knights in battle line,
> And, wrapping all, that dense mephitic smell,
> That Science sheds around her votaries."

As for the Brazen Head, it will only talk on condition "That first you put a penny in this slot."

In an interlude, "The Masque of Mediæval Learning," written by Professor Raleigh, there is a "Balade of Foolishe Desire," a gem, spoken by a "vain student." Here is one of the verses:—

> Never to meet sweet Idleness,
> Nor to fair Folly give assent;
> Never to tourney with Noblesse,
> Nor ever know Amour's torment;
> To pore upon some document
> When thro' the casement sang the Spring—
> This were indeed a grievous thing,
> And learning I should soon repent.

In a scene between Henry VIII. and Wolsey, representing the foundation of Cardinal College (or Christ Church—see our print), Mr. James B. Fagan puts into Wolsey's mouth fine words like these:—

> Let's build a house
> Wherein by spirit-subtle alchemy
> Men may transform the wise high thoughts of old
> To new and golden deeds. Then shall we build
> As I have dreamed we built. Majestic walls,
> Wherein the brain of England shall conceive
> The thoughts that on white-winged ships shall fly
> To wake the slumbering barriers of the world.



LORD CLIVE
FROM THE PAINTING BY KATHANIEL DANCE, R.A., IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

The episode of Amy Robsart is wordless, and represents a scene witnessed by the citizens of Oxford on Sunday, September 22, 1560—Amy Robsart's funeral procession.

The last spoken part of the pageant ends on a sad note—the expulsion of the Fellows of Magdalen College by James II., written by Mr. Stanley Weyman:—

> The King's will be done.
> Aye, so be it, if it must be! Come, all;
> And in the chapel we have served so long
> We'll sing our last and saddest evensong!

The scene of the conflict is shown in our print of Magdalen. We have quoted enough to show that the Pageant is brilliantly written, and there is no doubt that it will be brilliantly played.

THE CLIVE MEMORIAL FUND

The anniversary of Plassey falls to-morrow (Sunday), when, in connection with the proposed memorial to Lord Clive, there will be a public meeting in celebration of the epoch-making victory, and in furtherance of the scheme of erecting memorial statues of Clive in England and India. It is hoped to raise sufficient money—a hope voiced eloquently by Lord Curzon of Kedleston, the President of the Memorial Fund—to erect a statue in London and one in Calcutta. "Assuming that the commemoration of great men in marble or bronze is a befitting, even when it is a belated, tribute to themselves, and an honourable incentive to others, I need not argue the case for a memorial to Clive," whose life, though it passed "amid startling vicissitudes of fortune, and went out in tempestuous gloom, was yet a life of pre-eminent service, of dazzling achievement, and of eternal renown." So wrote Lord Curzon in the *Times* when the idea of a memorial was recently mooted. It is to be hoped that the appeal of the powerful committee under Lord Curzon's presidency will not fall on deaf ears, and that neither England nor India will have to wait long before each has a suitable memorial of the man who "at the age of thirty-one planted the foundations of an Empire more enduring than Alexander's, more splendid than Cæsar's." Subscriptions should be sent to Lord Curzon, 1, Carlton House Terrace, S.W., to the hon. secretary, Mr. Perceval Landon, 5, Pall Mall Place, S.W., or to the Bank of England.

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PLACE AUX DAMES

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

It is the fashion nowadays to consider extravagance and splendour the highest art of dress; and yet, go to the portrait galleries, study the old masters, note even the modern paintings—the Sargents, the Shannons, the Colliers, the Laverys—and what do we find? Extremest simplicity, single tones, as in Sargent's "Lady Sassoon" or Lavery's "Mrs. Leo Bonn," masses of black or white, or greeny grey, or brown merging into red. Simplicity is the highest achievement of the artist in dress, simplicity of form, unity of design, effects of colour produced by one plain tint, and clever little touches in complementary hues. A dress may cost much, even though the effect is simplicity. Exaggerated hats, stupendous headdresses such as are being now introduced, never enhanced a woman's beauty, and the greatest spendthrifts know this. The Empress Josephine, the most extravagant of women, loved a white muslin or gauze dress, with a cashmere shawl wound gracefully round her shoulders. To be sure, she would have two hundred of these diaphanous dresses, and wear none more than once. She would have the gauze embroidered in silver or flecked with gold or covered with lace, but the effect—an effect only an artist can obtain—was that of rare and simple elegance.

The eye, in these days of strenuous competition, is perhaps the most valuable member of the working man and woman's body, and yet the eye is easily affected. A grain of dust may set up inflammation, an accident may destroy the sight, illness produce partial or even total blindness. The poor cannot pay for skilled oculists, often do not even realise the mischief that is going on or the necessity for glasses till it is too late. The Royal Eye Hospital at Southwark is a public benefactor, bringing life and comfort to many a wretched creature, and restoring health to those who are despairing. Help is urgently needed to continue the good work, and a memorial bed forms one of the happiest ways of conferring charity and keeping alive the memory of one we love. It is better than a painted window, and more useful than any marble tablet. Mr. Moresby Chinnery, Sir Richard Wyatt, Lady Joicey, and Mr. Grainger Kerr are a few who have generously carried out this splendid idea, which I heartily commend to my readers.

A contemporary tells us of the curious craze of ladies who take their dogs out to dinner, and cause thereby much confusion and difficulty to hostesses; but the practice has been still further extended. I know of a young lady who takes her dog to balls. It lies in her mother's lap while the girl dances, and the latter insists on her partners bringing her back after each dance, not to inquire after the mother's comfort or well-being, but in order to give a caress to the pet lest it should feel lonely! I can imagine the young man comparing the interest taken in himself with that shown the dog, and unfavourably commenting thereon. For after all a man is better than a dog, from whatever standpoint he is considered, and the love of a woman who lavishes all her caresses on her pets is scarcely the love that a man would care to claim for his own.

The modern child continues to surprise its parents. One mother I knew who, having been separated from her child of five for a few days, rushed eagerly into the garden where it was playing, and called out, "Here I am, darling! I have come back! Mother has come back!" The child, of an affectionate nature, merely looked up from digging, and remarked, "I can't shake hands with you, my fingers are all covered with mud!" This remarkable self-possession is a help to mothers in other ways. The child does not fret for its departed nurse, a new governess has no terrors for it; it goes out to parties without shyness, dances or sings in public without a tremor, and quietly criticises the plays and amusements to which it is taken. Another little girl reproved a friend for letting her intended husband kiss her in public, when the mother, by way of smoothing over the situation, remarked, "Why, my dear, you have often seen your father kiss me." "No," replied the child, "it is always *you* who *kiss him!*"

In that extremely interesting little book, the "Letters from John Chinaman," some keen blows are aimed at our English manners and customs. "Look at your streets," says the author, "row upon row of little boxes, one like another, lacking in all that is essential, loaded with all that is superfluous, pass among you for architecture." How true! Where are the space, the light, the air, the roomy cupboards, which would make our abodes desirable? He draws a lovely picture of the country in China. "Here," says he, "have I sat for hours in an intense silence broken only now and again from far below by voices of labourers calling across the watercourses, or at evening or dawn by the sound of gongs summoning to worship from the temples in the valley." An earthly paradise indeed.



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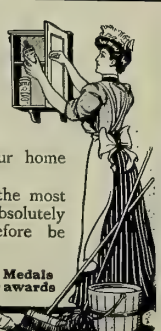
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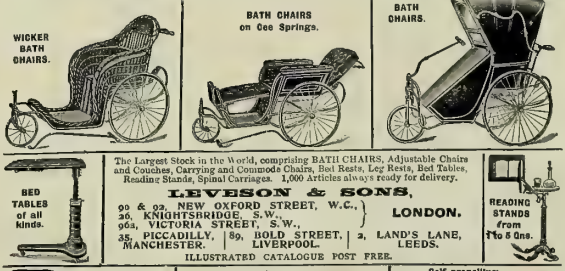
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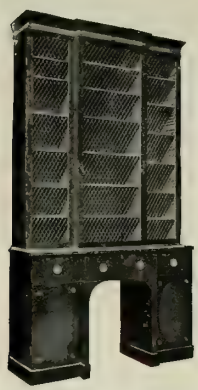
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MUSIC NOTES

It is, of course, a well-known fact that everything needs an occasional rest, from statesmen to clothes and razors. Music is no exception to the rule, and it frequently happens that an opera or a symphony, the charms of which seem to have been worn a trifle thin by constant repetition, gains a fresh lease of life when it has been laid aside for a year or two. Take, for example, the case of Gounod's *Faust*. During the last thirty years or so this opera has been played simply *ad nauseam*. Every season has seen it performed many times on the Covent Garden stage, every touring company gives it a prominent place in its *répertoire*, till at last its beauties have become so familiar that they have almost ceased to charm.

Mr. Grossmith used to tell a story of one of his butlers, which may not be out of place in this connection. The butler had been with the family for many years, and had, apparently, never found any serious cause for dissatisfaction. One day, however, he came to the master of the house and announced his intention of leaving. Mr. Grossmith was astounded. "You have been with us a great number of years, William," said he. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "And we have treated you with every consideration." "No one could have been kinder, sir," said the butler, with feeling. "And yet you wish to leave. What is the reason?" "I would rather not say, sir," replied the butler, awkwardly. "But I must insist on knowing," said Mr. Grossmith; "I cannot let you go without any explanation." "Well," said William, "since you insist, the reason is that I've been here twenty years, and I'm simply sick to death of the sight of you and the whole family!"

Now the butler did not intend any disrespect to Mr. Grossmith, nor do we intend any disrespect to *Faust* when we say that we are sick to death of its melodies. In point of fact they are, for the most part, very fine melodies, and the opera is surely destined to outlive many of those which have achieved an immense popularity here during the last few years. It has, however, been overworked of late and it needs a rest. If only it were laid on the shelf for a while, we should enjoy it as we have not enjoyed it for years.

The features of the recent performance of Gounod's opera were the charming singing of Mlle. Donalda as the heroine, M. Journet's fine impersonation of the part of Mephistopheles, and the brilliant success scored by Signor Sammarco as Valentine. There can be little doubt now that Signor Sammarco is one of the greatest baritones of the day. His voice is of so beautiful a quality, he sings so well, and is so gifted an actor, that he stands head and shoulders above most of his contemporaries. Certainly lovers of opera have good reason to bless the day when Covent Garden added



Last week Lord Rosebery unveiled, in the Examination Schools at Oxford, the tablet to commemorate the scholarships founded by Cecil Rhodes. The tablet, which has been erected at the foot of the grand staircase, was designed by Mr. T. Graham Jackson, R.A.

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him to their forces. Signor Carpi, who played Faust, seemed to be a victim of nervousness and hardly sang so well as he has sung on previous occasions. In Italy the tremolo is tolerated, but in England it is anathema maranatha, and he will do well to cultivate a somewhat steadier style of vocalisation if he wishes to find favour here. For the rest the smaller parts were filled by very capable artists, and Mr. Percy Pitt conducted.

Fresh from her triumphs on the Continent, little Miss Vivien Chartres gave a brilliantly successful recital at the Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon. Like *Faust*, however, she seems to need a little rest. It is, no doubt, very delightful to create a furore wherever one goes, but it is tiring work, and the strain on young nerves must be very great. On Saturday she played quite as brilliantly as ever, and attacked her difficult tasks with all that characteristic enthusiasm which is so refreshing in days like these, when many of our leading musicians seem to be afflicted with "that tired feeling." It is sincerely to be hoped, however, that those who are responsible for her well-being will not allow her to be overworked. She is unquestionably one of the most promising musicians that England has produced for many a long day, and we should be loth to see such brilliant gifts wasted. A wonderful career may safely be prophesied for her, always providing that her talents are allowed to develop naturally.

The census of those who have said that the Joachim quartet without Dr. Joachim is like *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark is not yet complete, but it is confidently believed that the numbers will run into thousands. The announcement that the great violinist would be prevented by a cold from visiting London for the series of concerts arranged for his quartet has, of course, aroused the deepest regret. The changes necessitated by his absence may not have seriously affected the performances, yet something was lacking. It was, of course, through his influence that the quartet became the greatest of the day, and his personality still remains the most powerful in the musical world. His countless admirers in every country will unite in wishing him a speedy recovery.

J. D. H.

A meeting of the United Kingdom Beneficent Association, which distributes £25,000 annually in the relief of poor gentlefolk, will be held at 3 p.m. on Wednesday, June 26, at 25, Park Lane, W., by kind permission of Sir Edward and Lady Sassoon. His Majesty the King has just signified his appreciation of the work of the association by becoming an annual subscriber. His Majesty is already a life-governor. The number of invitations being limited, applications for these should be made at once to Miss May Bateman, 64, Longridge Road, Earl's Court, S.W.; all other communications to be made to the Secretary, Mr. F. Burton Osborn, 7, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.

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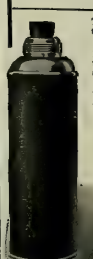
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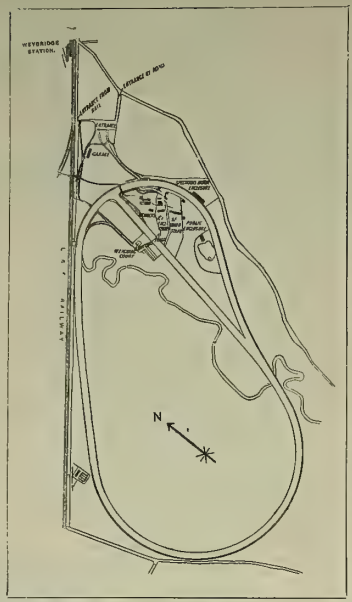
MOTOR NOTES

The Brooklands Motor Track

The opening of the Brooklands Racing Club at Weybridge on Monday last is an epoch in the history of motoring. We have all heard something about it, and all, no doubt, have seen illustrations of its making; but no one could appreciate the gigantic proportions of the enterprise without going round the course. At the luncheon on Monday Mr. Locke-King referred especially to the assistance given by Colonel Holden, and paid a tribute to the Press, inasmuch as he said success largely depended on what the papers might say, and the help they might render in giving it a good push-off. Well, I for one am willing to do so. Before witnessing one or two friendly contests I was under the impression that it would be impossible to create sufficient interest in racing on a track to make it worth the candle, but my opinion is shaken. The site of the course and its surroundings are almost enough to attract visitors, situated as they are in a natural arena. It is hardly fair, perhaps, to say "natural," as the work which has been carried out has been of vast proportions; but the hill from which the whole course can be seen is natural. After luncheon, cars were permitted to run round the course, led by Mrs. Locke-King. Any speed may undoubtedly be attained on the course without danger either to the competitors or the spectators. I was doing a mild "forty-five," but felt as if I was standing still.

A Few Particulars

The course itself is oval, intersected by a straight finishing run at one end. Two bridges carry it over the river Wey. The surface is of concrete, and is raised above water level throughout. To provide for the possibility of high speeds being maintained by motor cars whilst travelling round the curves, the outer edge of the course is elevated to a considerable extent. At the northern end of the oval it cuts through a hill, thus leaving a sharply rising elevation within the oval itself. This elevation forms a natural grand stand, from which the whole course can be overlooked, whilst its boundary on one side is formed by the straight finishing run, of which it also commands a full view. On the hill are all the buildings required for accommodating a large number of spectators, to which access is gained by means of two tunnels and a bridge. The whole of the course is enclosed in unclimbable fencing, and in those parts to which the public are admitted a double row of fencing has been erected, to ensure ample protection. In order to safeguard cars running on the course, a comprehensive system of telephones has been established, and every part of the circuit is overlooked by a sentry, established in a sentry-box, furnished with telephone apparatus and alarm bells. The whole course is thus under constant observation, and all occurrences can be signalled electrically to the executive. The scientific banking of the course, as well as its great width, and the immunity from irresponsible traffic, should provide drivers with opportunities of combining speed with a safety hitherto unknown. Ten race meetings have been fixed for 1907, on the following dates:—Saturday, July 6; Saturday, July 20; Saturday, August 3; Monday, August 5; Saturday, August 17; Saturday, September 14; Saturday, September 21; Saturday, October 5; Saturday, October 19; and Saturday, November 2. £15,000 will be distributed in prizes, and the various events will be duly advertised. Without slavishly following horse-racing example, an endeavour will be made to adapt the races generally to that precedent, as the chief object is to provide spectators with excitement and amusement. For this reason vehicles will in all cases be started simultaneously, and the only criterion of success will be priority in passing the winning-post. All spectators will see and understand the race from beginning to end, as, irrespective of time, formulas or handicaps, the race will belong to the first car "past the post." The length of the circuit once round is 2 11-16th miles on the inner side, and 3¼ miles on the full circuit with straight finish. The bank on the curve is 28ft. high, and the course is 100ft. wide. The dimensions will perhaps convey what immense proportions the scheme involves.



PLAN OF THE BROOKLANDS MOTOR TRACK

Motors and Social Functions

Who is not a motorist nowadays? I ask the question because there are still a few places left where owners of motors do not meet with the heartiest reception. The motor enclosure at the Richmond Horse Show is extremely limited, only the first row having any view of the ring. After a great deal of trouble I was able to persuade the stewards to allow motors to take up positions near the half-crown stand, but in the earlier stages of my interview with one of the officials I was informed that motors were a nuisance. That view is absurd nowadays, and a motor taking up its position near the ring is not nearly so likely to cause trouble as one setting down ticket-holders for the grand stand, which, of course, hundreds do. It is half the pleasure of the Richmond Show to take a party for luncheon; but when one's view of the ring is confined to the back of a taxameter cab there is no fun. I saw several large exhibitors in cars, and I have often shown there myself. On Friday many motors left again when they saw the position allotted to them. I would venture to suggest that there is no need for space to be given up for horse-clothing, tents, saddlery, etc., *facing* the ring, and this might well and profitably be given up to an extension of the motor enclosure. It would be a great boon also to society in general if motors were allowed to take up positions near the carriage enclosure at Ascot. The club have an enclosure this year, but it is more a place to leave one's car than for actual use. When one has once enjoyed the convenience and ease the motor provides in attending these meetings, it seems hardly worth while to go to all the trouble of travelling in crowded specials, with the general scramble for luncheon, etc.

A Hint to Coachbuilders

Whilst I am on the subject of race meetings, I would suggest that coachbuilders might well exercise their ingenuity in providing special attachments to cars for these purposes. I have quite determined to have my next car designed so that the seats may be reversable. With this alteration a roomy side-entrance car would give a most comfortable luncheon space for four or five, with ample room for a trestle table between the seats. The front seat would only need to be attached to the body by a couple of bolts and the thing is done. Then I think, with a flat seat, similar to a coach's, on a level with the back of the car, and the ordinary back seat as a foot rest, one would possess a vehicle difficult to surpass for convenience. A few minutes' work before starting home would put the whole thing in touring trim. I have already several attachments, such as a wide board which simply rests across the car on the side doors, to serve as a luncheon-table. This travels under the cushion of the back seat, and takes up no space. A tea-box with its fittings is made exactly to fit a corner of the "boot." A little care in design makes a great deal of difference in the comfort of one's passengers. There are, of course, many people who "prefer" to have to disengage the oil-can from the teapot, or spare inner tubes from the vicinity of the lobster salad, but it is just as easy to have a place for everything and everything in its place.

GRAPHICUS.

The Royal dais, the Princesses' stalls, and the replica of old Temple Bar at the Queen's Fête at the Mansion House were designed and erected by Messrs. Waring and Gillow as a contribution to the funds of the Fête.

The programme at the Alhambra includes a novel ballet, which for its effects relies on a clever arrangement of electric lighting. The bodies of the dancers are covered with changing glow-lamps, and as they move in complete darkness the pretty tableaux thus produced can be well imagined. The Zancigs, whose endeavour to "interest and mystify," as they now put it, created such a furore some months ago, are appearing again for a short time.



EDGAR LADENBURG, WHOSE SECOND CAR, DRIVEN BY FRITZ ERLE, WON THE TROPHY

Mr. Edgar Ladenburg, who, in the Herkomer Cup contest, drove the official car that was not allowed to be overtaken, was beaten by his second car, driven by Mr. Fritz Erle, in points. Both, however, had non-stop runs. At the winning-post stood the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse, the former of whom heartily welcomed the heroes of the race. Photos by Underwood and Underwood, and Frankl.



A ROYAL WELCOME: THE GRAND DUKE AND DUCHESS OF HESSE AT THE WINNING-POST

THE HERKOMER CUP RACE: THE END OF THE CONTEST

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THE GRAPHIC

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SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1907

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Herr Bernhard Dernburg

GERMANY'S NEW COLONIAL SECRETARY

By J. L. Bashford

WITH the appointment last year of Herr Bernhard Dernburg as Acting Director of the Colonial Department of the German Foreign Office, Kaiser Wilhelm opened up a new era for the development of the German Civil Service. On the retirement of the Hereditary Prince Ernst von Hohenlohe-Langenburg, Prince von Bülow was at a loss to select a man capable of restoring order to the Colonial Department, which had got very much into disorder; and the choice fell upon a Bank Director, a man of business, a man who had never been trained amongst the trammels of red tape, but had won his spurs amidst the risks and difficulties of the thorny field of affairs. Last year, when he was offered the appointment, he was only forty-one years of age. He was born at Darmstadt on July 17, 1865, and is the son of the well-known author and journalist Friedrich Dernburg. His mother, who died two years ago, was a Fräulein Stahl, an extremely gifted and talented lady, the daughter of a Lutheran pastor of some position. The family is talented in other of its branches also; Herr Dernburg's uncle, his father's brother, is the eminent jurisconsult, Professor Heinrich Dernburg, of the Berlin University.

When selected to be Acting Director of the Colonial Department, Herr Dernburg had to resign his post on thirty-eight boards of directors, and with his appointment as a civil servant of the Empire he exchanged the huge remuneration of the positions of trust he had hitherto held for a comparatively trifling official salary, to which were added the favour of his Sovereign, exalted titles, and a task which, to a less adventurous and enterprising man, might have appeared thankless, so fraught was it at that time with dangerous pitfalls. We are entitled to assume that the Acting Director must have been imbued with a big store of genuine patriotism, as well as with a dogged love for overcoming difficulties, and no small amount of ambition. Hardly had he been in office for a few weeks when scandals were revealed connected with his subordinates, and he was personally exposed to the weight of the opposition of the strongest parties in the Reichstag. The issue of the conflict, in which he was fully supported by the Chancellor, was a dissolution of the Reichstag, and Herr Dernburg stumped the country—this on the part of a State official was also an innovation in German and Prussian Parliamentary life—as the standard-bearer of the Government in their fight at the hustings against Ultramontanes and Social Democrats. Dernburg's appeal to the intelligence of the Empire on behalf of the Colonies was listened to, and his arguments so told upon the electorate on the broader questions at issue that Prince von Bülow was able to secure a victory, and Kaiser Wilhelm was not only spared a defeat, but, contrary to the expectations of large numbers at home and abroad, received a most remarkable vote of confidence from the Empire.

Until Kaiser Wilhelm II came to the Throne the Hohenzollerns, with the exception of the Great Elector, did not show much interest in Colonial expansion, and, after the death of this latter Prince, transoceanic plans were abandoned by Prussia's Kings. It was not until 1884 that the modern era of colonisation for the German Empire was initiated, when Bismarck was forced to modify his views on Colonial policy. He did so by proclaiming the German Protectorate over Angra Pequeña. The unnecessary preliminary frictions connected with the establishment of the German Protectorate over South West Africa, and those anything but straightforward practices of Prince Bismarck that attended the hoisting of the German flag in the Cameroons, glaringly disclosed in subsequent Blue Books, were the beginnings of the tension and Anglophobia initiated by regrettable errors committed from Berlin. Prince Bismarck inaugurated the new Colonial era urged on by the German Colonial Society, founded in 1882; but the early stage was attended with hesitation and trembling, and the first twenty years of Colonial ownership proved a greater source of trouble than of joy to the young Empire. "Our Colonies," as the early enthusiasts proudly styled the apparently arid remains ignored by other nations who were earlier in the field, were somewhat of a laughing-stock to onlookers in the eighties of last century, and it was said of the Germans that they had not the talent for colonisation. Soldiers and officials flocked thither in abundance, whilst merchants, planters, and men of enterprise shunned them. Official Bumbledom prevailed there, and German emigrants preferred any other flag but their own. One of Germany's most experienced practical travellers told me in 1902, "it is impossible for us to have prosperous Colonies under our present system."

Amongst the Radicals and Socialists the outlay for Colonial expenditure has always been condemned; but a real effort is now to be made to run the Colonies on commercial lines, and—reluctantly, perhaps—capitalists have stepped forward to help the movement. The Kaiser has all along been in favour of Colonial expansion, and the present Chancellor has invariably encouraged the adherents of Colonial enterprise. The troubles in South West Africa have been surmounted; a separate Colonial Office has been constituted, with a Secretary of State for the Colonies and an Under-Secretary of State. Herr Bernhard Dernburg is now Secretary of State for the new Colonial Office; and Herr von Lindiquist, the last Governor of South West Africa, has been appointed Under-Secretary. During December and January last, Secretary of State Dernburg, as Acting Director of the Colonial Office, was the man of the hour. In his higher office he is likely to call forth still greater attention than heretofore. The motto he has written under the photograph he has permitted me to publish in THE GRAPHIC is, "Public office is a public trust." These words sound somewhat commonplace, but are meant in real earnest by their author, who intends that his office shall be no sinecure.



"Public Office is a Public Trust."

Dernburg

In a conversation I have had with the new Secretary of State for the Colonies, his Excellency said: "I look upon the administration of our Colonies as a commercial undertaking. The soil and the natives of the Colony—and, therefore, the products of the soil also—have to be utilised for the benefit of the colonising nation, whilst on the other hand the colonising nation furnishes a counter-gift by elevating the moral and physical status of the natives, and by having recourse to special methods for the development of the Colony. Thus the undertaking becomes a two-sided arrangement; and from the nature of such an arrangement it is clear that, if a Colony is to prosper, the mercantile element—people connected with trade and commerce—must form part of its administrative body. The civil element in the Colony must necessarily predominate over the military element; or, in other words, the military element, in its administration and government, will have to be subservient to the civil element.

"In my opinion the procedure necessary for prosperous colonisation has considerably changed of late. The part to be played by such factor sas railways, scientists, and doctors has been more strictly marked out, and more so in Africa than in other countries. One must endeavour to avoid the destruction of the natives by the exclusion, as far as possible, of destructive elements, such as weapons and alcohol, and by the introduction of scientific elements that are favourable to the preservation of life and the improvement of sanitary conditions. An effort will be made to cultivate and civilise the natives, but of course nobody must imagine that you can jump over two thousand years all of a sudden in Africa and can transform an African nigger all at once into a civilised European!

"The fiscal policy of the Colonies will be arranged according to their fiscal wants and natural conditions; at this juncture they will enjoy no preference at all. We have no intention to institute an imperialistic policy in regard to the Colonies. Germany taxes her Colonial products exactly like the products of the 'most-favoured nation,' and there are no discriminating tariffs.

"We intend to maintain in the Colonies only as many troops as are sufficient to keep the peace, and as the pacification of the country becomes more stable we shall shift from troops to police.

"As regards the finances of the Colonies, we shall strive to attain the same end secured in English Colonies. We shall aim at making them self-supporting; and, after that, we shall hope to give them a measure of self-government.

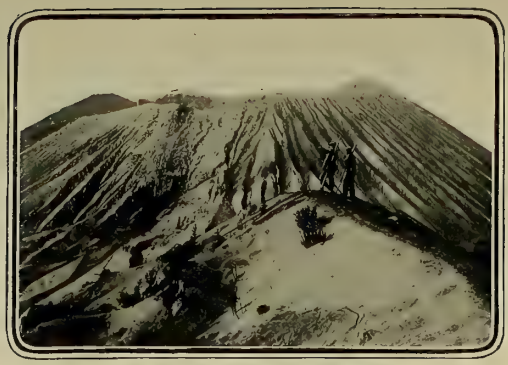
"Our chief policy will be to construct as many railways as possible, so as to open up the highways of the Colonies. So far, only a portion of the products of the natives can reach the coast in the German Colonies because the coast line is almost everywhere comparatively of small length. In consequence of this disadvantage the British Uganda line receives from our Colony of East Africa fifty-three per cent. of the freight it carries. A bill for continuing the railway in German East Africa, the first 220 kilometres (136·62 miles) of which will be opened next December, will be laid before the Reichstag next December; it is intended after that to continue the line forthwith to the lakes.

"In a parliamentary paper recently issued it is laid down, as the result of experience, that nearly all African railways have covered their expenses a short time after being opened, and that some, indeed, of those have paid dividends in the early stage after being handed over to traffic. In every case the result of the opening of the railway for the Colony concerned has been a rise in the value of imports and exports, an expansion of trade, and consequently an increase of revenue because of the duties collected, based on an augmentation in production and consumption. The increase in the sources of revenue just mentioned has materially benefited the finances of the Colonies; and there are also other important advantages, namely of a sanitary, economical, and civilising nature, resulting from the building of railways which are great factors that make for the prosperity of a Colony.

"I may state, in conclusion, that Germany has no desire for more Colonies; she has enough. Those we have we intend to develop so that they shall become self-sustaining, and be a factor in the economical fabric of the Empire—that they shall provide raw materials for our home manufacturers, and that they shall in return consume German products. I am sanguine about the future of our German colonies, provided that they be managed on business lines."



ON THE SLOPE OF THE CRATER



THE NEW CONE VIEWED FROM MONTE SOMMA

THE NEW VESUVIUS AND THE FIRST PARTY TO VISIT THE ALTERED CRATER

It will be remembered that the great eruption of Vesuvius last year blew away the huge cone which formed such a characteristic feature of the volcano, and thus entirely altered its appearance. Since then Vesuvius has slumbered but fitfully, and no one dared to approach the crater until the other day, when a party of tourists made the ascent. The accompanying photographs are by one of the party.

It is interesting to recall the chief changes which Vesuvius has undergone in appearance since the first recorded eruption in the year 79, when Pompeii and Herculaneum were overwhelmed. Before that time the summit was flat and the slopes of the mountain were covered with fertile meadows. After the great outburst Vesuvius never regained its original shape, and a remnant of the broken wall of the ancient crater is still visible in Monte Somma. In the nine eruptions of greater or less severity which took place between 79 and 1500 no alteration seemed to have been recorded in the physiognomy of the mountain, but during the long period of unbroken quiescence between 1500 and 1631 the slopes again became covered with vegetation and cattle grazed in the crater. It was towards the end of the seventeenth century that Vesuvius assumed the form it maintained for more than 200 years, for in 1685 an eruption occurred during which, says an old chronicler, there arose "a new mountain within, and higher than the old one." The new mountain was the cone destroyed last year. During some eruptions the mountain has increased in height, and during others it has sunk hundreds of feet. Last year, when the eruption was over, the cone was found to have a horizontal rim, very little higher than Monte Somma, the sides being almost snow-white from the deposit of sublimates. Our photographs are by C. Trampus.



Charles I was more closely associated with Oxford than any other English monarch, and in the Pageant, which began on Thursday, His Majesty appears in three scenes. The first, here depicted in rehearsal, represents a visit by the King, with the Queen, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, in the summer of 1636, when they were received by the Chancellor of the University, Archbishop Laud. His Majesty, as shown in our photograph, arrives in the Royal barge. Photograph by Gillman.

A VISIT FROM CHARLES I: ONE OF THE SCENES IN THE OXFORD PAGEANT



The Ranelagh Horse Show on Saturday was one of the most successful ever held. Among the hackneys, Mrs. Hartley Batt's Heathfield Squire, in the single harness class, for horses over 14·2, was far and away the best in the class, and won the first prize. Heathfield Squire was driven by Mrs. Hartley Batt. Photograph by W. A. Rouch.

A WINNER AT RANELAGH: MRS. HARTLEY BATT'S HEATHFIELD SQUIRE



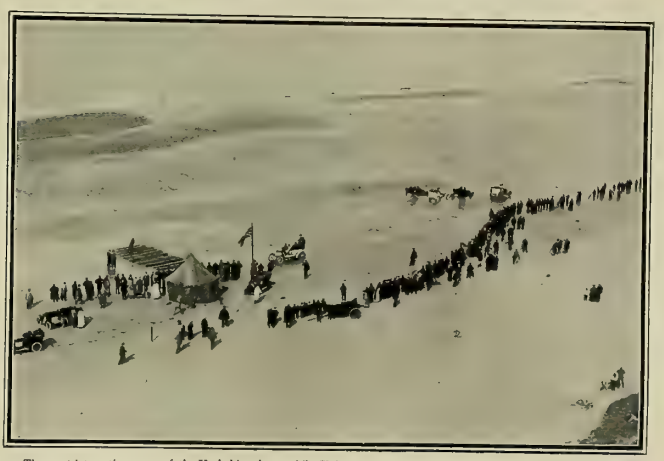
The final tie for the Champion Cup, played at Hurlingham on Saturday before the largest crowd of the season, produced some good polo, though Roehampton, who have held the cup for two seasons, were beaten by the Freebooters by four goals to two. The holders were four goals to the bad in the first half, but by determined play put on two in the second half.

POLO AT HURLINGHAM: THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPION CUP FINAL



Arnaud Massey, the Frenchman of La Boulie, who won the Open Golf Championship on the links of the Royal Liverpool Club at Hoylake last week, was born at Biarritz, and first learned golf when acting as a caddie there. He is thirty-two, and first entered for the championship in 1902.

THE WINNER OF THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP



The most interesting event of the Yorkshire Automobile Club's speed trials on the sands between Marske and Saltburn occurred in the open event for racing cars of any weight, in which the Hon. Lee Guinness, on his 200 h.-p. Darracq, covered the flying kilomètre in 20sec. This equals a speed of 112 miles an hour, and constitutes a new British record. The club's gold medal and cup, given for two to four cylinder touring cars, was won by Mr. H. Pickles on his 12 h.-p. Singer, and the Yorkshire Automobile Club Trophy by Mr. Farnell (Daimler).

MOTOR RACING ON THE SANDS: THE YORKSHIRE AUTOMOBILE CLUB'S SPEED TRIALS



Mr. T. E. Hammond's splendid walk from London to Brighton and back in the wonderful time of 18h. 13min. 37sec. was 2h. 18min. 16sec. better than Mr. W. H. Horton's previous record. There were six competitors, and the start and finish were at South Croydon. Barnes-Moss was second in 20h. 23min. 32sec.

A RECORD OF THE BRIGHTON ROAD: T. E. HAMMOND GOING STRONG



The entries for Henley Regatta, numbering 74, are a record. The Leander Club will row for the Grand Challenge Cup. The crew is as follows:—H. C. Bucknall (bow), H. M. Goldsmith, A. G. Kirby, F. J. Escombe, J. H. F. Benham, E. W. Powell, B. C. Johnstone, D. C. R. Stuart (stroke), and G. S. Maclagan (cox).

PREPARING FOR HENLEY REGATTA: THE LEANDER CREW AT PRACTICE

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

BEFORE these words are published the Prime Minister will have played his own version of *Iolanthe*—if we may so describe his procedure in the matter of the House of Lords—and, as we may presume, his mechanical majority will have passed the resolution required of it. There is no arguing with a steam-roller, or a motor-'bus in full career, and the fact that the country does not regard the Prime Minister's resolution as having the slightest constitutional importance, unless and until it is backed by a clear vote at a General Election, does not affect the power of the House of Commons to declare in favour of the dangerous experiment the resolution proposes. This seems to suggest that, perhaps, the country has a will of its own about certain fundamental constitutional questions that is not invariably reflected in the actual composition of the majority of the elected Chamber for the time being.

* * *

The fact is that Demos is apt to change his rulers under the influence of the caprice, the prejudice, or the enthusiasm of the moment—or even in a spirit of sheer longing for change just because it is change. But, all the time, he only means to let his new pastors and masters drive him a certain distance along the path of novelty; there is a point at which he calls a halt and begins to look out for the old landmarks. And the present is a case in point. Does any honest Radical seriously believe that the country really wants to set Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to tinker the British Constitution? We perceive no sign of any such general desire.

* * *

It looks as if the French "wine war" were in a state of incipient collapse. The inhabitants of the revolted Departments are powerless to make any effectual resistance to the masses of troops poured in upon them from other districts, and Marcelin Albert's dramatic visit to M. Clemenceau has the air of an informal hoisting of the white flag. But, even if the agitation fizzles out, the moral effects of the crisis cannot be otherwise than deplorable, and although M. Clemenceau has not been turned out of office, that is only because it is felt that, having got the country into this precious pickle, it is his duty to get it out again. When he has done that it will be time to judge him on his merits and to consider how far his record in this matter entitles him to the confidence of the nation.

* * *

The worst feature about the whole business has been, of course, the mutiny of a considerable body of troops. That is a fact which throws a lurid light upon the growing laxity of discipline in the French Army of to-day. Thanks to the persistent refusal of several Radical Ministers to support regimental officers in maintaining discipline, the latter have been obliged to wink at offences which ought to have been punished, and to devote themselves to avoiding awkward incidents which might compromise their own professional careers. Hence the late lamentable affair—an affair which, as a writer in the *Figaro* has put it, is as bad for the French Army as the loss of a battle. In the interests of France—which, be it remembered, are now, happily, very largely the interests of England—it is to be hoped that this event may lead to a general stiffening of discipline, and, in particular, to the abolition of the system of "regional recruiting," which is largely responsible for the attitude of the mutineers, as well as of other troops which were, notoriously, not to be depended upon to obey orders in certain eventualities.

* * *

It would certainly not be true to say that German domestic politics affords an example of the truth of the proverb that lookers on see most of the game. Wherefore, the prudent spectator will not be in any hurry to commit himself to an opinion as to what connection (if any) there may be between the resignation of Count Posadowsky and those obscure, subterranean forces of which so much has been heard of late, forces in the play of which personal factors are said to exercise an excessive preponderance. Certain it is, however, that the late Imperial Secretary of State for the Interior has been universally regarded as an influence on the side of Liberal and Progressive policy, and that his fall does not suggest that it is Prince Bülow's intention to rely much upon the Liberal elements in the new Reichstag.

* * *

One must needs be endowed with a liberal measure of robust optimism to be able to regard the economic outlook in the Transvaal with equanimity. General Botha has, evidently, abandoned the position he took up when in this country, with regard to the question of replacing the repatriated Chinese by Kaffir labour. Then he was all for doing nothing rashly; the Government would see their way clearly before they sent home the Chinamen. Now we hear no more of that; the mine-owners must do the best they can for themselves, and the Government, as Mr. de Villiers, the Minister of Mines, puts it, will not be responsible for the recruiting of natives. The danger seems to be that the departure of the Chinese will cause a keen competition between the mineowners and the farmers to obtain the limited available supply of native labour, with the result that both mining and agriculture will suffer from the inevitable rise in the rate of pay. However, General Botha has said that "the last of the Chinese must go," and when he has gone—why, then we shall see what we shall see. That will hardly be the end of South Africa's economic troubles.

* * *

Half a century ago last Wednesday, on June 26, 1857, her late Majesty Queen Victoria made the first distribution of Victoria Crosses to our heroes of the Crimean War. They were sixty-two in number, the men who had won the coveted new decoration on the heights before Sebastopol, and now there are but two of that glorious company left alive, Admiral Lucas and Major-General Luke O'Connor, of whom the latter figured recently among the veterans of the Indian Mutiny received by King Edward. Since the institution of the Order in 1856, 522 deeds of splendid valour have earned the Victoria Cross, which still remains—as it ever will—the supreme pride, beyond which the Fountain of Honour has nothing more honourable to bestow upon any British subject. And the V.C. is the most democratic of all decorations. It knows no distinctions of rank; it is worn alike by the Field-Marshal and the private of the line, by the Admiral of the Fleet and the bluejacket. But, then, the democracy of honour is the grandest of aristocracies.

* * *

Londoners should welcome—indeed they have welcomed—very cordially the new "Hampstead Tube." Communication between central London and the northern heights has ever been a matter of no small time and trouble, even since the much-abused motor-'bus has taken part in the solution of the problem. The new tube will, therefore, prove an immense boon, but one, we hope, that will not have to be purchased at the price of unsightly building developments among the surviving natural attractions of Hampstead and Highgate. We shall all be glad to get there so much more easily; but we shall not be at all glad if facility of access leads to the deterioration of the amenities of London's most charming suburbs.

* * *

Such great public services as those which tubes perform are not to be obtained for nothing, and the public who enjoy the benefit of them cannot fairly complain if they are asked to pay for the privileges they obtain in a measure which shall ensure a reasonable return for enormous capital outlay. The announcement that an agreement has been come to by which fares will be raised to a level of profit should not, therefore, be unwelcome in any quarters save those in which it seems to be assumed that the business of the capitalist is identical with that of the philanthropist—"which," as our old friend Euclid would put it, "is absurd."



All records for up-river traffic were beaten on Ascot Sunday, and in many places craft were unobtainable after midday. The weather was fine, though a stiff breeze made Clieveden and Cookham Reaches rather choppy. Our photograph, by Horace W. Nicholls, shows Cookham Lock with the beautiful woods of Clieveden in the background.

ASCOT SUNDAY ON THE RIVER: THE CROWD AT COOKHAM

The announcement of the Bishop of Bath and Wells that Mr. Jardine, who recently purchased Glastonbury Abbey for £30,000, did so as the result of an arrangement with him (the Bishop), with the view of the Abbey being acquired by the Church of England, will be read with a good deal of satisfaction. For, as the Bishop says, it would be a matter "of very deep regret to many members of the Church of England if the Abbey were to pass into the possession of any other communion." The Bishop is making himself responsible for the payment to Mr. Jardine of the £30,000, towards which £15,000 has already been privately guaranteed. Meanwhile, a "Glastonbury Abbey Fund" has been opened by the Bishop at Messrs. Stuckey and Co.'s Bank, Wells, and he adds that subscriptions should be sent either there or to himself. "I know that I have made a bold venture," admits the Bishop. "It was necessary to make it, and I feel confident that Churchmen will not leave me in the lurch."

READ "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."
THE BRIGHTEST
AND BEST
Summary of the World's News.

COURT AND SOCIETY

THEIR Majesties' garden party at Windsor Castle last Saturday was a notable success. About 8,500 invitations were issued by the Lord Chamberlain, or some 2,500 more than for the last garden party two years ago. Never has the little Royal borough seen such an invading host of motor-cars. Of the party itself, the most curious and remarkable feature was the diversity of costume—the Indian Princes in gorgeous robes, the King's Indian orderlies in full uniform, the members of the Chinese Legation in their blue and black dress, mingling with the bright toilettes of England's fairest daughters and the sombre frock-coats and tall hats of England's sons. There was quite a muster of Labour members of Parliament and their wives; and it is pleasant to record that these legislators had the good taste and judgment to appear in straw or bowler hats and short coats, in which they looked happy and comfortable. They were specially presented to the King, who evidently enjoyed his talk with them as much as his interview with Mark Twain.

Their Majesties' Garden Party



MISS NINA HILL
Photograph by Keturah Collings.



MR. GEORGE BROOKE
Photograph by Lafayette.

Married on June 25.

The visit of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse to their Majesties is particularly interesting, as it is the first that his Royal Highness has paid with his young consort, who was a daughter of the princely house of Solms-Hohensolms-Lich. The Grand Duke, who is, of course, the son of our beloved Princess Alice, and the nephew of King Edward, is a man of very great artistic taste. Music is with him a passion, and he is said to have the most perfect music-room in the world, which was designed and furnished entirely by himself. His Grand Duchess is exceedingly popular with his subjects, who have long known her as the intimate friend and playfellow of the Grand Duke's sisters, and especially of the Empress of Russia. Last November the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess had a son, whose christening was made the occasion of a notable gathering of Royal personages.

The Grand Duke of Hesse

His Majesty's visit to Mr. Lewis Harcourt, M.P., and Mrs. Harcourt at Nuneham is happily timed to coincide with the Oxford Pageant, which it is hoped he will honour with his presence on one day at least. It seems appropriate to recall the story that the late Sir William Harcourt used rather to pride himself on his supposed Royal descent. A mischievous friend, it is said, once proposed the customary loyal toast at a private dinner in the decidedly modified form of, "The Right Honourable Sir William George Granville Venables Vernon Harcourt, member of Parliament, and *the rest of the Royal Family*"—a jest which the veteran statesman himself appreciated enormously. The present Squire of Nuneham could, we fancy, make out another Royal descent for himself through the Hydes, to which family belonged his maternal grandmother, who afterwards, it is interesting to recall, became the wife of Sir George Cornewall Lewis. Mr. Harcourt, though not quite the youngest member of the Cabinet in point of age, is the newest in date of appointment, and he is, on the whole, the most universally popular of all the Ministry. From his childhood he has breathed the air of high politics, and the ways of the House were familiar to him long before he entered it. Urbane almost to a fault, well informed, cultivated, economical of speech, and as Radical as a man of ancient lineage and large estate can well be, he is one of the most interesting figures in contemporary politics.

The King at Nuneham

It is not the least of Mr. Harcourt's good fortune that he has contrived, so far, to miss the fate which is usually in store for the sons of famous statesmen. Neither Mr. Herbert Gladstone nor Mr. Austen Chamberlain has made for himself anything like the position occupied by their distinguished fathers. The present Lord Salisbury, though a useful and meritorious politician, has none of the commanding ability which enabled his father to lead the Conservative party with success for so many years. Mr. Winston Churchill, it is true, appears to be an exception, but his position in politics is still not yet assured. Mr. Harcourt is a curious contrast to his father, the redoubtable fighter, the great gladiator of platform, Press, and Parliament; and yet he has a hardly less clear and distinct individuality of his own, and his career is being followed with sympathetic interest by all parties, and not least by the Sovereign, who stands above all parties.

Fathers and Sons

It is pleasant to reflect that Sir William Harcourt had the joy, before he died, of seeing his son, to whose unobtrusive care and devotion he owed much, happily married to the lady of his choice. Mrs. Harcourt, *née* Mary Ethel Burns—the only daughter of the late Mr. Walter Burns, of North Mymms Park, Hatfield, a member of the great financial house of Messrs. J. S. Morgan and Co.—is an American by birth, like her husband's stepmother, the daughter of Motley, the historian. They say that all good Americans go to Paris when they die, but Mrs. Harcourt anticipated events by being born there, and her upbringing is reflected in her cosmopolitan taste and culture. Her artistic knowledge is extraordinary, and she has all a connoisseur's appreciation of the unique collections formed by her famous uncle, Mr. Pierpont Morgan. She shares also her husband's love of gardening and country life, and she does not disdain the "spade-work" of politics, as is shown by the fact that she is president of the Women's Free Trade Union, and treasurer of the Liberal Social Council. One of her valued possessions is a large photograph of the King, which His Majesty signed and presented to her last year.

Mrs. Harcourt

St. George's, Hanover Square, has seldom seen either a prettier or a smarter wedding than that of Miss Nina Hill, only daughter of Lord and Lady Arthur Hill, and Mr. George Brooke, son of Sir George Brooke, of Summerton, County Dublin. The bride's tall, graceful figure, was becomingly set off by her white dress, which was draped with exquisite and priceless old Brussels lace worn by her grandmother, Caroline Lady Downshire, at her wedding. The three little bridesmaids—Lady Winifred Cecil, Lord and Lady Exeter's daughter; Lady Joan Fitzwilliam, Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam's child; and Miss May Morrison, the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Archie Morrison—followed six grown-up bridesmaids, Miss Primrose Stapleton-Cotton, the bride's cousin; Miss Emily Brooke, the bridegroom's sister; Lady Alexander Kennedy's daughter; Miss Elinor Hankey, Miss Balfour and Miss Williams. They wore large black plumed hats, and effective touches of blue were introduced into their white costumes. The presents were notable for their beauty and taste, and included some fine Irish lace from the Royal Irish Industries Association, for which Lord and Lady Arthur Hill have done much, and a delicate lace scarf from the Meath Home Industries. The honeymoon is being spent at Captain Morrison's place near Salisbury.

Miss Hill's Wedding



Photograph by Lafayette.



MR. AND MRS. L. V. HARCOURT
Photograph by Reginald Haines.

THE HOST AND HOSTESS OF THE KING AT NUNEHAM THIS WEEK-END

A Parsi Tower of Silence

The Persian correspondent who sends the photographs—reproduced on page 960—of a Parsi "Dachmeh," or "Tower of Silence," lately erected near Yezd, in central Persia, writes:—"It is very rarely that a European has the opportunity of seeing the interior of a Tower of Silence; indeed, once it is dedicated, not even a Parsi is allowed to enter. The tower is built of mud upon a rocky hill, and whitened inside and out with 'gatch,' a sort of native lime, much used in all Persian buildings. The doorway is built half-way up the massive wall. It is made of a single block of native granite, turning on a pivot, and is only about 4ft. by 3½ft. The 'Dachmeh' illustrated was finished and dedicated in April, but the doorway has since been destroyed by the Mohammedans, who did considerable damage to the 'Dachmeh' itself as well. Therefore, before it can be used for burial it must be ceremoniously cleansed and re-dedicated. The interior is paved with granite slabs, on which the bodies of the dead are laid. The two outer circles consist of eighty-six slabs, and there are five circles with narrow footways in between each circle. The inner circle has smaller slabs for children, numbering forty-five. The dead are carried on a bier, covered with a winding-sheet (for it is unclean even to look on the dead), to the little doorway, and then hoisted in by men specially appointed for this work. These place the body on one of the slabs, then, turning their backs, draw away the sheet, leaving the body exposed to the vultures and the grilling heat of the sun. The whole 'Dachmeh' is thus gradually filled, and not till then are the bones swept down into the central pit. After a ceremonial cleansing, they begin to refill it.

"The 'Dachmeh' as now built is a modern idea. In ancient times the Parsis either burnt or buried their dead, or sometimes put them under water. Zoroaster, their prophet, taught that it was wrong to defile the three God-given elements, earth, fire, and water, and that the dead must be the food of birds, dogs, etc. So special places were appointed where the dead were to be taken, and watchers were set to see that the dead were not defiled. The richer Parsis of that time had the bones of their relatives and friends collected and placed in stone tombs outside the town, whilst the poor made stone jars and buried the bones in them. Many of the latter have been dug up round Bushire. When the Parsis were conquered by the Arabs they had to find other means of disposing of their dead, and used to take them to the tops of mountains, and so gradually the modern 'Dachmeh' has been introduced. In Yezd there is one reputed to be 150 years old, and another still more ancient, which is specially set apart for those who do away with their lives by opium or other means."



It will be remembered that amid much pomp and state the Kaiser recently installed his second son, Prince Eitel Friedrich, as Grand Master for the region of Brandenburg, of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Photo by Schoppmeyer.

PRINCE EITEL FRIEDRICH AS GRAND MASTER OF THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN

Sir John Kirk, writing on behalf of the Holiday Homes Fund of the Ragged School Union, reminds the philanthropic that parents are required to contribute towards the expense of the holiday, but no really destitute child is debarred by reason of its poverty. The cost for one child is but 10s. (plus the railway fare). "I feel sure", he adds, "there are many who would be glad to contribute this sum to enable one of the many thousands of our *protégés* to be transplanted from the man-made town to the God-made country." Contributions should be sent to him at 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.

The sculptor of the Duke of Cambridge's statue is Captain Adrian Jones, and not as stated in THE GRAPHIC for June 22. Mr. John Belcher, A.R.A., was responsible for the granite pedestal.



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. J. CRELLIN

The strike of white miners on the Rand seems to have fizzled out once it became known that the Government was determined to maintain order. Towards that end the police force along the reef was augmented, and 500 cavalry and 200 infantry despatched to the Rand from the Pretoria garrison. Considering that the average earnings of the men on strike worked out at £800 a year, it is not surprising that little sympathy was felt for the strikers, or that the Dutchmen welcomed the strike as giving their sons an opportunity to learn mining.

THE RAND REVOLT: MOUNTED POLICE GUARDING THE MINES DURING A DEMONSTRATION OF STRIKERS



M. Golovin.

THE PRESIDENT, M. GOLOVIN, DISCUSSING THE SITUATION WITH PROMINENT MEMBERS



READING THE TSAR'S MANIFESTO



THE COMMANDER OF THE PALACE GUARD



THE SCENE IN THE DEBATING CHAMBER OF THE TAURIDA PALACE DURING A SITTING OF THE NOW DEFUNCT DUMA

M. Stolypin's *coup d'etat* in dissolving the second Duma has not—yet—had the effect on the Russian people that might have been expected. On the day when he demanded the Duma's acquiescence in the arrest of the deputies accused of belonging to a secret society for the purpose of overthrowing the monarchical *regime* and founding a Democratic Republic, all the signs of a crisis were apparent. Troops surrounded the Taurida Palace, and the public were not admitted. After this thunderbolt members adjourned to discuss the situation in groups. On the Duma's decision to refer the question to a committee came the Tsar's manifesto accusing the Assembly of "failing to justify our expectations," and describing it as an "insurmountable obstacle to fruitful labour." The next elections are fixed for September 14, and the meeting of the new Duma for November 14. The new Electoral Law will do its best to make the new Duma the creature of reaction.

The Dissolution of the Duma: At the Taurida Palace before and after M. Stolypin's Coup d'Etat

Written by H. W. LUCY

This Week's Parliament

Sketches by RALPH CLEAVER

Commons and Lords

"The House of Commons shall prevail." Thus the Prime Minister, concluding a speech of an hour's duration, in which he moved the long-delayed Resolution aimed at the legislative supremacy of the House of Lords. There was a crowded audience, every seat on the floor of the House being occupied. Late comers were fain to content themselves with the accommodation offered by the side galleries. The Premier was loudly cheered from the Ministerial side when he rose, and all the more direct declamatory passages of his speech drew forth fresh bursts of applause. But he was handicapped by the assumed necessity of recurring to his former habit of reading it from manuscript. This course doubtless was adopted in deference to the importance of the occasion. Taking the preliminary step on a journey which, if completed in accordance with ordered plan, will involve a revolutionary change in the constitution, he shrank from trusting himself to the possible pitfalls of extemporaneous speech. The consequence was that the House found itself listening to the reading of a State paper.

Mr. Balfour's supremacy in debate was illustrated afresh with increasing force. Naturally, he had no time for the preparation of elaborate argument or the polishing of phrases. He was on his legs the moment the Premier resumed his seat, having no assistance in his task beyond the few sentences he had jotted down as the reading of the paper proceeded. Master of the subject, past master in the art of coining telling phrases, he straightway lifted the House out of the depressed condition into which it had sunk. Apart from the party question, the grave political situation faced, Mr. Balfour's temper was ruffled by the personal attack upon himself which had varied the level flow of the Premier's speech. He heard himself accused of "the treachery" of calling upon the House of Lords to over-ride the decision of the House of Commons.

From one point of view this is a high compliment to supreme capacity. As "C.-B." put it, a Commoner, speaking for a comparatively small minority in his own House, was accustomed on critical issues to dominate and direct the policy of the overwhelming majority in the Hereditary Chamber. The cases specially cited, frequently referred to by subsequent speakers, were the passing of the Trades Disputes Bill by the House of Lords and their throwing out of the Education Bill.

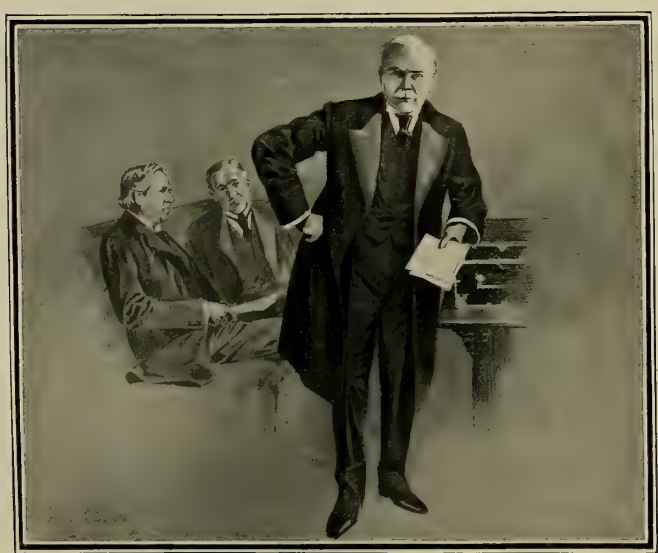
Scorning the compliment, Mr. Balfour went straight for the Premier, belabouring him with a force and precision that raised the Opposition to the heights of enthusiasm. Thereafter he subjected to severe criticism the scheme sketched in his speech. "The right hon. gentleman," he said, "is treating the constitution of which he ought to be the guardian as a plaything of the moment, a political expedient, a means of electrifying, if he can revivify, the waning popularity of himself and his colleagues." Three days were set apart for discussion of the Resolution, with the usual consequence. Only in the last hour, in view of the near approach to the division, did the scene wake up into anything approaching the excitement which Mr. Balfour aroused. When on Monday the Leader of the Opposition made an end of talking, the crowded benches emptied, and for successive hours lacked the presence of the bare quorum of forty.



Lord Robert Cecil withdraws his blocking Bill.

Of course the Resolution was carried by a rattling majority. But the debate has not been accompanied by those signs of party enthusiasm essential to carrying such a measure. This is an inevitable concomitant of the course of procedure. What has gone forward in the Commons during the greater portion of the week is not actual war, but preparation for intention to set the battle in array. "C.-B." has performed again the part of Mr. Winkle, taking off his coat and begging bystanders not to prevent him fighting by-and-bye. There is no doubt about the strength and depth of the feeling among the supporters of the Government against the assumption by the House of Lords of the position of predominant partner. From this quarter the chief objection to the Premier's scheme is taken on the ground that it is inadequate to the occasion. This feeling found expression in an amendment moved on Tuesday night on behalf of the Labour members, in which they demanded the abolition of the Upper House. Possibly when the struggle actually begins with the introduction of a definite Bill there may be manifested that enthusiasm and determination imperatively necessary to carrying it. But you cannot fake up enthusiasm in presence of a sham fight.

Meanwhile, whilst they were being frankly discussed, denounced and defended in another place, the Lords were quietly considering Mr. Haldane's scheme of Army reform, which at length reached them in the shape of a Bill. Debate on the second reading, which extended over two nights, was notable for a weighty speech from Lord Roberts. His criticism was more effective by reason of the frank admission with which he introduced it. There were, he said, in the Army Scheme some features of distinct advantage. "In some respects," he added, "it is an advance on anything we have had before." Coming from so high an authority, this general opinion was a little chilling for Mr. Brodrick, who, in his new guise of Lord Midleton, made his first appearance in House of Lords debate. He was to some extent comforted by detailed criticism designed to show that whilst the present Secretary of State for War is not so hopeless as his immediate predecessors, his scheme leaves much to be desired.



Mr. Asquith. Sir H. Fowler.

The Prime Minister introduces the Resolution against the House of Lords.



Mr. Balfour's hair gets ruffled in the strenuousness of his defence of the Peers.

THE F.O. BAG

By LUCIEN WOLF

THE new Anglo-Franco-Spanish Agreement, as revealed in the Notes published last Wednesday, is, if I may be permitted the expression, "a very tall order." I expressed my doubts of the wisdom of this compact last week, when only a very imperfect idea of its scope was available. Those doubts have not been removed—rather have they been emphasised—by the texts. The scope of the Agreement is really much wider than anyone imagined. Put in a few words, it provides for the negotiation of a military alliance between the three Powers in the event of any circumstances arising which "may alter or tend to alter the existing territorial *status quo*" in the Mediterranean and Eastern Atlantic. When we remember that the Eastern Atlantic runs from the Arctic to the Antarctic circles, and that the *status quo* thus guaranteed includes all Western Europe and Africa, the whole of Southern Europe, including Turkey, and the whole of Northern Africa, together with Asia Minor and Syria, we may well rub our eyes and wonder whether we are not back in the days of Napoleonic dangers and Metternichian combinations. Certainly since the Congress of Vienna we have had no such wide-reaching international compact. What is the need of it, and how will it work? I trust that Sir Edward Grey will give us an answer to these questions. The responsibilities involved are enormous, and the worst of it is that owing to the looseness with which the Notes have been drafted it is impossible to say where these responsibilities end. The difficulties which arose over the similar vagueness of the Mediterranean Notes exchanged with Italy in 1887 have apparently been forgotten by our Foreign Office.

There has been some murmuring at the reticence of Sir Edward Grey in regard to the instructions given to the British representatives at The Hague Conference on the subject of the proposed immunity from capture of private property at sea. One can scarcely be surprised. As a general rule it is no doubt undesirable that foreign Parliaments should anticipate the debates of an International Conference, and on some subjects it would be highly inconvenient to reveal the instructions given to the delegates by their respective Governments. These rules, however, have not always been inflexibly applied. They were not applied, for example, to the question of the Limitation of Armaments, and that question belongs to the same category as the question of the status of private property at sea. Both have come before the Conference in the same form—that is to say, they are highly controversial questions of national policy on which the last Conference was unable to arrive at a decision. In the same way, too, as the question of the Limitation of Armaments touches the vital interests of the great military Powers, so that of the immunity of private property at sea affects us seriously as a great naval Power. Our attitude on this question—an attitude we have obstinately maintained *contra mundum*—is one of the fundamental traditions of our naval policy. Hitherto we have refused even to discuss it. This was our attitude at the last Hague Conference. At Brussels in 1874 we actually made it a condition of our participation in the Conference. In these circumstances, it seems to me that Parliament has a right to know what are the instructions given to our representatives at The Hague. Personally, I think there is a case for our acquiescence in the abolition or modification of the right of capture, but so revolutionary a decision ought not to be taken without some appeal to public opinion.

Another question upon which it would be interesting—though not quite so important—to have the confidences of Sir Edward Grey, is that of the so-called Drago doctrine. Last Saturday this question was raised by the United States delegate in the shape of a proposal prohibiting the collection of State debts by force until the debtor State had submitted to arbitration, and had rejected or evaded the decision of the arbitral tribunal. This is a somewhat watered form of the original doctrine as formulated in 1902 by Señor Luis M. Drago, then Argentine Minister of Foreign Affairs, and now one of the Argentine representatives at The Hague. It will be remembered that the doctrine arose out of the action of Great Britain and Germany against Venezuela in that year. The South American Republics became alarmed at what they not unnaturally regarded as a dangerous precedent, more especially as the United States seemed disinclined to admit that the Monroe doctrine should protect defaulting American States so long as the coercion applied to them did not involve a transfer of American territory to European Powers. Thereupon, Señor Drago addressed a lengthy Note to the United States Government, in which he argued, in the first place, that militant action against American States for the recovery of debt might easily lead to the occupation of American territory, and hence to violations of the Monroe doctrine; and, in the second place, that all such action was contrary to international law, because loans from private individuals to foreign Governments were made with a full knowledge and discount of the risks they involved, and also because coercion of this kind was an unwarranted interference with the liberty and internal administration of a sovereign State. The United States Government abstained from commenting on these rather bold assumptions, but at the request of the American International Conference held at Rio last year, it agreed to submit the question to The Hague Conference.

So far as the Drago Doctrine in its original form is concerned, this country could not very well acquiesce in it. Its conception of sovereignty is manifestly absurd, for, if pushed to its logical conclusion, it would prevent any State from obtaining any reparation for any kind of wrong-doing from another State. The argument that loan-mongers discount their risks in advance is much too wide a generalisation. In some cases it is perhaps true, but each case should be judged on its merits. There is, as a matter of fact, no essential difference in the eye of international law between the persons and properties of foreigners. Both have a claim to be protected by their Governments, and neither forfeits this claim, though, in the one case, the risks may be provided against by carrying a brace of pistols, or in the other they may be discounted by high interest. The relation of the whole question to the Monroe doctrine does not concern us. It suffices for us that the United States declines to use the Monroe doctrine to protect American wrong-doers, and we accept the condition that our action should not involve a seizure of American territory. We should, of course, have no objection to Señor Drago's interpretation of the Monroe doctrine provided it carried with it the necessary responsibilities. That is to say that the United States should guarantee us against the wrong-doing which, in present circumstances, imposes upon us the disagreeable necessity of reprisals. This, however, the United States declines to do. Moreover, so far as the South American Republics are concerned, it would only be a substitution of the fire for the frying-pan.

There is, indeed, no reason why we should depart from our traditional policy on this question. That policy was laid down very fully and precisely by Lord Palmerston in 1848 in a circular to foreign States, and it has been adhered to by all our Foreign Secretaries since then. The following is the chief passage in this important despatch:—

> If the question is to be considered simply in its bearing on international right, there can be no doubt whatever of the perfect right which the Government of every country possesses to take up any well-founded complaint which any of its subjects may prefer against the Government of another country, or any wrong which from such foreign Government these subjects may have sustained; and if the Government of one country is entitled to demand redress for any one individual among its subjects who may have a just but unsatisfied pecuniary claim upon the Government of another country, the right so to require redress cannot be diminished merely because the extent of the wrong is increased, and because instead of there being one individual claiming a comparatively small sum, there are a great number of individuals to whom a very large amount is due. It is therefore simply a question of discretion with the British Government whether this matter should or should not be taken up by diplomatic negotiation, and the decision of that question of discretion turns entirely upon British and domestic considerations.

While this view strikes at the root of Señor Drago's contention, there is nothing in it incompatible with the proposal as formulated by the United States delegates at The Hague. It will, of course, be necessary to define the scope of the proposed arbitrations, but against arbitration in principle we can have no objection.

I am curious to know what will become of the plans for an Anglo-Russian *entente* now that the second Duma is no more. I am assured on very respectable authority that Sir Edward Grey intimated to Count Benckendorff some time ago that the contemplated treaty could not be proceeded with if the Duma met a violent death. At any rate, it is certain that the Radicals in the House of Commons will have some inconvenient things to say on the subject when the Foreign Office estimates come up for discussion. Another point in this connection which will be watched with interest is the attitude of the European money market. The time cannot be far off when M. Kokovzeff will want another loan, and it is common knowledge that the bankers of Paris have declared that such an operation will be impossible unless it is sanctioned by the Duma. Of course, there is always the discounting of Treasury bonds in Berlin to be resorted to; but the amount available from that source is comparatively small, and the terms are always usurious.



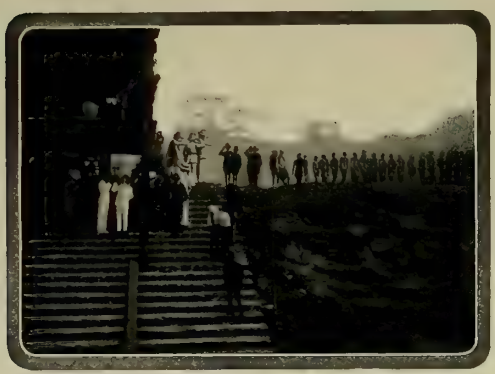
Mr. Grover Cleveland, ex-President of the United States, has just passed through a serious illness at his residence in Princeton, New Jersey, but he is now happily on a fair way to recovery. Mr. Grover Cleveland is seventy years of age, and was twice President of the United States, from 1885 to 1889, and again from 1893 to 1897. Our illustration, from a stereograph by Underwood and Underwood, New York, shows Mr. Grover Cleveland on his return from a day at his favourite sport of duck-shooting.

A SPORTING EX-PRESIDENT: MR. GROVER CLEVELAND AFTER A DAY'S SHOOTING

A SURVEY OF THE NIGER



A VIEW OF THE NIGER BELOW LOKOJA, LOOKING UP STREAM



SIR PERCY GIROUARD'S ARRIVAL AT LOKOJA: RECEIVING THE SALUTE



SIR PERCY GIROUARD AND MR. F. SHELFORD TAKING SOUNDINGS IN THE NIGER



AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT: THE S.S. SAROTA STRANDED ON A SANDBANK DURING A STORM

Sir Percy Girouard, K.C.M.G., the new High Commissioner of Northern Nigeria, when he left England to take up his duties, was accompanied by Mr. Frederic Shelford, M.I.C.E., Consulting Engineer to the Crown Agents for the Colonies. They journeyed up the Niger in the s.s. Sarota, and on one occasion were aground on a sandbank for sixteen hours, a not unusual experience in Niger travel. The incidents here depicted are from sketches and photographs sent by Sir Percy Girouard and Mr. Shelford.

WORLDLY WOMAN

PARIS is the modern Mecca to which the whole world goes on its pilgrimage of pleasure. No matter where our millionaire may have coined his millions, it is in Paris that he and his wife will spend them. No matter how we may have sunk to depths of depression, it is to Paris we fly to forget them. She is all things to all men and women, this brilliant city of superlatives, where artistic effort is always at its best, where elegance is a miracle, and even gaiety a fine art.

But the *chef-d'œuvre* of Paris is the Parisienne. She is a wonderful being, embodying in herself the whole capital's vitality. It is her energy, as much as her knowledge of line, her strength of will as much as her love of colour, that has made her mistress of the world of taste. Her beauty is a constant effort of the brain, an *esprit* that is felt not only in her words, but in her dress—a wit, in short, that makes the most of her good points, and veils what imperfections there be beneath a smile, a manner, much animation, and a little tulle.

Her secret is all there. There is no more than this in the perfection for the sight of which we take long railway journeys, and pay so many English sovereigns to obtain. We might as well pay for bottled air from the boulevards! Because Fashion is an empty word, and the hang of a skirt, or the cut of a sleeve are as nothing compared with the way in which they are worn. And this way, this wonderful way, is only this: no more than an infinite capacity for taking pains, no less than a boundless energy, which neither lack of beauty nor middle age can quell.

This is precisely where we fail in England. It is laziness that is at the bottom of our want of taste. No doubt it is much more comfortable to let things be. We do, and think, if we think at all, that money will get us everything. But intelligence in dress is not to be bought, to say nothing of that higher form of it we call *chic*, and which only individual effort can produce. What prompts us in England to wear skimpy bodices over flat chests? Why do we emphasize square waists, or display large, ungainly feet? Why, in short, do we make ineffectual the prettiest features and most dazzling complexions in the world? All for the lack of a little understanding we will not take the trouble to acquire. Alas, this is a land of wasted opportunities! If some of the energy spent on playing games, or leading "causes," were devoted to this humbler purpose, it would not altogether be a pity.

Unless we think for ourselves this season we shall not find a single fashion that will give us any sort of *cachet*. The "pinafore" dominates all the summer frocks, and when for a wonder we do get away from its eternal straps and inevitable blouse, we find nothing but the *lingerie princesse*, a creation of expensively elaborated simplicity beyond the reach of most. Only a millionairess nowadays can wear a white muslin gown. So to return to the pinafore. The duchess wears it, and the housemaid; for all there are the same straps, the same kimono sleeves, more or less well cut, more or less embroidered, but fundamentally the same. To invest this uniform with some sort of personality we must imagine for ourselves some unusual belt, some little tie with gold tassels, and embroideries of narrow braid of the same colour as the stuff they adorn. This braid, by the way, is quite the happiest inspiration of the season. It has a way of lending *cachet* to everything, therefore it is given a place everywhere—on linen, on muslin, and even on lace we find it pursuing the graceful tenor of its way. It is not new, we had it all last winter; but it is none the less nice. For the matter of that, is anything new this season? Our shortened waists began two years ago, our diminutive sleeves are an old, old story, and our invaluable pinafores merely last year's revival of the Marguerite dress in *Faust*. And then our stripes! Vainly have we all prophesied their downfall, season after season. They are with us still, more indestructible than ever. It is quite amusing to see our tailors' many efforts in that direction, and how hard they work to breathe some originality into the dulness of the eternal grey and white effect. A skirt front that is cut on the straight, with the side pieces zig-zagging in every direction, these are the things we meet daily, because the cutter's very scissors revolt against the monotony of it. There is nothing new for us this season, only our hats, and they for once have exceeded even our most fantastic prophecies. Heaven help the small woman nowadays! How is she going to wear the gigantic cart-wheels of straw bristling with a whole garden of flowers, or a farmyard of feathers? For all this extravagance I blame the warfare against the theatre hat in Paris. It is so like human, or at any rate feminine, nature, and man has, no doubt, regretted the day on which he took upon himself to forbid large hats. They are all the more enormous for his pains.

A real novelty this season is an old-world silk bolero, made, of course, *à la Japonaise*, and worn over a white frock. A faded pink or an Empire green are both charming in the way of colouring, and so is a trimming of the invaluable fine braid which gives the whole thing a *chic* that nothing else could give it. In dyed Tussore these "baby-wraps' are equally delightful. But Tussore, it must be remembered, is only nice when at its very best and thickest. Then it is very nice indeed. For race coats nothing was ever invented to beat it, and the many charming Tussore wraps one met at the various meetings almost made up for the unkindness of the weather.

But even Tussore is an old friend. In spite of all hints and many promises held out last spring, Fashion remains constant to her old affections. And yet we call her "fickle," and a number of other things equally untrue, merely to please our alliterative sense. What merit is there in alliteration that it should be allowed to make nonsense of our titles? What charm, for the matter of that, in the French that we use to disguise the baldness of our Fashion's story? Of course there are words for which our clumsier language has no equivalent. Who could translate "*allure*" or "*grand air*" or "*bien porté*"? On the other hand, is a hat more convincing as a *chapeau*, or a belt more alluring because it is a *ceinture* in print? We all know the pitfalls of a little knowledge. I actually read this extraordinary statement the other day: "À *liaison* in Nattier blue and smoke grey is quite the latest thing in colours." A *liaison*, ye gods! What next shall we be asked to condone when expressed in the language of diplomacy?

L. S. R.



A SUMMER FROCK IN WHITE VOILE

The accordion-pleated skirt is trimmed with bands of printed spots, meeting at the waist and flowing out at the foot. There are shoulder-straps of the same over a blouse of Cluny lace. Model Templier-Rondeau.



A CHARMING EVENING FROCK

This graceful gown is of Nattier blue chiffon, with fine jet embroideries on the skirt, and kimono sleeves. The *décolletage* is edged with black velvet ribbon passed through diamond buckles. Model Ney Sœurs.

Dresses of the Day

The Theatres

ANOTHER LADY BURGLAR

There is something about the WALDORF Theatre which seems to attract inferior plays, because even if *Leah Kleschna* had never been written one would hesitate to describe *In the Bishop's Carriage* as a meritorious melodrama. It hails from America, where, for aught I know, it may have had a brilliant career; but then Americans, to judge by the samples which they send over to us, like crude and amateurish melodrama. The work of Mr. Channing Pollock *In the Bishop's Carriage* is a dramatised version of a novel, and it sets forth how a smart young American lawyer named Latimer, and called "The Reformer" on the programme, sets to work to reclaim a lady burglar. He is convinced that there is much good in her—perhaps because she is There is a good burgling scene in the second act; but the play is badly written, and its grotesque absurdities are such that I should hesitate to predict for it a long career. Mr. Charles Cartwright acts with some power as the American Sikes; Mr. Frank Cooper does what he can with the part of the very unreal lawyer, and Miss Fanny Ward gives quite a clever picture of the little burgling girl who struggles from the gutter up to the stage. A good but disagreeable picture of an amorous drunken middle-aged man is contributed by Mr. Charles Collette. The Bishop and his carriage figure but slightly in the drama. All that happens is that once, when in a tight corner, the girl takes refuge in the clerical automobile and pretends to have lost her memory. By this trick she outwits the police. It is only fair to say that the play has been received with considerable favour.

Harriet Fordyce's part, but Miss Alexandra Carlisle does nothing more than look pretty and speak naturally and agreeably. A capable playwright would not have missed the opportunity of writing an effective scene between the Earl and Harriet when he discovers that his secret has been known to her all along, since he sets such store on being loved for himself alone. That would have left less time for the introduction of a number of would-be comical characters going through well-worn farcical incidents, but the piece would be the better for fewer of these, and none the worse if the leading characters were provided with more opportunities for showing their skill as players.

"THE DUMB-CAKE"

Brewster's Millions at the HICKS Theatre is now preceded by a pretty and rather charming little trifle by Arthur Morrison and Richard Pryce. It is a dramatisation



WREATHS MARKING THE SPOT WHERE SOME OF THE VICTIMS FELL



ANOTHER PLACE WHERE SEVERAL PEOPLE WERE SHOT DOWN



MARCELIN ALBERT WELCOMED ON HIS RETURN FROM PARIS



OFFICERS OF THE 137th REGIMENT PICNICING ON THE PAVEMENT

The revolt of the Midi has been a strange commingling of tragedy and comedy, such as befits the country of Tartarin de Tarascon, and while all France mourns the loss of life occasioned by the Narbonne riots, all France laughs at the spectacle of Marcelin Albert motoring to Paris disguised as a woman and bursting into tears as he requested M. Clemenceau to advise him how to repair all the mischief that had been done. Of the five people killed two were shot during the attack on the sub-prefecture and three in front of the Town Hall. The town of Narbonne is described as an armed camp, and the authority of the central Government has entirely ceased for all municipal affairs. Photographs by C. Trampus and Hamilton and Co.

THE WINE WAR: SCENES IN NARBONNE, THE CENTRE OF THE DISTURBANCES

pretty, and so when she falls into his hands he saves her from the police, and tries, by trusting her, to arouse her better instincts. He does rouse them, but, of course, falls in love with her, and equally of course, she falls in love with him. The only real and tangible drawback in the way of their union, once he has set her on the right path and she has become a brilliantly successful (and honest) music-hall artist, is her old-time associate, Tom Dorgan. He has not a reforming turn of mind. He is nothing but a sort of Bill Sikes, but he is fond of the girl, in a strictly platonic way, and no doubt she is useful to him. Accordingly, when he is rather shabbily treated and sent off to gaol (honour among thieves disappears when one thief reforms), he escapes from prison and shows a very nasty but quite natural spirit. However, in the end, his better instincts are aroused, and though he does not become less a thief, he forbears to give away the girl, and in a scene redolent of noble self-sacrifice hands her over to her lawyer lover.

"THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET"

Farces which depend upon one character assuming a name which belongs to somebody else, and then meeting that somebody else's relations and friends, have proved very amusing before now when the complications have been adroitly handled. But in *The Earl of Pawtucket* there is too much complication and too little adroitness of handling. Mr. Cyril Maude plays the part of a foolish love-lorn English Earl who adopts an American name and struggles with the American pronunciation in order that he may not be married for his title. The lady with whom he is in love is the wife of the man whose name he uses, but the Earl does not know this, because she has resumed her maiden name and the prefix "Miss" after having divorced her husband. She knows who the Earl really is, and leads him rather a dance before finally accepting him for her second husband. An experienced and capable comedienne might make something of this Kate Hardcastle mischievousness in

of a story by the former, and sets forth how a poor little girl, living in certain almshouses, practises an old country superstition in order to attract a lover. The legend is that if at midnight you leave the door open and set out on the table a glass of beer, a candle, and a particular kind of specially prepared cake, a lover will drift in. All these things the girl does, and there comes in—a thief seeking refuge from the police. A quaint and rather charmingly written cross-purpose scene ensues, and then the man, who has decent instincts, disappears out into the night without disillusioning the girl. She learns, however, only too quickly, that fate did not bring her a lover, but merely made her an instrument for saving a rogue from justice. Even in this sorry circumstance, however, she finds some measure of consolation. Miss Hilda Trevelyan gives a very touching and tender performance as the girl, and Mr. Goodrich is excellent as the thief. *Brewster's Millions* is still delighting large audiences.

DRAMATICUS.



MARCELIN ALBERT
"The Napoleon of the Vineyards."



THE LATE MR. S. J. WARING
Founder of Waring and Gillow.



THE LATE MR. JOSEPH KNIGHT
Doyen of Dramatic Critics.



THE LATE GEN. SIR EDWARD STANTON
Crimean Veteran and Diplomat.



COLONEL D. F. R. DAWSON
New Comptroller in the Ld. Chamberlain's Department.

At the Opera

While we are always grateful to the Covent Garden authorities for giving us an opportunity of hearing operas which do not figure in the ordinary *répertoire*, it is a little difficult to understand on what principle the selection is made. Personally, I favour the idea that Mr. Forsyth places the names of half a dozen likely operas in a hat, that Mr. Higgins draws one out, and that Mr. Percy Pitt promptly engages the best possible cast for the performance. How else is it possible, indeed, to explain the fact that, while we are treated to revivals of works which we do not want to see, other operas for which many are clamouring remain permanently glued to their shelves? There must be hundreds, for example, who would be delighted to renew their acquaintance with the charms of Verdi's masterly *Falstaff*, or of Mozart's *Magic Flute*, to name but one of that master's neglected operas, or to see Charpentier's *Louise*, or Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*; but I have never yet met the man who expressed a desire to see Ponchielli's *La Gioconda*, or who, having seen it once, appeared to be the victim of an insatiable desire to repeat the experience.

Presumably, however, the name of *La Gioconda* was the first to jump out of the hat, and, such being the case, the management determined not to do things by halves when they revived it last week. Mr. Harry Brooke—caught, apparently, at a moment when the divine fire was burning fiercely within him—devised for it some of the most entrancing scenery that ever came from his gifted brush. Signor Comelli, not to be outdone, designed a series of dresses which are veritable poems in silk and satin. M. Ambrosini invented some of the most bewitching dances ever seen upon the Covent Garden stage, and Mr. Percy Pitt arranged the cast of some of the most brilliant singers and gifted actors now appearing at Covent Garden. And, truth to tell, it was very necessary for these talented gentlemen to rack their brains if they proposed to make the revival a success, for *La Gioconda* has, so to speak, a great deal of leeway to make up. When it was first produced in London, some five-and-twenty years ago, it was not welcomed with a vast amount of enthusiasm, and when it was revived a little later its appeal still fell upon deaf ears. Moreover, events have moved swiftly during that quarter of a century. Ponchielli's famous pupil, Puccini, has outstripped his master in the race. His operas have all the freshness of youth, while those of Ponchielli are showing unmistakable signs of senile decay. That the latter's melodies often have a certain grace is not to be denied, but it is the grace of a bygone day. The hand of time has not left them untouched; they already have one foot in the grave, and the other, it is to be feared, is likely to follow soon. When the sad event takes place, I imagine that the sincere mourners will be very few.

If *La Gioconda* is handicapped by the antiquated nature of the music, it is certainly no less handicapped by the character of the libretto. In the absence of any evidence to the contrary, it is to be presumed that Victor Hugo really wrote *Angelo*, on which it is founded, but he must surely have done so in a moment of mental aberration. Blood follows thunder, and thunder rolls after blood in a manner that would have delighted a Surrey-side audience in the old days. It is easy to picture the gallery hissing M. Journet when he attempted to poison Mme. Kirkby Lunn, or wildly cheering Mlle. Destinn when, in a spirit of noble self-sacrifice—for would not the death of Mme. Kirkby Lunn remove the sole obstacle that lay between her and the adored Signor Bassi?—she snatched the phial from her lips and substituted for it a mere sleeping draught. Not only are the incidents of the conventional melodramatic pattern, but the very characters are as unlike life as even a Surrey-side audience could reasonably expect. We have the erring wife, the princely lover disguised as a sailor, who has been unwise enough not to be off with the old love before he was on with the new, the first and second villains, and the soulful heroine, who surely have figured in every melodrama given to the world since that high form of art was first invented, and they comport themselves precisely as the canons of melodrama ordain that they should. All of which, of course, is very right and proper on the Surrey side, but is really a little out of place at Covent Garden.

To the performance nothing but the warmest praise can possibly be given. Mlle. Destinn was the most unselfish of heroines, Mme. Kirkby Lunn the most pathetic of unhappy wives, Signor Bassi the most fervent of lovers, M. Journet the most cynical of cruel husbands, and Signor Sammarco the most unscrupulous of spies. All sang magnificently and all acted finely, while Signor Campanini conducted with all his wonted skill. The pity was that so much talent should have been wasted on such a work.

J. D. H.

Our Portraits

The late Mr. Joseph Knight, the *doyen* of London critics of the drama, antiquary, and most genial of men, will be very much missed in the literary and artistic circles with which he had for nearly fifty years been connected. As critic of the drama he had for many years recorded stage history in the *Daily Graphic*. His criticisms, like his character, were kindly and tolerant. He had much learning, and his writing was always strengthened and enforced by his deep knowledge of the stage both in the present and the past. It was always touched with a literary grace, for journalism had not killed his literary ideals. He began as critic in the *Sunday Times*, having left Yorkshire for London in 1860. Of his early life, of his friendship and work with Mr. John Morley in those days, he was always ready to speak. His contributions to the *Globe*, the *Athenæum* and the *Gentleman's Magazine*—he was for years the charming "Sylvanus Urban" of the latter—were only a part of his journalistic activities. As antiquary he was known as the learned editor of *Notes and Queries*. He wrote lives of the actors for the Dictionary of National Biography, a "Life of David Garrick," a book on Rossetti, and other books. Two years ago he was entertained by the most famous members of the stage at a dinner presided over by Sir Henry Irving. He was two years short of eighty, but up till recently his great Johnson-like figure was familiar, as it had been for many years, at the Garrick and Beefsteak Clubs and other haunts of the literary, in which he was one of the most popular and delightful personalities. Photograph by Russell and Sons.



After the attempt on the lives of the King and Queen of Spain in Madrid on their wedding day a curious discovery was made in one of the parks in Madrid. On a tree, in a space cleared of the bark, was found carved the following ominous words: "King Alfonso XIII. will be killed on his wedding day.—An Irredeemable," and the word "Dynamite" was carved on the left side. It is thought to be without doubt the work of the would-be assassin Moral. No attempt was made to connect the mystery with any of the men recently sentenced for complicity in the outrage.

"KING ALFONSO'S DEATH-WARRANT": MORAL'S "SENTENCE" CARVED ON A TREE TRUNK IN A MADRID PARK

Colonel D. Rawdon Dawson, the newly appointed Comptroller in the Lord Chamberlain's department, has had a distinguished career in the Army, from which he retired a year ago. With the second battalion of the Coldstream Guards he was present at Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir, and was with the Guards' Camel Regiment in the Nile Expedition of 1884-5. His father, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Vesey Dawson, was killed at Inkerman. Colonel Dawson is Secretary to the Order of the Garter, and for the last four years has carried out the duties of Master of the Ceremonies to the King. Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

The late General Sir Edward Stanton, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., who was born in 1827, saw fighting as far back as 1852, in the expedition across the Orange River. In the Crimean war he took part in the battles of Alma and Inkerman, the attack on Odessa, and the siege of Sebastopol. He was appointed Consul-General at Warsaw in 1860, Agent and Consul-General in Egypt in 1865, and it became his duty, in 1875, to sign the contract by which the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal passed into British possession. In 1876 he was appointed Chargé d'Affaires at Munich. He was made K.C.B. two years ago. Photograph by Comley

The late Mr. S. J. Waring, founder and head of Waring and Gillow, Ltd., came over to England from Ireland fifty years ago, and began the furnishing business at Liverpool. His family springs from Norwegians who settled in Ireland two or three hundred years ago, at a spot which has become known as Waringstown. It is only fourteen years since his firm opened a branch in London, and it subsequently became amalgamated with Gillow's, and Collinson and Lock's. He was in his seventy-first year. Photograph by Medringtons, Ltd.

Marcelin Albert, whatever we may think of him, is certainly a remarkable man. He is the son of a peasant. The French wine war is almost entirely his doing, and he wields enormous influence in the Midi, where he is called the "Napoleon of the Vineyards." He is fifty-six, and began his campaign in 1900. He is short, black-bearded, brown-skinned, and long-nosed.

It is understood the King is going to Ireland on July 10 to visit the Irish International Exhibition at Dublin. Great preparations are being made. The King has twice before been present at an Irish Exhibition, with Queen Victoria in 1853, and with Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales, in 1866. The King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria, will reside on board the Royal yacht at Kingstown during their brief visit.



With the commencement of July a new and accelerated service will be started by the Great Eastern Railway to Cromer, Sheringham and Mundesley, on the Norfolk Coast, bringing these places nearer to London by 25, 70 and 28 minutes respectively. The "Norfolk Coast Express" trains will be provided with restaurant cars and kitchens, and the carriages are all fitted with observation windows, allowing passengers to have a panoramic view of the country traversed.

THE "NORFOLK COAST EXPRESS": SPEED AND COMFORT ON THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON



THE DOORWAY LEADING TO THE TOWER



THE FLAT ROOF WHERE THE BODIES ARE EXPOSED



GENERAL VIEW OF THE "DACHMEH"

HOW THE PARSIS DISPOSE OF THEIR DEAD: A "DACHMEH," OR TOWER OF SILENCE, AT YEZD, IN PERSIA

"PLACE AUX DAMES"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

The erecting of a statue of the Duke of Cambridge at Whitehall, and its unveiling by the King, was a fitting and seemly tribute of respect to one who always acted as the soldiers' friend, and held duty to his King and country as the paramount ideal of his life. The Duke's diary, recently published, is full of interesting details of the social life of Queen Victoria's reign, and displays in the fullest manner the deep conscientiousness of the Duke when quite a young man, and the delightful family relations he cultivated. The Victorian era was exceptionally simple and devoted to family life. Correspondence was full and intimate, diaries were kept by all, and confidence between members of the family cultivated far more than it is now. Consequently the ties of blood and the claims of the old and the feeble were more considered. The loosening of family ties and the repudiation of family duties is perhaps one of the worst tendencies of our time.

The toilettes worn at Ascot exhibited modern taste and modern invention in all their extravagance and beauty. The fineness of the materials, the embroideries and the laces, was positively incredible, though the *bizarre* colouring of some of the hats was as remarkable as in some cases it was unbecoming. Large mushroom hats are not calculated to show off the beauty they obscure, and when they are surmounted by enormous lumps of feathers and flowers they dwarf the figure and blur the outline. So few women consider their outline, which forms the perfection of the statue and the picture. Little women wear the same costumes as their taller sisters, and only succeed in making their appearance grotesque. The strange love of women for wearing a livery strikes one forcibly at these great fashion gatherings, for what else is Ascot? Blue, this season, is to be seen on all sides. Every other woman wears blue, whether becoming to her complexion or not. In the same way they all wear ruffles or big boas, whether suited to their style or not.

A room at a party is filled with replicas. From seeing the dress of one lady one could almost make an inventory of the rest. The monotony of this kills all individuality, and though one woman whom the fashion suits may shine supreme, the majority will be swamped and their good looks killed. The other night I was at a party where all the women wore their hair high and frizzed out, decorated with many aigrettes, feathers and sweeping plumes. There entered a French lady quite differently dressed, with all the repose and dignity of her own remarkable personality surrounding her. Immediately all eyes were turned upon her, and she stood out of the crowd like a star. Her dress was simplicity itself, though beautifully cut. It consisted of a perfectly plain grey velvet, with draped bodice. A wide scarf of cream-coloured silk covered her shoulders. Her neck was bare; she wore no jewels in her fair hair, which was turned back from her face in soft waves, and coiled up in a heavy mass at the back of her head. Beside her, the be-ruffled, be-plumed, and be-jewelled dames looked common. Such is the force of contrast. It is like the black or white dress at a military ball among all the brilliant uniforms, which gives a note of distinction to its wearer.

Women who seek a profession should consider that of model designer in a dressmaker's establishment. A capable woman can earn as much as £600 a year, and indulge her artistic tastes as freely as she likes, by the study of the antique in jewellery, old prints and costumes. I wonder the profession is not more popular among ladies. Of course, it requires refinement, taste and knowledge; but these are just what an educated woman might supply. As it is, the post is generally left to men, who beat the women on what might be their own ground. The craze for old prints and furniture is increasing, prices go higher and higher, the quest for antiquities of every description suffers no abatement, and in woman's dress especially a new combination of colours, a new style, or new arrangement of laces and velvets is sought after eagerly. To be a model designer means an ideal occupation for a woman with the soul of the artist, and it is extremely lucrative.



One of the latest additions to the "Zoo" is an example of the *ka ka-po*, or owl-parrot of New Zealand, a curious nocturnal bird, which possesses perfectly developed wings, and yet does not use them for flying, but merely to balance itself when walking. The bird is now very rare, and it is over thirty years since the "Zoo" possessed a specimen. Photograph by W. S. Berridge, F.Z.S.

THE OWL-PARROT: A NEWCOMER AT THE "ZOO"

Paderewski has been and gone, and still remains the idol of the women. Idols change, and the fervency of adoration given to musicians at various times by the feminine population is somewhat amusing to the looker-on. Thus Kubelik at one period was followed by crowds of hysterically enthusiastic worshippers; then he was displaced by Mischa Elman, who received the plaudits of the feminine public. Now that he has grown a man the verdict veers towards little Vivienne Chartres, the child prodigy, for prodigies always please the fickle mob more than the mature and older artist. There is the wonder, the novelty, the speculation as to the prodigy's future development, his or her age, upbringing, and appearance.

The feminine dovecot is being fluttered. The difficulties of housekeepers are increased by the new Act, which is not to be understanded of any, even the lawyers. The female talk is all of servants and insurance. Women who never did business or insured anything, now glibly discuss the various policies, their advantages and disadvantages. They meditate giving up one servant, they murmur at the execrable tax on chauffeurs, gardeners, and gamekeepers; and to the landed proprietor, already heavily burdened, this additional tax proves a fresh annoyance. Small households will seriously consider how they may dispense with the charwoman, the sempstress, the between-girl and the mother's help; and for the elderly and delicate servant the outlook is anything but encouraging. Anyway, it has provided a fresh subject of conversation independent of the weather.

We have received from Messrs. Peter Robinson a comprehensive catalogue of their sale, which commences on Monday, July 1, and will continue throughout the month.



It was essentially a "sane" Ascot, but the *bizarre* element was not altogether absent. There were, however, a good many "cartwheel" hats, but only a sprinkling of exaggerated sleeves.

PARIS FROCKS AND ENGLISH FACES: FASHIONABLE TOILETTES AT ASCOT

Photograph by C. Muggeridge.



The King's garden party was one of the most brilliant social functions ever seen at Windsor Castle, as it was certainly the greatest daytime social event of the season. There were between eight thousand and nine thousand guests, including a very pageant of Royalties, headed, of course, by King Edward and Queen Alexandra. The King of Siam was a prominent guest, Mark Twain was marked by everybody as he talked with the King, and on every hand were to be seen famous men and women in all walks of life. Society, politics, literature, music, science, the drama, in short, every circle and profession—the brain and beauty of England—were represented. The venue was the East Lawn, between the Royal golf links and the East Terrace, and here were a score of marquees for refreshments. The King's tea-tent, in which His Majesty smoked a cigar with the King of Siam, was mounted on beaten silver poles which the King brought from India, and there was also a tinge of the Orient in the costumes of the Indian Princes and the robes of the Chinese

THE KING'S GARDEN PARTY AT WINDSOR CASTLE: THEIR MAJESTIES AND THEIR GUESTS ON THE EAST LAWN

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.



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THE ENTRANCE TO THE COLLEGE



IN THE CHAPEL



THE TOMB WHERE KING JAMES'S HEART RESTS



THE STAIRCASE

A FRENCH MEMORIAL OF ROBERT THE BRUCE: THE ANCIENT SCOTS COLLEGE IN PARIS, WHICH IT IS PROPOSED TO RESTORE TO ITS ORIGINAL USE

The Scots College in Paris

The Scots College in Paris, an old institution whose existence had been well-nigh forgotten, has recently been the subject of negotiations between the British Ambassador and the French Government. The college owes its foundation to King Robert the Bruce. At the time he came to the throne there was a sort of competition between him and his rival to the Scottish throne, John Balliol, as to who should do most for education in the Northern Kingdom. Their efforts, however, were carried out on political lines. Balliol's object was a *rapprochement* with England and the spread of English educational influence. Robert the Bruce, on the other hand, desired a close *entente* with France as the natural ally against their common English enemy. The result of these efforts was the founding by Balliol of the Oxford College which bears his name, while Robert the Bruce endowed the Scots College in Paris.

The Collége des Ecossais was founded in the year 1326. It was originally situate in the rue des Amandiers, adjoining the Scottish students' quarter in the rue des Ecossais. In the latter half of the seventeenth century Principal Robert Barclay and his students moved into the present building in the rue Cardinal Lemoine. The college was intended for the general education of Scotsmen, but in practice it became almost entirely an institution for theological students. It became, in fact, so identified with religious education that when, during the French Revolution, Church property was confiscated, the Scots College was seized with the rest.

When after the advent of Napoleon I. the revenues from Church property were restored to the Church, the income derived from the foundation of King Robert the Bruce was devoted to the education of a certain number of Scottish priests. These were educated at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and the Scots College itself was let out as a French educational institution. It is the rent paid by the latter, plus the revenues of a farm situated at Grisy, just outside Paris, which belongs to the foundation, which furnish the resources of the Scots College. The amount is about £500 a year. When, under the Separation Law, the Government closed the Seminary of St. Sulpice, the Scottish students were turned adrift.

The Collége des Ecossais is, as far as the outward appearance goes, a far from striking building. The façade is plain to ugliness, and is pierced with five rows of windows. The interior is much more interesting. From the porter's *loge* runs a handsome wooden staircase with a wood balustrade. The woodwork, in the two hundred and fifty years of its existence, has taken a hue resembling ebony. On the first floor is the chapel, which has been carefully preserved, and is to-day exactly as it was when used by the Scottish students a hundred odd years ago. The chapel is small; it could hold at most a hundred and fifty worshippers. On the wall are two or three tablets in black marble, mostly to the memory of Scottish soldiers of fortune who died in the Continental wars. Outside the chapel is an anteroom of small size. It is at present used for keeping the natural history collections and the physical apparatus of the Institute. In the left-hand corner is a tomb in black marble, in which is the heart, in a silver casket, of the last Stuart King.

It is regrettable that the archives of the Scottish College have disappeared. The correspondence in cypher which passed between the Pretenders and their partisans in England and Scotland was kept in the Scotish College for many years. It would have been a valuable contribution to history. The first of the documents were deposited at the College in 1701. They were still there in 1748, for Hume inspected them when he came to Paris in that year. They disappeared during the French Revolution, when the College was turned into a prison.

When the French Government, on the passing of the present Separation Law, took back all the property placed at the disposal of the Church by Napoleon I. under the Concordat, the Scottish College shared the fate of the rest. It was against this that the British Government entered a protest, as the College is not and never was Church property. M. Briand, Minister of Public Instruction, has met the British Ambassador in a most friendly spirit, but asked if it was absolutely necessary that the College should educate priests. This led to the original charter being examined, from which it is clear that the College was intended for the general education of Scotsmen, and its exclusive use for Catholic theological education had its origin in the fact that no other class of students took advantage of it. Sir Thomas Barclay proposes that a subscription be raised in Scotland to purchase the building and to restore it to its original use as a place of residence and study for Scottish students. The sum required is £16,000, and Sir Thomas proposes that the principals of the four Scottish Universities should put themselves at the head of the movement. It could then be thrown open to Scottish students of all kinds, including students of art and music.



The great preparations which are being made throughout Italy, and wherever there are Italians, for celebrating the centenary, on July 4, of the birth of Garibaldi, are drawing to an end. In London there will be a procession, speeches and a banquet. Photograph by Mosciori.

GARIBALDI, THE CENTENARY OF WHOSE BIRTH WILL BE CELEBRATED ON THURSDAY



THE EXTERIOR



IN THE NAVE

The Romsey Pageant celebrates the thousandth anniversary of the founding of the Abbey by King Edward the Elder, in 907. From the first scene, representing the founding of the Abbey by the son of Alfred the Great, to the last, a scene linking past ages with the twentieth century, the pageant is a fine representation of Romsey's long story. Photographs by Frith.

THE HEART OF THE ROMSEY PAGEANT: THE ABBEY, FOUNDED 1,000 YEARS AGO BY KING EDWARD

A CHANCE OF THE ROAD

Written by NORMAN INNES — A Complete Story — Illustrated by FRANK CRAIG



"'My Lady Ewing!' gasped the Squire in surprise. 'Is he—is he hurt, Mr. Lawford?' faltered she."

TWILIGHT was falling, the rain came down in sheets, the wind was rising to a gale, and Written Hall lay close on twenty miles distant. But it had been a run to remember, and Richard Lawford was not the man to forget it. It was among the boulders that strewed the slope of One Tree Hill that the hounds had lost their fox and the Squire's horse its shoe; but the scent had been perfect, the line straight, the pace terrific.

Lawford crushed his hat on his head, bowed his face to the blast, and shouted to his companions.

"My nag won't take me to Written to-night, Tom, not will yours see Saxby till twelve has struck. What say 'ee to a bed at the inn at Malham?"

"With all my heart," cried Sir Thomas Ewing, cantering up to his friend's side, "and I'll show you the prettiest serving-wench in the county. So hey for the 'Green Dragon' and the best that it holds, and I'll be single again for these few hours."

The other laughed. Sir Thomas had been wed but a twelvemonth, and rumour had it that the youthful pair had scarce found their married state a path of roses. As a rule, folk set the blame for such a state of affairs to the woman's account, but though Tom Ewing was the friend of every man in the Shire, it could not be denied that he would have been the lover of every woman to boot. So men said that the baronet should know better, and the women that he should act better, and Roger Brooke, his brother-in-law, that if amendment of his ways was not speedy he would try his hand and a cudgel upon the erring husband.

A day in the open air will secure justice for the worst fare that ever was cooked, but that evening the host of the "Green Dragon" had surpassed himself, and his guests had little to complain of. Moreover, the cellar of the Malham Inn was famous, and before supper was ended the wine had mounted to Ewing's head. Lower and lower he sank in the chair wherein he sprawled before the blazing faggots, till at last, with a clatter, his outstretched feet slipped against the fire-dogs on the hearth

"What, asleep and snoring, Tom?" cried Lawford, who had himself been nodding, "and at this hour, too; it's only just nine."

His companion drew himself up blinking.

"My eyelids are like lead, Tom, and I have not been in bed these four-and-twenty hours. There was I and Clavering, George Hale and Oliver Derrick, and we supped at old Pechell's at Thrapstone, and played right through the night till the grooms brought out our nags soon after dawn. Why, I all but fell asleep as the grey took Horford Brook."

"Not been at home then, Tom? What will thy wife say?"

Ewing shrugged his shoulders.

"She'll say much as she has said these twenty times before, Dick. I never see a friend at his house, but I get a sermon on dice and drinking. Why the woman married me, heaven knows! I never was one to hide my light 'neath the bushel. She did it with her eyes open."

"Why didst thou marry her, say rather?" objected Lawford.

"Why? Well, crush me, I scarce can tell 'ee," said the other. "But this I'll say, Dick. Hang me, if I were single, I'd marry her and no other, for all the life she leads me. She's a squeamish wench, and has her airs, but by the time our heads are grey I'll wager a thousand guineas that we'll be e'en better friends than we were the day I brought her home to Saxby. Here's to her health. Why, the liquor's run out. Here, landlord, a couple of bottles."

Though each was possessed by a passion for the chase, the two friends had little else in common. Richard Lawford, a tall, heavy-shouldered, athletic man, had seen much of the world, and in his youth having bought experience at a high price, was now in early middle-age making the best use of his purchase. Besides being the possessor of a large estate, an honoured name and polished manners, the Squire of Written was famous for his skill in every field sport, for his nerve and his fearless daring. His temper, it must be confessed, was hot, his courage akin to recklessness, his actions oftimes the result of the caprice of the moment; but not a man could deny that his heart was right and his wits a match for any in the county.

Sir Thomas Ewing, on the other hand, had seen but little of life save what a brief career at the University of Cambridge had afforded. He was young, but just four-and-twenty, and, being rich himself, had married a wife with a fortune, who was some three years his junior. Fair complexioned, boyish of face, blue-eyed and brown-haired, he was as good-looking, light-hearted a baronet as ever cheered on a hound, drained a tankard, or snored through a sermon.

By the time that Lawford had finished his second bottle Sir Thomas was asleep again.

"Let's to bed," said the elder man, yawning; "thou art but poor company to-night, Tom."

Staggering to his feet, the other blinked his assent, and with a hand upon his friend's shoulder followed the landlord upstairs.

Their bedchambers, the best in the house, lay side by side overlooking the village street. No choice was between them, and Squire Dick, having bidden Ewing good night, was in bed and asleep within ten minutes of locking his door.

An hour later Richard Lawford was sitting up in bed, sleepy, yet

(*Continued on page 968*)

THE BYSTANDER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

NOW that the Piccadilly Hotel has its roof on, we can see what Regent's Quadrant would be like if the whole of the street were constructed on this pattern. The Piccadilly Hotel by itself may be all very well, but if both sides of the thoroughfare are to be constructed in harmony therewith, one is tempted to ask what will become of the daylight which is of such vast importance to the shopkeeper? Hitherto, the tradesman of the Quadrant—since the demolition of the colonnade many years ago—has been especially fortunate as regards light, because the height of the houses is in due proportion to the width of the street. If this is destroyed, the Quadrant as a shopping centre will suffer considerably. I observe experiments are being tried with a new form of shop-front beneath the Piccadilly Hotel. The tradesmen of the neighbourhood should be the best judges of this idea, but it is sincerely to be trusted that it may prove successful.

The ladies' sculling eight of the Furnival Club which has recently attracted considerable attention in the neighbourhood of Hammersmith, is probably the first sculling eight ever girled on the Thames. It is by no means, however, the first ladies' eight in which ordinary oars are used. At different periods such craft have been seen on the Upper Thames. One of the most notable of these was, if I mistake not, celebrated in *Punch* some years ago. I fancy the lines ran in this wise:—

At Boulter's Lock no doubt that you
Like lounging when you've naught to do!
On dreamy sunny August days
'Tis good to laugh, to smoke, to laze,
And watch the countless craft pass through!
The gondola, the frail canoe,
The girls in pink, in white, in blue—
The Maidens' Eight beyond all praise,
At Boulter's Lock!

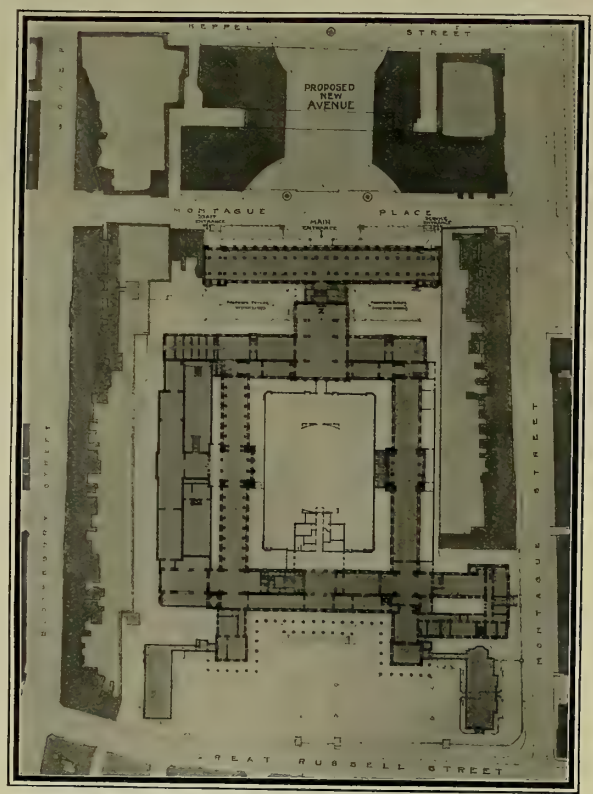
Many of the old frequenters of the river will remember this Maidens' Eight, so notable for its speed and smartness—which I think had its harbour somewhere in the neighbourhood of Bourne End — that might frequently be encountered anywhere between Henley and Maidenhead some years ago.

With the hint of summer we have recently experienced the patronage of the County Council steamers has undoubtedly increased, and certainly one of the cheapest and pleasantest little trips you can take is the voyage to Greenwich and back. But why, may I ask, is there a new regulation with regard to the express boats running from Westminster to Greenwich? Last year they only stopped at Charing Cross Pier and at London Bridge, now they only stop at the Temple and London Bridge. This alteration is manifestly absurd. Charing Cross is one of the great centres of London; railways, tubes, omnibuses, mobuses, hotels, and everything else are in its immediate neighbourhood, whereas the Temple is of considerably less importance, and the few people who land and embark there can be of very little consequence to the service. It is sincerely to be hoped the L.C.C. will see the propriety of returning to their original arrangement with regard to the express boats. The Temple would be sufficiently well served by the steamers which call at all piers.

Quietly strolling along the side-walk the other day I heard a fearsome grunt—like a giant in pain in the coal-cellar—and I was so startled that I gave a jump. It seems to me that I only jumped just in time, for an enormous motor-car came bowling out of a shop, and only just missed juggernauting your humble and most obedient servant. Now we are used to the perils of wheels of all descriptions on the King's highway, but surely the peaceful pavement, the only refuge of the persecuted foot-passengers, should be free from all these dangers. If a four-in-hand were suddenly to emerge from a linen-draper's shop and run over me I should certainly have cause for complaint, and I don't see that my grievance is any the less because my assailant happens to be a motor.

The British Museum Improvement

Compared with some of the foreign national museums the British Museum — though on the whole the most valuable treasure-house in the world—has been but meanly housed; but that reproach is now about to be removed, and when the extension, of which the King laid the foundation stone on Thursday last, is completed the new British Museum will rank as one of the finest buildings in London. The trustees recently acquired the property necessary for the enlargement, reaching to Montague Place on the north, Montague Street on the east, and Bloomsbury Street on the west, and decided to begin at once with that portion of the scheme which consists of extending northwards the existing buildings as far as Montague Place. The expenditure in the purchase of land and on the new buildings is estimated at £400,000. In connection with the improvement the Duke of Bedford has offered a considerable area of land for the construction of a new street from Torrington Square to Montague Place. The length of the street will be 440 feet, and its width 130. At Keppel Street it will open out into a circus, and a crescent will be formed at its junction with Montague Place. The architect of the new Museum front is Mr. J. J. Burnet, who has also designed the Torrington Square approach.



PLAN OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, SHOWING THE NORTH EXTENSION OF WHICH THE KING LAID THE FOUNDATION STONE ON THURSDAY, AND THE PROPOSED NEW AVENUE

Photographed from the Architect's Plan by S. B. Bolas and Co.



THE VERANDAH UNDER THE TREES



A VIEW OF THE HOUSE



AMONG THE RHODODENDRONS

Holly Lodge, West Hill, Highgate, is known to everybody as the favourite residence of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts. As it is shortly to come under the hammer many people are anxious as to its fate, for it would be a painful thing to all who have been familiar with the house and beautiful grounds if the site were dissected for building purposes. There are fifty-two acres of grounds, luxuriant with pasture, trees and flowers. The rhododendrons are magnificent, like the pergolas of roses, vine and ivy, and the landscape is enriched with the varied foliage of elms, sycamores, cedars, copper-beeches, pines and acacias. Not far from the house is the spot where the wreaths which could not be placed in the late Baroness's Westminster Abbey tomb are interred.

THE LATE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS'S FAVOURITE RESIDENCE, HOLLY LODGE, HIGHGATE, TO BE PUT UP AT AUCTION

CERTAIN AND PERMANENT RELIEF FROM CORPULENCE.

Health-Renewing Antipon and Its Wonderful Weight-Reducing Power.

THERE is nothing more disheartening than the persistency—the tenaciousness—of the disease of obesity when the remedies adopted for its cure are of the old-fashioned kind, which, relying rather more on a non-nutritious dietary and nerve-racking drugs than on their own properties, only succeed in effecting a temporary reduction of weight at the expense of health and strength. The failure of the old-time methods is due chiefly to the fact that they do not *overcome the dominating tendency to grow fat* without apparent cause. Therefore, no sooner does the victim, through sheer necessity to regain strength, have recourse to really nourishing food than the superabundant fatty matter begins again to accumulate in the tissues. It is, as we have said, disheartening in the extreme.

Fortunately, however, modern science enables us to point to a true, natural means of permanently recovering correct weight and normal proportions without jeopardizing health and vitality, but, on the contrary, restoring vigour and energy in a marvellous way. We allude, of course, to Antipon, now recognised by every competent authority as the standard remedy for the permanent cure of obesity, not only on account of its fat-absorbent powers and its unique property of destroying the tendency to get abnormally fat, of which we have already spoken, but because of its grand tonic virtues, whereby the jaded system is built up anew and the vital forces restored.

If the reader desires conclusive evidence of the lasting benefits derived from Antipon, we need only say that at the offices of the Antipon Company many hundreds of voluntary letters of gratitude and praise from men and women in every part of the world can be seen on application. Such glowing testimony admits of no doubt as to the permanent nature of the cures effected by Antipon. The following may be quoted as a typical example :—

"Barracks, Devonport.

"I am grateful to you for the great benefit I have derived from Antipon. It is a marvellous remedy. I was 13st. 5lb. before taking the course, and have lost 2st. 2lb., and I am very fit in consequence. I do not hesitate for a moment to state that this valuable discovery is the only permanent cure for obesity, and an excellent tonic as well.

(Signed) "F. G., Sergt. R.G.A."

Lest any of our readers should imagine that a long course of treatment is always necessary to effect such astonishing results, we quote the following from a lady residing at Brentford :—

"I have now taken four 2s. 6d. bottles, and feel I cannot speak too highly of Antipon. When I received the first bottle I weighed 12st. 9lb., and now weigh 10st. 10lb. I feel a different person. I have told all my friends how I got thin. (Signed) Miss J. S." (The Antipon Company make it a rule not to publish the names and addresses of their correspondents.)

The tonic properties of Antipon are particularly remarkable for their beneficial effect on the digestive organs. Appetite is rendered keen, and the subject may eat heartily of good blood-making, muscle-forming food, there being no call for any unreasonable dietary restrictions. Digestion, assimilation and nutrition are perfected. Thus, during the process of fat-absorption every condition necessary to the promotion of health and strength is preserved. There is a beautiful scientific compensation in the whole process, loss of weight being balanced inversely by increase of muscular strength, nerve force, and brain power.

Twenty-four hours after the first dose of Antipon the scale test (if employed) will prove a reduction of 8 oz. to 3lb., according to the degree of obesity : and then follows a steady diminution until complete and final restoration of correct weight (in relation to height) and natural proportions. The doses may then be discontinued, the cure being permanent.

Antipon is a pleasantly tart liquid tonic containing nothing of a mineral origin or otherwise harmful. Its action is bland, and there are no objectionable reactionary effects. The whole course of treatment may be gone through in absolute privacy.

Colonial readers of THE GRAPHIC will be glad to know that Antipon is stocked by wholesale druggists in Australasia, South Africa, Canada, India, etc., and may always be obtained by ordering through a local chemist or stores.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, &c. ; or in the event of disappointment, may be obtained (on sending remittance), post paid, privately packed, direct from the Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

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6in. high	£0 17 6	£1 15 0
8 ,, ,,	1 8 0	2 15 0
9 ,, ,,	1 12 0	3 10 0



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Sugar Basin ..	1 17 6 ..	2 10 0
Cream Jug	1 15 0 ..	2 0 0
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24-inch Tea Tray ..	13 15 0 ..	44 0 0
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wide awake, and in no uncertain terms giving vent to his opinions on belated and noisy travellers. Half awake, half asleep, he had been conscious of the rumble of wheels as a coach drew up at the inn, and now its occupant, the landlord and the postboys were discussing, in tones that could be heard above the howl of the wind, the possibility of proceeding further that night.

The postboys, it seemed, had made up their minds that so much as another mile was out of the question, urging that the horses were spent with gale and the heavy roads. That the traveller was equally averse to any delay was apparent, though Lawford could not catch his words, and the landlord, after the manner of his kind, in one breath, gave it as his opinion that the storm was passing, in another that the roads were likely to be bad beyond Malham.

Then it was the Squire, losing all patience, saw fit to intervene. Out of bed he sprang, and, tearing the curtains aside, flung open the window. In the rain a coach was standing. The landlord was at the door, four travel-stained horses were pawing the muddy road, and their dripping riders had already dismounted.

"Landlord," cried he, as the wind caught the casement and swung it back with a rattle against the wall, "is that gentleman going to pass the night beneath this window? Let him come inside, or bid the rascals drive on. Must every guest in thy inn be roused by this pother?"

The innkeeper stepped into the light of the coach lamps and looked up.

"I am sorry, sir," said he, "but 'tis a lady. She says she must go forward, and the men say it is impossible."

To clinch the matter the postboys were about to loose the traces.

"Hold, knaves," cried Richard Lawford, wide awake in a moment, "or as sure as I am a justice of the King's peace, ye shall rue it. Landlord, give the lady my service and say that within ten minutes I shall esteem it an honour to drive her myself."

Into his clothes he hurried, and half dressed, broke into the room where the baronet was snoring.

"Rouse thee, man," cried he, shaking the sleeper, "here's a lady at the inn with a couple of rascals who, for the gale, swear that they won't take her coach a mile further. I have vowed to find her postboys, so bestir thyself, man, and in ten minutes thou shalt be astride the near leader."

Tom Ewing blinked.

"Ecod, Dick, what mad freak has seized thee at this hour of the night?"

The Squire was as good as his word. Lightly he sprang down the stairs, followed by the staggering baronet, who had spent but little time in dressing, since he had fallen asleep in his boots. The postboys had made themselves scarce, and the landlord stood by the horses as Lawford went to the window of the coach. A shadowy form was but faintly outlined in the darkness, as a soft voice stammered a few words of timid thanks for the service he did her.

"To Stretton, sayest thou, madame?" said he. Stretton was little short of fourteen miles westward.

"To Stretton, sir, if it please you," answered the woman, "and from my heart I thank you and your friend for this courtesy."

The Squire turned from the window; he had done his best to catch a glimpse of the lady's features, and had failed. He was puzzled. What could a woman be doing alone with hired servants at that hour of the night?

With a glance at the axles, he swung himself into the saddle, slackened the stirrup-leathers by two holes and called to Ewing, who was astride the near leader, that he should start.

An hour's sleep and the sudden excitement had sobered the baronet, but he had need of all his wits, for the night was pitch black. The horses were tired, the road deep in mud; it was fortunate that the near wheeler was a stout, raw-boned beast, for the Squire was above postboy's weight. So high blew the gale that Ewing would now and again look backward o'er his shoulder to satisfy himself that his comrade and the coach were with him, and that he was not but a postillion in the land of dreams after all.

As for the Squire, ne'er had he felt so light of heart, 'twas an adventure such as he loved, not a shadow of regret for the bed he had left behind troubled him, nor thought for the lodging that might be their lot at the journey's end. Sir Thomas, on the contrary, had been speculating upon the chances of the latter, and congratulated himself upon having solved the problem.

"A cousin to my wife lives at Stretton," shouted he to the Squire. "If the inn is full we can beg a bed off him, though, i' faith, I will not answer for his welcome at this hour of the night."

As mile followed mile the night improved, though the going was as bad as ever. The rain had ceased and the moon shone in a sky that was almost cloudless.

"Have a care, hold 'em up," shouted Lawford to his friend, as, having made some ten miles, they gained the crest of Foresby Hill.

The road wound downwards, shadowed on either side by a growth of young beeches, and as luck would have it, hardly had the Squire's warning passed his lips when the off-leader shied at a fallen branch, lurched against the saddle-horse that, stumbling, flung its rider into the mire. Fortunately the baronet fell wide of the coach, and the horse recovered itself ere the wheelers were upon it.

As Lawford brought the team to a standstill, a head was thrust from the coach window.

"What has happened?" gasped the woman.

"My friend's horse stumbled," answered the Squire, dismounting.

"He lies yonder, madame. Wilt thou step into the road in case the horses should not stand?"

He helped the lady from the coach and lifted a lamp from its socket, and together they turned their steps up the hill. He would have glanced at the woman at his side, but the sight of a huddled form beneath the hedge drove all else from his mind.

Amid a mass of dripping sedge, face downwards in the ditch, lay the baronet, with one arm outstretched and the other bent beneath him. Down on his knees, lamp in hand, went Lawford. Gently he raised the young man's head. Blood was trickling from a cut beneath the temple, very pale was the upturned face.

At that instant, a cry broke from the woman at his side.

The Squire turned, and as he did so this lonely lady sank on her knees on the wet grass beside him, sobbing, "Oh, Tom!"

Then it was that Dick Lawford saw the face of her whom he had aided. Very beautiful it was, with every feature clearly defined in the brilliant moonlight, but very sorrowful.

"My Lady Ewing!" gasped the Squire in surprise.

"Is he—is he hurt, Mr. Lawford?" faltered she, clutching at the man's arm.

"'Tis but a swoon, madam," answered the other reassuringly. "See, his eyes are opening."

The woman's arms were about her husband's neck in a moment, her eyes were looking into his. "Thank Heaven," she murmured, as she wiped the blood from the bruised forehead. "Tom, dost thou see me? I am here."

A faint smile flickered on Ewing's face.

"Thou here, sweetheart? Why, this is strange; but glad am I to see 'ee, Molly. How long have I been lying here? Give me thy hand, Dick."

Lawford raised the man in his arms. Had it not been for one hand upon his friend's shoulder the other upon his wife's, he could scarce have kept his feet.

"How art thou now, Tom?" said Lawford. "No bones broken, eh?"

"As well as ever I was," answered the younger man, "save that my head is swimming. But Molly, tell me——"

"Oh, Tom, come to the coach," interrupted his wife, with a tremor in her voice, "and thou must rest by me and I will tell thee there."

She turned towards the coach, and Lawford followed with Ewing in his arms. Lightly stepped the lady through the doorway and helped her husband to the seat beside her.

"Canst thou take 'em to Stretton, Dick?" said the baronet. "'Tis at most five miles."

"I'll take 'em, never fear; thou art in thy wife's care, and I will answer for 'ee both, though what thy cousin Rufford will say at our visit, I know not," cried he, closing the door.

Softly laughed the Squire as he rode alone in the moonlight. Softly whispered Molly Ewing, with her arm about her husband's neck. Aye, and she was sobbing, too, though it was many a day since she had known such happiness.

"Oh, I was a fool, Tom," murmured she, nor would she suffer the man at her side to stay her, "but, oh, I was so lonely, and so unhappy, Tom. And I had it in my mind to go to my brother Roger, so I set out just as I was. I meant to pass the night with the Ruffords, but though I was at my wits' end at the time, how glad I am that at Malham the postboys deserted me, and that the Squire—I knew his voice—came to my aid. And to think that thou wast with him and I not to know it. And then, when I saw thee in the ditch. Oh, Tom——"

Her words were choking her, but at last her sobbing was hushed and silent, though with hearts o'erflowing, husband and wife sat hand in hand in the swaying coach while Squire Dick still smiled as he bowed his face to the cutting wind.

Richard Lawford tugged at the bell of Stretton Manor for close on ten minutes. It was Jasper Rufford himself who opened the door, gun in hand, with a deerhound at his heels.

"Why, 'tis Molly, as I'm a sinner," cried he in amazement, "and Tom and Dick Lawford A pretty hour to choose for a visit, but right glad am I to see 'ee. But where have 'ee all come from?"

Lawford had slipped back to the horses, Tom Ewing was silent; it was the woman that answered.

"Oh, cousin Jasper, I had it in my head to see my brother Roger. But the postboys failed us, and Tom has come by a mishap, and such strange things have happened. All our plans are changed, and so we are here."

"And go to Roger Brooke's upon the morrow?" said he.

"Nay, Jasper," answered Lady Molly, flushing. "I tell thee, our plans are changed. On the morrow Tom and I ride home together."

THE END

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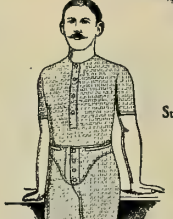
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'No Voice, however feeble, lifted up for Truth ever Dies.'

THE GENIUS OF THIS LIFE, COMMON SENSE!

'We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on,
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.'—WHITTIER.

Nothing happens by Chance. We have Eyes and see not.

THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH THAN ARE DREAMT OF IN OUR PHILOSOPHY.

It is for you to find out why your ears are boxed.

AN IMAGE OF HUMAN LIFE. INCAPACITY MEETS WITH THE SAME PUNISHMENT AS CRIME.

NATURE'S LAWS.

'Nor love thy life nor hate; but whilst thou livest live well.'—MILTON.

'Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon us winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to *learn at least* the names and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allows his sons, or the State which allows its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us—*and, more or less, of those who are connected with us*—do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are *what we call the laws of Nature*. The player on the one side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, *just* and *patient*. But also we know, *to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake*, or makes the smallest *allowance for ignorance*. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of



overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And who plays ill is checkmated—*without haste, but without remorse.*

'My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather *lose than win*. And *I should accept it as an image of human life.*

'The great mass of mankind are the 'Poll,' who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. *Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again.* Nature's pluck means *extermination.*

'Ignorance is visited as sharply as *wilful* disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the *blow without* the word. It *is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.*"—HUXLEY

'*Nature's Laws*, I must repeat, are eternal; her small still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No man can depart from the truth without damage to himself.'—T. CARLYLE.

'Into man's hands is placed the rudder of his frail barque that he may not allow the waves to work their will.'—*Goethe.*

SUBSTANCES IN THE BLOOD THAT ARE HURTFUL AND INJURIOUS TO HEALTH AND LONGEVITY

We quote the following from a well-known writer on Pathology:—

'Now, a word on the importance of the regular and proper action of these excretory organs and of the intestinal canal. The former separate substances from the blood that are hurtful if they are kept in the blood. The waste substances that are got rid of by the intestinal canal include the parts of the food that are not digested and certain secretions from the intestinal canal, especially from the large part of the intestine. These substances are injurious if left in the body, as certain portions of them are reabsorbed into the blood, especially the foul organic matter in them, so that if these various excretory organs do not perform their functions in a proper manner, waste substances are either not separated from the blood or are reabsorbed into it and poison it, and as the blood is distributed to the various tissues of the body they are not properly nourished and they become degenerated, weak, and incapable of performing their proper functions, so that the regular action of these excretory organs of the body is of the greatest importance with regard to health, for not a single tissue of the body can be kept in a proper condition if the waste substances are not got rid of in the manner they should.'

Were we to mention the many and various diseases caused or produced by blood poisoning, it would require more space than we have at command. To hinder the poison from gaining admission, you must sustain the vital powers by adding to the blood what is continually being lost from various circumstances, and by that means you prevent the poison being retained in the body. The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is to take away all morbid poisons and supply that which promotes healthy secretions only by natural means. The chemical nature or antidotal power of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is to expel the foreign substance or render it inert (by natural means only). If we could maintain sufficient vital power we could keep the poison from doing any harm. That power is best attained by following the Rules for Life (see page 10 in Pamphlet) and using, according to directions, Eno's 'Fruit Salt,' which by its healthy action keeps the secretions in perfect order only by soothing and natural laws, or in other words it is impossible to overstate its great power in preventing unnecessary suffering and disease.

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

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CAUTION.*—*Examine the Capsule, and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.

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A FAMOUS NONAGENARIAN SCIENTIST

On Sunday next, Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, G.C.S.I., C.B., F.R.S., naturalist, traveller, and author, celebrates his ninetieth birthday, a circumstance which calls for the heartiest congratulations of his countrymen. He stands to-day a living and picturesque link with great contemporaries of the Victorian past—Darwin, Lyell, Owen, Huxley—the *doyen* of British science in the present century. No other Englishman whatever, in any part of the King's dominions we choose to call to mind, can present a life's record reflecting and exhibiting such a combination of adventurous exploration, scientific service, and administrative effort as appertains to the career of Sir Joseph Hooker, a record, moreover, already dutifully gathered into "history's golden urn."

Born at Halesworth, Suffolk, on June 30, 1817, the son of Sir William Jackson Hooker, he was educated at Glasgow University, embracing medicine as his particular study, and taking his M.D. degree in 1839. The highest conferment of English science came in 1872 with his election as President of the Royal Society, a post which the present generation, those "on the hither and thither side of thirty," most likely fail to realise he ever occupied and adorned. But so it was. From 1865 to 1885 he was Director of Kew Gardens, succeeding his father, and winning there much credit and renown. As we all know, the science of the Victorian era brought fertile conceptions and new worlds of thought before men, and Sir Joseph Hooker's earliest contribution to the growing array of garnered facts, as well as his baptism of travel and research, began in 1839, when he was but two-and-twenty years of age. Then it was he received the commission of Assistant-Surgeon to H.M.S. Erebus, a vessel that, accompanied by the Terror, set forth under the command of Captain, afterwards Sir James Clark Ross, on a prolonged voyage of discovery and investigation in the Southern and Antarctic regions. The plan of the expedition originated with a committee of the British Association, and operations were conducted under the auspices of Lord Melbourne's Government. The ultimate fruits of Hooker's labours during this epoch-making voyage were seen in the publication of the "Flora Antarctica," the "Flora Novæ Zealandiæ," and the "Flora Tasmanica." If we take a map of the South Polar regions of that date and scan the various designations of capes, inlets, and other physical features, we shall find, in proud companionship with the names of brother pioneers, that of Hooker, in "Cape Hooker," latitude south, 70° 36′, a bestowal which Ross took delight in making as a tribute to the scientific zeal of his assistant-surgeon and botanist.

In 1847 Dr. Hooker left for India on a botanical and geographical mission to the Sikkim Himalaya, returning in 1851. A classical work, "Himalayan Journals," describes this romantic itinerary, its strange sights and happenings. We read of his becoming expert in the



SIR JOSEPH HOOKER AT 80 YEARS
FROM A MEDALLION MODELLED FROM LIFE BY MR. FRANK BOWCHER

Tartar saddle, riding about perched on the shoulders of a rough pony—"with my feet nearly on a level with my pockets, and my knees almost meeting in front." His capture and detention in durance vile, with Dr. Campbell, a Government official, was an exciting and hazardous incident on the Tibetan frontier. "We were placed," he says, "in a small thatched hut of bamboo, wattle and clay. We had one dark room with a small window, and a fire in the middle on a stone; we slept in a narrow apartment behind it, which exactly admitted us both, lying on the floor."

Much ink would flow were we to particularise Sir Joseph's contributions to exact botanical science and the geographical distribution of the world's vegetation. But there may be instanced, in addition to those above mentioned, the "Flora of British India;" that abiding monument of industry, Hooker and Bentham's "Genera Plantarum;" the "Kew Index of Plant Names;" and, lastly, the "Student's Flora of the British Islands," familiar to all young students in the science.

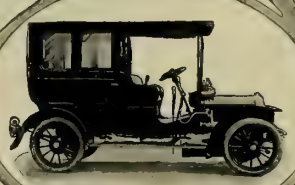
No notice of this famous nonagenarian would be complete without at least calling to mind his life-long intimacy with Mr. Charles Darwin, and the part he took in promoting the reception and due understanding of the "Origin of Species." As Mr. Francis Darwin has remarked, "the history of my father's life is told more completely in his correspondence with Sir J. D. Hooker than in any other series of letters; and this is especially true of the history of the growth of the "Origin of Species."

For some years past Sir Joseph Hooker has resided at Sunningdale, Berkshire. Having been a hard worker over a lengthened span, his is no idle, casual existence, even now. It is pleasing to record that he enjoys remarkable bodily vigour, and engages daily in literary and scientific pursuits.

The London and North-Western Railway Company announce that, commencing July 1, numerous and important additions will be made in their train services to a large number of provincial towns, including Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool, as well as to Scotland and Ireland. New corridor trains, with luncheon and refreshment cars, and sleeping saloon expresses will be provided for the convenience of passengers.

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Some New Books

A GALLERY OF FAIR WOMEN

There may not be much that is new in the historical sense in Mr. Willmott Dixon's two volumes on "Queens of Beauty" (Hutchinson. 24s. net), but it is plain that he has taken pains to get as far as possible at the actual truth. The prevailing note of the book is gallant and kindly, and it is a pleasure to be able to add that, whilst there is much that is lively and piquant, the tendency to rake up stale and forgotten scandal is happily not much in evidence. There is one broad statement in the book to which exception may be taken. Beauty, it may be admitted, has perils and pitfalls which are peculiarly its own, but for all that it is an exaggeration to assert that a woman dowered with it "must not expect happiness." The period covered begins with the Commonwealth and closes with the early Victorian era, and the score of renowned ladies were not all subject to the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. As we wander through this picture gallery we are confronted with ladies who cut a handsome figure either in the aristocratic life or the histrionic annals of their time. With a touch of moral courage which merits recognition, we are first of all introduced to a typical Puritan lady in the comely, demure person of Mistress Lucy Hutchinson, wife of the famous Colonel who gave so good an account of himself on the side of the Parliament in the Civil War.

A woman of quality, but of a different order, was Frances Jennings, the beautiful wife of Dick Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnell, who played so valiant a part in the Jacobite defence of Ireland. The Duchess was the sister of another Duchess, the most remarkable lady of that rank in the entire range of English history—Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Frances Jennings was more beautiful than her imperious sister, and her life had more of sorrow than of joy in it. She passed from the splendour of a Court to the seclusion of a convent; but through strange and tragic vicissitudes of fortune she carried herself with superb courage and kept her good name. It is a fascinating story, but one which has been curiously eclipsed by that of her brilliant and less scrupulous sister. Lady Elizabeth Hastings was a deeply religious, but entirely charming woman. She lived at a period when moral standards were lax, but she was charitable and not censorious, and mingled freely in the world without the least surrender of her own ideals. She was a worshipful woman, to whom Steele paid as fine a compliment as was ever made when he declared, "To love her is a liberal education." Lady Mary Montagu was of another colour—audacious, outspoken, unconventional to the last degree. Fielding called her the "glory of her own sex and the wonder of his own;" but there was more gallantry than truth in such a tribute. She was a woman born out of due season, more adapted to the restless untrammelled life of to-day than to the formal, hollow Georgian Society through which she blazed like a meteor. Of Anne Berminghan,



A MINIATURE OF THE COUNTESS OF CHARLEMONT
From Mr. Willmott Dixon's "Queens of Beauty."

Countess of Charlemont, Byron rhapsodised thus: "Oh! that face!—I would, to be beloved by that woman, build and burn another Troy." Lady Morgan was a brilliant blue-stocking. Bewitching Lady Sarah Lennox, who caught the youthful fancy of George III. by coquettishly making hay in the meadow in front of Holland House, narrowly escaped a throne, but did not escape distinction, since she became the mother of the gallant Napiers. Mrs. Bracegirdle, Nance Oldfield, Molly Lepel, Lady Charlotte Bury, Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Norton — what stories they all suggest; dramatic, impassioned, picturesque, sordid, but, none the less, intensely human! Some of the Queens of Beauty who figure in these pages had hard hearts, and if all were fair not a few were foolish, whilst some of them came to a sorry end, through faults which were scarcely their own. This notice must not close without, at least, passing allusion to Helen Marchioness of Dufferin, whose charm of manner and brilliant conversation are still a lingering tradition in Society. We might say much also of Miss Berry, who was born in 1763 and died in 1852. Horace Walpole sought her in marriage, and she lived long enough to witness the opening of the Great Exhibition, and led a full life all through the long interval. The Countess of Jersey, commonly called the Queen of Almack's, comes also into view in these pages, an imperious *grande dame* of the old school who held her own court in town and country and kept the world of fashion and, in particular, the Duke of Wellington, at her feet. Lady Jersey, in her day, was a great political force, and though George IV. looked askance at her, she held her own with so much grace and distinction that she was able to set the Court of St. James at defiance. It was Byron who said of her that she was the "veriest tyrant that ever governed Fashion's fools and compelled them to shake their caps and bells as she willed it." She was so great an autocrat in society that once a debate in Parliament had to be adjourned because of her dinner party. There are many portraits in the book.

S. J. R.

"BREWSTER'S MILLIONS"

If good farce is correctly defined as the evolution of the logical results of impossible premisses, Mr. George Barr McCutcheon's "Brewster's Millions" (Collier and Co.) is very good farce indeed. Playgoers are already familiar with the story of how young "Monty" Brewster, of New York, was to come into a fortune of seven millions on condition that he should spend one million, to its very last cent, in a single year. The feat proved by no means so simple as non-millionaires might suppose; and his desperate devices for impoverishing himself, in spite of all sorts of perverse and persistent obstacles, provide as good entertainment between boards as upon them, sharpened by a satiric touch here and there. No doubt several obvious resources for becoming penniless, which did not occur to Brewster, will suggest themselves to the reader. But, though few persons have tried the experiment on so large a scale, most people have found out how next to impossible it is to lose anything that one wants to lose.



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MARK TWAIN IN EARNEST

"It is, I think," begins Mr. E. D. Morel's preface to Mark Twain's "Satire," entitled "King Leopold's Soliloquy: A Defence of his Congo Rule" (T. Fisher Unwin)—

accurate to say that American Opinion generally looks upon Mark Twain as a moral force for righteousness. Here we are apt to look upon him merely as a humorist. His own people should know him best; and their view is the long one and the right one.

There is certainly nothing of the humorist to be discerned in his seventy pages of fierce denunciation of the King of the Belgians, not only for the administration of the Congo State, but for whatever else he can add to the indictment as a circumstance of aggravation. "My traducers," the King is made—in the satiric sense—to complain—

hunt through all biography for my match — working Attila, Torquemada, Ghengis Khan, Ivan the Terrible, and the rest of that crowd, for all they are worth, and evilly exulting when they cannot find it. Then they examine the historical earthquakes and cyclones and blizzards and cataclysms and volcanic eruptions: verdict, none of them "in it" with me. At last they do really hit it (as they think), and they close their labours with conceding—reluctantly—that I have *one* match in history, but only one—the *Flood*. This is intemperate.

It is—in the non-satiric sense—so intemperate that we think Mr. Morel would have served the cause of the Congo Reform Association better had he obtained an introduction to his appendix of documents from a less eminent hand. Mark Twain's *brochure* reads as if he aimed at being to King Leopold what Victor Hugo was to "Napoleon le Petit;" but then Victor Hugo's invective had the immense advantage of not having to be discounted by any previous reputation for humour. That Mark Twain is really in deadly earnest is clear. "I can see him now," writes Mr. Morel,

pacing up and down his bedroom in uncontrollable indignation, breaking out ever and again with his favourite exclamation, "By George!" or with some rapid, searching question. When we parted for the last time, Mark Twain promised me to use his pen for the cause of the Congo natives. He has done so most effectively in this pamphlet.

But as to this point, Mr. Morel's opinion is not ours.

"DISCIPLES"

There is distinct originality of an unusually promising order in "Disciples," by Mary Crosbie (Methuen and Co.). The main motive is the evil—almost needlessly cruel—wrought by an attractive and sufficiently brilliant woman without any heart of her own or comprehension of what it means in others, among a number of simple folk hitherto contented with themselves and one another in their narrow but wholesomely human way. It is not by any of the ordinary processes of fiction that Denise, standing, as it were, naked and ashamed in the presence of herself—finds that she also has a soul. Most of the scene of the story is laid in Ireland, the resulting portraiture, with all its plentiful humour, being much truer than is at all usual to Irish life and character as they really are. Maev Dillon, the principal victim to Denise's influence, is of a type hardly to be found elsewhere, combining the utmost practical capability with a poetical temperament and a need for worship which, unhappily, incarnates itself in Denise. The name of Mary Crosbie is unfamiliar to us. That being so, we will accompany our welcome to an apparently new writer of exceptional descriptive and pathetic power with the counsel to make her future motives clear enough to call for no more than the ordinary attention of the ordinary reader, and also to keep her talk in character with her talkers. She is apt to make simple people discuss far from simple subjects in too literary a style.

"THE ANGEL AND THE OUTCAST"

"Yan" Biddler, the "Outcast" of G. Colmore's novel (Hutchinson and Co.), is a drunken, too-common creature of the slums; Lady Mallingham, her sister, adopted in infancy by a wealthy and childless couple and brought up as their own, is the "Angel." Long, however, before reaching the point of the contrast we are made to feel that, had their circumstances been changed, their respective titles might have been transposed. Even as things are, it is the Outcast who proves to be the heroine, while the Angel is taught by a narrowly and accidentally escaped temptation never to pass a moral judgment for the rest of her days. The lesson is interestingly and powerfully enforced. It may even be said, cruelly; for the novel cannot possibly be recommended to readers for pleasure.



Though the Swiss valleys are basking in the early summer sunshine, the mountains still retain their wintry mantle, and on their northern slopes the snow descends to a point far below the snow-line. Tourists who are now "doing" Switzerland have, therefore, an opportunity of indulging in the winter sport of sledging under particularly pleasant conditions, it being possible to start from "zero" away up on the mountain side and to slide down to the verge of "summer heat" within a few minutes. Photo by Brocherel, Aosta.

WINTER SPORT IN SUMMER: SLEDGING DOWN A SWISS MOUNTAIN SIDE

"THE CARDINAL'S SECRET"

We must own to an inability to understand much of the machinery of "The Cardinal's Secret," by Garritt Mill (Blackwood). It seems to depend upon some presumed method of "annulling" marriages without the intervention of the Court for Matrimonial Causes or any ground for its intervention. It is certainly not the fact that the mere disappearance of a wife, without any proof or even evidence of her death, entitles the husband to "annul" the marriage. The whole matter, however, is inconveniently confused. The main plot is somewhat clearer, being the familiar situation—familiar in fiction, at least—of a couple who are in love with one another without knowing it.

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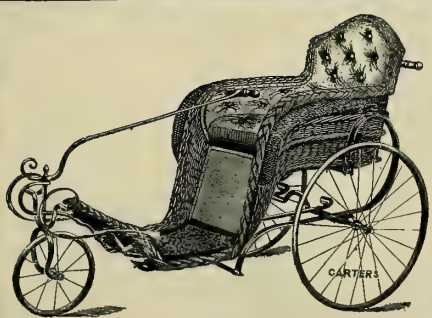
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THE EVOLUTION OF MORALS

The only possible form of noticing in brief so elaborate and extensive a work as Mr. L. T. Hobhouse's "Morals in Evolution: A Study in Comparative Ethics" (two vols.: Chapman and Hall) is a statement of its purpose, with some general outline of the field it covers. The former is best given in the words of the author:—

The upshot of the evidence here reviewed is that, ethically as well as physically, humanity is becoming one—one, not by the suppression of differences, or by the mechanical arrangement of lifeless parts, but by a widened consciousness of obligation, a more sensitive response to the claims of justice, a greater forbearance towards differences of type, a more enlightened conception of human purpose.

If our general conception of evolution is correct, the further development of society will follow a very different course from its past history, in that it is destined to fall within the scope of an organising intelligence, and thereby to be removed from the play of blind force to the sphere of rational order. Such a change must be gradual, and attended with many set-backs. The very ideas that are to direct it are yet in their infancy. Yet the social self-consciousness that gives them birth, arrived at as it is by a blending of the moral, the scientific, and the religious spirit, is for us the culminating fact of ethical evolution. But such an end can only be a beginning. Mind grasps the conditions of its development that it may master them and make use of them in its farther growth. . . . It is enough for the moment to reach the idea of a self-conscious evolution of humanity, and to find therein a meaning and an element of purpose for the historical process which has led up to it.

Interesting and useful, both for reading and reference apart from the conclusions to which they lead, are the accounts of such "historical process" in respect of Law and Justice, Marriage and the position of Women, the relations between Communities and Classes, Property and Poverty, Philosophy and Religion. Each of these branches of the subject is followed from its first rudimentary traces among mankind throughout the history of the world, both fully and fairly. A reader who cannot fall in with Mr. Hobhouse's views is provided with ample material for forming his own. The process will prove anything but dull.

"A LIGHT-HEARTED REBELLION"

In a novel of considerable promise (John Long) John Langfield, whose name is new to us, tells, through four of his characters, the entertaining story of a number of lively and amicable young people who took a house, without elder superintendence, in a remote country village, and of the adventures that either befell them or that they made for themselves. There is love interest, indeed, plenty of it, but it is agreeably subordinate to the high spirits of the young householders, whose acquaintance it is a pleasure to have made.

"THE FOLLY OF THE WISE"

"'Love?' said Lucas Cheriton, 'Love is the diversion of fools' (chap. ii., Book III)." The work whence this not very lucid epigram is extracted for its own title-page motto is a new novel by G. Sidney Paternoster, called "The Folly of the Wise" (John Long). Epigram-capping is indeed the incessant occupation of both its hero and its heroine; and it must be cordially acknowledged that the results of their rivalry of wit are generally of much better quality than the sample exhibited in the front window. That is well; for without them the love story of the lady-epigrammatist, though complicated with a miserable marriage and any number of injudicious flirtations, is hardly of sufficient public interest to be worth recording. The cleverness of the novel—which is certainly considerable—is displayed in the talk; and it may be hypercritical to complain even of the super-abundance of a really good thing.

"HER SON"

Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell's new story (John Murray), sub-entitled "A Chronicle of Love," is an exceedingly interesting study of a woman whom one of her friends, with impulsive insight, described as "a heavenly fool." Dorothy Fairfax is in fact an extreme example of the quite possible if not exactly every-day person in whom a certain wisdom of the heart leaves not so much as a niche for common-sense, and who manages to do without it—by good luck. The story is much too complex for a summary; indeed, the course taken by its heroine in any given situation is so incalculable as to require the whole novel to make it clear. That Mr. Vachell succeeds in making one angry with her, seriously and often, is to say much for the reality of his portraiture. That he makes one love her, even at one's angriest, is to say very much more.



The saloon carriages just built by the London and North Western Railway Company must be the most comfortable in the world. There are now two on the line. They are specially built for invalids or families. The invalid compartment occupies the middle, between two first-class compartments, and is 18¾ft. long and 8ft. 2in. wide, and can be entered by folding doors, which will admit the lifting through of a bath chair without disturbing the occupant. With bedstead, couch and easy chairs, thick carpet, and quiet colours, the compartment is all that an invalid requires. The furniture is movable, and so the compartment can be turned into a family coach if necessary.

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HOLIDAY BOOKS

As the summer holidays approach, guides to health resorts appear from all parts of the country, and choosing a suitable place by the aid of them becomes a formidable task. To simplify matters, Messrs. J. Whitaker and Sons have compiled a "Holiday Whitaker," and one can find easily herein where and how to go, where to stay, and what to see and do. "Whitaker" will also be published in October, so that the two editions cover the whole year.

The Health Resorts Association are the publishers of attractive guides to our English holiday places, and Bournemouth, Weymouth, Tenby, Leamington Spa, Deal and Southwold can each be studied free of charge by application to the Town Clerks of the respective towns for one of these guides.

London during the holiday season has a great influx of visitors, and to these Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.'s shilling illustrated handbook, which has stood the test of many years, can be confidently recommended. Another little guide, published by Souvenirs, Ltd., and written by the Viscountess Galway and L. Francis Craven, provides for Americans and Society visitors. It is daintily produced and well illustrated.

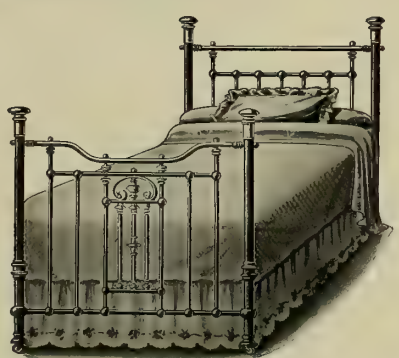
"The Book of the Caravan" (L. Upcott Gill; 5s.) is a complete guide to the pleasures of caravanning, written by one whose experience enables him to give excellent advice to those contemplating a holiday on the road.

Under the title of "Country and Seaside Holidays" the Midland Company publish a complete illustrated guide to the numerous holiday resorts in England, Scotland, and the North of Ireland, to which access is given by their lines and connections. A postcard to any Midland District Superintendent, Station-master or Agent, will insure a free copy.

Sixty pages in the London and South Western Railway Company's official illustrated guide are devoted this year to descriptive matter relating to the numerous health and holiday resorts reached by the company's rail and steamship services.

The Highland Railway have just issued a full and simple A.B.C. Guide to the places touched upon by their line. Copies may be obtained from Messrs. W. T. Hedges, Ltd., Effingham House, Strand, W.C., post free.

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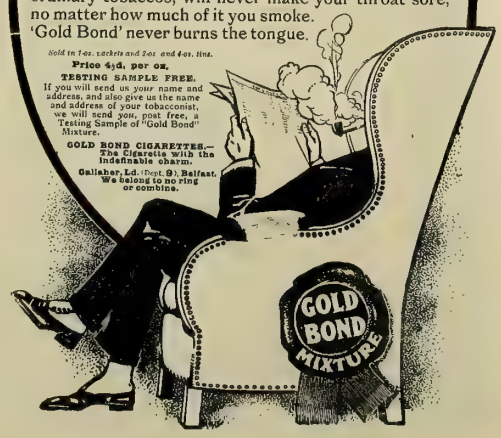
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MOTOR NOTES

In the report of the Conference on the Road Question, under the chairmanship of Sir John Wolfe Barry, the consensus of opinion seemed to be that national *aid* should be given for the maintenance of roads, but not national *control*, although there were several gentlemen who held and expressed opposite views. I hold entirely with the latter. I think the national control is far more important than the monetary assistance. Our roads are not consistently bad; indeed, in some districts they are superb; but it is owing to the various methods of road maintaining and repairing employed by different authorities that one cannot enjoy a good through route from one centre to another. I know several counties or districts where no financial assistance would help the want of common-sense on the part of the highway authorities and surveyors. During the conference many instances were given of the increase in cost per mile since the establishment of County Councils. From this the speakers deduced the conclusion that great improvements had taken place in road maintenance. I do not think that follows in the least. It *does actually* prove that the ratepayers are put to greater expense since the establishment of County Councils, but nothing more. I have an intimate knowledge of one district in which the cost per mile is almost the highest, and yet the roads are execrable. As to State interference, apparently every authority would like a good large grant from taxes on motors, without any supervision on the part of the donors. No doubt this would be very nice, but I question whether it would assist the matter. It is knowledge that is required much more than money. We may take it as proved up to the hilt that a well-made road is an economy in the end, even if the stone has to be imported.

Cost of the Maintenance of Roads

Although detachable rims seem to be in use on racing cars with success, they can hardly be said to be a necessity on the ordinary touring car. The amount of interest one takes in such details entirely depends on one's immunity from punctures or the reverse. Personally I regard punctures or any troubles with pneumatic tyres as a myth. I have not had one this season, although driving almost all the time on flinty roads. Last week my man removed a front tyre which had done 8,200 miles, and a non-skid driving tyre which has covered 4,200. Neither of these had been touched since they were first put on. I attribute my good luck first to having the car well-tyred for its weight, and, secondly, to proper inflation. The first point is most important. If a tyre is consistently asked to do more than it was built for, of course it cannot last. I do not myself believe that the tyre manufacturers think there is very much advantage in detachable rims, except on a racing car, where every moment is of the first importance. The public noticed the great advantage the possessor of detachable rims had over his competitors in last year's races, and promptly asked for them. Hence the demand, and also the supply, of what in itself is a most excellent article. No tyre, however good, will stand some contests, and it therefore becomes necessary to make the change as quickly as possible; but on a touring car, with ordinary luck, the tyre should not require any removal at all, and when it does, a quarter of an hour saved is not vital.

Detachable Rims

The recent deplorable and fatal accident on Sunrising Hill again draws attention to the disastrous habit of *taking risks*. In this case, the very special notice-board at the top of the Hill should have been quite sufficient to ensure proper care on the part of a driver unacquainted with the eccentricities of the descent. There is really no excuse for such an accident. The explanation was that the car got away with him,

Reckless Driving



Accommodation at Dieppe is being rapidly booked for the Grand Prix on July 2. At all crowded points bridges will be constructed over the course. Five thousand soldiers and police will guard the course, and sixty stewards will be on duty to see that the rules of the race are properly carried out.

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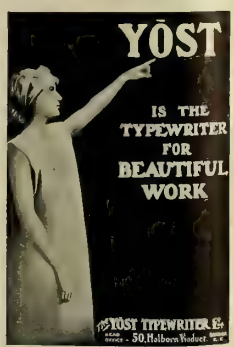
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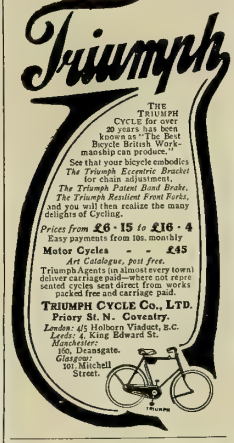
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The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. September 28, 1895, says: "If I were asked which single medicine I should prefer to take abroad with me, as likely to be most generally useful, to the exclusion of all others, I should say CHLORODYNE. I never travel without it, and its general applicability to the relief of a large number of simple ailments forms its best recommendation."

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ONLY GENUINE.

but only because it was travelling at too high a speed. Then comes the bend, which it is impossible to negotiate at any speed at all, and the inevitable disaster. The accidents in the Herkomer race again have done much harm to the motoring fraternity. They were quite needless. To explain that an accident is due to skidding at a corner is unjustifiable. It only means that the speed was too high under the existing conditions of the road. Accidents such as these are due entirely to *bad* driving. If Nazzaro and Lancia were to drive in a similar way they would never have a race to their credit; but they are magnificent drivers. In talking to a Frenchman well known in motor racing circles, I elucidated the opinion that the chief qualification of a successful driver is "prudence."

Dropping Engine-Oil

Another rod is in pickle for the unfortunate motorist. Messrs. Tillings were recently summoned at Lambeth for infringing one of the by-laws by dropping "filth," viz., refuse oil from the engine of a motor omnibus. The defendants explained that it was impossible to prevent the nuisance complained of; but the case was decided against them with a nominal fine of 5s. Apart from the fact that the unfortunate and apparently unprofitable motor-bus is again harassed with new penalties, the case opens up an important point, affecting all motorists. Probably enclosing the machinery entirely with a shield, which will catch any surplus oil, would solve the difficulty; but if we consider the offensive condition of many of our London streets in summer, owing to horse-drawn vehicles, the motor would seem to be suffering rather harsh treatment. I have been looking forward with confidence to the day when it will be a pleasure, instead of the reverse, to drive along Victoria Street, or indeed any street paved with asphalte. The authorities are, of course, quite right in finding fault *before* any attribute of the mechanically propelled vehicle becomes a downright nuisance, always provided that the remedy does not amount to persecution.

Dust Preventing

I am glad to be informed by Sir Herbert Mackworth Praed that no importance need be attached to the recent scare as to the harm done to fish by the surplus water from tarred roads in rainy weather. As an instance of tar being non-injurious to fish, he reminds us that fish-hatching boxes and nurseries are generally coated with this substance. From this I think we may safely deduce that we have not much to fear from tar; but how about some of the chemical productions? Certainly in some districts fish are being poisoned. I have watched carefully all experiments for treating the dust, and one which is simple and effectual is the use of calcium chloride. The effect of this preparation is to keep the roads always damp. But what will be the ultimate effect on boots, horses' feet, &c.? It has practically the same effect as sea-water, and this, as is well known, is injurious to leather and iron. Many cracked heels may be safely attributed to watering the streets with salt water instead of fresh, and the use of salt in times of frost. Anglers may be apprehensive, with some reason, of the effect of surplus water draining into streams and rivers off roads treated in this way. The recent conference will no doubt deal with this matter, as several eminent chemists are included in the list of experts.

Endorsement of Licences

The Motor Union recently obtained on appeal to the Divisional Court a decision that motor-car drivers' licences shall not be endorsed for the first conviction when exceeding the ten-mile speed limit in the Royal parks. The appeal was on behalf of the driver of Mr. McCall, K.C., against the decision of Mr. Marsham, the Bow Street magistrate, by which his licence was endorsed for exceeding the speed limit in St. James's Park. The case was argued at great length before the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Darling and Mr. Justice Lawrence, who all gave separate judgments. In the result the appeal was allowed and the endorsement quashed. Now that these endorsements have been pronounced illegal the Motor Union are considering what steps can be taken to secure their removal from the licences of those motorists who have been convicted for exceeding the speed limit in the parks.

England is to be complimented on the recent order placed by the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar (Prince Ranjitsinhji) with the Lanchester Company for two of their six-cylinder cars.

The present week will witness the completion of the new Fiat Works at Wembley. They are expected to be in full swing by the end of the month.

The Yorkshire Engine Company, of Sheffield, are now building the "Daimler Mercédès" for the British and Colonial Daimler Mercédès Syndicate. The cars combine all the features and characteristics of the Mercédès, but the price will be considerably lower.

Ingenuity in a marked degree is shown by the inventor of the Tyre Manipulator, just brought out by the Dunlop Tyre Company. Any instrument which will ease the difficulties of handling a heavy non-skid (for which the manipulator is specially recommended) is worth having.

GRAPHICUS.



THE KEY THAT OPENED THE HAMPSTEAD TUBE

Last Saturday Mr. Lloyd George, as President of the Board of Trade, formally opened the Hampstead Tube, the last link in the system of underground electric railways projected by Sir Edgar Speyer and the late Mr. Yerkes. The new line runs from Charing Cross to Golder's Green, with a branch from Camden Town to Highgate, and the passengers are carried from the centre of London to these two suburbs in eighteen and twenty-four minutes respectively. Our illustration shows the silver-gilt key—manufactured by Messrs. Elkington & Co.—with which Mr. Lloyd George performed the opening ceremony.

The Monteith bowl is the first prize in the Thames Sailing Barge Match, and is presented by the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers. It is a replica of the original in the company's possession, and is manufactured by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, of 188, Oxford Street, W. The bowl was won this year by Veronica (Parker and Shrubsall).



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CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS



THE HARLEQUINADE IN "THE BELLE OF MAYFAIR" AT THE VAUDEVILLE
DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

"SINDBAD" AT DRURY LANE

Mr. Arthur Collins's production of *Sindbad* is a great spectacular triumph, and a legitimate one, for the DRURY LANE pantomime is admittedly and traditionally looked for as a spectacle and not a play. This year it is a poetically conceived one which is delightful to look upon, and enhances instead of detracting from the subject. This is high praise I know, but it is deserved and true. Mr. Collins's production is a series of such delicate, dainty, fairy pictures, that I came away feeling that he could, if he would, reproduce Spenser's "Faery Queen" or any Elizabethan masque, and not leave us feeling that it had been better done in the time when masques were a passion with the nobles and the people. In particular the mermaid scene, with which the story is introduced, the scene in which the old-fashioned ship is shown tossing helplessly about on great rolling waves in a storm, and the grotto where a weird, fantastic, sea-serpenty sort of dragon bars the way to the Diamond Valley, are all highly imagined and wonderfully carried out additions to the story. Indeed, each in its way is a masterpiece of fancy and execution. The big "sets," the ballet, the dresses and transformation scene hardly need special mention, because for years these have been marvellously beautiful at Drury Lane, and there is no falling off this year. The grotesque animals—which are the oldest form of pantomime humour are better than I have ever seen them before, though they are less relied upon to provide fun than usual, for which reason they are deliciously grotesque and funny. The "book" is the weakest point of the entertainment, because it has not yet occurred to Mr. Collins to commission a dramatist or a lyrist of repute to write a pantomime "book" for him. I live in hope that he will do so before I cease to look forward to Boxing Day for the sake of the Drury Lane "show." However, if the book and songs are slightly below the average, the cast is particularly happy. Mr. Walter Passmore is delightful as Sindbad, Mr. Arthur Conquest who played Mrs. Sindbad in the absence of Mr. Harry Randall—was the most discreet and really humorous old woman I have yet seen in pantomime, and Mr. Fred Emney, as the Empress of the Sahara, was a good second to him. Miss Queenie Leighton was in excellent form as the principal boy, Hindbad, and Miss Marie George is a taking, vivacious principal girl. Altogether this year's pantomime is worth seeing more than once.

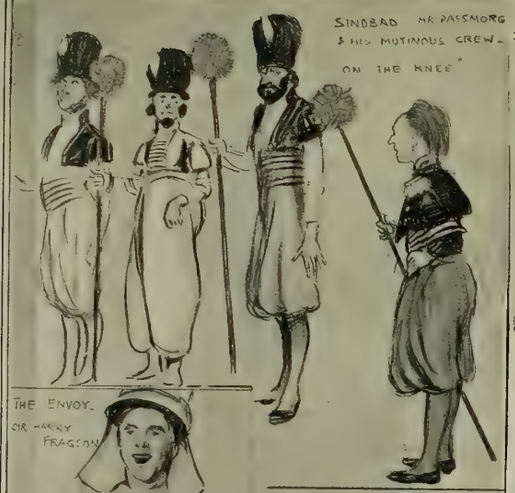


THE TREASURE SHIP IN FAIRY SEAS AT THE HIPPODROME
DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON



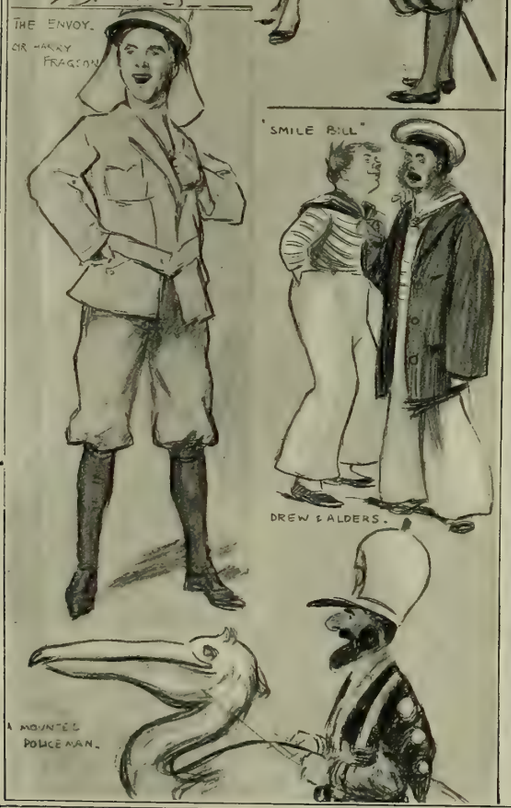
"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S
DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON

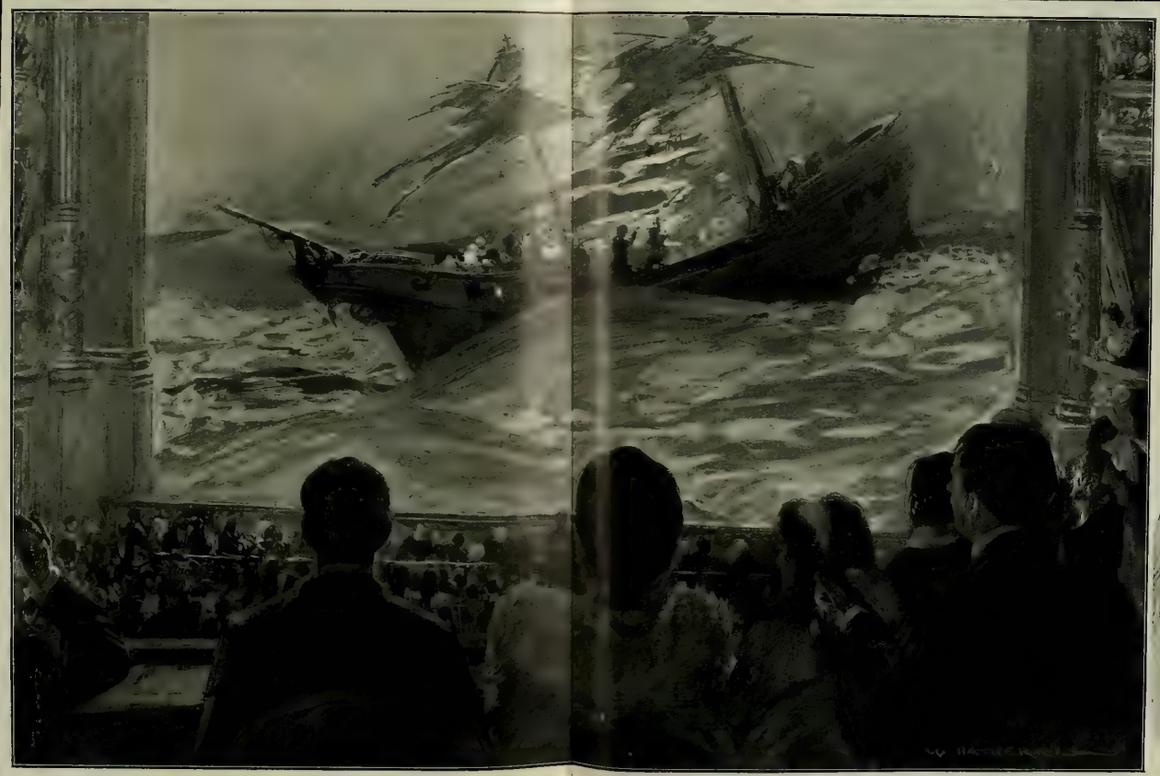
LONDON'S GREAT PANTOMIME















"SINDBAD" AT DRURY LANE: THE WRECK SCENE

Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I., and Balliol Salmon

LONDON'S GREAT PANTOMIME













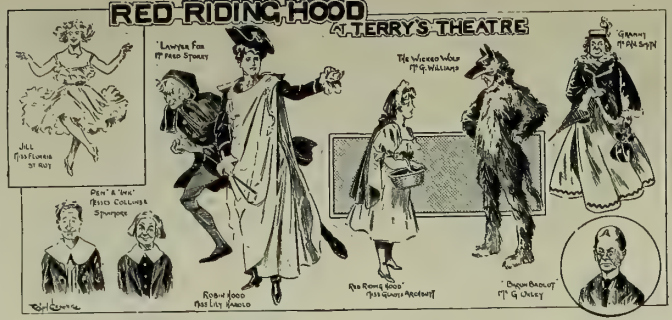




"SINDBAD" AT DRURY LANE: THE WRECK SCENE

Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I., and Balliol Salmon

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER



While *The Vicar of Wakefield* holds its own in the evening bill, the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre is given over every afternoon (Saturdays excepted) to Mr. Seymour Hicks's new production of *Alice in Wonderland*, which makes a most fascinating entertainment for young people. Mr. Hicks no longer plays the Mad Hatter, but his brother, Mr. Stanley Brett, is an excellent substitute; and Miss Marie Studholme is a comely if rather mature Alice.

At the DUKE OF YORK'S the evergreen *Peter Pan* is being given twice daily to crowded houses. This year we have a new Peter in the charming person of Miss Pauline Chase—she is the third exponent of the part, her predecessors having been Miss Nina Boucicault and Miss Cissie Loftus. Miss Hilda Trevelyan is once more the little mother Wendy, and Mr. Du Maurier's pirate captain is still a wonder and a delight.

At the HIPPODROME the Christmas entertainment is a most ingenious spectacular affair, showing the adventures under water of certain treasure-hunters. By a clever illusion the whole arena is made to appear as though it were filled with water to the roof, and in this space we see a ship sink, divers descend, and mermaids and sea monsters disport themselves. Subsequently, in the tank proper, there is a fine swimming display, while on the stage there is a pretty flying ballet.

At TERRY'S the old story of *Red Riding Hood* is set forth very daintily. The "book" is much above the average, and Mr. W. H. C. Nation's lyrics are excellent. Mr. Fred Storey is a capital and sardonic Lawyer Fox, Miss Gladys Archbutt a pretty Red Riding Hood, and Miss Lily Harold a *débonnaire* Robin Hood.



At HENGLER'S *Red Riding Hood* is also set forth very pleasingly, most of the parts being played by children. It is a very bright and gay little entertainment, into which all the children performers enter with infinite zest, and the "Old English Harlequinade" which follows is full of fun.

Not to be behind in the way of providing Christmas fare, at the VAUDEVILLE a harlequinade has been introduced into the last act of *The Belle of Mayfair*. It is extremely quaint to see all the characters in this popular musical comedy suddenly plunge into pantomime; but Mr. Courtice Pounds makes a superb policeman, Mr. Arthur Williams plays clown as though to the manner born, Miss Billie Burke is a most dainty columbine, and the rest are excellent. Miss Camille Clifford only walks across the stage as La Pompadour, but she looks charming.

OLYMPIA for Christmas has been turned into a "Mammoth Fun City" for eight weeks, and from eleven until eleven is thronged with pleasure-seekers. Acrobats, wire performers, a circus, and daring lion-taming performances are among the great features of this huge fair.

Herr Hans Andresen and Fraulein Gademann returned to London to give a characteristic German children's comedy at the Scala Theatre. They chose *Schneewittchen*, which is a very simple, and in its way, very perfect dramatisation for little people of "Snowdrop and the Seven Little Men." It was prettily staged and acted in exactly the right simple spirit by the German Company.



THE REVIVAL OF "PETER PAN" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

THE · LAST · TRIBUTE · TO BARONESS · BURDETT-COUTTS



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON
Photo by Knights-Whittome, Sutton.



PRINCE FRANCIS OF TECK
Photo by Lafayette, London.



THE DUKE OF ARGYLL
Photo by Mendelssohn, London.

THE remains of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts were laid to rest among the graves of the great and the good in Westminster Abbey on Saturday. There had been no debate about their admission to the national fane, and her tablet in the nave is between the memorials to William Pitt and Charles James Fox on the north side of the western door, with the monument to the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury in close proximity. The generation familiar with that ready and carefully planned generosity which made the Baroness famous, in spite of her efforts to conceal it, went before her; yet, when her funeral procession passed through the streets, a silent crowd stood six deep upon the pavement to pay a final tribute. In all faces there was a look that reflected the greatness of her life, and that a personality rare and wonderful had been lost to them.

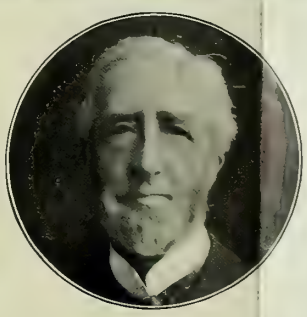


MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE, M.P.
Photo by Rosemont, Leeds.

It was an impressive procession on account of its extreme simplicity—for it fitted so well the close of a life that had known no ostentation. The coffin lay on an open car covered with a purple pall. There were no flowers, only a bunch of sweet herbs "from the garden on the hill." Outside the house in Stratton Street there were thousands of people looking on reverently. Along Piccadilly, Grosvenor Place and Victoria Street, blinds were drawn, flags hung at half-mast, men stood with bared heads, and even labourers and their wives wore black ties and ribbons.

The *cortège* entered the Abbey by the West Cloister door. As it slowly passed up the nave the choir sang "Brief life is here our portion," followed by the opening sentences of the Burial Service set to Dr. Croft's music. The eight pall-bearers were Prince Francis of Teck, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Peel, the Right Hon. H. Gladstone, Commodore Colin Keppel, R.N., Mr. W. R. Malcolm, and Mr. F. Greenwood. The chief mourners, named here in the order as they had ridden in the procession, included Mr. Burdett-Coutts; Sir Francis Burdett and Miss Maud Burdett; General Hatchell and Mrs. Hatchell (*née* Burdett), Mr. Byron and Mrs. Byron (*née* Burdett); Mr. Francis Coutts, Mr. Patterson and Mrs. Patterson (*née* Coutts), Mrs. Eleonora Money-Coutts; Mr. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, Miss Sibyll Ashmead-Bartlett, and Miss Audrey Ashmead-Bartlett; Mr. George Ashmead-Bartlett, Miss Irene Ashmead-Bartlett, and Mr. Seabury Ashmead-Bartlett, R.N.; Mr. George Terry, Mrs. Green, Mr. Willard, and Mr. Merlini.

Every class was represented by the mourners in the Abbey, from the poorer people who had waited hours to gain admittance, to the representatives of the King, the Queen, and the Prince of Wales. Mr. John Burns attended both as a private gentleman and as a representative of the Cabinet, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs came in state, and the councils of Westminster and



VISCOUNT PEEL
Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.



MR. FREDERICK GREENWOOD
Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street



MR. WILLIAM R. MALCOLM



COMMODORE COLIN KEPPEL
Photo by Mayall, Piccadilly.

THE EIGHT PALL-BEARERS

THE LAST SCENE OF ALL



MR. BURDETT-COUTTS. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. LORD PEEL. PRINCE FRANCIS OF TECK. CAPTAIN KEPPEL. MR. FREDERICK GREENWOOD. ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE. THE DUKE OF ARGYLL. CANON DUCKWORTH. MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE.

THE CHIEF MOURNERS AT THE BARONESS'S GRAVESIDE IN THE ABBEY

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. HATHERELL, R.I.

THE LAST SCENE OF ALL



MR. BURDETT-COUTTS. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. LORD PEEL. PRINCE FRANCIS OF TECK. CAPTAIN REPPEL. MR. FREDERICK GREENWOOD. ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE. THE DUKE OF ARGYLL. CANON DUCKWORTH. MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE.

THE CHIEF MOURNERS AT THE BARONESS'S GRAVESIDE IN THE ABBEY

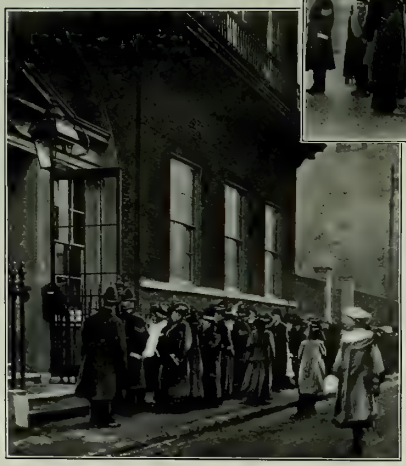
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. HATHERELL, R.I.

St. Pancras sent deputations. There was no catafalque to canopy the coffin during the solemn office. But as the choir sang Psalm xc., *Domine refugium*, to Purcell's music, the body of the great benefactress lay on its bier, between candles, at the foot of the sacrarium steps. The lesson was read by Canon Du kworth, the Sub-Dean, and the beautiful anthem, "When the ear heard her," followed, with exquisite fitness.

While the Dead March from "Saul" was played upon the organ, the procession moved to the graveside. Here a wreath from the Queen, of lilies of the valley, arum lilies, and white lilac, was placed at the head with the inscription "In remembrance of a long and good life, from Alexandra." After the recitation of the committal sentences, Goss's anthem, "I heard a voice from heaven," was sung upon the lowering of the coffin. The Benediction being uttered, the congregation filed slowly past the open grave while Dr. Alcock played on the organ Chopin's consolatory and beautiful "Marche Funèbre."

THE COSTERS' TRIBUTE

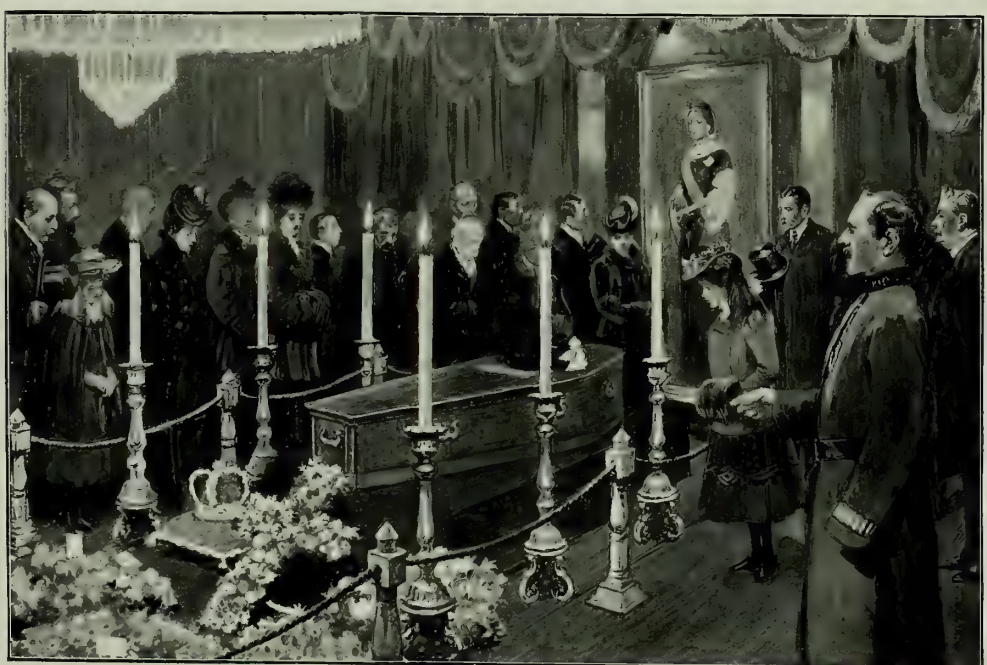




THE CROWD IN STRATTON STREET DURING THE LYING-IN-STATE



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING HYDE PARK CORNER



IN THE DEATH-CHAMBER: THE TRIBUTE OF THE TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND

The greatest honour that the public could show the memory of the dead Baroness was done when they assembled in thousands to pay the last tribute of respect, whether at the coffin-side in her house at Stratton Street, or in the thoroughfares, when their silent reverence saluted her to the grave. The twenty-five thousand people who streamed through the death-chamber during the two days' lying-in-state, the great crowds along the route of the funeral procession, the tributes from all classes, including that touching and significant tribute from London's costermongers—these, fragrant of the love and remembrance of the people, for whom she did so much, will be thought by many to be a more splendid monument to this great woman than even the panoply of an Abbey tomb.

THE MINING SENSATION OF THE YEAR



ONE OF THE RICHEST SPOTS IN THE DIGGINGS



WORKING BELOW THE SURFACE



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WORKINGS



DIGGERS IN CAMP AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK



SORTING OUT THE STONES

At the new diamond fields at Droogveld, on the Vaal River, prospecting is in full swing, and nearly 2,000 loads are ready for washing. Some very fine diamonds have been found. The waterworks are expected to be finished by the end of the month, and by the middle of February the new diggings will be open to the public, and claim allotments will probably be made very shortly. It will be remembered that recently six £1 shares in the new diggings were sold for £26,950.

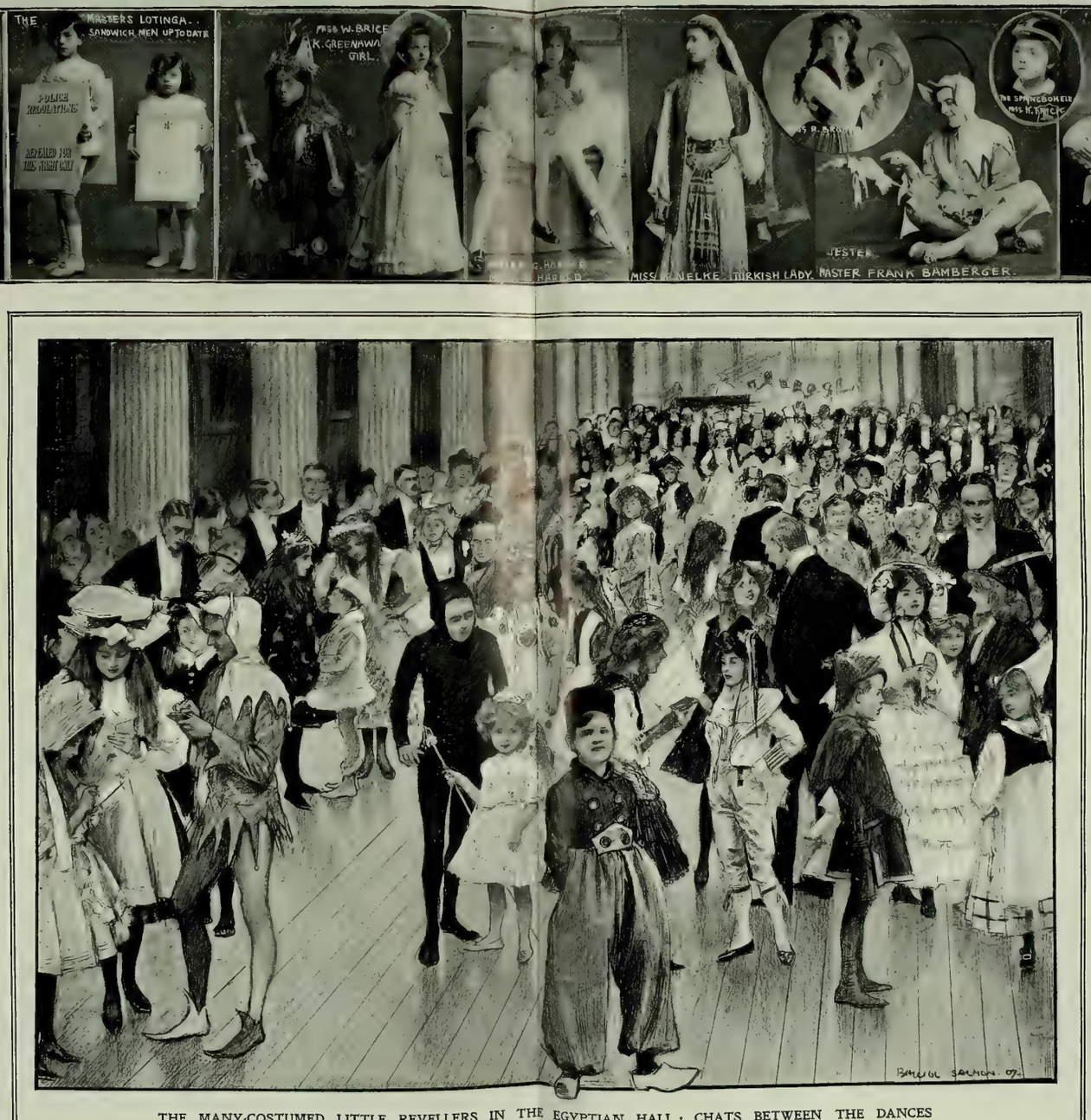
AT WORK IN THE NEW DIAMOND DIGGINGS ON THE VAAL RIVER

THE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL AT THE MANSION HOUSE



MISS GWEN MARSHALL (Pierrette) — MISS N. STANNARD (Folly) — MISS MURIEL HANNEN (A Merveilleuse)

From Photographs by Lafayette and Speaight.



THE MANY-COSTUMED LITTLE REVELLERS IN THE EGYPTIAN HALL: CHATS BETWEEN THE DANCES

DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON



MASTER SENIOR GOWING (Izaak Walton) — MISS GLADYS AND MASTER LEONARD WAGNER (Dutch Girl and Boy)
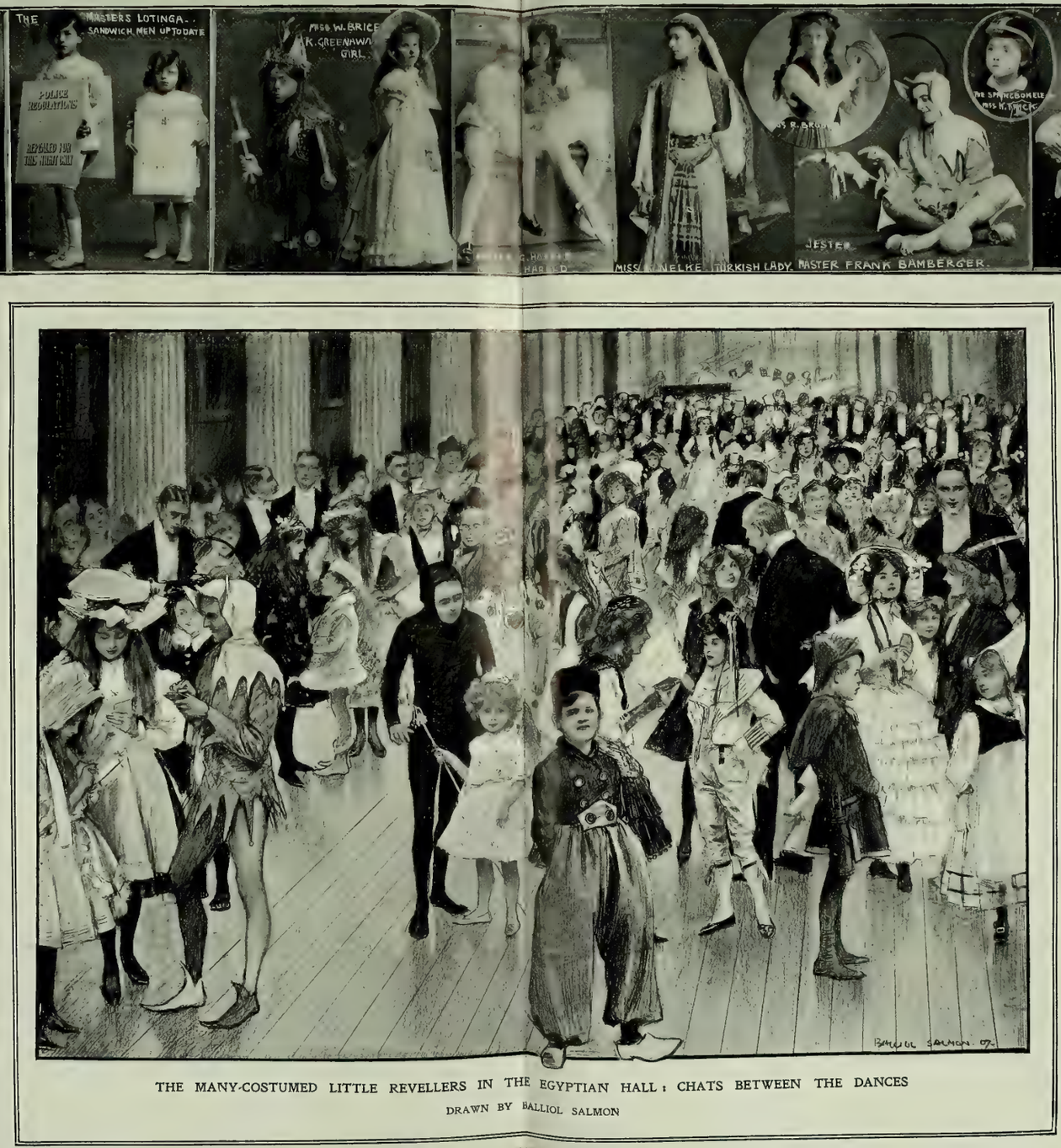
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THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY AT MALTA



The Lords of the Admiralty have been very busy lately. Not long ago they went over the Dreadnought at Portsmouth. Recently they were at Gibraltar, where they inspected the naval works. Later, on board the Enchantress, they proceeded to Malta, where they also inspected the dockyard and naval establishments, and where official dinners were given in the Admiralty yacht. Then they reviewed, on the Floriana at Malta, all the bluejackets and marines of the Fleet stationed there. After the inspection the men marched past a platform occupied by their Lordships, Lord Charles Beresford, and other officers. Photo by Cassar, Valletta.

OUR BUSY SEA LORDS: A REVIEW OF BLUEJACKETS AND MARINES ON THE FLORIANA, MALTA



LADIES AT WORK ON TAPESTRY



A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN

The Royal School of Art Needlework are now holding at the Grafton Galleries an exhibition of the work carried out by their students. The designing and carrying out of tapestries, beautiful embroidery, and all branches of art needlework, form the chief work of the school, but it also busies itself with the upholstering of furniture, the restoration of old tapestries, etc. The exhibition will remain open till February 11. Our photos are by Campbell-Gray.

THE REVIVAL OF AN ANCIENT ART: MAKING TAPESTRY AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK

LIBRARY
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Angelo's Fencing-Room

A Facsimile of the Original Drawing by T. Rowlandson



Angelo's Fencing-Room

A Facsimile of the Original Drawing by T. Rowlandson

Lib.
Of The
UNIVERSITY of ILLINOIS

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT



The stateliest part of the pageant of the opening of Parliament by King Edward was the procession from the Robing Room, through the Royal Gallery, and so to the gilded chamber of the Lords. For in the Royal Gallery all the most picturesque elements of the day's ceremonies became united—much splendour in little space. Here, after their robing in the Robing Room, the King and Queen, preceded and followed by great officers of State in glittering garb, and attended by equerries, heralds, pursuivants—by Rouge Croix, Rouge Dragon, and the rest, among whom were the scarlet-coated Yeomen of the Guard—passed hand in hand, the centre figures of the brilliant procession looked on by a crowd of privileged spectators—to the Throne of the House of Lords. And after the brief ceremony there, the return—shown by our artist—made a replica of the former picture. The King, under his crimson robes bordered with gold lace and ermine, wore the uniform of a Field-Marshal, and the Queen across her corsage wore the blue ribband of the Garter, and from her crown of brilliants fell a veil of *oeil-de-lièvre* lace.

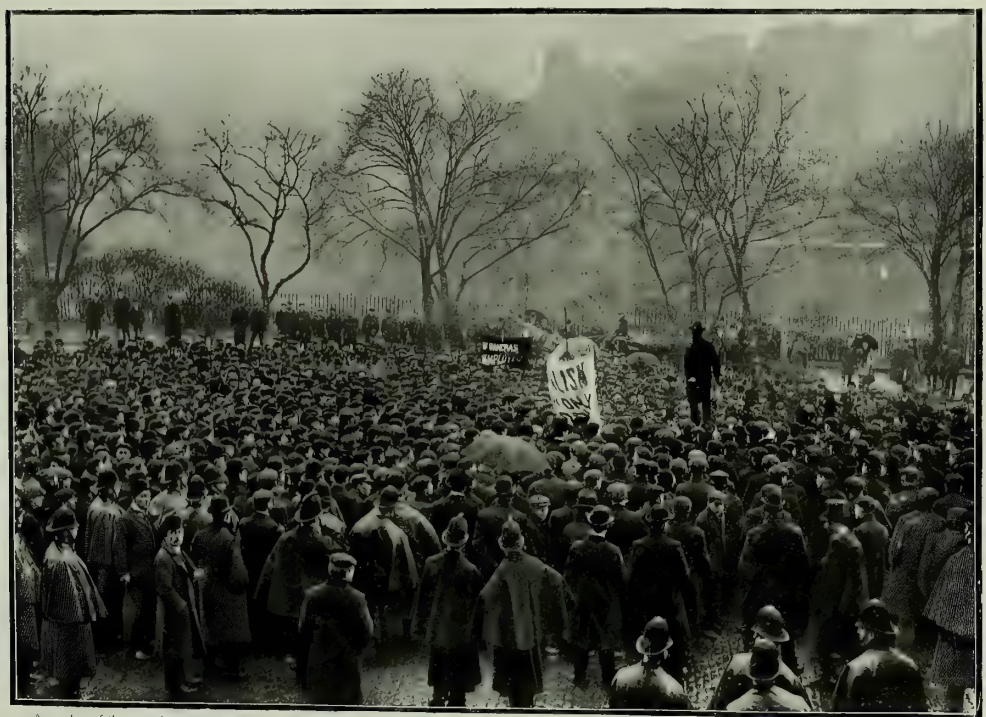
The King and Queen Returning through the Royal Gallery from the House of Lords

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.



Though it could not damp the enthusiasm of the crowd, the rain, which was falling heavily at the time, somewhat spoiled the spectacular effect of the progress of their Majesties to Westminster, in the magnificent State coach drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, accompanied by the carriages containing the Lords and Ladies of the Household. Our view was taken from a balcony in the House of Lords overlooking the entrance in the Victoria Tower, through which the King and Queen passed to open Parliament.

A ROYAL PROGRESS: THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE STATE CARRIAGE ON THEIR WAY TO WESTMINSTER



A number of the unemployed had agreed to assemble on Tower Hill and to make a demonstration at the opening of Parliament, but the miserable weather was against them, and even the promise of bread and cheese gratis failed to attract more than a couple of thousand men. After being harangued by several speakers the procession formed up, with a banner inscribed, "The Talking Shop Opens: What About the Unemployed?" in the van. Carefully shepherded by a large body of police, they made their way westward, but got no nearer the Houses of Parliament than Hyde Park, where, after some more speeches, in which Mr. John Burns was somewhat roughly handled, the crowd quietly dispersed.

TO AWAKE THE ATTENTION OF PARLIAMENT: THE DEMONSTRATION OF THE UNEMPLOYED ON TOWER HILL



"How dare those opposed to woman's suffrage," asked Mr. Zangwill at Exeter Hall, whither the army of suffragists marched in the mud and rain the other day, "defend their monstrous proposition that one-half of the human race shall have no votes?" "Let the House of Lords," he added, "be replaced by a House of Ladies." He certainly struck the note of the afternoon. The army stormed Trafalgar Square, and bombarded the crowd with speeches. Many women's interests were represented cigar-makers, power-loom weavers, pipe-finishers, shirt-makers, textile workers, hank and bobbin winders, gassers, doublers, reelers—as was shown by the banners. Among the demonstrators were the grey-haired Lady Strachey, Lady Carlisle and her two daughters, Lady Frances Balfour, Mrs. Fawcett, Lady Cecilia Roberts, and Lady Dorothy Howard.

The Suffragists' Progress: Incidents of the Latest London Demonstration

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER

THE STOLEN MASTERPIECES

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

By H. W. LUCY

London, compared with sister cities on the Continent, sees so few pageants that it was cruel to have the Royal journey to Westminster on the opening day of the Session marred by rain. Disappointment was the greater since Monday was almost a spring day, London looking its best. Though the approach to Westminster was accomplished in gloomy circumstances, these, by contrast, heightened the gorgeous scene that awaited His Majesty as he entered the House of Lords. The doors were opened at noon, and Peeresses and other privileged ticket-holders streamed slowly in till floor and side galleries were thronged. On this occasion unexpected mobility was discovered in the red leather-covered benches. The backs are removable and, before the crowd assembles, are bodily taken away, to be brought back by a staff of white-aproned men in the interval preceding the actual commencement of business. When the benches are occupied by Peers in their red robes, and Peeresses in evening dress, feathers, and what, looked down upon from the gallery, seems almost a sea of diamonds, the effect is increased by the absence of the bulky backs against which in business hours noble lords loll.

The first two hours of waiting were passed in a sort of solemn half-light, shed through the lofty windows richly dight. Suddenly, on the stroke of two o'clock, the Chamber was flooded with electric light. This was the signal for the entrance of the Prince and Princess of Wales coming in from the doorway to the left of the Throne. With swift rustle of frocks and dazzling flash of jewels, the gathering uprose. By bow and curtsey, made to right and left, the Prince and Princess, standing on the steps of the Throne, made gracious acknowledgment. They faced from the dais the splendid array of Peers and Peeresses, their chairs being a little lower than the Queen's, which was overshadowed by the stately proportions of the Throne filled with the smiling presence of His Majesty.

Shortly after two o'clock the head of the procession, heralded by the faint echo of trumpets sounding in the Royal Gallery, entered. First came the Earl of Crewe, carrying the Crown on a red velvet cushion, looking as grave as if he were going to the funeral of another Education Bill. Next came the Earl of Carrington, bearing aloft the Sword of State which I remember to have seen in "Dizzy's" hand when, just made Earl of Beaconsfield, he accompanied Queen Victoria on her way to the Throne. On his left was the Marquis of Winchester carrying the Cap of Maintenance. Immediately behind came the King and Queen, walking hand in hand as if they were going afairing. The Queen, who was gowned in black velvet with long crimson velvet train, wore a crown. The King as he entered was bareheaded. When he seated himself on the Throne he clapped on his head a three-cornered hat with feathers.

As the head of the Royal Procession filed in, Lords and Ladies and the sombre-hued mass of M.P.s in the galleries behind the bar rose to their feet, remaining standing till Royalty was duly throned. At a signal from the King they resumed their seats, and there followed a strange pause of silence and immobility. A stranger witnessing the spectacle for the first time might think something had gone wrong, What really happened was that Black Rod had been despatched to the House of Commons to bid members repair to the House of Lords. Now Black Rod is an elderly gentleman, and the occasion does not lend itself to anything approaching indecency of speed. Accordingly some moments elapsed before a rush was heard behind the Bar and the Speaker was discovered standing before it, behind him a throng of members squeezed into very inadequate space.

It is usual for the Prime Minister to stand immediately behind the Speaker. On Tuesday Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, suffering from a cold, and husbanding his strength for debate on the Address, excused himself from attendance. The Lord Chancellor advanced, and, on bended knee, presented a document to His Majesty. This was the Speech, and it was read from the Throne with a perfection of elocution and perfect audibility that proved the suspected fact that the imperfect acoustical properties of the House of Lords are not wholly responsible for the daily difficulty of following a debate.



The Gouache miniature, attributed to Dumont. Portrait of a lady playing the guitar. Her hair is powdered and tied with blue ribbons, and she wears roses in her bosom. The frame is diamond-bordered.



The miniature signed "N. L." (Lawrence) and with the monogram "Consolation de L'Absence." The lady is gazing at a locket and wears a pink dress. There is a dog at her feet. The frame is diamond-bordered.

THE TWO STOLEN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MINIATURES

THE LOST ART TREASURES

The burglary at the residence, 21, Norfolk Street, Park Lane, of Mr. Charles Wertheimer, the well-known art collector, is one of the most amazing of its kind. Reynolds's portrait of the Honourable Mrs. Charles Yorke, and Gainsborough's portrait of Nancy Parsons are valued at about £20,000 between them, while the rose-enamelled snuff-box with a portrait of a young man; the twelve Louis XVI. gold snuff-boxes; the five Louis XV. ditto; the Louis XIV. agate and cage gold-mounted watch and double-scent flacon (John Leroy, Paris), and the two French eighteenth century miniatures, bring the total value of the "haul" to about £50,000. Reproductions by permission of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co.



THE PORTRAIT OF NANCY PARSONS, BY GAINSBOROUGH
The dress is dark, and the sitter wears a lace scarf and a turban. Size, 35in. by 28in.



THE PORTRAIT OF THE HON. MRS. CHARLES YORKE, BY REYNOLDS
The dress is blue, and the sitter is playing a mandoline. Size, 36in. by 28in.

THE TERRIBLE WRECK OF THE BERLIN



A HERO: CAPTAIN M. SPERLING
The brave Dutchman of Dordrecht, who rescued the last three women on board. His ship was in harbour at the Hook. "The women were alive," he said. "We could not abandon them."



LOST: J. F. ROLLASON
A well-known English jockey, who was under orders to ride for Mr. Katendyke. He left specially early for Holland because, he said, "he had decided to take no risks." Photo by Sherborn.



LOST: MR. ARTHUR HERBERT
King's Messenger, a grandson of the Earl of Powis. He was taking important official papers to Copenhagen, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. Photo by H. Walter Barnett.



LOST: W. MOORE, THE CHIEF STEWARD
Who was found with the dead body of the little boy August Hersch, who had been committed to his charge, in his arms. He leaves a widow and six children. Photo by Coates.



SAVED: CAPT. PARKINSON, OF BELFAST
The first man who was rescued. He was washed off the bridge, and picked up, from a floating plank, in a semi-conscious condition.



A VIEW OF THE WRECK ON THE DAY WHEN THE LAST SURVIVORS WERE RESCUED
Photo by Bolak.



SEARCHERS CARRYING ONE OF THE BODIES ALONG THE NORTH PIER
Photo by Topical.



THE ILL-FATED VESSEL STEAMING UP THE WATERWAY TO ROTTERDAM
Photo by Roche, Dublin.



DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I.

The Rescue of Captain Parkinson by the Lifeboat President Van Heel, with the Clacton Standing by to Assist

The crew of the Great Eastern cargo-vessel Clacton were the only eye-witnesses of the actual disaster. The Clacton left Harwich half an hour after the Berlin, and on arriving at the Hook of Holland found the Berlin pounding against the end of the North Pier, with huge seas washing right over her. Captain William Dale, the Master of the Clacton, in the course of an interview with the special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, told the following story:—

"A steam lifeboat and a couple of tugs were in the waterway. I could not go to sea at full speed. They were obviously trying to render assistance to the Berlin, but they dared not—or could not get out. I was now within half of the wreck when I found that I was in trouble myself. So I gave an order to hard-to-starboard, instantly stopping the port engines, and broached the Clacton round with her head to sea—full steam. With her head to sea, I stood out for an hour and watched the efforts which were being made to save the Berlin. It was pitch dark save for the White Flash light, which lit up the funnels and the great sheets of water that were covering her in a canvas of blinding spray. Some time after I arrived, and while I was manœuvring about, she began to fall in two. It was then that I could see that she was crowded with passengers and crew. . . . Although I could do next to nothing myself except to float lifebuoys, I was able to give information to the steam lifeboat. I signalled her that there were two men holding on to the floating wreckage, and she picked them up as they came near. But I think that they were dead. I signalled her that another man on a spar was going towards the south jetty. That turned out to be Captain Parkinson."

FROM MAILRIALS SUPPLIED BY CAPTAIN DALE, OF THE CLACTON



DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I.

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Our Special Artist writes:—"I sketched the scene of rescue from a tug which took us round the whole scene. The small boat in the foreground is the one in which the four pilot apprentices rowed out to the wreck. Ree was the first to reach the beacon at the end of the pier, from which point he threw a rope to the wreck. Down the rope slid eleven survivors into the arms of Ree and one of his brave companions. The two men on the pier made the rescued people sit under the beacon, where the ground was just above the water, and there they were able to cling to the iron work for safety. The other two apprentices were, during this time, keeping the small boat, which was attached to the beacon by a rope, from being dashed against the pier, and eventually the eleven people were dragged safely aboard the attendant lifeboat. Though another boat came to their assistance, to these four men the rescue was practically due."

Rescued: One of the Lady Passengers Sliding Down the Rope to Safety, after Thirty-six Hours' Exposure on the Wreck

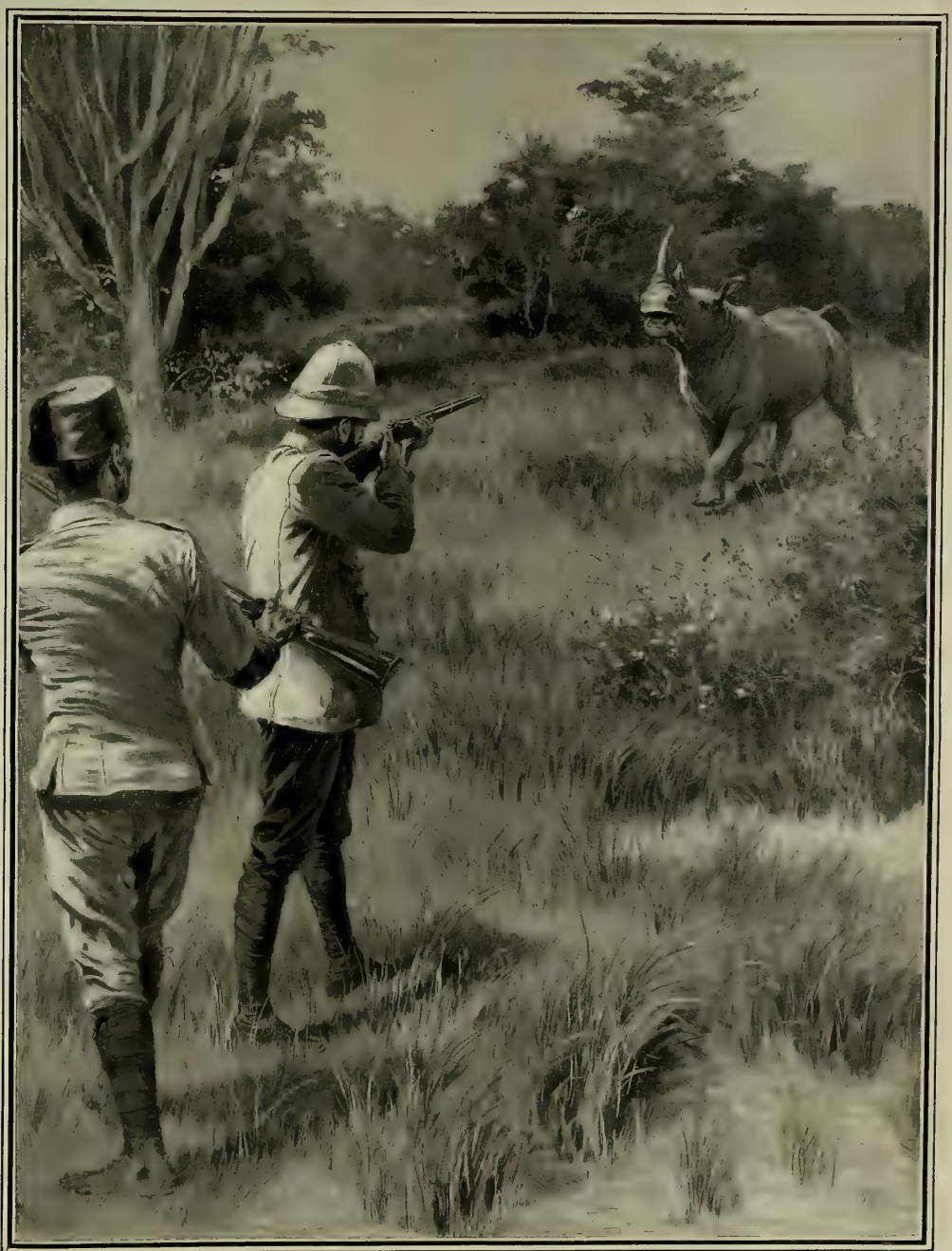
SKETCHED FROM ONE OF THE TUGS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. HOYNCK

A Pictorial Record .

A HONEYMOON AMONG THE PYGMIES

MAJOR AND MRS. POWELL-COTTON'S AFRICAN ADVENTURES

From the .. Explorer's . Sketches and Photographs



The Congo Free State Government granted to Major Powell-Cotton facilities for hunting in the reserves which had never before been accorded to a foreigner, and he was further given permission to kill a limited number of rare animals. One of the chief objects of his expedition was to search for the white rhinoceros—a variety of the huge ungulate which is now well-nigh exterminated—and he was fortunate enough to secure a splendid specimen.

The Chance of a Lifetime: Major Powell-Cotton Shooting a White Rhinoceros

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.



Describing their experiences among the pygmies of the Ituri Forest, Major Powell-Cotton says:—"The excitement of these little people when they first saw my wife was extraordinary, for they had, of course, never previously beheld a white woman. Perhaps the chief source of wonder was her long hair, which, for the special benefit of the dwarfs, she would let down, while they crowded round our tent in speechless wonder. During our many months' stay we never had the least difficulty with the forest tribes, some of whom I employed as hunters. Occasionally, when away, I would leave my wife alone. She had learnt a little of their language, and did excellent medical work among them."

Entertaining the Pygmies: Mrs. Powell-Cotton Exhibiting her Wealth of Hair to an Admiring Crowd

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN



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On Lake Albert Edward the expedition found a tribe of lake-dwellers—a little closed community—who spend their whole lives on the water. Their houses are all built on floating platforms, anchored to long poles thrust into the bottom of the lake. The main floating village consists of thirty huts, while two others comprise ten and seven respectively. Some of these grass huts are built round a small platform about 25ft. by 10ft. This forms the common backyard, and the playground of the children.

LAKE-DWELLERS OF CENTRAL AFRICA: A FLOATING VILLAGE ON LAKE ALBERT EDWARD
DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON



On the banks of the Sassa River, near Lake Albert Edward, Major Powell-Cotton was charged by a wounded lion, which sprang upon him, digging its claws into his back and legs, and bearing him to the ground. The lion rent its victim's coat to shreds, and attempted to tear open his abdomen. While Major Powell-Cotton lay almost crushed under the animal one of his men rushed at the lion and beat it on the head with a stick. At the same time the Waganda headsman, with great pluck, ran up and slashed the lion across the eyes with a whip. This diverted the beast's attention, and at that moment an Askari shot the animal dead, but not till the Major had received seventeen wounds.

A HAIR'S-BREADTH ESCAPE: MAJOR POWELL-COTTON IN THE GRIP OF A WOUNDED LION
DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I

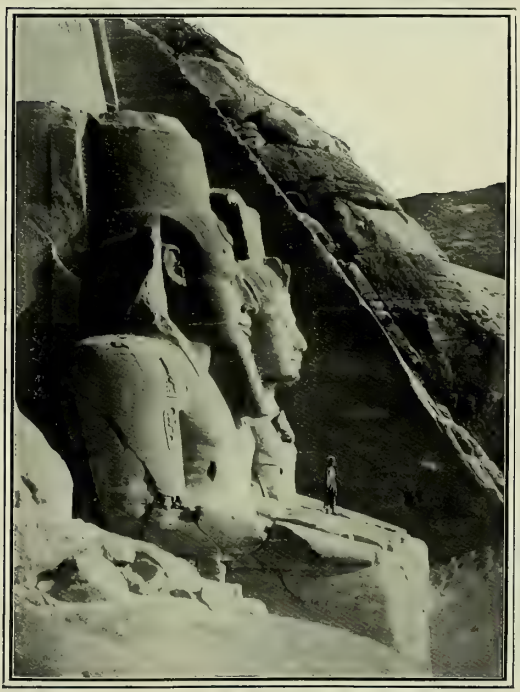
A WINTER HOLIDAY IN EGYPT



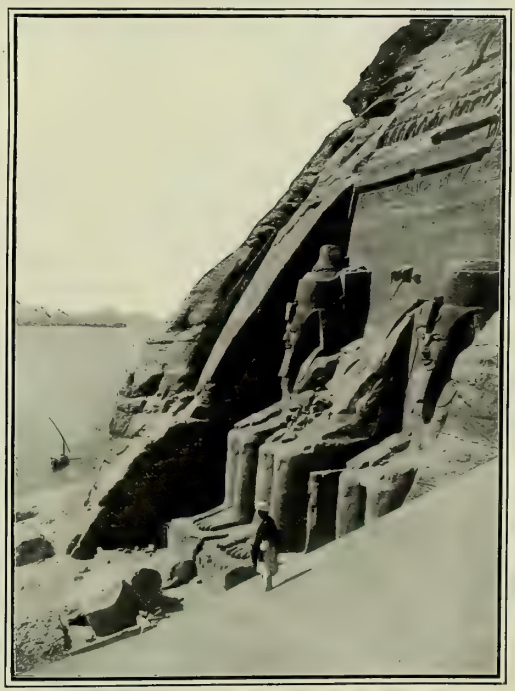
THE NORTH-EAST CORNER OF THE GREAT PYRAMID, WHERE TOURISTS ASCEND



A TOMB 5,000 YEARS OLD: THE GREAT PYRAMID OF GIZEH FROM THE SOUTH-EAST



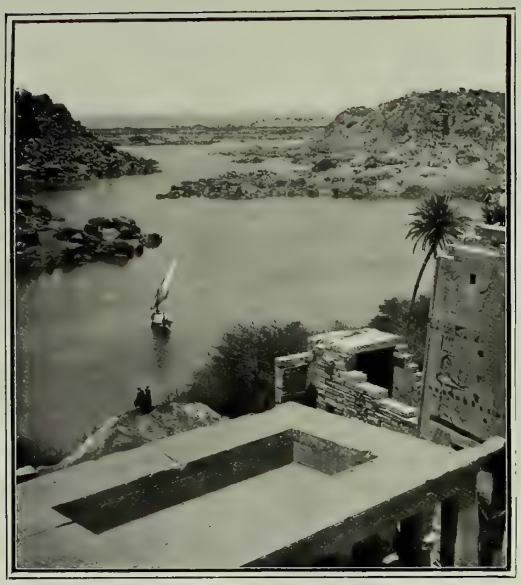
THE 65-FT. PORTRAIT OF RAMESES II. BEFORE THE ROCK TEMPLE OF ABU SIMBEL



LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER ACROSS THE FRONT OF ABU SIMBEL TEMPLE

From Stereographs by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.

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THE GREAT ASSOUAN DAM FROM THE FIRST PYLON OF THE PHILÆ TEMPLE



THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ AND ITS TEMPLE FROM THE ISLAND OF BIGEH



THE VALLEY OF THE NILE FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE GREAT PYRAMID



ASSOUAN AND THE ISLAND OF ELEPHANTINE FROM THE CLIFF OF THE CEMETERY

From Stereographs by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.



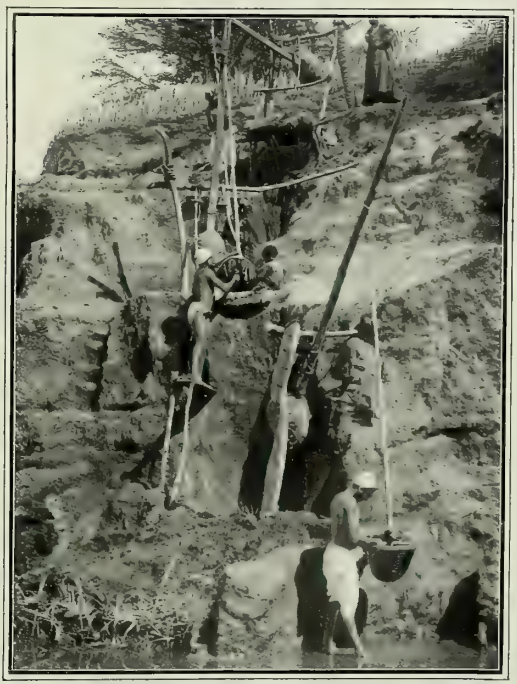
THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS' TOMBS, WHERE THE GREAT CONQUERORS OF EGYPT WERE BURIED



THE GROTTO TEMPLE OF ABU SIMBEL SEEN FROM A BOAT ON THE NILE



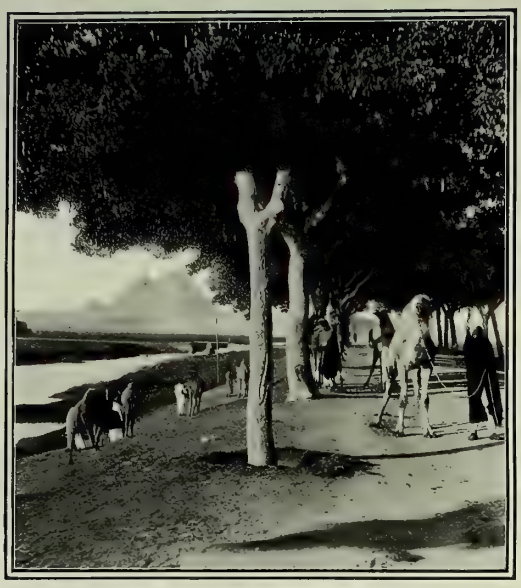
THE BODY OF SETHOS I., WHO LIVED EARLY IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY B.C.



SHADUF: THE OLDEST OF WELL-SWEEPS LIFTING THE NILE WATERS TO THE FIELDS

From Stereographs by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.

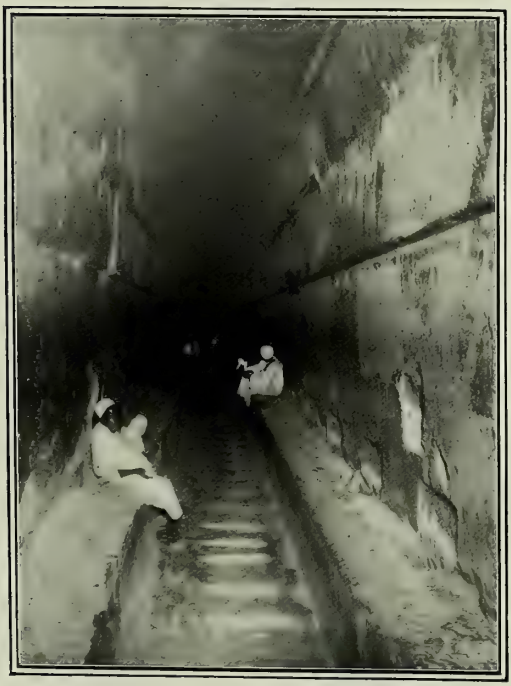
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THE ROAD TO THE PYRAMIDS FROM CAIRO



A CAMEL LITTER PASSING ANCIENT TOMBS OF MOSLEM RULERS OUTSIDE CAIRO



INSIDE THE GREAT PYRAMID: THE MAIN PASSAGE LEADING TO KHUFUS'S SEPULCHRE



THE KHUFUS SARCOPHAGUS, BROKEN BY THIEVES, IN THE SEPULCHRE CHAMBER

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"THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY"

FROM THE PICTURE BY F. MARKHAM SKIPWORTH, EXHIBITED AT THE NEW GALLERY



"THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY"

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PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY



"HIS MAJESTY THE KING"

ARTHUR S. COPE, A.R.A.

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"DREADNOUGHT AND VICTORY"

W. L. WYLLIE, R.A.



"FISHING"
SIR E. J. POYNTER, BART., P.R.A.



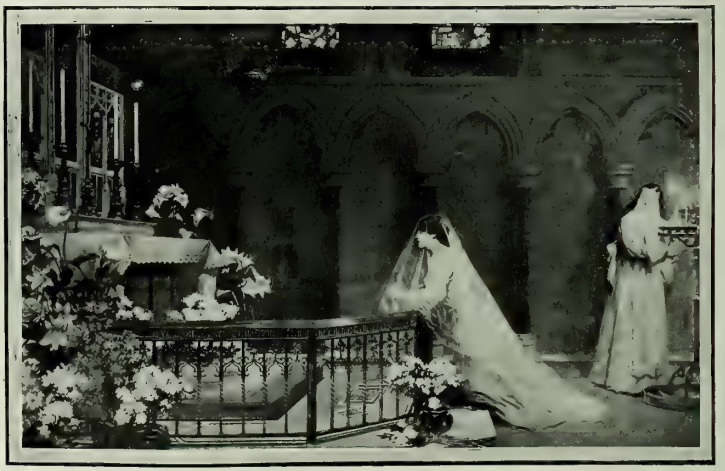
"ST. MARY'S FALLS, GLEN CANNICH"
J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.



"EVENING"
B. W. LEADER, R.A.



"THE WESTERN SEA, FROM THE ISLE OF SKYE"
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"LE MOIS DE MARIE"
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"ROSES OF YOUTH"
HENRIETTA RAE



"THE WINDMILL"
DAVID MURRAY, R.A.



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H. VON HERKOMER, C.V.O., R.A.



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"THE SKYLARK"
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STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.



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WALTER W. OULESS, R.A.



"THE REV. THOMAS CECIL, PRESIDENT OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE"—PRESENTATION PORTRAIT
J. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.



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C. NAPIER HEMY, A.R.A.



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"MRS. RATAN TATA"
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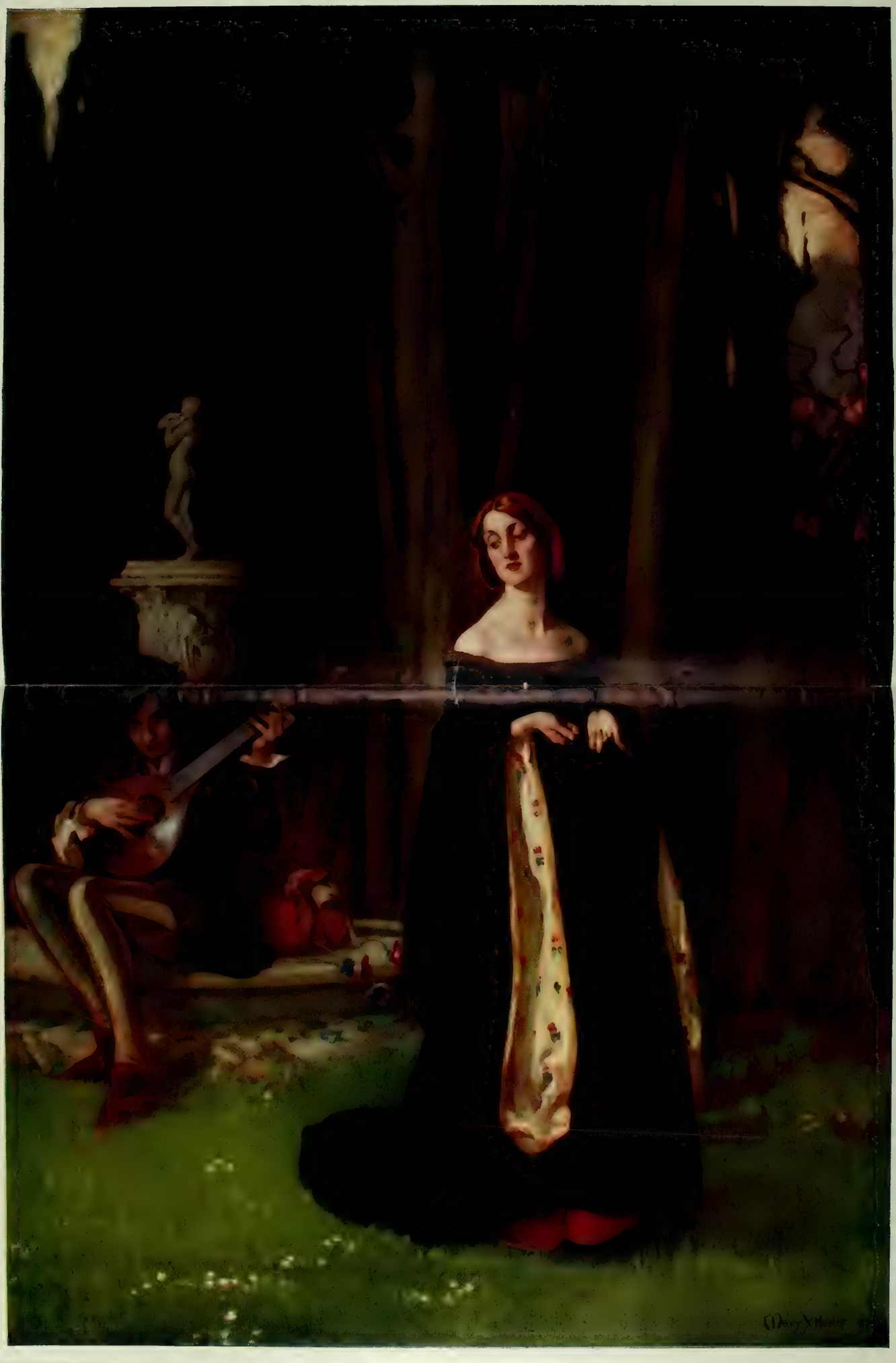


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HERBERT J. DRAPER



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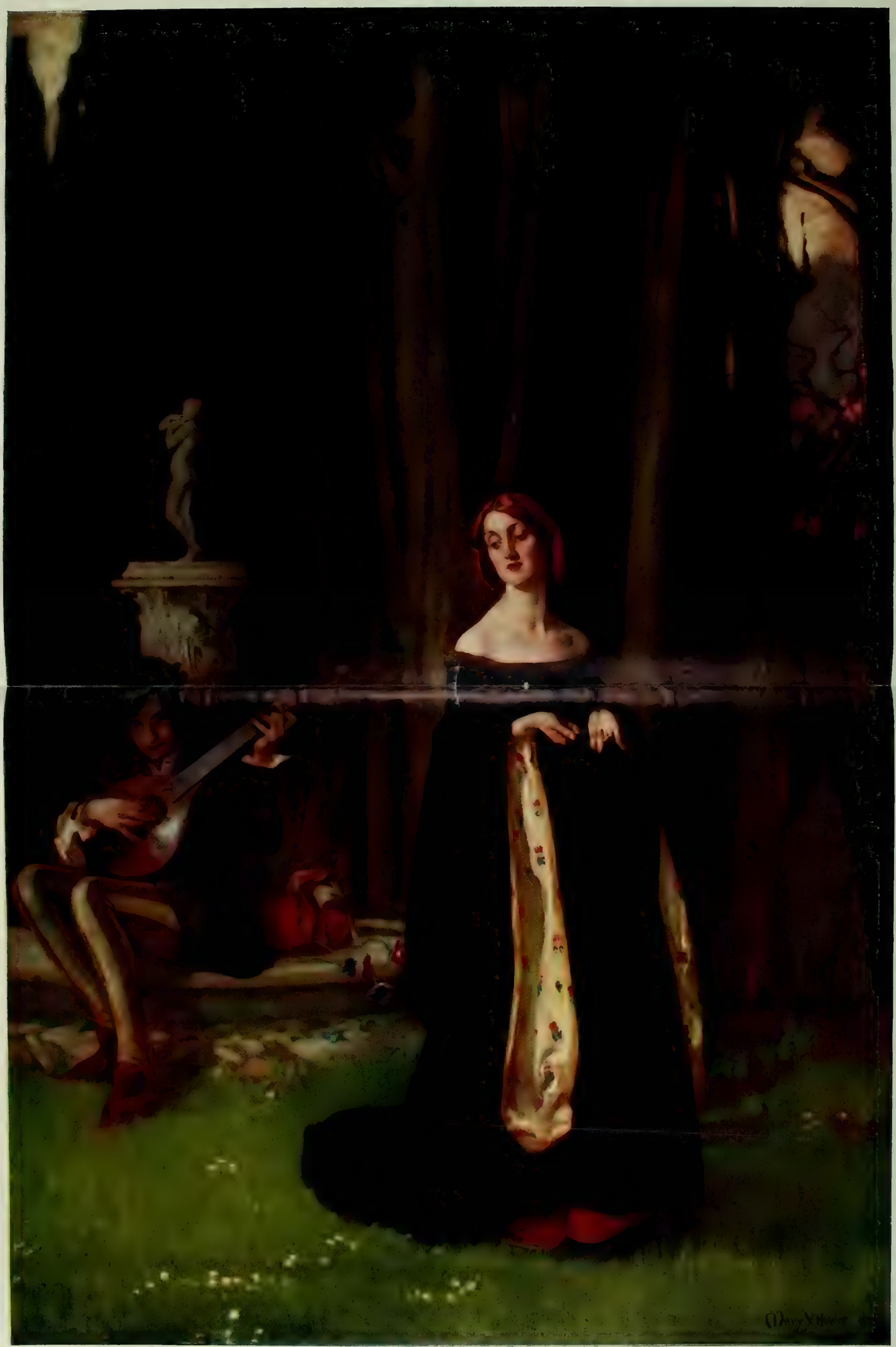
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"With travel-lit your feet are sore,
Your brows with gold are crowned,
But is there peace the wide world o'er,
Such as the hedges bound?"—PERCEVAL LANDON.

"THE WANDERER"

FROM THE PAINTING BY MARY Y. HUNTER, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY



"With travel-tar your feet are sore,
Your brows with gold are crowned,
But is there peace the wide world o'er,
Such as the hedges bound?"—PERCEVAL LANDON.

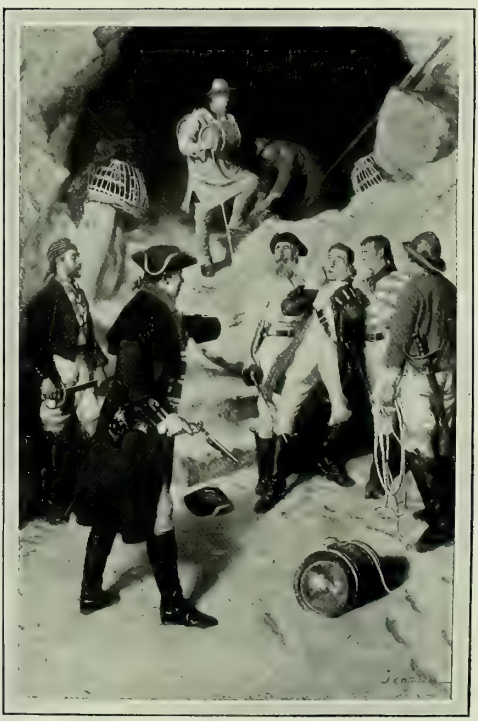
"THE WANDERER"

FROM THE PAINTING BY MARY Y. HUNTER, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY

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'A LITTLE GIRL WITH DOLLS"
HARRINGTON MANN



"QUITS"
J. L. WIMBUSH



"THE LADY HUNTSMAN"
JOHN CHARLTON



"WHEN WOODS AROUND HAVE PUT THEIR GLORY ON"
EDWARD W. WAITE



"THE DAY OF SEDGEMOOR"
"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering Angel thou"
EDGAR BUNDY



"AN EARLY VICTORIAN"
WILLIAM LOGSDAIL

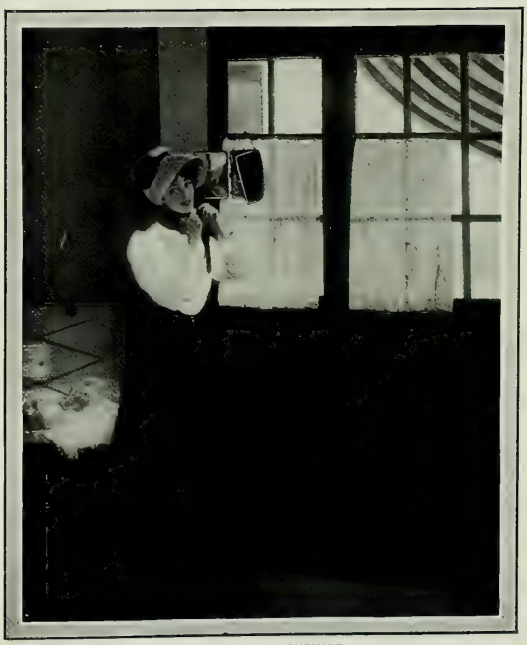
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"MI-CARÊME"
P. C. CHOCARNE-MOREAU



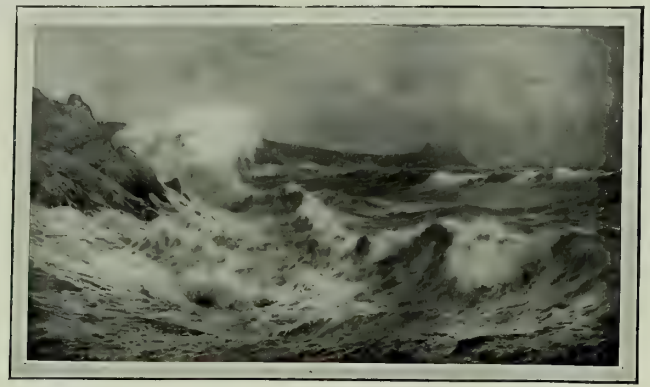
"A CHILD WITH FLOWERS"
J. A. VLENIES



"BEFORE THE PROMENADE
G. DIESSY



"BETWEEN TWO VICTORIES: DRAGOONS OF THE FIRST EMPIRE"
GEORGES SCOTT



"THE PENINSULA OF QUIBERON (MORBIHAN)"
PAUL ROUX



"THE DAWN OF DAY"
ALBERT MATIGNON



"ON THE FORTIFICATIONS"
G. PRUNIER



"IN THE TRACK OF DE MUSSET"
LÉONCE DE JONCIÈRES



THE GLASS OF FASHION AT ASCOT: WATCHING THE RACE FOR THE ROYAL HUNT CUP

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.



THE GLASS OF FASHION AT ASCOT: WATCHING THE RACE FOR THE ROYAL HUNT CUP

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

PICTURES IN THE SALON



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A. LESREL



"IN PLAYFUL MOOD"
E. P. ULLMAN



"THE PUTEAUX CLUB"
H. GERVEX



"A CORNER OF A NUNS' LAUNDRY"
JOSEPH BAIL



"SPRING"
G. DUBUFE



"HER FIRST ASCENT"
R ARUS



"A HUNGARIAN FUNERAL"
KUNZ



"THE LITTLE CONVALESCENT"
GEOFFROY



"A SEAT IN THE PARK"
H. BRESSOT



"THE ASSAULT"
ANDRÉ DAUCHEZ



"ARLETTE DORGERE"
G. DE SCÉVOLA



"PORTRAIT DE MME. M."
FRANÇOIS FLAMENG



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"THE PHILISTINES"
ALBERT GUILLAUME

BY A. GUILLAUME

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